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THE MISCELLANEOUS

PROSE WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

VOL. IV.

Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk.

Essays on Chivalry, Romance, and the Drama.

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PAUL'S LETTERS

TO

HIS KINSFOLK.

LETTER I.

PAUL TO HIS SISTER MARGARET.

Introductory—Sea-sickness—The Flemings—Houses—Women—Dress—Cottages.

It is three long weeks since I left the old mansion-house, which, for years before, has not found me absent for three days, and yet no letter has assured its quiet inmates and neighbours whether my curiosity has met its punishment. Methinks I see the evening circle assembled, and anxiously expressing their doubts and fears on account of the adventurous traveller. The Major will talk of the dangers of outposts and free corps, and lament that I could not have marched under the escort of his old messmates of the * * * * regiment. The Laird will speak scholarly and wisely of the dangers of highway robbery and overturns, in a country where there are neither justices of peace nor turnpikes. The Minister, again, will set up his old bugbears of the Inquisition, and of the Lady who sitteth upon the Seven Hills. Peter, the politician, will have his anxious thoughts on the state of the public spirit in France,—the prevalence of Jacobinical opinions,—the reign of mobs, and of domiciliary visits,—the horrors of the lantern, and of the guillotine. And thou, my dear sister, whose life has been one unwearied course of affectionate interest in the health and happiness of a cross old bachelor brother, what woful anticipations must thy imagination have added to this accumulation of dangers! Broken sleep, bad diet, hard lodging, and damp sheets, have, in your apprehension, already laid me up a patient in the cabaret of some miserable French village, which neither affords James's Powders, nor Daffy's Elixir, nor any of those infallible nostrums which your charity distributes among our village patients, undiscouraged by the obstinacy of those who occasionally die, in despite both of the medicine and physician. It well becomes the object of so much and such varied

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solicitude, to remove it as speedily as the posts of this distracted country will permit. I anticipate the joy in every countenance when my packet arrives; the pleasure with which each will seize the epistle addressed to himself, and the delight of old James, when, returned from the post-office at * * *, he delivers with an air of triumph the long-expected despatches, and then, smoothing his grey hairs with one hand, and holding with the other the handle of the door, lingers in the parlour, till he, too, has the reward of his diligence, in learning his master's welfare.

Till these news arrive, I cannot flatter myself that things will go perfectly right at the old chateau; or rather my vanity suggests, that the absence of so principal a person among its inmates and intimates has been a chilling damp upon the harmless pleasures and pursuits of those who have remained behind. I shall be somewhat disappointed, if the Major has displayed alacrity in putting his double-barrel in order for the moors; or if the Laird has shown his usual solicitude for a seasonable sprinkling of rain to refresh the turnip-field. Peter's speculations on politics, and his walks to the bowling-green, have been darkened, doubtless, and saddened, by the uncertainty of my fate; and I even suspect the Parson has spared his flock one *Seventhly* of his text in his anxiety upon my account.

For you, my dear Margaret, can I doubt the interest you have given me in your affections, from the earliest period of recollection, when we pulled *gowans* together upon the green, until the moment when my travelling-trunk, packed by your indefatigable exertions, stood ready to be locked, but, ere the key could be turned, reversing the frolics of the enchanted chest of the Merchant Abudah, sprung once more open, as if in derision of your labours? To you, therefore, in all justice, belongthe first fruits of my correspondence; and while I dwell upon topics personal to myself, and therefore most interesting to you, do not let our kind friends believe that I have forgotten my promise, to send each of them, from foreign parts, that species of information with which each is most gratified. No! the Major shall hear of more and bloodier battles than ever were detailed to Young Norval by his tutor the Hermit. The Laird shall know all I can tell him on the general state of the country. Peter shall be refreshed with politics, and the Minister with polemics; that is, if I can find any thing of the latter description worth sending; for if ever there existed a country without a sense of religion of any kind, it is that of France. The churches indeed remain, but the worship to which they are dedicated has as little effect upon the minds of the people, as that of the heathen Pantheon on the inhabitants of modern Rome. I must take Ovid's maxim, "Tamen excute nullum;" and endeavour to describe the effects which the absence of this salutary restraint upon our corrupt

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and selfish passions, of this light, which extends our views beyond the bounds of a transitory world, has produced upon this unhappy country. More of this, however, hereafter. My first letter is addressed to you, my dear sister, and must therefore be personal.

Even your partiality would be little interested in my journey through England, or the circumstances attending my embarkation. And of my passage, it is enough to say, that sea-sick I was even unto the uttermost. All your fifteen infallible recipes proved unavailing. I could not brook the sight of lavender-drops; gingerbread nuts were detestable to my eyes, and are so to my recollection even at this moment. I could as soon have swallowed the horns of the Arch-fiend himself as the dose of hartshorn; and for the great goblet of sea-water, "too much of water had I, poor Ophelia." In short, he that would see as much misery, and as much selfishness, as can well be concentrated, without any permanent evil being either done or suffered, I invite him to hire a berth aboard a packet. Delicacy is lost; sympathy is no more; the bands of love and friendship are broken; one class of passengers eat and drink joyously, though intermingled with another who are expressing their inward grievances in a manner, which, in any other situation, seldom fails to excite irresistible sympathy. The captain and the mate, comforters by profession, indeed exhort you, from time to time, to be of good cheer, and recommend a glass of grog, or possibly a pipe of tobacco, or it may be a morsel of fat bacon, to allay the internal commotion; but it is unnecessary to say how ill the remedies apply to the disorder. In short, if you are sick, sick you must be; and can have little better comfort than in reflecting that the evil must be of short duration, though, were you to judge from your immediate feelings, you might conceive your life was likely to end first. As I neither met with a storm nor sea-fight, I do not know what effect they might produce upon a sea-sick patient; but such is the complete annihilation of energy; such the headach, the nausea, and depression of spirits, that I think any stimulus, short of the risk of being shot or drowned, would fail of rousing him to any exertion. The best is, that arrival on the land proves a certain remedy for the sorrows of the sea; and I do not think that even your *materia medica* could supply any other.

Suppose your brother then landed among the mynheers and yafrows of Holland and Belgium, as it is now the fashion to call what, before our portentous times, was usually named Flanders. Strange sights meet his eyes; strange voices sound in his ears; and yet, by a number of whimsical associations, he is eternally brought back to the land of his nativity. The Flemings, in particular, resemble the Scotch in the cast of their features, the sound of their language, and, apparently, in their habits of living, and of patient industry. They are, to be sure, a century at least

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behind in *costume* and manners; but the old chateau, consisting of two or three narrow houses, joined together by the gables, with a slender round turret ascending in the centre of the building, for the purpose of containing the staircase, is completely in the old style of Scottish dwelling-houses. Then the avenue, and the acre or two of ground, planted with fruit-trees in straight lines; the garden, with high hedges, clipped by the gardener's art into verdant walls; the intermixture of statues and vases; the fountains and artificial pieces of water, may still be seen in some of our ancient mansions; and, to my indifferent taste, are no unnatural decorations in the immediate vicinity of a dwelling-place, and infinitely superior to the meagreness of bare turf and gravel. At least they seem peculiarly appropriate to so flat a country as Belgium, which, boasting no objects of natural beauty or grandeur, and being deprived, in a great measure, even of the grace of living streams of water, must necessarily supply these deficiencies by the exertions of art. Nor does their taste appear to have changed since the days of William III. There seem to be few new houses built; and the old chateaux, and grounds around them, are maintained in the original style in which they were constructed. Indeed, an appearance of antiquity is one of the most distinguishing features which strike the traveller in the Low Countries. Dates, as far back as the fifteenth and even fourteenth centuries, are inscribed upon the fronts of many of the houses, both in the country and in the towns and villages. And although I offended your national pride, my dear sister, when I happened to observe, that the Scotch, who are supposed to boast more than other nations of their ancient descent, in reality know less of their early history than any other people in Europe, yet, I think, you will allow, that our borough towns afford few visible monuments of the high claims we set up to early civilisation.

Our neighbours, the English, are not much more fortunate in this respect, unless we take into the account the fortresses built for the purpose of defence on the frontiers of Wales and Scotland, or their ancient and beautiful churches. But we look in vain for antiquity in the houses of the middling rank; for the mansions of the country gentlemen, and the opulent burghers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, have, generally speaking, long since given place to the architecture of the earlier part of the last age, or the more fantastic structures of our own day. It is in the streets of Antwerp and Brussels, that the eye still rests upon the forms of architecture which appear in the pictures of the Flemish school; those fronts, richly decorated with various ornaments, and terminating in roofs, the slope of which is concealed from the eye by windows and gables still more highly ornamented; the whole comprising a general effect, which, from its grandeur and intricacy, amuses at once and delights the spectator. In

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fact, this rich intermixture of towers, and battlements, and projecting windows, highly sculptured, joined to the height of the houses, and the variety of ornament upon their fronts, produces an effect as superior to those of the tame uniformity of a modern street, as the casque of the warrior exhibits over the slouched broad-brimmed beaver of a Quaker. I insist the more on this, for the benefit of those of the fireside at * * * *, who are accustomed to take their ideas of a fine street from Portland Place, or from the George Street of Edinburgh, where a long and uniform breadth of causeway extends between two rows of ordinary houses of three stories, whose appearance is rendered mean, by the disproportioned space which divides them, and tame, from their unadorned uniformity.

If you talk, indeed, of comforts, I have no doubt that the internal arrangement of the last-named ranges of dwellings is infinitely superior to those of the ancient Flemings, where the windows are frequently high, narrow, and dark; where the rooms open into each other in such a manner as seems to render privacy impossible; where you sometimes pass into magnificent saloons, through the meanest and darkest of all possible entrances; and where a splendid corridor conducts you, upon other occasions, to a room scarce worthy of being occupied as a pig-sty,—by such pigs, at least, whose limbs are bred in England. It is for the *exterior alone* that I claim the praise of dignity and romantic character; and I cannot but think, that, without in the least neglecting the interior division necessary for domestic comfort, some of these beauties might, with great advantage, be adopted from the earlier school of architecture. That of the present day seems to me too much to resemble the pinched and pared foot of the ambitious Princess, who submitted to such severe discipline, in order to force her toes into the memorable glass slipper.

These marks of ancient wealth, and burgher-like opulence, do indeed greatly excel what could be expected from the architecture of Scotland at the same period. But yet, to return to the point from which I set out, there is something in the height of the houses, and the mode of turning their gables toward the street, which involuntarily reminds me of what the principal street of our northern capital was when I first recollect it.

If you enter one of these mansions, the likeness is far from disappearing. The owner, if a man of family, will meet you with his scraggy neck rising in shrivelled longitude out of the folds of a thinly-plaited stock. The cut of his coat, of his waistcoat, his well-preserved cocked-hat, his periwig, and camblet riding-coat, his mode of salutation, the kiss bestowed on each side of the face, all remind you of the dress and manners of the old Scotch laird. The women are not, I think, so handsome as my fair countrywomen, or my walks and visits were

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unfortunate in the specimens they presented of female beauty; but, then, you have the old dress, with the screen, or mantle, hanging over the head and falling down upon each shoulder, which was formerly peculiar to Scotland. The colour of this mantle is indeed different—in Scotland it was usually tartan, and in Flanders it is uniformly black. The inhabitants say they derive the use of it from the Spaniards, of whose dominions their country was so long a principal part. The dress and features of the lower class bear also a close resemblance to those of Scotland, and favour the idea held by most antiquaries, that the Lowlanders, at least, are a kindred tribe. The constant intercourse our ancestors maintained with Flanders, from which, according to contemporary accounts, they derived almost every article which required the least skill in manufacture, must have added greatly to those points of original similarity.

The Flemings are said to be inferior to their neighbours of Holland in the article of scrupulous attention to cleanliness. But their cottages are neat and comfortable, compared to those of our country; and the garden and orchard, which usually surround them, give them an air of ease and snugness, far preferable to the raw and uninviting appearance of a Scotch cottage, with its fractured windows stuffed with old hats and pieces of tattered garments, and its door beset on one side by a dunghill, on the other by a heap of coals, or peats.

These statistics, my dear Margaret, rather fall in the Laird's province than yours. But your departments border closely upon each other; for those facts, in which he is interested as a Seigneur de Village, affect you as a Lady Bountiful, and so the state of the cottages is a common topic, upon which either may be addressed with propriety.

Adieu! I say nothing of the pad nag and poor old Shock, because I am certain that whatever belongs peculiarly to Paul will be the object of special care during his absence. But I recommend to you to take some of the good advice which you lavish upon others; to remember that there are damps in Scotland as well as in Holland, and that colds and slow fevers may be caught by late evening walks in our own favoured climate, as well as in France or Belgium. Paul ever remains your affectionate Brother.

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LETTER II.

PAUL TO HIS COUSIN THE MAJOR.

Bergen-op-Zoom—British Attack—General Skerret—Night Scene.

After all the high ideas, my dear Major, which your frequent and minute and reiterated details had given me, concerning the celebrated fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom, in former years the scene of your martial exploits, I must own its exterior has sadly disappointed me. I am well enough accustomed, as you know, to read the terms of modern fortification in the Gazette, and to hear them in the interesting narratives of your military experience; and I must own, that bastions and ravelins, half-moons, curtains, and palisades, have hitherto sounded in my ears every whit as grand and poetical as donjons and barbicans and portcullises, and other terms of ancient warfare. But I question much if I shall hereafter be able to think of them with exactly the same degree of respect.

A short reflection upon the principles of modern defence, and upon the means which it employs, might no doubt have saved me from the disappointment which I experienced. But I was not, as it happened, prepared to expect, that the strongest fortress in the Netherlands, or, for aught I know, in the world, the masterpiece of Cohorn, that prince of engineers, should, upon the first approach of a stranger, prove so utterly devoid of any thing striking or imposing in its aspect. Campbell is, I think, the only English poet who has ventured upon the appropriate terms of modern fortification, and you will not be surprised that I recollect the lines of a favourite author,—

> ——— "the tower
> That, like a giant standard-bearer, frown'd
> Defiance on the roving Indian power.
> Beneath, each bold and promontory mound,
> With embrasure emboss'd and armour crown'd,
> And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
> Wove like a diadem its tracery round
> The lofty summit of that mountain green."*

But, in order to give dignity to his arrowy frize and ravelin, the Bard has placed his works on the edge of a steepy ascent. Bergen-op-Zoom is nothing less. Through a country as level as the surface of a lake, you jolt onward in your cabriolet, passing along a paved causeway, which, as if an inundation were apprehended, is raised upon a mound

* [Gertrude of Wyoming.]

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considerably higher than the champaign district which it traverses. At length, you spy the top of a poor-looking spire or two, not rising proudly preeminent from a group of buildings, but exhibiting their slender and mean pinnacles above the surrounding glacis, as if they belonged to a subterranean city, or indicated the former situation of one which had been levelled with the ground. The truth is, that the buildings of the town, being sunk to a considerable depth beneath the sloping ramparts by which it is surrounded and protected, are completely hidden, and the defences themselves, to an inexperienced eye, present nothing but huge sloping banks of earth, cut into fanciful shapes and angles, and carefully faced with green turf. Yet the arrangement of these simple barriers, with reference to the command of each other, as well as of the neighbouring country, has been held, and I doubt not justly, the very perfection of military science. And, upon a nearer approach, even the picturesque traveller finds some gratification. This is chiefly experienced upon his entrance into the town. Here, turning at a short angle into a deep and narrow avenue, running through those mounds, which at a distance seemed so pacific and unimportant, he finds himself still excluded by drawbridges and ditches, while guns, placed upon the adjoining batteries, seem ready to sweep the ground which he traverses. Still moving forward, he rolls over drawbridges, whose planks clatter under the feet of his horses, and through vaulted arches, which resound to the eternal smack of his driver's whip. He is questioned by whiskered sentinels, his passports carefully examined, and his name recorded in the orderly-book; and it is only after these precautions that a stranger, though as unwarlike as myself, is permitted to enter the town. The impression is a childish one; yet a Briton feels some degree of unpleasant restraint, not only at undergoing a scrutiny, to which he is so little accustomed, but even from the consciousness of entering a place guarded with such scrupulous minuteness. It is needless to tell you, my dear Major, how much this is a matter of general routine in fortified places on the continent, and how soon the traveller becomes used to it as a matter of course. But I conclude you would desire to have some account of my first impressions upon such an occasion. To you, who speak as familiarly of roaring cannon

As maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs,

my expectations, my disappointment, and my further sensations, will probably appear ridiculous enough.

These formidable fortifications will soon be of little consequence, and may probably be permitted to go to decay. Bergen-op-Zoom, a frontier town of the last importance, while the Princes of Orange were only Stadtholders of the Seven United Provinces, is a central part of their dominions, since the Netherlands have been united into a single

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kingdom. Meantime, the town is garrisoned by a body of Land-poliz, which corresponds nearly to our local militia in the mode in which it is levied. All the disposable forces of the Netherlands have been sent forward into France, and more are still organizing to be despatched in the same direction.

In the evening, by permission of the commandant, I walked round the scene of your former exploits. But you must forgive me if my attention was chiefly occupied by the more recent assault under our brave countryman, Lord Lynedock,* which was so boldly undertaken, and so strangely disappointed, when success seemed almost certain. I was accompanied in my walk by a sensible native of the place, a man of Scotch descent, who spoke good English. He pretended to point out with accuracy the points on which the various assaults were made, and the spots where several of the gallant leaders fell. I cannot rest implicit faith in his narrative, because I know, and you know still better, how difficult it is to procure a just and minute account of such an enterprise, even from those who have been personally engaged in it, and how imperfect, consequently, must be the information derived from one who himself had it at second-hand. Some circumstances, however, may be safely taken upon my guide's averment, because they are such as must have consisted with his own knowledge. But, first, it must be observed in general, that the history of war contains no example of a bolder attempt; and, if it failed of success, that failure only occurred after almost all the difficulties which could have been foreseen had been encountered and surmounted. In fact, the assailants, successful upon various points, were already in possession of by far the greater number of the bastions; and had they fortunately been in communication with each other, so as to have taken uniform measures for attacking the French in the town, they must have become masters of the place. It is even confidently said, that the French commandant sent his aid-de-camp to propose a capitulation; but the officer being killed in the confusion, other and more favourable intelligence induced the Frenchman to alter his purpose. It has been generally alleged, that some disorder was caused by the soldiers, who had entered the town, finding access to the wine-houses. My conductor obstinately denied this breach of discipline. He said, that one of the attacking columns destined to cross the stream which forms the harbour, had unhappily attempted it before the tide had ebbed, and were obliged to wade through when it was of considerable depth; and he allowed, that the severity of the cold, joined to the wetting, might give them the appearance of intoxication. But when the prisoners were put under his charge in the church, of which he was sexton, he declared solemnly, that he did not

* [General Sir Thomas Grahame of Balgowan, in Perthshire, created Baron Lynedoch in 1814. See the Vision of Don Roderick (Sir W. Scott's Poetical Works), and *notes*.]

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see among them one individual who seemed affected by liquor. Perhaps his own predilections, or a natural desire to please his auditors, may have influenced his opinion. To resist such temptations to excess is not among the numerous excellences of the British soldier.

The fate of a Dutch officer in our service, who led the attack upon one of the bastions, was particularly interesting. He was a native of the town, and it was supposed had been useful in furnishing hints for the attack. He led on his party with the utmost gallantry; and although the greater number of them fled, or fell, under a heavy fire—for the enemy were by this time upon the alert—he descended into the main ditch, crossed it upon the ice, and forced his way, followed by a handful of men, as far as the internal defences of the place. He had already mounted the inner glacis, when he was wounded in many places, and precipitated into the ditch; and, as his followers were unable to bring him off, he remained on the ice until next morning, when, being still alive, he became a prisoner to the French. Their first purpose was to execute him as a traitor, from which they were with difficulty diverted by a letter from the British general, accompanied by documents to establish how long he had been in the English service. The unfortunate gentleman was then permitted to retire from the hospital to his own house in the town, where he did not long survive the wounds he had received.*

I did not, you may believe, fail to visit the unfortunate spot, where Skerret, so celebrated for his gallantry in the Peninsula, Gore, Mercer, Carleton, Macdonald, and other officers of rank and distinction, fell upon this unfortunate occasion.† I was assured that General Skerret, after receiving a severe wound by which he was disabled, gave his watch and purse to a French soldier, requesting to be carried to the hospital; and that the ruffian dragged him down from the banquette only to pierce him with his bayonet. But I have since learned, from better authority, that this gallant officer fell on the spot.

While I listened to the details of this unhappy affair, and walked slowly and sadly with my conductor from one bastion to another, admiring the strength of the defences which British valour had so nearly surmounted, and mourning over the evil fate which rendered that valour fruitless, the hour of the evening, gradually sinking from twilight into darkness, suited well with the melancholy subject of my enquiries. Broad flashes of lambent lightning illuminated, from time to time, the bastions which we traversed; and the figure of my companion, a tall, thin, elderly man, of a grave and interesting appearance,

* I have since been informed, from unquestionable authority, that this officer was not ill-treated by the French. It is remarkable, that he had personally ventured into the town to ascertain the possibility of success, the day before the attack was made.

† See Gazette of General Sir Thomas Grahame's despatches, dated Calmbout, 10th March, 1814, &c., in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* of that year, Appendix, p. cclii. &c.]

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and who seemed, from his voice and manner, deeply impressed by recollections of the melancholy events which he detailed, was such as might appear to characterise their historian. A few broad and heavy drops of rain occasionally fell and ceased. And to aid the general effect, we heard from below the hollow roll of the drums announcing the setting of the watch, and the deep and sullen WER DA of the sentinels, as they challenged those who passed their station. I assure you this is no piece of imaginary scenery got up to adorn my letter, but the literal circumstances of my perambulation around the ramparts of Bergen-op-Zoom.

I presume you are now in active preparation for the moors, where I wish you much sport. Do not fail to preserve for me my due share in your friendship, notwithstanding that, on the subject of Bergen-op-Zoom, I am now qualified to give you story for story. Such are the advantages which travellers gain over their friends. My next letter to you shall contain more interesting, as well as more recent and more triumphant, military details.

I must not omit to mention that, in the Church of Bergen-op-Zoom, a tablet of marble, erected by their brother officers, records the names of the bravemen who fell in the valorous, but ill-fated attack upon this famous fortress. For them, as for their predecessors who fell at Fontenoy, the imagination of the Briton will long body forth the emblematic forms of Honour and Freedom weeping by their monuments. Once more, farewell, and remember me.

LETTER III.

PAUL TO HIS COUSIN PETER.

Retrospect — Surrender of Paris — Bourbons Restored — Emigrants — Noblesse — Clergy — Liberalists.

THY politics, my dear Peter, are of the right Scottish cast. Thou knowest our old proverbial character of being *wise behind the hand*. After all, the wisdom which is rather deduced from events than formed upon predictions, is best calculated for a country politician, and smacks of the prudence as well as of the aforesaid proverbial attribute of our national character. Yet, believe me, that though a more strict seclusion of the dethroned Emperor of France might have prevented his debarkment at Cannes, and although we and our allies might have spared the perilous farce of leaving him a globe and sceptre to play

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withal, there were, within France itself, elements sufficiently jarring to produce, sooner or later, a dreadful explosion. You daily politicians are so little in the practice of recollecting last year's news, that I may be excused recalling some leading facts to your recollection, which will serve as a text to my future lucubrations.

The first surrender of Paris had been preceded by so much doubt, and by so many difficulties, that the final victory seems to have been a matter not only of exultation, but even of surprise, to the victors themselves. This great event was regarded, rather as a gratification of the most romantic and extravagant expectations, than as a natural consequence of that course of reaction, the ebb of which brought the allies to the gates of Paris, as its tide had carried Bonaparte to those of Berlin and Vienna. Pleased and happy with themselves, and dazzled with the glory of their own exploit, the victors were in no humour to impose harsh conditions upon the vanquished; and the French, on their part, were delighted at their easy escape from the horrors of war, internal and external, of siege, pillage, and contribution. Bonaparte's government had of late become odious to the bulk of the people, by the pressure of taxation, by the recurring terrors of the conscription, but, above all, by the repeated disasters which the nation had latterly sustained. The constitutional charter, under which the Bourbon family were restored, was not only a valuable gift to those who really desired to be ensured against the re-establishment of despotism, but operated as a salvo to the wounded feelings of the still more numerous class, who wished that the crimes and calamities of the Revolution should not appear to be altogether thrown away, and who could now appeal to this Bill of Rights, as a proof that the French nation had not sinned and suffered in vain. The laboratory and chemical apparatus which were to have produced universal equality of rights, had indeed exploded about the ears of the philosophical experimentalists, yet they consoled themselves with the privileges which had been assured to them by the King upon his restoration.—

> "So though the Chemist his great secret miss,
> For neither it in art or nature is,
> Yet things well worth his toil he gains,
> And doth his charge and labour pay,
> With good unsought, experiments by the way."

All parties being thus disposed to be pleased with themselves, and with each other, the occupation of the capital was considered as the close of the disasters which France had sustained, and converted into a subject of general jubilee, in which the Parisians themselves rejoiced, or affected to rejoice, as loudly as their unbidden guests. But this desirable state of the public mind was soon overcast, and the French, left to their own reflections, began speedily to exhibit symptoms both of division and dissatisfaction.

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The first, but not the most formidable of their causes of discontent, arose from the pretensions of the emigrant noblesse and clergy.

At the restoration of Charles II. (to which we almost involuntarily resort as a parallel case), the nobility and gentry of England, who had espoused the cause of his father, were in a very different condition from the emigrant nobles of France. Many had indeed fallen in battle, and some few by the arbitrary sentence of the usurper's courts of justice; but the majority, although impoverished by fines and sequestrations, still resided upon their patrimonial estates, and exercised over their tenantry and cottagers the rights of proprietors. Their influence, though circumscribed, was therefore still considerable; and had they been disposed to unite themselves into a party, separate from the other orders of the state, they had power to support the pretensions which they might form. But here the steady sense and candour, not alone of Ormond and Clarendon, but of all the leading Cavaliers, induced them to avoid a line of conduct so tempting yet so perilous. The dangers of reaction, according to the modern phrase, were no sooner sounded into the public ear by the pamphlets and speeches of those who yet clung to a republic, than every purpose, whether of revenge, or of a selfish and separate policy, was disowned in a manifesto, subscribed by the principal Royalists, in which they professed to ascribe their past misfortunes not to any particular class of their fellow citizens, but to the displeasure of the Almighty, deservedly visiting upon them their own sins and those of the community. Such was the declaration of the Cavaliers at that important crisis; and though there were not wanting *royalistes purs et par excellence*, who, like Swift's correspondent, Sir Charles Wogan,* censured the conduct of Clarendon for suffering to escape so admirable an opportunity to establish despotic authority in the crown, and vest feudal power in the nobility, I need not waste words in vindicating his moderate and accommodating measures to my discerning friend Peter.

The scattered remnants of the French noblesse, who survived to hail the restoration of the Bourbons, while they possessed no efficient power, held much more lofty pretensions than had been preferred by the aristocracy of Britain at the Restoration. It would be unjust to subscribe the severe allegation, that they had forgot nothing, and learned nothing, during their long exile; yet it can hardly be either doubted or wondered at, that they retained their prejudices and claims as a separate and privileged class, distinguished alike by loyalty and sufferings in the cause of the exiled family, to a point inconsistent with the more liberal ideas of a community of rights, which, in despite both of the frenzy of the Revolution and the tyranny of Bonaparte, had gra-

* [See Sir Walter Scott's edition of *Swift's Works*, vol. xvii.]

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dually gained ground among the people at large. And, while the once-privileged classes maintained such pretensions, they were utterly devoid of the means of effectually asserting them. Long years of banishment had broken off their connexion with the soil of France, and their influence over those by whom it is cultivated. They were even divided among themselves into various classes; and the original emigrants, whose object it was to restore the royal authority by the sword, looked with dislike and aversion upon the various classes of exiles of a later date, whom each successive wave of the Revolution had swept from their native land. Their own list did not appear to exhibit any remarkable degree of talent; those among them whose exile was contemporary with their manhood, were now too old for public business, and those who were younger, had become, during their long residence abroad, strangers, in a manner, to the customs and habits of their country; while neither the aged nor the young had the benefit of practical experience in public affairs. It was not among such a party, however distinguished by birth, by loyalty, by devotion in the royal cause, that Louis XVIII. could find, or hope to find, the members of a useful, active, and popular administration. Their ranks contained many well qualified to be the grace and ornament of a court; but few, it would seem, fitted for the support and defence of a throne. Yet who can wonder, that the men who had shared the misfortunes of their sovereign, and shown in his cause such proofs of the most devoted zeal, were called around him in his first glimpse of prosperity; and that, while ascending the throne, he entertained towards this class of his subjects, bound to him, as they were,

"By well-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties,"

the affections of a kind and grateful master? One distinguished emigrant, observing the suspicion and odium which so excusable a partiality awakened against the monarch, had the courage to urge, that, to ensure the stability of the throne, their sentence of banishment should have continued by the royal edict for ten years at least after the restoration of the house of Bourbon. It was in vain that the advocates of Louis called upon the people to observe, that no open steps had been taken in favour of the emigrants. Their claims were made and pleaded upon every hand; and, if little was expressly done in their favour, suspicion whispered, that the time was only waited for when ALL could be granted with safety. These suspicions, which naturally occurred even to the candid, were carefully fostered and enlarged upon by the designing; and the distant clank of the feudal fetters was sounded into the ears of the peasants and burghers, while the uncertainty of property alarmed the numerous and powerful proprietors of forfeited domains.

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The dislike to the clergy, and the fear of their reviving claims upon the confiscated church-lands, excited yet greater discontent than the king's apprehended partiality to the emigrants. The system of the Gallic church had been thoroughly undermined before its fall. Its constitution had been long irretrievably shattered; the whole head was sick, and the whole heart was faint. Doctrines of infidelity, everywhere general among the higher ranks, were professed by none with more publicity than by the superior orders of the clergy; and, respecting moral profligacy, it might be said of the church of France as of *Ilion*,

"Intra muros peccatur, et extra."

It is no wonder, that, in a system so perverted, neither the real worth of many of the clergy, nor the enthusiastic zeal of others, was able to make a stand against the tide of popular odium, skilfully directed towards the church and its ministers by the reigning demagogues. Our catholic Highland neighbour must also pardon us, if we account the superstitious doctrines of his church among the chief causes of her downfall. The necessity of manning outworks, which are incapable of being effectually defended, adds not a little to the perplexities of a besieged garrison. Thus the sarcasms and sneers, justified, at least in our heretical eyes, by some part of the catholic doctrines, opened the way for universal contempt of the Christian system. At any rate, nothing is more certain, than that a general prejudice was, during the Revolution, successfully excited against the clergy, and that, among the lower Parisians in particular, it still exists with all its violence. Even on the day when the rabble of the Fauxbourgs hailed the triumphal return of Bonaparte to his throne, their respect for the hero of the hour did not prevent them from uttering the most marked expressions of dislike and contempt when Cardinal Fesch appeared in the procession. The cry was general, *A bas la calotte!* and the uncle of the restored emperor was obliged to dismount from his palfrey, and hide himself in a carriage.

The king and the Comte d'Artois are, in their distresses, understood to have sought and found consolation in the exercise of religious duties. They continued, in gratitude, those devotions which they had commenced in humble submission, and their regard was naturally extended to the ministers of that religion which they professed and practised. Conduct in itself so estimable, was, in the unhappy state of the public mind, misrepresented to their subjects. The landholders were alarmed by fear of the re-establishment of tithes; the labouring poor, and the petty shopkeeper, regarded the enforcing the long-neglected repose of the Sabbath, as a tax upon their industry and time, amounting to the hire of one day's labour out of the seven. The pro-

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prietors of church-lands were alarmed, more especially when the rash zeal of some of the priesthood refused the offices of the church to those who had acquired its property. The Protestants in the south of France remembered the former severities exercised against them by the sovereigns of the house of Bourbon, and trembled for their repetition under a dynasty of monarchs, who professed the Catholic faith with sincerity and zeal. Add to these the profligate, who hate the restraints of religion, and the unthinking, who ridicule its abstracted doctrines, and you will have some idea how deeply this cause operated in rendering the Bourbons unpopular.

Those who dreaded, or pretended to dread, the innovations which might be effected by the influence of the clergy and the nobles,—a class which included, of course, all the old partisans of democratical principles,—assumed the name of Constitutionalists, and afterwards of Liberalists. The one was derived from their great zeal for the constitutional charter; the other from their affected superiority to the prejudices of ancient standing. Their ranks afforded a convenient and decent place of refuge for all those, who, having spent their lives in opposing the Bourbon interest, were now compelled to submit to a monarch of that family. They boasted, that it was not the person of the king to which they submitted, but the constitution which he had brought in his hand. Their party contained many partisans, especially among men distinguished by talent. Democracy, according to Burke, is the foodful nurse of ambition; and men, who propose to rise by the mere force of their genius, naturally favour that form of government which offers fewest restraints to their career. This party was also united and strengthened by possessing many of those characters who had played the chief parts in the revolution, and who were fitted, both by talents and experience, to understand and conduct the complicated ramifications of political intrigue.

Among those best qualified to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm," was the celebrated Fouché, Duke of Otranto, whose intimate acquaintance with every intrigue in France had been acquired when he exercised the office of minister of the police under the emperor. There is every reason to think that this person had no intention of pushing opposition into rebellion; and that it was only his purpose to storm the cabinet, not to expel the monarch. It cannot be denied, that there were among the Liberalists the materials for forming what is called, in England, a constitutional opposition, who, by assailing the ministry in the two Chambers, might have compelled them to respect the charter of the constitution; and to those amongst them, who were actuated either by the love of rational liberty, or by a modified and regulated spirit of ambition, the reign of the Bourbons afforded much greater facilities than the restoration of the military

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despotism of Bonaparte. Even to the very last moment, Fouché is said to have looked round for some *mezzo termine*, some means of compromise, which might render unnecessary the desperate experiment of the emperor's restoration. When Napoleon had landed, and was advancing towards Lyons, Fouché demanded an audience of the king upon important business. The interview was declined, but two noblemen were appointed by Louis to receive his communication. He adverted to the perilous situation of the king; and offered even yet, provided his terms were granted, to arrest Napoleon's progress towards the capital. The ministers required to know the means which he meant to employ. He declined to state them, but professed himself confident of success. On his terms he was less reserved. He announced them to be, that the Duke of Orleans should be proclaimed lieutenant-general of the kingdom; and that Fouché himself and his party should immediately be called to offices of trust and power. These terms were of course rejected; but it was the opinion of the well-informed person from whom I had this remarkable anecdote, that Fouché would have been able to keep his word.

His recipe was not, however, put to the test; and he and his party immediately acceded to the conspiracy, and were forced onward by those formidable agents, of whom it may be observed, that, like fire and water, they are excellent servants, but dreadful masters,—I mean the army, whose state, under the Bourbons, deserves the consideration of a separate epistle.—Ever, my dear friend, I remain sincerely yours, PAUL.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

Retrospect—the Army—Unpopularity of Louis—the Army dissatisfied—Irritation of the French—Departure of Allied Troops—Insults offered to Foreigners—Hostile Feelings of Government—Conspiracy in the Army—Bonaparte's Return—The Army join him—His Arrival at Paris—All hopes of Peace removed—Liberals join Bonaparte—The Royalists.

I LEFT off in my last with some account of the Constitutionalists, Liberalists, or whatsoever they are called, who opposed, from various causes, the measures of Louis XVIII., without having originally any purpose of throwing themselves into the arms of Bonaparte. To this desperate step they were probably induced by the frank and universal adhesion of the army to the commander under whom they had so often conquered. No man ever better understood both how to gain

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and how to maintain himself in the hearts of his soldiers than Bonaparte. Brief and abrupt in his speech, austere and inaccessible in his manners to the rest of his subjects, he was always ready to play the *bon camarade* with his soldiers; to listen to their complaints, to redress their grievances, and even to receive their suggestions. This accessibility was limited to the privates and inferior officers. To the mareschals and generals he was even more distant and haughty than to his other subjects. Thus he connected himself intimately and personally with the main body of the army itself, but countenanced no intermediate favourite, whose popularity among the troops might interfere with his own.

To the motives of personal attachment, so deeply rooted, and so industriously fostered, must be added the confidence of the soldiers in military talents so brilliantly displayed, and in the long course of victory which had identified the authority of Napoleon with the glory of the French arms. To a train of the most uniform and splendid success, they might indeed have opposed the reverses of the Peninsular war, or the disastrous retreat from Moscow and the battle of Leipsic, with all the subsequent reverses; but, as soldiers and as Frenchmen, they were little inclined to dwell upon the darker shades of the retrospect. Besides, partiality and national vanity found excuses for these misfortunes. In the Peninsula, Bonaparte did not command; in Russia, the elements fought against him; at Leipsic, he was deserted by the Saxons; and in France, betrayed, as they pretended, by Marmont. Besides, a great part of the soldiers who, in 1814–15, filled the French ranks, had been prisoners of war during Bonaparte's last unfortunate campaigns, and he was only experimentally known to them as the victor of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, and Wagram. You cannot have forgotten the enthusiasm with which the prisoners on parole at —— used to speak of the military renown of the emperor; nor their frank declaration at leaving us, that they might fight with their hands for the Bourbons, but would fight with hand and heart for Napoleon. Even the joy of their return seemed balanced, if not overpowered, by the reflection, that it originated in the dethronement of the emperor. To recollect the sentiments of these officers, unsuppressed even in circumstances most unfavourable for avowing them, will give you some idea of the ardour with which they glowed when they found themselves again in arms, and forming part of a large and formidable military force actuated by the same feelings.

Itwas the obvious policy of the Bourbons to eradicate, if possible, this dangerous attachment, or to give it a direction towards the reigning family. For this purpose, every attention was paid to the army; they were indulged, praised, and flattered; but flattery, praise, and indulgence, were only received as the surly mastiff accepts, with growling

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sullenness, the food presented to him by a new master. There was no common tone of feeling to which the Bourbons could successfully appeal. It was in vain they attempted to conjure up the antiquated fame of *Henri Quatre* to men who, if ever they had heard of that monarch, must have known that his martial exploits were as much beneath those of Bonaparte, as his moral character was superior to the Corsican's. In the reigning family there was no individual who possessed so decided a military character as to fill, even in appearance, the loss which the army had sustained in their formidable commander, and the moment of national difficulty was unfortunately arrived, in which the personal activity of the monarch, a circumstance which, in peaceful times, is of little consequence, was almost indispensably essential to the permanence of his authority.

Burke says somewhere, that the King of France, when restored, ought to spend six hours of the day on horseback. "I speak," he adds, "according to the letter." The personal infirmities of the good old man, who has been called to wear this crown of thorns, put the required activity out of the question. But the justice of the maxim has not been the less evident. Not only the soldiers, but the idle and gaping population of Paris, despised the peaceful and meritorious tranquillity of Louis XVIII., and recalled with regret the bustling and feverish movements of Bonaparte, which alternately gave them terror and surprise and amusement. Indeed, such was the restless activity of the ex-emperor's disposition, that he contrived, as it were, to multiply himself in the eyes of the Parisians. In an incredibly short space of time, he might be seen in the most distant quarters of the city, and engaged in the most different occupations. Now he was galloping along a line of troops,—now alone, or with a single aid-de-camp, inspecting some public building,—in another quarter you beheld him in his carriage,—and again found him sauntering among the objects of the fine arts in the Louvre. With a people, so bustling, so active, and so vain-glorious as the French, this talent of ubiquity went a great way to compensate the want of those virtues which the emperor did not pretend to, and which the legitimate monarch possesses in such perfection. "The king," said an Englishman to a Frenchman, "is a man of most excellent dispositions."—"Sans doute."—"Well read and well informed."—"Mais, oui."—"A gentleman in his feelings and manners." "Assurément, Monsieur, il est né Français."—"Placable, merciful, moral, religious."—"Ah, d'accord—mais après tout," (a mode in which a Frenchman always winds up his argument) "il faut avouer, qu'un Roi qui ne peut monter à cheval est un bien chétif animal."—This opinion, in which the possession of the equestrian art was balanced against all mental qualities, is not peculiar to the person by whom it was delivered; and it is certain that the king's affairs suffered greatly

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by his being unable to show himself, even in the exterior appearance, as a military commander. Ney, who was probably for the time sincere in his professions of zeal to the sovereign whom he so soon afterwards deserted, recommended that he should review the regiments as they passed through Paris, even if it were in a litter. But the affecting apology of the king is best pleaded in the words of his own manifesto. "Enfeebled by age and twenty-five years of misfortune, I cannot say, like my ancestor, 'Rally around my white plume;' but I am willing to follow to the dangers to which I cannot lead."

None of the royal family, unfortunately, possessed the temper and talents necessary for supplying the king's deficiencies. The Duke d'Angouleme, like his father Monsieur, was retired, and understood to be bigoted to the Catholic observances, and much ruled by the clergy. The Duke de Berri, with more activity, had a fierce and ungovernable temper, which often burst out upon improper and unseemly occasions. Under their auspices, the attempts to new-model the army by gradually introducing officers attached to the royal family, gave much offence, without producing any sensible advantage. In some instances the new officers were not received by the corps to whom they were sent; in some they were deprived of the influence which should attend their rank, by the combination of the soldiers and officers; in other cases, they were perverted by the universal principles of the corps whom they were appointed to command; and, finally, there were instances, as in the case of Labedoyere, in which the court were imposed upon by specious professions, and induced to promote persons the most inimical to the royal interests. The re-establishment of the household troops, in which a comparatively small body of *gardes de corps* were, at a great expense, and with peculiar privileges, established as the immediate guardians of the king's person, was resented by the army in general, but more especially by the *ci-devant* imperial, now royal, guards.

In a word, matters had gone so far, that the army, as in Cromwell's time, existed as an isolated and distinct body, not under the government of the legislature, but claiming exclusive rights and privileges, and enjoying a separate and independent political existence of its own. Whenever this separation between the civil and military orders takes place, revolution and civil war cannot be far distant.

But there was one powerful cause of irritation common to the French nation in general, though particularly affecting the army. That very people of Europe, the most ambitious of fame in arms, who so lately and so fully stood possessed of the palm of conquest, which for centuries had been the object of their national ambition, had at once lost that pre-eminence, and with it

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"The earthquake-voice of victory,
To 'them' the breath of life."*

The height to which their military reputation had been raised, the enormous sacrifices which had been made to attain it, the rapid extension of their empire, and the suddenness of their fall in power and in esteem, were subjects of the most embittered reflection. We in Britain vainly imagined, that the real losses which France sustained in extending her influence and her triumphs, must have disgusted her with the empty fame for which she paid so dearly. But however the French might feel under the immediate pressure of each new conscription, nothing is more certain than that their griefs, like the irritation of men impressed into our naval service, were forgotten in the eclat of the next victory, and that all the waste of blood and treasure by which it was obtained, was accounted a cheap expenditure for the glory of France.†

When a people, with minds so constituted, beheld within the walls of their capital the troops of the nations whom they had so often subdued, their first effort was to disguise, even from themselves, the humiliation to which they were subjected. When they had looked so long upon a stranger as to be certain he was not laughing at them, which seemed to be their first apprehension, their usual opening was a begging of the general question :—"You know we were not conquered—our reception of the king was a voluntary act—our general and unanimous joy bears witness that this is the triumph of peace over war, not of Europe over France." With such emollients did they endeavour to dress the surface of a wound which internally was inflamed and rankled.

These harmless subterfuges of vanity held good, until they had forgotten the late alarming and precarious state in which their country had been placed, and particularly until the departure of the allied

* [Byron's Ode to Napoleon.]

† ["A more tremendous system certainly never appeared for the desolation and subjection of the world. Every country was to be compelled in succession to furnish men for the plunder and conquest of others. If any one nation presumed to be dissatisfied, the population of another was to be driven in arms to oppress it. The application of this dreadful organization was obvious. If any portion of this compulsory army exhibited signs of discontent, it was only necessary to march it to the most wasteful point of service, and it would be destroyed before it had become dangerous, and yet not till it had performed a certain quantity of needful work for its fell employer. His vast designs have been hitherto executed with the most lavish profusion of human blood; he cares neither for distance, seasons, country, famine, nor disease. To overpower a certain part of an enemy's army, it is necessary to surprise, out-number, and surround it. Frequently he can only do this by making his men perform marches that are beyond the ordinary powers of human nature, and through countries scarcely passable. It is indifferent to him how many thousands drop from mere fatigue and want. It is sufficient that enough reach the point of action to accomplish his purposes. If he disperses the enemy, he gains a new extent of human population to drive into his ranks, and to make the instruments, however unwilling, of new depredations. Being consumed so fast, there is no time for mutiny, and little demand for pay. *For a certain time, therefore, this terrible engine of war acts in his favour with dreadful energy; though it is one which may ultimately recoil upon himself.*"—*Quarterly Review*, May, 1809, p. 446.]

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troops (a measure most impolitically precipitate) had removed the wholesome awe which the presence of a superior force necessarily imposed. Then instantly operated the principle of Tacitus—"qui timeri desierint, odisse incipient." A thousand hostile indications, trifling perhaps individually, but important from their number and reiteration, pointed out the altered state of the public mind towards the allies. The former complaisance of the French nation, founded perhaps as much upon their good opinion of themselves as on their natural disposition to oblige others, was at once overclouded, and the sight of a foreigner became odious, as reminding them of the aspect of a conqueror. Caricatures, farces, lampoons, all the *petite guerre* by which individual malice has occasionally sought gratification, were resorted to, as the only expressions of wounded feeling now competent to the Great Nation. The equanimity with which the English in particular gave the losers leave to laugh as loudly as losers and beaten men could, rather exasperated than appeased the resentment of the French. The most unoffending foreigners were exposed to insult, and embroiled in personal quarrels with gratuitous antagonists in the public places of Paris, where, in former times, the name of a stranger was a sufficient protection, even when an aggressor. All these circumstances indicated a tone of feeling, ulcerated by the sense of degradation, and which burned to regain self-opinion, by wreaking vengeance on their conquerors. The nation was in the situation of losing gamblers, who reflect indeed upon their losses with mortification and regret, but without repenting the folly which caused them; and like them also, the French only waited some favourable conjuncture again to peril the remains of their fortune upon the same precarious hazard.

The language of the government of France was gradually and insensibly tinged by the hostile passions of her population. The impatient and irritated state of the army dictated to her representative, even at the Congress, a language different from what the European republic had a right to expect from the counsellors of the monarch whom their arms had restored. It is probable the government felt that their army resembled an evoked fiend pressing for employment, and ready to tear to pieces even the wizard whom he serves, unless instantly supplied with other means of venting his malevolence. But if it was a part of the Bourbon policy, rather to encounter the risk and loss of an external war, than to leave their army in peace and at leisure to brood over their discontents and disgraces, they had no time allowed them to make the ungracious experiment. A plot was already on foot and far advanced, to ensure, as it was supposed, the recovery of the national glory, by again placing on the throne him, under whose auspices and by whose unparalleled military success, it had been formerly raised to the highest pitch of military splendour.

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Such was the influence of the various causes which I have endeavoured to detail, that the reception of the insinuations of the conspirators, particularly in the army, exceeded their wishes, and that their plot nearly broke out before the time proposed. It is at least pretty certain that their zeal outwent the discretion of their principal, and that Napoleon more than once declined the invitations which he received to return from Elba. The co-operation of Murat was a point of extreme moment; and until a Neapolitan army could approach the north of Italy, Bonaparte's situation must have been desperate, supposing him to have received a check in the south of France at the outset of his expedition. A series of dark intrigues, therefore, commenced between the principal conspirators and King Joachim, which ended in his winding up his courage to the perilous achievement which they recommended. In the north of Italy were many officers and soldiers who had formerly served under Eugene Beauharnois. And it was reasonably believed, considering the weak state of the Austrians, that Murat's army, Neapolitans as they were, might have at least made their way so far as to have recruited their ranks by the union of these veterans.

Internally the conspiracy proceeded with the most surprising secrecy and success. The meetings of the chief leaders were held under the auspices of Madame Maret, Duchess of Bassano. But subordinate agents were to be found everywhere, and more especially among the coffeehouses and brothels of the Palais Royal, those assemblages of every thing that is desperate and profligate. "Bonaparte," said a Royalist to me the other day, "had with him all the *rouge-men* and all the *rouge-women*, and in our country, their numbers are nineteen out of twenty." One of these places of nocturnal rendezvous, called the Café Montansier, was distinguished for the audacity with which its frequenters discussed national politics, and the vociferous violence with which they espoused the cause of the dethroned emperor. That the police, whose surveillance, in Bonaparte's reign, extended to the fireside and bedchamber of every citizen, should have either overlooked, or observed with supine indifference, those indications of treason in places open for public rendezvous, argues the incapacity of the superior directors, and the treachery of those who were employed under them. Even the partial discovery of Excelman's correspondence with Murat served but to show the imbecility of a government, who could not, or durst not, bring him to punishment. The well-known symbol of the Violet, by which Bonaparte's friends intimated his return to France with the reappearance of that flower in spring, was generally known and adopted, at least two months before the period of his landing, yet attracted no attention on the part of the police. Indeed, so gross was their negligence, that a Frenchman, finding his

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friend ignorant of some well-known piece of news, observed, in reply, "Vous êtes apparemment de la police?" as if to belong to that body inferred a necessary ignorance of every thing of importance that was going forward in the kingdom.

With so much activity on the one side, and such supine negligence on the other, joined to a state of public feeling so favourable to his enterprise, one is scarcely surprised at Napoleon's wonderful success. The mass of the army went over to him as one man; and the superior officers, who found their influence too feeble to check the progress of the invader, took, with a few distinguished exceptions, the resolution to swim along with the stream which they could not oppose. But, however discontented with the government of the Bourbons, the middling ranks in civil life were alarmed as with a clap of thunder by this momentous event. They beheld themselves once more engaged in a war with all Europe, and heard once more the Prussian trumpets at the gates of the metropolis. To dispel these alarms, Napoleon, with a versatile address, which could hardly have succeeded anywhere save in France, endeavoured to put such a colour upon his own views as best suited those whom he was immediately addressing. To the army, his proclamation, issued at Lyons, held forth immediate war, conquest, and the re-establishment of the military fame of France. But, when he reached Paris, he seemed anxious to modify this declaration. He appealed to the Treaty of Paris, by which he pretended to abide, and he expressed himself contented that the rights and boundaries of France should be limited according to the wishes of the allied powers as there expressed. He did more; he even alleged that his enterprise was executed with their connivance. With the assurance of a shameless charlatan, as one author expresses it, he asserted, that his escape was countenanced by England, otherwise, as he reasoned with apparent force, how was he permitted to leave Elba? and that his restoration had the approbation of Austria would be made manifest, he pretended, by the immediate return of Maria Louisa and her son to the French territory. He even carried the farce so far as to prepare and send away state carriages to meet those valued pledges of his father-in-law's amity, conscious that the success of this gross imposition would serve his cause during the moments of general doubt and indecision, though certain to be discovered in a very few days. Meanwhile, an attempt was actually made to carry off his son from the city of Vienna, and defeated only by the want of presence of mind in one of the conspirators, who, being arrested by the police, imprudently offered a handful of gold to obtain his escape, which excited the attention and suspicion of the officers who had seized him. No doubt, had the attempt succeeded, the restoration of the child would have been represented as the effects of the favour of Austria towards the father.

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The declarations of the allied powers soon removed the hopes of peace, by which those who were pacifically disposed had been, for a short time, flattered. A war, of a kind altogether new, with respect to the extent of the military preparations, was now approaching and imminent, and the address of Chatterton's Sir Charles Baldwin to the English might have been well applied to the people of France,—

"Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
And godly Henry's reign,
That you would change your easy days
For those of blood and pain?

Ah! fickle people, ruin'd land,
Thou wilt know peace no moe;
When Richard's sons exalt themselves,
Thy streets with blood shall flow."

But there remained comfort to the more peaceable part of the community in the confidence of assured victory, so warmly expressed by the soldiers; and then they hoped that the short and successful war would conclude so soon as France should be restored to, what they were pleased to term, her natural boundaries. *Paix au-delà du Rhin* was the general wish—the soldiers affected to aim at no more remote conquest—the citizen was willing to face the burdens of a war for an object so limited, and for the re-establishment of *la gloire nationale*. And thus were the versatile people of Paris induced to look with an eye of hope, instead of terror, upon the approaching storm.

Those who were attached to the parties of the Liberalists and Royalists saw Bonaparte's successful progress with other eyes. But the Liberalists, severed from the family of Bourbon by the opinions and incidents which I have already detailed to you, were, in a manner, forced into the service of the new emperor, although, doubtless, their wishes were to substitute a government of a more popular construction for that of the restored monarch. Their chiefs, too, the philosophical Carnot, and the patriotic Fouché, did not disdain to accept, from the hand of the restored heir of the Revolution, the power, dignities, and emoluments which he artfully held out to them. And, in becoming a part of his administration, they were supposed to warrant to him the attachment of their followers; while Napoleon, by professing to embrace the constitution with some stipulations in favour of general freedom, was presumed to give a sufficient pledge that henceforth he was to regard himself only as the head of a limited monarchy. How far this good understanding would have survived his return to Paris with victory, it is scarce necessary to enquire; for not even the adhesion of Carnot and Fouché prevented symptoms of open feud between their party and the Imperialists, evinced in many tart debates in the Lower Chamber of Representatives, from which it is evident, that they

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regarded each other with aversion and suspicion, and that their union was not likely to survive the circumstances which occasioned it.

In the meanwhile, they were embarked in a common cause; and it does not appear that the Liberalists were slack in affording assistance to Bonaparte in his preparations for external war. Like the factions in Jerusalem, during her final siege, they suspended their mutual dissensions until they should have repulsed the common enemy. There is, nevertheless, a rumour, which is at least countenanced by the favour which Fouché for some time held at the court of Louis XVIII., that even while the king was at Ghent, the wily chief of the Liberalists maintained a correspondence with his ex-monarch. But, in general, that party, comprehending the various classes of Liberalists, from the Constitutionalist to the Jacobin, may be considered as having identified themselves with the Imperialists, and undertaken the same chance of battle to which the adherents of Bonaparte had made their solemn appeal.

There was a third party in France, and a powerful one, if its real force could have been mustered and called into action. For, notwithstanding all that I have said of the various causes which divided the opinions of the nation, it must necessarily be supposed that the Bourbon family had, in many provinces, an equal, and in some a predominating interest. Unfortunately, the Royalists, being taken at unawares, remained altogether stupified and paralysed by the sudden and unanimous defection of the army. The premature, or ill-conducted attempts of resistance at Marseilles and Bourdeaux, were so easily subdued, as to discredit and discountenance all farther opposition. In la Vendée only there was an open military resistance to Bonaparte under the banners of the king, and there it was speedily brought to an end by the exertions of the Imperial General, who has since received just credit for employing more mild means for that purpose than were authorized by his instructions.

The Royalists, in the other provinces, contented themselves with opposing a sort of *vis inertiæ* to the efforts which Napoleon made for calling forth the national force, and awaited with anxiety, but without any active exertion, the expected progress of the allies. This passive resistance was particularly remarkable in the departments of the North, several of which would render Napoleon no assistance, either in recruits or money, and where entreaties, threats, and even attempts at force, could not put in motion a single battalion of the National Guard.

On the other hand, the Eastern departments which bordered on Germany, met the wishes of Bonaparte in their utmost extent. They remembered the invasion of the preceding year with all the feelings of irritation which such recollections naturally produce. Accordingly,

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they formed free corps of volunteers—laboured at fortifying towns and passes—constructed *têtes-de-pont*—and multiplied all means of defence which the face of the country afforded. Thus it happened, fortunately for Bonaparte, that the part of the kingdom whose inhabitants were most disposed to consider the war as a national quarrel, was that of which the territory was most immediately open to invasion.

I shall continue this statement, my dear Peter, in a letter to the Major, to whose department the military details properly belong; and, in the meanwhile, am ever yours, PAUL.

LETTER V.

PAUL TO THE MAJOR.

Promptitude of Napoleon—Military Preparations—Defeat of Murat—Dispositions of the French Army—Artillery—Cavalry—Cuirassiers—Infantry—Bonaparte's Plan for opening the Campaign—Proposed Advance into Belgium—Self-importance of the Soldiery—their Feuds—The Army assembled—Bonaparte's Address.

I PRESUME, my dear Major, that our political friend has communicated to you my last epistle. My next enters upon high matters, which I have some scruple to treat of to you, for who would willingly read lectures upon the art of war before Alexander the Great? But, after all, as Waterloo was a battle very different from that of Bunker's-hill, and from two or three other later actions, with the details of which you often regale us, I conceive that even a bungling account of it from a tactician so wretched as I am, may afford some matter for your military commentaries. At any rate, active investigation has not been wanting; as I have surveyed the fields of action, and conversed familiarly with many of the distinguished officers, who there laid a claim to the eternal gratitude of their country. Your kindness will excuse my blunders, and your ingenuity will be applied to detect and supply my deficiencies.

No part of Napoleon's political life, marked as it has always been by the most rapid and extraordinary promptitude in military preparation, affords such a display of activity, as the brief interval which occurred between his resuming the imperial sceptre, and resigning it, it is to be presumed, for ever. Although the conciliating the Liberalists, and paralyzing the Royalists, occupied some time; and although it was necessary to sacrifice several days to show, and to the national love of fanfaronade, he was never an instant diverted from his purpose.

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While he seemed to be fully occupied with the political discussions of the various parties,—with shows, and processions, and reviews of corps of children under twelve years old, his more serious preparations for the death-struggle which he expected to encounter, were as gigantic in their character as incessant in their progress. Every effort was used to excite the population to assume arms, and to move forward corps of national guards to relieve in garrison the troops of the line now called into more active service. And while Bonaparte was convoking in the Champ de Mai, as his mock assembly of the people was fantastically entitled, a number of persons to whom the revolution had given dangerous celebrity, together with his own military adherents,—a class of men of all others most unfit for being members of a deliberative assembly,—while, I say, the political farce was rehearsing and acting, the real tragedy was in active preparation. Cannon, muskets, arms of every description, were forged and issued from the manufactories and arsenals with incredible celerity. The old corps were recruited from the conscripts of 1814; retired veterans were again called forth to their banners; new levies were instituted, under the various names of free-corps, federés, and volunteers; the martial spirit of France was again roused to hope and energy; and the whole kingdom seemed transformed at once into an immense camp, of which Napoleon was the leader and soul. One large army defiled towards Belgium, where the neighbourhood of the English and Prussian troops excited alarm; other armies were assembled in Alsace, in Lorraine, in Franche Comté, at the foot of the Alps, and on the verge of the Pyrenees. It only remained to be discovered on which side the storm was to burst.

There is little doubt, that Bonaparte, reckoning upon the success of Murat, or hoping at least on his making a permanent diversion, had destined the north of Italy for the first scene of active and personal warfare. A threat in that quarter would have been sufficient to divert from the main struggle the whole force of Austria, already sensible, from sad experience, how vulnerable she was through her Italian frontier. Many of the Russian troops would probably have been detached to her assistance, and while a triple barrier of fortresses and garrisons of the first order, with a strong covering army, was opposed on the frontier of Flanders to the English and Prussian armies, Bonaparte himself might have taken the field on the theatre of his original triumphs, and have removed the war from the French territory, with the certainty, in case of success, that his army would be recruited among the Cisalpine veterans of Eugene Beauharnois. But Austria, on this pressing alarm, exerted herself with an activity unknown to her annals; and the troops which she rapidly hurried forward to meet Murat, exhibited, in the very first conflicts, the military superiority of the northern warriors.—"These barbarians," said the Neapolitans, after the skirmish at Ri-

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mini, "fight as if they had two lives; what chance have we against them, who pretend only to one?" And to save that single title to existence, Murat's army fled with such celerity, and so little resistance, that the campaign was ended almost as soon as begun, and with it terminated the reign of King Joachim over the delicious kingdom of Naples. No king, in a fairy tale, ever obtained a crown so easily, or lost it in a manner so simple, and at the same time so speedy. His discomfiture was attended with the most disadvantageous consequences to Bonaparte, who thus appeared hermetically sealed within the realm of France, by hostile armies advancing on all hands, and compelled to await the conflict upon his own ground.

But he neither lost courage, nor slackened his preparations, on account of his relative's disaster. The French grand army, already in the highest order, was still farther augmented in number and equipments. It became now obvious, that Flanders, or the adjoining French frontier, must be the scene of action. The general headquarters were fixed at Laon; a very strong position, where some preparations were made for forming an army of reserve, in case of a disaster. The first corps occupied Valenciennes, and the second Maubeuge, communicating by their right wing with the armies assembled in the Ardennes and on the Moselle, and resting their left upon the strong fortifications of Lisle. Here they waited the numerous reinforcements of every kind which Bonaparte poured towards their position.

The deficiency of artillery was chiefly apprehended. The allies had, in 1814, carried off most of the French field-trains. But, by incredible exertions, the loss was more than supplied; for, besides the usual train attached to separate corps, each division of the army had a park of reserve, and the imperial guard, in particular, had a superb train of guns, consisting almost entirely of new pieces. It is remarkable, that in casting these fine engines of war, the old republican moulds had, in general, been employed; for I observed, that most of the guns taken at Waterloo have engraved upon them the emphatic inscriptions, Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, and so forth; not to mention others, which, in honour of philosophy, bore the names of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other writers of deistical eminence. The army in all possessed more than three hundred guns; a quantity of artillery which has been thought rather beyond the proportion of its numbers.

Cavalry was another species of force in which Bonaparte was supposed to be peculiarly weak. But the very reverse proved to be the case. The care of Louis XVIII. had remounted several of the regiments which had suffered in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814; and the exertions of Napoleon and his officers completed their equipment, as well as the levy of others; so that a finer body of cavalry never took the field. They were upwards of twenty thousand in number;

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of whom the lancers were distinguished by their address, activity, and ferocity; and the cuirassiers, of whom there are said to have been nine regiments, by the excellence of their appointments, and the superior power of their horses. This last corps was composed of soldiers selected for their bravery and experience, and gave the most decisive proofs of both in the dreadful battle of Waterloo. Their cuirasses consisted of a breastplate and back, joined together by clasps, like the ancient plate-armour. Those of the soldiers were of iron, those of the officers of brass, inlaid with steel. They are proof against a musket-ball, unless it comes in a perfectly straight direction. To these arms was added a helmet, with cheek-pieces, and their weapons of offence were a long broadsword and pistols. They carried no carabines. The horses of the cuirassiers, although, upon trial, they proved inferior to those of our heavy cavalry, were probably better than those of any other corps in Europe. They were selected with great care, and many of the carriage and saddle-horses, which Bonaparte had pressed for the equipment of the army, were assigned to mount these terrible regiments. Yet, however formidable the aspect and onset of cuirassiers may be, emboldened as they are by a sense of comparative security, and affecting the imagination of those whom they assail by the flash and display of their panoply, it may be doubted whether the use of defensive arms for the body is, upon the whole, to be recommended. The weight of the cuirass becomes, in the course of a campaign, burdensome both to man and horse; and, after a few hours' active exertion in action, the horse of course is blown, and the rider, rendered less active as a swordsman by the unpliable armour in which he is sheathed, is outstripped, out-manœuvred, and cut down, by his more agile opponent.

Of the infantry of the French, it was impossible to speak too highly, in point of bravery and discipline in the field. The *élite* of the army consisted of the imperial guards, who were at least 20,000 strong. These chosen cohorts had submitted with the most sullen reluctance to the change of sovereigns in 1814; and no indulgence nor flattery, which the members of the Bourbon family could bestow upon them, had availed to eradicate their affection to their former master, which often displayed itself at times, and in a manner, particularly offensive to those who were their temporary and nominal commanders. The imperial guards were pledged, therefore, as deeply as men could be, to maintain the new revolution which their partiality had accomplished, and to make good the boast, which had caused France to rely "upon their stars, their fortune, and their strength." The other corps of infantry, all of whom participated in the same confidence in themselves and their general, might amount, including the artillery, to 110,000 men, which, with the guards and cavalry, formed a gross total

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of 150,000 soldiers, completely armed and equipped, and supplied, even to profusion, with every kind of ammunition. So fascinated was this brilliant army with recollection of former victories, and confidence in their present strength, that they not only heard with composure the report of the collected armies which marched against them from every quarter of Europe, but complained of the delay which did not lead them into instant battle. They were under a general who knew well how to avail himself of those feelings of confidence and ardour.

It had been supposed, as well in France and in the army as in other parts of Europe, that Bonaparte meant to suffer the allies to commit the first hostile act, by entering the French territory. And although the reputation of being the actual aggressor was of little consequence, where both parties had so fully announced their hostile intentions, it was still supposed that a defensive war, in which he could avail himself of the natural and artificial strength of French Flanders, might have worn out, as in the early war of the revolution, the armies and spirits of the allies, and exposed them to all those privations and calamities peculiar to an invading army, in a country which is resolutely defended.

But the temper of Bonaparte, ardent, furious, and impetuous, always aiming rather at attack than defence, combined with the circumstances in which he found himself, to dictate a more daring system of operations.

His power was not yet so fully established as to ensure him the national support during a protracted war of various chances, and he needed now, more than ever, the dazzling blaze of decisive victory to renew the charm, or *prestige*, as he himself was wont to call it, once attached to his name and fortunes. Considerations peculiar to the nature of the approaching campaign, probably united with those which were personal to himself. The forces now approaching France greatly exceeded in numbers those which that exhausted kingdom could levy to oppose them, and it seemed almost impossible to protect her frontiers at every vulnerable point. If the emperor had attempted to make head against the British and Prussians in French Flanders, he must have left open to the armies of Russia and Austria the very road by which they had last year advanced to Paris. On the other hand, if, trusting to the strength of the garrison towns and fortresses on the Flanders frontiers, Napoleon had conducted his principal army against those of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the numerous forces of the Duke of Wellington and Blucher might have enabled them to mask these strong places by a covering army, and either operate upon the flank of Napoleon's troops, or strike directly at the root of his power by a rapid march upon the capital. Such were the obvious disadvantages of a defensive system.

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A sudden irruption into Belgium, as it was more suited to the daring genius of Napoleon, and better calculated to encourage the ardour of his troops, afforded him also a more reasonable prospect of success. He might, by a rapid movement, direct his whole force against the army either of England or of Prussia, before its strength could be concentrated and united to that of its ally. He might thus defeat his foes in detail, as he had done upon similar occasions, with the important certainty, that one great and splendid victory would enable him to accomplish a levy *en masse*, and thus bring to the field almost every man in France capable of bearing arms; an advantage which would infinitely more than compensate any loss of lives which might be sustained in effecting it. Such an advantage, and the imposing attitude which he would be thereby entitled to assume towards the allies, might have affected the very elements upon which the coalition was founded, and afforded to Bonaparte time, means, and opportunity, of intimidating the weak and seducing the stronger members of the confederacy. In Belgium, also, if successful, he might hope to recruit and extend his army by new levies, drawn from a country which had so lately been a part of his own kingdom, and which had not yet had time to attach itself to the new dynasty to which it had been assigned. For this purpose, he carried muskets with him to equip an insurrectionary army, and officers of their own nation to command them; and although the loyal Belgians were much shocked and scandalized at the hopes expressed by those preparations, it may be presumed they would not have been so confidently entertertained without some degree of foundation.

The proposed advance into Belgium had the additional advantage of relieving the people of France from the presence of an army, which, even upon its native soil, was a scourge of no ordinary severity. The superiority which long war and a train of successes had given to the military profession in France, over every other class of society, had totally reversed in that country the wholesome and pacific maxim, *Cedant arma togæ*. In the public walks, in the coffeehouses and theatres of Paris, the conduct of the officers towards a *pekin*, (a cant word by which, in their arrogance, they distinguished any citizen of a peaceful profession), was, in the highest degree, insolent and overbearing. The late events had greatly contributed to inflame the self-importance of the soldiery. Like the prætorian bands of Rome, the janizaries of Constantinople, or the strelitzes of Moscow, the army of France possessed all the real power of the state. They had altered the government of their country, deposed one monarch, and re-elevated another to the throne which he had abdicated. This gave them a consciousness of power and importance, neither favourable to moderation of conduct nor to military discipline. Even while yet in France,

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they did not hesitate to inflict upon their fellow-subjects many of those severities, which soldiery in general confine to the country of an enemy; and, to judge from the accounts of the peasantry, the subsequent march of the allies inflicted upon them fewer, or at least less wilful, evils, than those which they had experienced at the hands of their own countrymen. These excesses were rarely checked by the officers; some of whom indulged their own rapacity under cover of that of the troops, while the recent events which invited soldiers to judge and act for themselves, had deprived others, who, doubtless, viewed this license with grief and resentment, of the authority necessary to enforce a wholesome restraint upon their followers.

This looseness of discipline was naturally and necessarily followed by dissensions and quarrels among the troops themselves. The guards, proud of their fame in arms, and of their title and privileges, were objects of the jealousy of the other corps of the army, and this they repaid by contumely and arrogance, which led, in many cases, to bloody affrays. The cavalry and infantry had dissensions of old standing, which occasioned much mutiny and confusion. Above all, the license of pillage led to perpetual quarrels, where one regiment or body of troops, who were employed in plundering a village or district, were interrupted by others who desired to share with them in the gainful task of oppression.

These feuds, and the laxity of discipline in which chiefly they originated, may be traced to Bonaparte's total disuse in this, as in his more fortunate campaigns, of the ordinary precautions for maintaining an army by the previous institution of magazines. By neglecting to make such provision, he no doubt greatly simplified his own task as a general, and accelerated, in the same degree, his preparations for a campaign, and the march of an army unencumbered with forage-carts. But he injured, in a much greater proportion, the discipline and moral qualities of his soldiery, thus turned loose upon the country to shift for their own subsistence; and,—had such a motive weighed with him,—he aggravated, in a tenfold degree, the horrors of warfare.

The evils arising from the presence of his army were now to be removed into the territories of an enemy. The marches and combination of the various corps d'armée were marked in a distinguished manner by that high military talent which planned Bonaparte's most fortunate campaigns. In the same day, and almost at the same hour, three large armies: that from Laon, headed by the emperor himself; that of the Ardennes, commanded by the notorious Vandamme; and that of the Moselle, under the orders of General Girard, having broken up from their different cantonments, attained, by a simultaneous movement, a united alignement upon the extreme frontiers of Belgium. The good order and combination with which the grand and complicated

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movements of these large armies were executed, was much admired among the French officers, and received as the happy augury of future success.

To his army thus assembled, Bonaparte, upon the 14th of June, 1815, made one of those inflated and bombastic addresses, half riddle, half prophecy, which he had taught the French armies to admire as masterpieces of eloquence. He had not neglected his system of fortunate days; for that upon which he issued his last proclamation was the anniversary of the Marengo and Friedland victories; on which, as well as after those of Austerlitz and Wagram, he assured his troops he had fallen into the generous error of using his conquests with too much lenity. He reminded his soldiers of his victory over Prussia at Jena; and having no such advantage to boast over the English, he could only appeal to those among his ranks who had been prisoners in Britain, whether their situation had not been very uncomfortable. He assured them they had the private good wishes of the Belgians, Hanoverians, and soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, although for the present forced into the enemy's ranks; and concluded by asserting, that the moment was arrived for every courageous Frenchman to conquer or die.

This speech was received with infinite applause (*comme de raison*), and on the morning of the subsequent day (15th June) his army was in motion to enter Belgium.

But my exhausted paper reminds me that this must be the boundary of my present epistle.—Yours, affectionately, PAUL.

LETTER VI.

PAUL TO THE MAJOR—IN CONTINUATION.

Campaign opens—British and Prussian Positions—Treachery of Fouché—Bonaparte's advance—Occupation of Charleroi—Crossing of the Sambre—Ney commands the Left Wing—Bonaparte the Centre and the Right—Advance of the Allied Troops—Cameron's Gathering—Black Brunswickers—Brussels—Action at Quatre Bras—French occupy Le Bois du Bossu—Are repulsed by General Maitland—Post at Quatre Bras—Charge by French Cavalry—Gallant defence of the 42d—Loss of the British—Confidence inspired by their success.

I GAVE you, in my last, some account of the auspices under which Bonaparte opened the last of his fields. The bloody game was now begun; but, to understand its progress, it is necessary to mark the position of the opposite party.

Notwithstanding the fertility of Belgium, the maintenance of the nu-

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numerous troops which were marched into that kingdom from Prussia, and transported thither from England, was attended with great burdens to the inhabitants. They were therefore considerably dispersed, in order to secure their being properly supplied with provisions. The British cavalry, in particular, were cantoned upon the Dender, for the convenience of forage. The Prussians held the line upon the Sambre, which might be considered as the advanced posts of the united armies.

Another obvious motive contributed to the dislocation of the allied force. The enemy having to choose his point of attack along an extended frontier, it was impossible to concentrate their army upon any one point, leaving the other parts of the boundary exposed to the inroads of the foe; and this is an advantage which the assailant must, in war, always possess over his antagonist, who holds a defensive position. Yet the British and Prussian divisions were so posted, with reference to each other, as to afford the means of sudden combination and mutual support; and, indeed, without such an arrangement, they could not have ultimately sustained the attack of the French, and Bonaparte's scheme of invasion must have been successful on all points.

But though these precautions were taken, it was generally thought they would not be necessary. A strong belief prevailed among the British officers, that the campaign was to be conducted defensively on the part of the French; and when the certain tidings of the concentration of the enemy's forces, upon the extreme frontier of Belgium, threatened an immediate irruption into that kingdom, it was generally supposed, that, as upon former occasions, the road adopted by the invaders would be that of Namur, which, celebrated for the sieges it had formerly undergone, had been dismantled, like the other fortified places in Flanders, by the impolicy of Joseph II., and is now an open town. And I have heard it warmly maintained by officers of great judgment and experience, that Bonaparte would have had considerable advantages by adopting that line of march in preference to crossing at Charleroi. Probably, however, these were compensated by the superior advantage of appearing on the point where he was least expected. In fact, his first movements seem to have partaken of a surprise.

It is not to be supposed that the Duke of Wellington had neglected, upon this important occasion, the necessary means to procure intelligence,—for skill in obtaining which, as well as for talent in availing himself of the information when gained, he was preeminently distinguished in the Peninsula. But it has been supposed, either that the persons whom he employed as his sources of intelligence, were, upon this occasion, seduced by Bonaparte, or that false information was conveyed to the English general, leading him to believe that such had been the case, and of course inducing him to doubt the reports of his own spies. The story is told both ways; and I need hardly add, that

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very possibly neither may be true. But I have understood from good authority, that a person, bearing, for Lord Wellington's information, a detailed and authentic account of Bonaparte's plan for the campaign, was actually despatched from Paris in time to have reached Brussels before the commencement of hostilities. This communication was intrusted to a female, who was furnished with a pass from Fouché himself, and who travelled with all despatch in order to accomplish her mission; but, being stopped for two days on the frontiers of France, did not arrive till after the battle of the 16th. This fact, for such I believe it to be, seems to countenance the opinion, that Fouché maintained a correspondence with the allies, and may lead, on the other hand, to suspicion, that though he despatched the intelligence in question, he contrived so to manage, that its arrival should be too late for the purpose which it was calculated to serve. At all events, the appearance of the French upon the Sambre was at Brussels an unexpected piece of intelligence.

The advance of Bonaparte was as bold as it was sudden. The second corps of the French attacked the outposts of the Prussians, drove them in, and continued the pursuit to Marchienne-du-pont, carried that village, secured the bridge, and there crossing the Sambre, advanced towards a large village, called Gosselies, in order to intercept the Prussian garrison of Charleroi, should it retreat in that direction. The light cavalry of the French, following the movement of the second corps as far as Marchienne, turned to their right after crossing that river, swept its left bank as far as Charleroi, which they occupied without giving the Prussians time to destroy the bridge. The third corps d'armée occupied the road to Namur, and the rest of the troops were quartered between Charleroi and Gosselies, in the numerous villages which everywhere occur in that rich and populous country. The Prussian garrison of Charleroi, with the other troops which had sustained this sudden attack, retired in good order upon Fleurus, on which point the army of Blucher was now concentrating itself.

The advantages which the French reaped by this first success, were some magazines taken at Charleroi, and a few prisoners; but, above all, it contributed to raise the spirits and confirm the confidence of their armies.

Upon the 16th, at three in the morning, the troops which had hitherto remained on the right of the Sambre, crossed that river; and now Bonaparte began to develop the daring plan which he had formed, of attacking, upon one and the same day, two such opponents as Wellington and Blucher.

The left wing of the French army, consisting of the 1st and 2d corps, and of four divisions of cavalry, was intrusted to Ney, who had been suddenly called from a sort of disgraceful retirement to receive

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this mark of the emperor's confidence. He was commanded to march upon Brussels by Gosselies and Frasnes, overpowering such opposition as might be offered to him in his progress by the Belgian troops, and by the British who might advance to their support.

The centre and right wing of the army, with the imperial guards (who were kept in reserve), marched to the right towards Fleurus against Blucher and the Prussians. They were under the immediate command of Bonaparte himself.

The news of Napoleon's movements in advance, and of the preliminary actions between the French and Prussians, reached Brussels upon the evening of the 15th. The Duke of Wellington, the Prince of Orange, and most other officers of distinction, were attending a ball given on that evening by the Duchess of Richmond. This festivity was soon overclouded.* Instant orders were issued that the garrison of Brussels, the nearest disposable force, should move out to meet the approaching enemy; similar orders were issued to the cavalry, artillery, and the guards, who were quartered at Enghien; other troops, cantoned at greater distances, received orders to move to their support.

Our two distinguished Highland corps, the 42d and 92d, were among the first to muster. They had lain in garrison in Brussels during the winter and spring, and their good behaviour had attracted the affection of the inhabitants in an unusual degree. Even while I was there, *Les petits Ecossais*, as they called them, were still the theme of affectionate praise among the Flemings. They were so domesticated in the houses where they were quartered, that it was no uncommon thing to see the Highland soldier taking care of the children, or keeping the shop, of his host. They were now to exhibit themselves in a different character. They assembled with the utmost alacrity to the sound of the Cameron's Gathering, a well-known pibroch, the corresponding words of which are, "Come to me, and I will give you flesh," an invitation to the wolf and the raven, for which the next day did, in fact, spread an ample banquet, at the expense of our brave countrymen as well as of their enemies. They composed part of Sir Thomas Picton's division, and early in the morning of the 16th marched out together with the other troops, under the command of that distinguished and lamented officer. The Duke of Brunswick, also, marched out at the head of his "black Brunswickers," so termed from the mourning

* [The popular error of the Duke of Wellington having been *surprised*, on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, at a ball given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels, was first corrected, on authority, in the "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," which forms a portion of the "Family Library." The Duke had, before one o'clock of that day, received intelligence of Napoleon's decisive operations, and it was intended to put off the ball; but, on reflection, it seemed highly important that the people of Brussels should be kept in ignorance as to the course of events, and the Duke not only desired that the ball should proceed, but the general officers received his commands to appear at it, each taking care to quit the apartment as quietly as possible at ten o'clock, and proceed to join his respective division en route.]

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which they were for his father, and which they continue to wear for the gallant prince who then led them.* Those whose fate it was to see so many brave men take their departure on this eventful day, "gay in the morning as for summer sport," will not easily forget the sensations which the spectacle excited at the moment, and which were rendered permanent by the slaughter that awaited them.† Fears for their own safety mingled with anxiety for their brave defenders, and the agony of suspense sustained by those who remained in Brussels to await the issue of the day, was related to me in the most lively manner by those whose lot it was to sustain such varied emotions. It has been excellently described in a small work, entitled "Circumstantial Details of the Battle of Waterloo,"‡ which equals, in interest and authenticity, the "Account of the Battle of Leipsic by an Eyewitness," which we perused last year with such eager avidity.

The anxiety of the inhabitants of Brussels was increased by the frightful reports of the intended vengeance of Napoleon. It was firmly believed that he had promised to his soldiers unlimited plunder of this beautiful city, if they should be able to force their way to it. Yet, even under such apprehensions, the bulk of the population showed no inclination to purchase mercy by submitting to the invader, and there is every reason to believe, that the friends whom he had in the city were few and of little influence. Reports, however, of treachery were in circulation, and tended to augment the horrors of this agonizing period. It is said there was afterwards found, in Bonaparte's portfolio, a list, containing the names of twenty citizens, who, as friends of France, were to be exempted from the general pillage. I saw also a superb house in the Place Royale of Brussels, employed as a military hospital, which I was told belonged to a man of rank, who, during the battle of the 18th, believing the victory must rest with Bonaparte, had taken the ill-advised step of joining the

* [The father of the Duke of Brunswick who fell at Quatre Bras, was commander-in-chief of the Prussian forces at Jena, where he received his mortal wound, 14th October, 1806.]

† [—— "The unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

"Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent."
Childe Harold, Canto iii.]

‡ Published by Booth and Egerton, London.

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French army. But whatever might be the case with some individuals, by far the majority of the inhabitants of every class regarded the success of the French as the most dreadful misfortune which could befall their city, and listened to the distant cannonade, as to sounds upon which the crisis of their fate depended. They were doomed to remain long in uncertainty; for a struggle, on which the fate of Europe hung, was not to be decided in a single day.

Upon the 16th, as I have already mentioned, the left wing of the French, under General Ney, commenced its march for Brussels by the road of Gosselies. At Frasnes they encountered and drove before them some Belgian troops who were stationed in that village. But the gallant Prince of Orange, worthy of his name, of his education under Wellington, and of the rank which he is likely to hold in Europe, was now advancing to the support of his advanced posts, and reinforced them so as to keep the enemy in check.

It was of the utmost importance to maintain the position which was now occupied by the Belgians, being an alignement between the villages of Sart à Mouline and Quatre Bras. The latter farm-house, or village, derives its name from being the point where the highway from Charleroi to Brussels is intersected by another road at nearly right angles. These roads were both essential to the allies; by the high-road they communicated with Brussels, and by that which intersected it with the right of the Prussian army stationed at St Amand. A large and thick wood called Le Bois du Bossu, skirted the road to Brussels on the right hand of the English position; along the edge of that wood was a hollow way, which might almost be called a ravine; and between the wood and the French position were several fields of rye, which grows in Flanders to an unusual and gigantic height.

In this situation, it became the principal object of the French to secure the wood, from which they might debouche upon the Brussels road. The Prince of Orange made every effort to defend it; but, in spite of his exertions, the Belgians gave way, and the French occupied the disputed post. At this critical moment, the division of Picton, the corps of the Duke of Brunswick, and shortly after the division of the guards from Enghien came up, and entered into action. "What soldiers are those in the wood?" said the Duke of Wellington to the Prince of Orange. "Belgians," answered the Prince, who had not yet learned the retreat of his troops from this important point. "Belgians," said the Duke, whose eagle eye instantly discerned what had happened, "they are French, and about to debouche on the road; they must instantly be driven out of the wood." This task was committed to General Maitland, with the grenadiers of the Guards, who, after sustaining a destructive fire from an invisible enemy, rushed into the wood with the most determined resolution. The French, who

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were hitherto supposed unrivalled in this species of warfare, made every tree, every bush, every ditch, but more especially a small rivulet which ran through the wood, posts of determined and deadly defence, but were pushed from one point to another until they were fairly driven out of the position. Then followed a struggle of a new and singular kind, and which was maintained for a length of time. As often as the British endeavoured to advance from the skirts of the wood, in order to form in front of it, they were charged by the cavalry of the enemy, and compelled to retire. The French then advanced their columns again to force their way into the wood, but were in their turn forced to desist by the heavy fire and threatened charge of the British. And thus there was an alternation of advance and retreat, with very great slaughter on both sides, until, after a conflict of three hours, General Maitland retained undisputed possession of this important post, which commanded the road to Brussels.

Meantime the battle was equally fierce on every other point. Picton's brigade, comprehending the Scotch Royals, 92d, 42d, and 44th regiments, was stationed near the farm-house of Quatre Bras, and was the object of a most destructive fire, rendered more murderous by the French having the advantage of the rising ground; while our soldiers, sunk to the shoulders among the tall rye, could not return the volleys with the same precision of aim. They were next exposed to a desperate charge of the French heavy cavalry, which was resisted by each regiment throwing itself separately into a solid square. But the approach of the enemy being partly concealed from the British by the nature of the ground, and the height of the rye, the 42d regiment was unable to form a square in the necessary time. Two companies, which were left out of the formation, were swept off and cut to pieces by the cavalry. Their veteran colonel, Macara, was amongst those who fell. The adjutant of the regiment, the last (as was his duty) to retreat within the square, was involved in the charge of the lancers, and only escaped by throwing himself from his horse, and thus rejoining the regiment, which had for some minutes seen him in the utmost peril of death, without the possibility of assisting him. Some of the men stood back to back, and maintained an unyielding and desperate conflict with the horsemen who surrounded them, until they were at length cut down. Nothing could be more galling for their comrades than to witness their slaughter, without having the power of giving them assistance. But they adopted the old Highland maxim, "To-day for revenge, and to-morrow for mourning," and received the cuirassiers with so dreadful and murderous a fire, as compelled them to wheel about. These horsemen, however, displayed the most undaunted resolution. After being beaten off in one point, they made a desperate charge down the causeway leading to Brussels,

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with the purpose of carrying two guns, by which it was defended. But at the moment they approached the guns, a fire of grape-shot was opened upon them; and, at the same time, a body of Highlanders, posted behind the farm-house, flanking their advance, threw in so heavy a discharge of musketry, that the regiment was in an instant nearly annihilated.

The result of these various attacks was, that the French retreated with great loss, and in great confusion; and many of the fugitives fled as far as Charleroi, spreading the news that the British were in close pursuit. But pursuit was impracticable, for the English cavalry had so far to march, that when they arrived upon the ground night was approaching, and it was impossible for them to be of service. Ney therefore re-established himself in his original position at Frasnes, and the combat died away with nightfall. The British had then leisure to contemplate the results of the day. Several regiments were reduced to skeletons by the number of killed and wounded. Many valuable officers had fallen. Among these were distinguished the gallant Duke of Brunswick,* who in degenerate times had remained an unshaken model of ancient German valour and constancy. Colonel Cameron, so often distinguished in Lord Wellington's despatches from Spain, fell while leading the 92d to charge a body of cavalry, supported by infantry.† Many other regretted names were read on the bloody list. But if it was a day of sorrow, it was one of triumph also.

It is true, that no immediate and decisive advantage resulted from this engagement, farther than as for the present it defeated Napoleon's plan of advancing on Brussels. But it did not fail to inspire the troops engaged with confidence and hope. If, when collected from different quarters, after a toilsome march, and in numbers one half inferior to those of the enemy, they had been able to resist his utmost efforts, what had they not to hope when their forces were concentrated, and when their artillery and cavalry, the want of which had been so se-

* [" The Duke of Brunswick received the mortal shot when in the act of lighting a fresh cigar at the pipe of one of his dragoons! In how unheroic an attitude may one meet an heroic death!"—*MS. Journal.*]

† [———" Through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid 'mid friends' and foemen's gore;
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
And Morven, long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
Of conquest as he fell!"
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *Poetical Works.*

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verely felt during the whole of that bloody day, should be brought up into line? Meanwhile they enjoyed the most decided proof of victory, for the British army bivouacked upon the ground which had been occupied by the French during the battle, with the strongest hope that the conflict would be renewed in the morning with the most decisive success. This, however, depended upon the news they should hear from Fleurus, where a furious cannonade had been heard during the whole day, announcing a general action between Napoleon and Prince Marshal Blucher. Even the Duke of Wellington was long ere he learned the result of this engagement, by which his own ulterior measures necessarily must be regulated. The Prussian officer sent to acquaint him with the intelligence had been made prisoner by the French light troops; and when the news arrived, they bore such a cloudy aspect as altogether destroyed the agreeable hopes which the success at Quatre Bras had induced the army to entertain.

But pledged as I am to give you a detailed account of this brief campaign, I must reserve the battle of Ligny to another occasion. Meanwhile, I am ever sincerely yours, PAUL.

LETTER VII.

PAUL TO THE MAJOR—IN CONTINUATION.

BATTLE OF LIGNY.

Bonaparte's Plan for attacking Blucher—Blucher's Position—Number of Troops on both Sides—Mutual hostility of the Prussians and the French—The two Armies join Battle—Vicissitudes of the Contest—Storming of St Amand—Taking of Ligny—Charge of the Imperial Guards—Charge of the French Cavalry—Blucher's Horse shot—Repulse of the French Cavalry—Prussians retreat—Concentration of the Prussian Army at Wavre—Loss of the Prussians—British Army retreats—Bonaparte resolves to turn his whole Force against the British—Retreat of the British—Pursuit of the French—Bad state of the roads—French Cavalry checked in two attacks—British Army retire upon Waterloo—Headquarters of the Duke of Wellington—Headquarters of Bonaparte—Storminess of the Night—Melancholy Reflections of the British—Triumphant Confidence of the French—Remarks on Bonaparte's Plan of Attack.

WHEN Bonaparte moved with his centre and right wing against Blucher, he certainly conceived that he left to Ney a more easy task than his own; and that the Maréchal would find no difficulty in pushing his way to Brussels, or, near it, before the English army could be concentrated in sufficient force to oppose him. To himself he reserved the task of coping with Blucher, and by his overthrow cutting

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off all communication between the Prussian and British armies, and compelling each to seek safety in isolated and unconnected movements.

The Prussian veteran was strongly posted to receive the enemy, whom upon earth he hated most. His army occupied a line where three villages, built upon broken and unequal ground, served each as a separate redoubt, defended by infantry, and well furnished with artillery. The village of St Amand was occupied by his right wing, his centre was posted at Ligny, and his left at Sombref. All these hamlets are strongly built, and contain several houses, with large court-yards and orchards, each of which is capable of being converted into a station of defence. The ground behind these villages forms an amphitheatre of some elevation, before which runs a deep ravine, edged by straggling thickets of trees. The villages were in front of the ravine; and masses of infantry were stationed behind each, destined to reinforce the defenders as occasion required.

In this strong position Blucher had assembled three corps of his army, amounting to 80,000 men. But the fourth corps, commanded by Bulow (a general distinguished in the campaign of 1814,) being in distant cantonments between Liege and Hannut, had not yet arrived at the point of concentration. The force of the assailants is stated in the Prussian despatches at 130,000 men. But as Ney had at least 30,000 soldiers under him at Quatre Bras, it would appear that the troops under Bonaparte's immediate command at the battle of Ligny, even including a strong reserve, which consisted of the first entire division, could not exceed 100,000 men. The forces, therefore, actually engaged on both sides, might be nearly equal. They were equal also in courage and in mutual animosity.

The Prussians of our time will never forget, or forgive, the series of dreadful injuries inflicted by the French upon their country after the defeat of Jena. The plunder of their peaceful hamlets, with every inventive circumstance which the evil passions of lust, rapine, and cruelty could suggest; the murder of the father, or the husband, because "the *pekin* looked dangerous," when he beheld his property abandoned to rapine, his wife, or daughters, to violation, and his children to wanton slaughter; such were the tales which the Prussian Land-wehr told over their watch-fires to whet each other's appetite to revenge. The officers and men of rank thought of the period when Prussia had been blotted out of the book of nations, her queen martyred by studied and reiterated insult, until she carried her sorrows to the grave, and her king only permitted to retain the name of a sovereign to increase his disgrace as a bondsman. The successful campaign of 1814 was too stinted a draught for their thirst of vengeance, and the hour was now come when they hoped for its amplest gratification.

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The French had, also, their grounds of personal animosity, not less stimulating. Those very Prussians, to whom (such was their mode of stating the account) the emperor's generosity had left the name of independence, when a single word could have pronounced them a conquered province; those Prussians, admitted to be companions in arms to the victors, had been the first to lift the standard of rebellion against them, when the rage of the elements had annihilated the army with which Napoleon invaded Russia. They had done more: they had invaded the sacred territory of France; defeated her armies upon her own soil; and contributed chiefly to the hostile occupation of her capital. They were commanded by Blucher, the inveterate foe of the French name and empire, whom no defeat could ever humble, and no success could mitigate. Even when the Treaty of Paris was received by the other distinguished statesmen and commanders of the allies as a composition advantageous for all sides, it was known that this veteran had expressed his displeasure at the easy terms on which France was suffered to escape from the conflict. Amid the general joy and congratulation, he retained the manner (in the eyes of the Parisians) of a gloomy malcontent. A Frenchman, somewhat acquainted with our literature, described to me the Prussian general, as bearing upon that occasion the mien and manner of Dryden's spectre knight:—

> "Stern look'd the fiend, and frustrate of his will,
> Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill."

And now this inveterate enemy was before them, leading troops, animated by his own sentiments, and forming the vanguard of the immense armies, which, unless checked by decisive defeat, were about to overwhelm France, and realize those scenes of vengeance which had been in the preceding year so singularly averted.

Fired by these sentiments of national hostility, the ordinary rules of war, those courtesies and acts of lenity which on other occasions afford some mitigation of its horrors, were renounced upon both sides. The Prussians declared their purpose to give and receive no quarter. Two of the French divisions hoisted the black flag, as an intimation of the same intention; and it is strongly affirmed that they gave a more sanguinary proof of their mortal hatred by mutilating and cutting off the ears of the prisoners who fell into their hands at crossing the Sambre. With such feelings towards each other, the two armies joined battle.

The engagement commenced at three in the afternoon, by a furious cannonade, under cover of which the third corps of the French army, commanded by Vandamme, attacked the village of St Amand. They were received by the Prussians with the most determined resistance, in despite of which they succeeded in carrying the village at the point

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of the bayonet, and established themselves in the church and churchyard. The Prussians made the most desperate efforts to recover possession of this village, which was the key of their right wing. Blucher put himself at the head of a battalion in person, and impelled them on the French with such success, that one end of the village was again occupied; and the Prussians regained possession of that part of the heights behind it, which, in consequence of Vandamme's success, they had been obliged to abandon. The village of Ligny, attacked and defended with the same fury and inveteracy, was repeatedly lost and regained, either party being alternately reinforced from masses of infantry, disposed behind that part of the village which they respectively occupied. Several houses enclosed with courtyards, according to the Flemish fashion, formed each a separate redoubt, which was furiously assailed by the one party, and obstinately made good by the other. It is impossible to conceive the fury with which the troops on both sides were animated. Each soldier appeared to be avenging his own personal quarrel; and the slaughter was in proportion to the length and obstinacy of a five hours' combat, fought hand to hand within the crowded and narrow streets of a village. There was also a sustained cannonade on both sides, through the whole of the afternoon. But in this species of warfare the Prussians sustained a much heavier loss than their antagonists, their masses being drawn up in an exposed situation upon the ridge and sides of the heights behind the villages, while those of the French were sheltered by the winding hollows of the lower grounds.

While this desperate contest continued, Bonaparte apparently began to doubt of its ultimate success. To ensure the storming of St Amand, he ordered the first corps of infantry, which was stationed near Frasne, with a division of the second corps commanded by Girard, and designed to be a reserve either to his own army or to that of Marshal Ney, to move to the right to assist in the attack. Of this movement Ney complained heavily afterwards in a letter to Fouché, as depriving him of the means of ensuring a victory at Quatre Bras.

The reinforcement, as it happened, was unnecessary, so far as the first corps was concerned; for about seven o'clock Vandamme had, after reiterated efforts, surmounted the resistance of the Prussians at St Amand, and Girard had obtained possession of Ligny. Sombref, upon the left of the Prussian line, was still successfully defended by the Saxon general, Thielman, against Maréchal Grouchy; and the Prussians, though driven from the villages in front of the amphitheatre of hills, still maintained their alignement upon the heights themselves, impatiently expecting to be succoured, either by the English, or by their own fourth division under Bulow. But the Duke of Wellington was himself actively engaged at Quatre Bras; and Bulow had found it im-

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possible to surmount the difficulties attending a long march through bad roads and a difficult country. In the meanwhile Bonaparte brought this dreadful engagement to a decision by one of those skilful and daring manœuvres which characterised his tactics.

Being now possessed of the village of Ligny, which fronted the centre of the Prussian line, he concentrated upon that point the imperial guards, whom he had hitherto kept in reserve. Eight battalions of this veteran and distinguished infantry, thrown into one formidable column, supported by four squadrons of cavalry, two regiments of cuirassiers, and the horse-grenadiers of the guard, traversed the village of Ligny, now in flames, at the *pas de charge*, threw themselves into the ravine which separates the village from the heights, and began to ascend them, under a dreadful fire of grape and musketry from the Prussians. They sustained this murderous discharge with great gallantry, and, advancing against the Prussian line, made such an impression upon the masses of which it consisted, as threatened to break through the centre of their army, and thus cut off the communication between the two wings; while the French cavalry, at the same time, charged and drove back that of the Prussians.

In this moment of consternation, the cause of Europe had nearly suffered a momentous loss in the death or captivity of the indomitable Blucher. The gallant veteran had himself headed an unsuccessful charge against the French cavalry; and his horse being shot under him in the retreat, both the fliers and pursuers passed over him as he lay on the ground; an adjutant threw himself down beside his general, to share his fate; and the first use which the Prince-Marshal made of his recovered recollection was, to conjure his faithful attendant rather to shoot him than to permit him to fall alive into the hands of the French. Meantime, the Prussian cavalry had rallied, charged, and in their turn repulsed the French, who again galloped past the Prussian general, as he lay on the ground covered with the cloak of the adjutant, with the same precipitation as in their advance. The general was then disengaged and remounted, and proceeded to organise the retreat, which was now become a measure of indispensable necessity.

The Prussian artillery, being disposed along the front of an extended line, could not be easily withdrawn, and several pieces fell into the hands of the French. Blucher's official despatch limits the number of guns thus lost to fifteen, which Bonaparte extends to fifty. But the infantry, retiring regularly, and in masses impenetrable to the cavalry of the pursuers, amply preserved that high character of courage and discipline, which, in the campaigns of the preceding year, had repeatedly enabled them to convert retreat and disorder of one day into advance and victory upon the next. In their retreat, which they con-

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tinued during the night, they took the direction of Tilly; and in the next morning were followed by General Thielman, with the left wing, who, after evacuating the village of Sombref, which he had maintained during the whole preceding day, formed the rear-guard of the Prince-Marshal's army. Being now at length joined by the fourth corps, under General Bulow, the Prussian army was once more concentrated in the neighbourhood of the village of Wavre, ten miles behind the scene of their former defeat; and the utmost exertions were used by Blucher, and the officers under him, to place it in a condition for renewing the conflict.

The carnage of the Prussians in this unsuccessful battle was very great. I have heard it estimated at twenty thousand men, killed, wounded, and prisoners, being one-fourth part of their whole army, Bonaparte, however, only rates it at fifteen thousand *hors de combat*; an enormous loss, especially considering that, owing to the inveteracy of the combat, and the steady valour displayed by the vanquished in their retreat, there were hardly any prisoners taken.

The events of the 16th had a material influence on the plans of the generals on either side. While the Duke of Wellington was proposing to follow up his advantage at Quatre Bras, by attacking Ney at Frasnes, he received, on the morning of the 17th, the news that Blucher had been defeated on the preceding day, and was in full retreat. This left the Duke no option but to fall back to such a corresponding position as might maintain his lateral communication with the Prussian right wing; since to have remained in advance, would have given Bonaparte an opportunity either to have placed his army betwixt those of England and Prussia, or, at his choice, to have turned his whole force against the Duke's army, which was inferior in numbers. The English general accordingly resolved upon retreating towards Brussels; a movement which he accomplished in the most perfect order, the rear being protected by the cavalry under the gallant Earl of Uxbridge.*

Meantime, Bonaparte had also taken his resolution. The defeat of the Prussians had placed it in his option to pursue them with his whole army, excepting those troops under Ney, who were in front of the Duke of Wellington. But this would have been to abandon Ney to almost certain destruction; since, if that general had been unable, on the preceding day, to make any impression on the van of the British army alone, it was scarce possible he could withstand them, when supported by their main body, and joined by reinforcements of every kind. In the supposed event of Ney's defeat, Bonaparte's rear would have been exposed to a victorious English army, while he knew, by repeat-

* [Created, in 1815, Marquis of Anglesea.]

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ed experience, how speedily and effectually Blucher could rally his Prussians, even after a severe defeat. He made it his choice, therefore, to turn his whole force against the English, leaving only Grouchy and Vandamme, with about twenty-five thousand men, to hang upon the rear of Blucher; and by pursuing his retreat from Sombref to Wavre, to occupy his attention, and prevent his attempting to take a share in the unexpected action with the British.

Napoleon probably expected to find the English army upon the ground which it had occupied during the 16th. But the movement of his own forces from St Amand and Ligny to Frasne, had occupied a space of time which was not left unemployed by the Duke of Wellington. The retreat had already commenced, and the position at Quatre Bras was, about eleven in the forenoon, only occupied by a strong rear-guard, destined to protect the retrograde movement of the British general. Bonaparte put his troops in motion to pursue his retiring enemy. The day was stormy and rainy in the extreme; and the roads, already broken up by the English artillery in their advance and retreat, were very nearly impassable. The cavalry, whose duty it became to press upon the rear of the English, were obliged to march through fields of standing corn, which being reduced to swamps by the wetness of the season, rendered rapid movement impossible. This state of the weather and roads was of no small advantage to the British army, who had to defile through the narrow streets of the village of Genappe, and over the bridge which there crosses a small river, in the very face of the pursuing enemy. Their cavalry once or twice attacked the rear-guard, but received so severe a check from the Life Guards and Oxford Blues, that they afterwards left the march undisturbed. I am assured, that the Duke of Wellington, in passing Genappe, expressed his surprise that he had been allowed to pass through that narrow defile, unharassed by attack and interruption, and asserted his belief, founded upon that circumstance, that Napoleon did not command in person the pursuing divisions of the French army. A French officer, to whom I mentioned this circumstance, accounted for this apparent want of activity, by alleging the heavy loss sustained upon the 16th, in the battles of Quatre Bras and Ligny; the necessary disorganization of the French cavalry after two such severe actions; the stormy state of the weather upon the 17th, and the impracticability of the roads for the movements of the cavalry. You, as a military critic, will be best judge how far this defence is available. I notice the same observation in an Account of the Battle of Waterloo, by a British Officer on the Staff.*

With little further interruption on the part of the enemy, the British

* Published by Ridgway, Piccadilly.

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army retired upon the ever-memorable field of Waterloo, and there took up a position upon the road to Brussels, which I shall endeavour todescribe more fully in my next Letter. The Duke had caused a plan of this, and other military positions in the neighbourhood of Brussels, to be made some time before by Colonel Carmichael Smith, the chief engineer. He now called for that sketch, and, with the assistance of the regretted Sir William de Lancy and Colonel Smith, made his dispositions for the momentous events of next day. The plan itself, a relic so precious, was rendered yet more so, by being found in the breast of Sir William de Lancy's coat, when he fell, and stained with the blood of that gallant officer. It is now in the careful preservation of Colonel Carmichael Smith, by whom it was originally sketched.

When the Duke of Wellington had made his arrangements for the night, he established his headquarters at a petty inn in the small village of Waterloo, about a mile in the rear of the position. The army slept upon their arms upon the summit of a gentle declivity, chiefly covered with standing corn.

The French, whose forces were gradually coming up during the evening, occupied a ridge nearly opposite to the position of the English army. The villages in the rear of that rising ground were also filled with the soldiers of their numerous army. Bonaparte established his headquarters at Planchenoit, a small village in the rear of the position.

Thus arranged, both generals and their respective armies waited the arrival of morning, and the events it was to bring. The night, as if the elements meant to match their fury with that which was preparing for the morning, was stormy in the extreme, accompanied by furious gusts of wind, heavy bursts of rain, continued and vivid flashes of lightning, and the loudest thunder our officers had ever heard. Both armies had to sustain this tempest in the exposed situation of an open bivouac, without means either of protection or refreshment. But though these hardships were common to both armies, yet, (as was the case previous to the battle of Agincourt) the moral feelings of the English army were depressed below their ordinary tone, and those of the French exalted to a degree of confidence and presumption unusual even to the soldiers of that nation.

The British could not help reflecting, that the dear-bought success at Quatre Bras, while it had cost so many valuable lives, had produced, in appearance at least, no corresponding result: a toilsome advance and bloody action had been followed by a retreat equally laborious to the soldier; and the defeat of the Prussians, which was now rumoured with the usual allowance of exaggeration, had left Bonaparte at liberty to assail them separately, and with his whole force, excepting such small

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proportion as might be necessary to continue the pursuit of their defeated and dispirited allies. If to this it was added, that their ranks contained many thousand foreigners, on whose faith the British could not implicitly depend, it must be owned there was sufficient scope for melancholy reflections. To balance these, remained their confidence in their commander, their native undaunted courage, and a stern resolution to discharge their duty and leave the result to Providence.

The French, on the other hand, had forgotten, in their success at Ligny, their failure at Quatre Bras, or, if they remembered it, their miscarriage was ascribed to treachery; and it was said that Bourmont and other officers had been tried by a military commission and shot, for having, by their misconduct, occasioned the disaster. This rumour, which had no foundation but in the address with which Bonaparte could apply a salve to the wounded vanity of his soldiers, was joined to other exulting considerations. Admitting the partial success of Wellington, the English Duke, they said, commanded but the right wing of the Prussian army, and had, in fact, shared in Blucher's defeat, as he himself virtually acknowledged, by imitating his retreat. All, therefore, was glow and triumph. The Prussians were annihilated, the British defeated, "the Great Lord"* astounded. Such were literally the reports transmitted to Paris, and given to the French public. There is no reason in the present instance to suspect, that the writers of these gasconades were guilty of intentional exaggeration. No one supposed the English would halt, or make head, until they reached their vessels; no one doubted that the Belgian troops would join the Emperor in a mass; it would have been disaffection to have supposed there lay any impediment in their next morning's march to Brussels; and all affected chiefly to regret the tempestuous night, as it afforded to the despairing English the means of retiring unmolested. Bonaparte himself shared, or affected to share, these sentiments; and when the slow and gloomy morning of the 18th of June showed him his enemies, still in possession of the heights which they occupied over-night, and apparently determined to maintain them, he could not suppress his satisfaction, but, exclaimed, while he stretched his arm towards their position with a motion as if to grasp his prey, "Je les tiens donc, ces Anglais!"

The exultation of the French was mixed, according to their custom, with many a scurril jest at the expense of their enemies. The death of the Duke of Brunswick was the subject of much pleasantry among such of the French officers as sought to make their court to Jerome, the ex-king of Westphalia. To please this phantom monarch, they ridiculed the fatality which always, they said, placed these unlucky Dukes of Brunswick in concurrence with the conqueror of their states, and con-

* [This was the common appellation of Lord Wellington among the Spaniards during the Peninsular War.]

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demned them successively to perish as it were by his hand. The national dress of our poor Highlanders, whose bodies were found lying in the lines which they had occupied in the field of Quatre Bras, furnished more good jests than I care to record. But, as I heard a Frenchman just now observe, "Il rit bien, qui rit le dernier."

Before entering upon such particulars as I can collect of the battle of Waterloo, let me notice your criticism upon the affairs of the 16th. You say, first, that Bonaparte ought not to have attacked both the English and Prussian armies on the same day, and you call my attention to the argument detailed in Maréchal Ney's letter to Fouché. And, secondly, you are of opinion, that, having defeated the Prussians at Ligny, Napoleon should have pursued the routed army of Blucher with his whole cavalry at least, and rendered it impossible for him to rally sooner than under the walls of Maestricht. Such, you say, is the opinion of all military judges in our neighbourhood, by which I know you mean all our friends with blue coats and red collars, whether half-pay captains, ex-officers of volunteers, commanders of local militia, or deputy-lieutenants. "Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine," my dear Major; but in despite of this unanimous verdict against the ex-Emperor, I will venture to move for a writ of error.

Upon the first count of the indictment, be pleased to reflect, that Bonaparte's game was at best a difficult one, and that he could embrace no course which was not exposed to many hazards. It is not the ultimate success, or miscarriage, of his plan, by which we ought to judge of its propriety, but the rational prospects which it held out before being carried into execution. Now be it remembered, that upon the 16th, Blucher's army was already concentrated at Ligny, while that of Lord Wellington was only moving up in detail to Quatre Bras. Maréchal Ney would scarcely have recommended to Napoleon to move straight towards Brussels by Quatre Bras and Genappe, leaving upon his right, and eventually in his rear, an army of 80,000 Prussians, expecting hourly to be joined by Bulow with 20,000 more, altogether disengaged and unoccupied. The consequence of such a movement must necessarily have been, that, menaced by the enemy's whole force, the Duke of Wellington might have relinquished thoughts of collecting his army in a post so much in advance as Quatre Bras; but a concentration upon Waterloo would have been the obvious alternative; and if the Emperor had advanced to that point and attacked the English without their receiving any assistance from the untouched army of the Prussians, we must suppose Blucher less active in behalf of his allies when at the head of an entire army, than he proved himself to be when commanding one which had sustained a recent defeat. In a word, if left unattacked, or masked only by a force inferior to their

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own, the Prussians were in a situation instantly to have become the assailants; and, therefore, it seems that Bonaparte acted wisely in sending, in the first instance, the greater part of his army against that body of his enemies which had already combined its forces, while he might reasonably hope, that the divisions under Ney's command could dispose of the British troops as they came up to the field of battle wearied and in detail. In fact, his scheme had, in its material points, complete success, for Napoleon did defeat the Prussians; and, by his success against them, compelled the English to retreat, and gained an opportunity of attacking them with his whole force in a battle, where the scale more than once inclined to his side. If, in the conjoined assault of the 16th, Ney failed in success over an enemy far inferior in numbers, it can only be accounted for by the superior talents of the English general, and the greater bravery of the soldiers whom he commanded. Something like a conscious feeling of this kind seems to lurk at the bottom of the maréchal's statement, who scarce pardons the emperor for being successful upon a day on which he was himself defeated.

The manner in which Ney complains of being deprived of the assistance of the first brigade, held hitherto in reserve, between his right and the left wing of Napoleon, and withdrawn, as he alleges, to the assistance of the latter just when, on his side, "victory was not doubtful," savours of the same peevish criticism. Napoleon sent for these troops when their aid appeared essential to carry the village of St Amand, and thereby to turn the right flank of the Prussians, and he restored them to their original position the instant he perceived a possibility of carrying his point without them. Surely more could not have been expected in the circumstances. Of the tone the maréchal assumes to his fallen master, and the reproaches which he permits himself to cast upon him, I will only say, in the words of Wolsey,

> "Within these forty hours Surrey had better
> Have burned his tongue than said so."

Upon the other point of censure it is more difficult to give a satisfactory explanation. The French seem to have considered the Battle of Ligny as being of a character less decisive than complete victory, and a consciousness of the unbroken force of the retiring enemy certainly checked the vivacity of the pursuit. The French carried the positions of the Prussians with great slaughter; but the precipitate retreat, and the numerous prisoners announced in Bonaparte's bulletin, are now universally allowed to be apocryphal. Blucher, whose open and frank avowal of the defeat he sustained claims credit for the rest of his narrative, [assures us, that the Prussian army was again formed within a quarter of a league from the field of battle, and presented such

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a front to the enemy as deterred him from attempting a pursuit. We ought therefore to conclude (paying always the necessary deference to Bonaparte's military skill), that although the Prussians had been driven from their positions, yet their retreat must have been conducted with such order, that no advantage would have resulted from pursuing them with a small force, while the necessity of making a movement with his main body to the left, in order to repair the disaster sustained by Ney, rendered it impossible for Napoleon to press upon their retreat with an overwhelming superiority of numbers.

These reflections, which I hazard in profound submission to your experience, close what occurs upon the important events of the 16th and 17th days of June last. Ever, my dear Major, etc. PAUL.

LETTER VIII.

TO THE SAME.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Field of Waterloo Described—Dispositions of the British Forces—Valley between the Armies—Hougoumont—Position of the French Army—Dawn of the 18th—Preparations of the French—Communication between the British and Prussians—Commencement of the Battle—Spot where Bonaparte was posted—Advance of French Cavalry—Determination of the British Troops—First Attack of the French—Their partial Success—Defence of Hougoumont—Renewed attack upon it—Resistance of the Black Brunswickers—Formation of the Regiment into Squares—Attack upon Mount St John—Inefficiency of Light Cavalry—Temporary Superiority of the French—Charge of the Heavy Brigade—Instance of Military Indifference—Feats of Personal Valour—Corporal Shaw—Sir John Elley—French Cavalry beaten off—Alarm at Brussels on the arrival of French Prisoners—Contest renewed on the Right Wing—Charges of French Cavalry—Courage of Individual Frenchmen—Coolness of our Soldiers—Retreat of a Belgian Regiment—Cowardice of the Hanoverian Hussars—The Centre and Left again assaulted—La Haye Sainte stormed—Dreadful Carnage of Hougoumont—Burning of the Chateau—The position successfully defended—Duke of Wellington—He encourages the Troops—Losses among his Staff—Sir W. Delancy—Sir A. Gordon—Lieut.-Col. Canning—Incessant Attacks of the French—Determination of Wellington—Bulow's Division appears—They are met by Lobau—Caution of Blucher—Grouchy attacks the Prussian Rear—Defence of the Bridge of Wavre—The Bridge forced—Grouchy waits for orders—March of Blucher—Reasons assigned by the French for their Defeat—Blucher appears near Sunset—Bonaparte miscalculates on Grouchy's support—Attack of the Imperial Guards—Position of the British—Advance of the Imperial Guards—Our Guards meet them—the French fly—the British form Line and pursue—Bonaparte—His Admiration of the British—His Flight—The English advance—Final Rout of the French—Last Gun fired by Captain Campbell—The Flight and Pursuit—Wellington and Blucher meet—La Belle Alliance—Cruelty of the French—Retaliation of the Prussians—Death of Duhesme—Utter Rout of the French—Humanity of the English to their wounded Enemies.

THE field of battle at Waterloo is easily described. The forest of Soignies, a wood composed of beech-trees, growing uncommonly close

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together, is traversed by the road from Brussels, a long broad causeway, which, upon issuing from the wood, reaches the small village of Waterloo. Beyond this point the wood assumes a more straggling and dispersed appearance, until about a mile farther, where at an extended ridge, called the heights of Mount St John, from a farm-house situated upon the Brussels road, the trees almost entirely disappear, and the country becomes quite open.* Along this eminence the British forces were disposed in two lines. The second, which lay behind the brow of the hill, was, in some degree, sheltered from the enemy's fire. The first line, consisting of the *élite* of the infantry, occupied the crest of the ridge, and were on the left partly defended by a long hedge and ditch, which, running in a straight line from the hamlet of Mount St John towards the village of Ohain, gives name to two farm-houses. The first, which is situated in advance of the hedge, and at the bottom of the declivity, is called La Haye Sainte (the holy hedge); the other, placed at the extremity of the fence, is called Ter la Haye. The ground at Ter la Haye becomes woody and broken, so that it afforded a strong point at which to terminate the British line upon the left. A road runs from Ter la Haye to Ohain, and the woody passes of St Lambert, through which the Duke of Wellington kept up a communication by his left with the Prussian army. The centre of the English army occupied the village of Mount St John, on the middle of the ridge, just where the great causeway from Brussels divides into two roads, one of which branches off to Nivelles, and the other continues the straight line to Charleroi. A strong advanced post of Hanoverian sharp-shooters occupied the house and farm-yard of La Haye Sainte, situated in advance upon the Charleroi road, and just at the bottom of the hill. The right of the British army, extending along the same eminence, occupied and protected the Nivelles road as far as the enclosures of Hougoumont, and, turning rather backwards, rested its extreme right upon a deep ravine. Advanced posts from thence occupied the village called Braine la Leude,† on which point there was no engagement. The ground in front of the British point sloped easily down into lower ground, forming a sort of valley, not a level plain, but a declivity varied by many gentle sweeps and hollows, which, though quite dry, seem as if formed by the course of a river. The ground then ascends in the same manner to a ridge opposite to that of Mount St John, and running parallel to it at the distance of twelve or fourteen hundred yards. This was the position of the enemy. It is

* ["The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's 'Orlando,' and immortal in Shakspeare's 'As You Like It.' It is also celebrated in Tacitus as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments.—BYRON.]

† Or Braine the Free, to distinguish it from Braine le Comte, or Braine belonging to the count.

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in some points nearer, and in others more distant from the heights, or ridge, of Mount St John, according as the valley between them is of greater or less breadth.

The valley between the two ridges is entirely open and unenclosed, and on that memorable day bore a tall and strong crop of corn. But in the centre of the valley, about half way betwixt the two ridges, and situated considerably to the right of the English centre, was the Chateau de Goumont, or Hougoumont. This is (or rather *was*) a gentleman's house of the old Flemish architecture, having a tower, and, as far as I can judge from its ruins, a species of battlement. It was surrounded on one side by a large farm-yard, and on the other opened to a garden divided by alleys in the Dutch taste, and fenced by a brick wall, and an exterior hedge and ditch. The whole was encircled by an open grove of tall trees, covering a space of about three or four acres, without any underwood. This chateau, with the advantages afforded by its wood and gardens, formed a strong *point d'appui* to the British right wing. In fact, while this point was maintained, it must have been difficult for the French to have made a serious attack upon the extremity of our right wing. On the other hand, had they succeeded in carrying Hougoumont, our line must have been confined to the heights, extending towards Merke Braine, which rather recede from the field, and would have been in consequence much limited, and crowded in its movements. As far as I understand the order of battle, the British line upon this right wing at the commencement of the action, rather presented the convex segment of a circle to the enemy; but as repeated repulses obliged the French to give ground, the extreme right was thereby enabled to come gradually round, and the curve being reversed, became concave, enfilading the field of battle and the high-road from Brussels to Charleroi, which intersects it.*

Such was the position of the British army on this memorable morning. That of the French is less capable of distinct description. Their troops had bivouacked on the field, or occupied the villages behind the ridge of la Belle Alliance. Their general had the choice of his mode of attack upon the English position, a word which, in this case, can only be used in a general sense, as a situation for an order of battle, but not in any respect as denoting ground which was naturally strong, or easily defended.

The imperfect dawn of the 18th was attended by the same broken and tempestuous weather, by which the night had been distinguished.

* ["As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a consecrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned."—BYRON.]

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But the interval of rest, such as it was, had not been neglected by the British, who had gained time to clean their arms, distribute ammunition, and prepare every thing for the final shock of battle. Provisions had also been distributed to the troops, most of whom had thus the means of breakfasting with some comfort.

Early in the morning numerous bodies of French cavalry began to occupy all the ridge of la Belle Alliance, opposite to that of Mount St John, and as our horse were held in readiness to encounter them, an engagement was expected between the cavalry of both armies, which our infantry supposed they would only view in the capacity of spectators. The desertion of a French officer of cuirassiers, attached to the party of Louis XVIII., conveyed other information; he assured Lord Hill, and subsequently the Duke of Wellington, that a general attack was intended, which would commence on our right by a combined force of infantry and cavalry.

In the meanwhile, the communication between our army and the Prussians by our left flank had been uninterrupted. An officer of engineers, who was despatched so early as four in the morning, accompanied Bulow's division, already on march to our assistance, struggling with the defiles of St Lambert, through roads which were rendered worse and worse by every succeeding regiment and brigade of artillery. One sentiment, this gentleman assured me, seemed unanimous among the Prussians—an eager and enthusiastic desire to press forward to obtain their share of the glories and dangers of the day, and to revenge their losses upon the 16th. The common soldiers cheered him and his companion as they passed. "Keep your ground, brave English!" was the universal exclamation, in German, and in such broken English or French as they found to express themselves—"Only keep your ground till we come up!"—and they used every effort accordingly to get into the field. But the movement was a lateral one, made across a country naturally deep and broken, rendered more so by the late heavy rains; and, on the whole, so unfit for the passage of a large body of troops, with their cavalry, artillery, etc., that even these officers, well mounted as they were, and eager to make their report to the department from which they had been despatched, did not reach the field of battle till after eleven o'clock.

The engagement had already commenced. It is said Bonaparte fired the first gun with his own hand, which is at least doubtful. But it is certain that he was in full view of the field when the battle began, and remained upon it till no choice was left him but that of death or rapid flight. His first post was a high wooden observatory, which had been constructed when a trigonometrical survey of the country was made by order of the King of the Netherlands some weeks before. But he afterwards removed to the high grounds in front of La Belle

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Alliance, and finally to the foot of the slope upon the road to Brussels. He was attended by his staff, and squadrons of *service* destined to protect his person. Soult, Ney, and other officers of distinction, commanded under him, but he issued all orders and received all reports in person.

The clouds of cavalry, which had mustered thicker and thicker upon the skirts of the horizon in the line of la Belle Alliance, began now to advance forward. One of our best and bravest officers confessed to me a momentary sinking of the heart when he looked round him, considered how small was the part of our force properly belonging to Britain, and recollected the disadvantageous and discouraging circumstances under which even our own soldiers laboured. A slight incident reassured him. An aid-de-camp galloped up, and, after delivering his instructions, cautioned the battalion of the Guards, along whom he rode, to reserve their fire till the enemy were within a short distance. "Never mind us," answered a veteran guards-man from the ranks,—"never mind us, sir; *we know our duty.*" From that moment my gallant friend said, that he knew the hearts of the men were in the right trim, and that though they might leave their bodies on the spot, they would never forfeit their honour. A few minutes afterwards the unparalleled conflict began.

The first attack of the French, as had been announced by the royalist officer, was directed towards our right wing, embracing the post of Hougoumont and the high road to Nivelles. A glance at any plan of this ground will show, that occupying the latter with artillery, would have enabled the French to have pushed forward to the very centre of our line, especially if Hougoumont could have been carried about the same time.

Under the eye of Bonaparte himself, who was then stationed on the ridge to the left of La Belle Alliance, the combinations for the attack were made with great skill and rapidity, and so completely concealed from our troops by the nature of the ground, that just before it took place, the cavalry on our extreme right expected orders to advance against some squadrons which showed themselves, as in the act of deploying towards Braine la Leude. But the enemy's motions were directed towards a more vital point.

About half-past eleven o'clock, the whole of the French second corps d'armée, amounting to three divisions, each consisting of 10,000 men, commenced a most desperate attack upon the post of Hougoumont. It was defended by the light companies of the Guards, who were stationed in the chateau and the garden, partly in the wood, in conjunction with a corps of sharpshooters, chiefly Nassau troops. The defence was supported by the whole second brigade of Guards under Major-General

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Byng, placed on a rising ground in the rear, so as to preserve the power of reinforcing the garrison.

The first division of the French, commanded by Jerome Bonaparte, commenced the assault, which, after a short but violent struggle, terminated in their retreating with great loss. But the attack was almost instantly renewed with incredible fury by the second division, commanded by General Foy. The fury of their onset was such, that the sharpshooters of Nassau Ussingen, to whom the grove of Hougoumont had been confided, abandoned that part of the post, and the chateau itself must have been carried, but for the stubborn and desperate courage of that detachment of the Guards to whom the defence was intrusted. A French officer, followed by a few men, actually forced his way into the courtyard of the chateau, but all were there bayoneted. Colonel Macdonell, the brother of our Highland Chief Glengarry, was obliged to fight hand to hand among the assailants, and was indebted to personal strength no less than courage for his success in the perilous duty of shutting the gates of the courtyard against the enemy. The Spanish general, Don Miguel Alava, and his aides-de-camp, exerted themselves to rally the scattered sharpshooters of Nassau, and Don Nicholas de Mennuisir was particularly distinguished by his activity. But they passed the right of our troops in great disorder, their faces and hands blackened with smoke and powder, and showing yet sterner signs of the conflict in which they had been engaged, and to the furies of which they seemed unwilling again to commit themselves. "What would the Spaniards have done," said a prince distinguished for his own personal spirit and courage, as well as for his experience in the Peninsular war,—"What would the Spaniards have done, Don Miguel, in a fire like that of Waterloo?"—"At least, sir," retorted the Castilian, "they would not, like some of your father's subjects, have fled without seeing their enemy!"—By the rout of these light troops and the consequent occupation of the wood by the French, Hougoumont was, for great part of the action, completely an invested and besieged post, indebted for its security to the walls and deep and strong ditches with which the garden and orchard were surrounded, but much more to the valiant and indomitable spirits of those by whom these defences were maintained. The French have since asserted, that their ill success was in great measure owing to their ignorance, that the exterior hedge of the orchard masked a strong and thick garden wall, so that those who surmounted the one obstacle were suddenly overwhelmed by the fire from this second defence. When, however, it is remembered that Bonaparte, who himself superintended the attack, had by his side a person born and bred within half a mile of the chateau, it seems very unlikely that he should have omitted to make himself acquainted with

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the local means of defence. It was currently reported, that, during the attack, the bailiff or steward of the proprietor fired more than once from the summit of the tower upon the British, by whom the court and garden were defended, and that he was at length discovered and shot. At any rate, the place was most furiously assailed from without, and as resolutely defended, the garrison firing through the holes which they knocked out in the garden walls, and through the hedge of the orchard; and the assailants making the most desperate attempts to carry the post, but in vain. About one o'clock the wood was regained by six companies of the Guards under Colonel Hepburn, superseding Lord Saltoun, who had hitherto commanded in the wood, while Colonels Woodford and Macdonell directed the defence of the buildings and garden. The attack of the Guards under Colonel Hepburn drove back Foy's division with immense loss, again occupied the wood, and reinforced the little garrison in the chateau.

Still, however, Hougoumont being in some degree insulated, and its defenders no longer in direct or undisturbed communication with the rest of the British army, the French cavalry were enabled to pour round it in great strength to the attack of the British right wing. The light troops, who were in advance of the British line, were driven in by the fury of this general charge, and the foreign cavalry, who ought to have supported them, gave way on all sides. The first forces who offered a steady resistance were the Black Brunswick infantry. They were drawn up in squares, as most of the British forces were, during this memorable action, each regiment forming a square by itself, not quite solid, but nearly so, the men being drawn up several files deep. The distance between these masses afforded space enough to draw up the battalions in line when they should be ordered to deploy, and the regiments were posted with reference to each other much like the alternate squares upon a chess-board. It was therefore impossible for a squadron of cavalry to push between two of these squares, without finding themselves at once assailed by a fire in front from that which was to the rear, and on both flanks from those betwixt which it had moved forward. Often and often during that day was the murderous experiment resorted to, and almost always with the same bad success.

Yet, although this order of battle possesses every efficient power of combination for defence against cavalry, its exterior is far from imposing. The men thus drawn up occupy the least possible space of ground, and a distinguished officer, who was destined to support the Brunswickers, informed me, that when he saw the furious onset of the French cavalry, with a noise and clamour that seemed to unsettle the firm earth over which they galopped, and beheld the small detached black masses which, separated from each other, stood each individually exposed to be overwhelmed by the torrent, he almost trembled for the

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event. But when the Brunswick troops opened their fire with coolness, readiness, and rapidity, the event seemed no longer doubtful. The artillery also, which was never in higher order, or more distinguished for excellent practice, made dreadful gaps in squadrons of cavalry, and strewed the ground with men and horses, who were advancing to the charge. Still this was far from damping the courage of the French, who pressed on in defiance of every obstacle, and of the continued and immense slaughter which was made among their ranks. Or if the attack of the cavalry was suspended for a space, it was but to give room for the operation of their artillery, which, within the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, played upon so obvious a mark as our solid squares afforded with the most destructive effect. "One fire," said a general officer, whom I have already quoted, "struck down seven men of the square with whom I was for the moment; the next was less deadly—it only killed three." Yet under such a fire, and in full view of these clouds of cavalry, waiting like birds of prey to dash upon them where the slaughter should afford the slightest opening, did these gallant troops close their files over their dead and dying comrades, and resume with stern composure that compact array of battle, which their discipline and experience taught them afforded the surest means of defence. After the most desperate efforts on the part of the French to push back our right wing, and particularly to establish themselves on the road to Nivelles, and after a defence on the part of the British which rendered these efforts totally unavailing, the battle slackened in some degree in this quarter, to rage with greater fury, if possible, towards the left and centre of the British line.

It was now upon the village of Mount-St John, and making use of the causeway or high-road between that hamlet and La Belle Alliance, that Bonaparte precipitated his columns, both of infantry and cavalry, under a tremendous fire of artillery, that was calculated to sweep every obstacle from their course. The ridge of the hill was upon this occasion very serviceable to the British, whose second line was posted behind it, and thus protected, in some degree, from the direct fire, though not from the showers of shells which were thrown on purpose to annoy the troops, whom the enemy with reason supposed to be thus sheltered. The first line derived some advantage from a straggling hedge (the same which, as already mentioned, gives the name of La Haye Sainte to the farm), extending along their centre and left, and partly masking it, though so far from being strong enough to serve as an intrenchment or breastwork, it could be penetrated by cavalry in almost every direction. Such as it was, however, its line of defence, or rather the troops by whom it was occupied, struck awe into the assailants; and while they hesitated to advance to charge it, they were themselves in their turn charged and overwhelmed by the British cavalry, who dash-

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ing through the fence at the intervals which admitted of it, formed, charged, and broke the battalions which were advancing upon their line. The French cavalry came up to support their infantry, and where the British were in the least dispersed, which, from the impetuosity of the men and horses, was frequently unavoidable, our troops suffered severely. This was particularly experienced by some distinguished regiments, whom the military fashion of the times has converted into hussars, from that excellent old English establishment formerly called Light-Dragoons, which combined with much activity a degree of weight that cannot belong to troopers more slightly mounted. You, who remember one or two of the picked regiments of 1795, cannot but recollect at once the sort of corps which is now in some degree superseded by those mounted on light blood horses. It is at least certain, that after the most undaunted exertions on the part of the officers, seconding those of the Earl of Uxbridge, our light cavalry were found to suffer cruelly in their unequal encounter with the ponderous and sword-proof cuirassiers, and with the lancers. In every instance (and there were but too many) in which our cavalry pushed temporary success too far, they were overpowered by the weight and numbers of the enemy, and driven back with great loss. Many were killed, and several made prisoners, some of whom the French afterwards massacred in cold blood. Even the German Legion, so distinguished for discipline and courage during the Peninsular conflicts, were unequal, on this occasion, to sustain the shock of the French cavalry. And thus, such had been Bonaparte's dexterity in finding resources, and in applying them, the French seemed to have a temporary superiority in that very description of force, with which it was supposed altogether impossible he could be adequately provided. It was upon this occasion that Sir John Elley, now quarter-master-general, requested and obtained permission to bring up the heavy brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, and Scotch Greys, and made a charge, the effect of which was tremendous. Notwithstanding the weight and armour of the cuirassiers, and the power of their horses, they proved altogether unable to withstand the shock of the heavy brigade, being literally rode down, both horse and man, while the strength of the British soldiers was no less preeminent when they mingled and fought hand to hand. Several hundreds of French were forced headlong over a sort a quarry or gravel pit, where they rolled a confused and undistinguishable mass of men and horses, exposed to a fire which, being poured closely into them, soon put a period to their struggles. Amidst the fury of the conflict, some traces occurred of military indifference which merit being recorded. The Life Guards, coming up in the rear of the 95th, which distinguished regiment acted as sharpshooters in front of the line, sustaining and repelling a most formidable onset of

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the French, called out to them, as if it had been on the parade in the Park, "Bravo, ninety-fifth! do you *lather* them and we'll *shave* them!" The Scottish *amor patriæ* also displayed itself on this occasion. The Scotch Greys coming up to the support of a Highland regiment, all joined in the triumphal shout of "Scotland for ever!"—Amid the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valour. Among these should not be forgotten Shaw, a corporal of the Life-Guards, well known as a pugilistic champion, and equally formidable as a swordsman. He is supposed to have slain or disabled ten Frenchmen with his own hand, before he was killed by a musket or pistol-shot.* But officers, also, of rank and distinction, whom the usual habits of modern war render rather the directors than the actual agents of slaughter, were in this desperate action seen fighting hand to hand like common soldiers. "You are uncommonly savage to-day," said an officer to his friend, a young man of rank, who was arming himself with a third sabre, after two had been broken in his grasp: "What would you have me do?" answered the other, by nature one of the most gentle and humane men breathing; "we are here to kill the French, and he is the best man to-day who can kill most of them;"—and he again threw himself into the midst of the combat. Sir John Elley, who led the charge of the heavy brigade, was himself distinguished for personal prowess. He was at one time surrounded by several of the cuirassiers; but, being a tall and uncommonly powerful man, completely master of his sword and horse, he cut his way out, leaving several of his assailants on the ground, marked with wounds, indicating the unusual strength of the arm which inflicted them. Indeed, had not the ghastly evidence remained on the field, many of the blows dealt upon this occasion would have seemed borrowed from the annals of knight-errantry, for several of the corpses exhibited heads cloven to the chine, or severed from the shoulders. The issue of this conflict was, that the French cavalry were completely beaten off, and a great proportion of their attacking columns of infantry, amounting to about 3000 men, threw down their arms, and were sent off to Brussels as prisoners. Their arrival there added to the terrors of that distracted city; for a vague rumour having preceded their march, announcing the arrival of a column of French, they were for a long time expected as conquerors, not as prisoners. Even when they entered as captives, the sight of the procession did not

* [This brave man is said to have carried death to every one against whom he rode. His own was occasioned rather by the loss of blood from many cuts, than the magnitude of any one. He had been riding about fighting the whole of the day with his body streaming. At evening he stretched himself on the ground, close by a wounded comrade, and soon fell asleep. In the morning he was found dead, with his face leaning on his hand, as if life had been extinguished while he was in a state of insensibility.]

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relieve the terrors of the citizens; the continued thunder of the cannon still announced that the battle was undecided, and the manner of the prisoners themselves was that of men who expected speedy freedom and vengeance. One officer of cuirassiers was particularly remarked for his fine martial appearance, and the smile of stern contempt with which he heard the shouts of the exulting populace. "The emperor," he said, "the *emperor* will shortly be here;" and the menace of his frowning brow and clenched hand indicated the fatal consequences which would attend his arrival.

The contest was indeed so far from being decided, that it raged with the most uninterrupted fury; it had paused in some degree upon the centre and left, but only to be renewed with double ferocity in the right wing. The attack was commenced by successive columns of cavalry, rolling after each other like waves of the sea. The Belgian horse, who were destined to oppose them, again gave way, and galloped from the field in great disorder. Our advanced line of guns was stormed by the French, the artillery-men receiving orders to leave them, and retire within the squares of the infantry. Thus, at least, thirty pieces of artillery were for the time abandoned; but to an enemy who could not either use them or carry them off. The scene now assumed the most extraordinary and unparalleled appearance. The large bodies of French cavalry rode furiously up and down amongst our small squares of infantry, seeking with desperate courage some point where they might break in upon them, but in vain, though many in the attempt fell at the very point of the bayonets.

In the meantime a brigade of horse-artillery, commanded by the lamented Major Norman Ramsay, opened its fire upon the columns. They retreated repeatedly, but it was only to advance with new fury, and to renew attempts which it seemed impossible for human strength and courage ultimately to withstand. As frequently as the cavalry retreated, our artillery-men, rushing out of the squares in which they had found shelter, began again to work their pieces, and made a destructive fire on the retiring squadrons. Two officers of artillery were particularly noticed, who, being in a square which was repeatedly charged, rushed out of it the instant the cavalry retreated, loaded one of the deserted guns which stood near, and fired it upon the horsemen. A French officer observed that this manœuvre was repeated more than once, and cost his troop many lives. At the next retreat of his squadron, he stationed himself by the gun, waving his sword, as if defying the British officers again to approach it. He was instantly shot by a grenadier, but prevented by his self-devotion a considerable loss to his countrymen. Other French officers and men evinced the same desperate and devoted zeal in the cause which they had so rashly and unhappily espoused. One officer of rank, after leading his men as far

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as they would follow him towards one of the squares of infantry, found himself deserted by them, when the British fire opened, and instantly rode upon the bayonets, throwing open his arms as if to welcome the bullet which should bring him down. He was immediately shot, for the moment admitted of no alternative. On our part, the coolness of the soldiers was so striking as almost to appear miraculous. Amid the infernal noise, hurry, and clamour of the bloodiest action ever fought, the officers were obeyed as if on the parade; and such was the precision with which the men gave their fire, that the aid-de-camp could ride round each square with perfect safety, being sure that the discharge would be reserved till the precise moment when it ought regularly to be made. The fire was rolling or alternate, keeping up that constant and uninterrupted blaze, upon which, I presume, it is impossible to force a concentrated and effective charge of cavalry. Thus each little phalanx stood by itself, like an impregnable fortress, while their crossing fires supported each other, and dealt destruction among the enemy, who frequently attempted to penetrate through the intervals, and to gain the flank, and even the rear of these detached masses. The Dutch, Hanoverian, and Brunswick troops preserved the same solid order, and the same ready, sustained, and destructive fire, as the British regiments with whom they were intermingled.

Notwithstanding this well-supported and undaunted defence, the situation of our army became critical. The Duke of Wellington had placed his best troops in the first line; they had already suffered severely, and the quality of those who were brought up to support them was in some instances found unequal to the task. He himself saw a Belgian regiment give way at the instant it crossed the ridge of the hill, in the act of advancing from the second into the first line. The Duke rode up to them in person, halted the regiment, and again formed it, intending to bring them into the fire himself. They accordingly shouted "En avant! en avant!" and, with much of the manner which they had acquired by serving with the French, marched up, dressing their ranks with great accuracy, and holding up their heads with military precision. But as soon as they crossed the ridge of the hill, and again encountered the storm of balls and shells, from which they had formerly retreated, they went to the right-about once more, and fairly left the Duke to seek more resolved followers where he could find them. He accordingly brought up a Brunswick regiment, which advanced with less apparent enthusiasm than *les Braves Belges*, but kept their ground with more steadiness, and behaved very well. In another part of the field, the Hanoverian hussars of Cumberland, as they were called, a corps distinguished for their handsome appearance and complete equipments, were ordered to support a charge made by the British. Their gallant commanding-officer showed no alacrity in obeying this order, and

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indeed observed so much ceremony, that, after having been once and again ordered to advance, an aid-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington informed him of his Grace's command, that he should either advance or draw off his men entirely, and not remain there to show a bad example and discourage others. The gallant officer of hussars considering this as a serious option, submitted to his own decision, was not long in making his choice, and having expressed to the aid-de-camp his sense of the Duke's kindness, and of the consideration which he had for raw troops, under a fire of such unexampled severity, he said he would embrace the alternative of drawing his men off, and posting them behind the hamlet of St John. This he accordingly did, in spite of the reproaches of the aid-de-camp, who loaded him with every epithet that is most disgraceful to a soldier. The incident, although sufficiently mortifying in itself, and attended, as may be supposed, with no little inconvenience at such a moment, had something in it so comic, that neither the General nor any of his attendants were able to resist laughing when it was communicated by the incensed aid-de-camp. I have been told many of the officers and soldiers of this unlucky regiment left it in shame, joined themselves to other bodies of cavalry, and behaved well in the action. But the valiant commander not finding himself comfortable in the place of refuge which he had himself chosen, fled to Brussels, and alarmed the town with a report that the French were at his heels. His regiment was afterwards in a manner disbanded, or attached to the service of the commissariat.

These circumstances I communicate to you, not in the least as reflecting upon the national character, either of the Hanoverians or Belgians, both of whom had troops in the field, by whom it was gloriously sustained; but as an answer to those who have remarked, that the armies not being greatly disproportioned in point of numbers, the contest ought to have been sooner decided in favour of the Duke of Wellington. The truth is, that the Duke's first line *alone*, with occasional reinforcements from the second, sustained the whole brunt of the action; and it would have been in the highest degree imprudent to have made any movement in advance even to secure advantages which were frequently gained, since implicit reliance could not be placed upon the raw troops and militia, of whom the support was chiefly composed. With 80,000 British troops, it is probable the battle would not have lasted two hours, though it is impossible it could in that event have been so entirely decisive, since the French, less completely exhausted, would probably have been able to take better measures for covering their retreat.

Meanwhile the battle raged in every point. The centre and left were again assaulted, and, if possible, more furiously than before. The farm-house of La Haye Sainte, lying under the centre of the British

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line, was at last stormed by the French troops, who put the gallant defenders to the sword. They were Hanoverian sharpshooters, who had made good the post with the most undaunted courage, whilst they had a cartridge remaining, and afterwards maintained an unequal contest with their bayonets through the windows and embrasures. As the entrance of the farm fronted the high-road, and was in the very focus of the enemy's fire, it was impossible to send supplies of ammunition by that way; and the commanding-officer unfortunately had not presence of mind to make a breach through the back part of the wall, for the purpose of introducing them. "*I* ought to have thought of it," said the Duke of Wellington, who seems to have considered it as his duty to superintend and direct even the most minute details of that complicated action; "but," as he added, with a very unnecessary apology, "my mind could not embrace every thing at once." The post meanwhile, though long maintained by the enemy, was of little use to them, as our artillery on the ridge were brought to plunge into it, and the attempt to defend it as a point of support for his future attacks, cost Bonaparte more men than he had lost in carrying it. On the right Hougoumont continued to be as fiercely assailed, but more successfully defended. The carnage in that point was dreadful; the French at length had recourse to shells, by which they set on fire, first, a large stack of hay in the farm-yard, and then the chateau itself. Both continued to blaze high in the air, spreading a thick black smoke, which ascended far over that of the cannonade, and seemed to announce that some dreadful catastrophe had befallen the little garrison. Many of the wounded had been indeed carried into the chateau for shelter, and, horrible to relate, could not be withdrawn from it when it took fire. But the Guards continued to make good the garden and the courtyard, and the enemy's utmost efforts proved unable to dispossess them. The various repulses which the French had met with in this part of the field, seemed by degrees to render their efforts less furious, and the right wing re-established its complete communication with this *point d'appui*, or key of the position, and reinforced its defenders as occasion demanded.

During this scene of tumult and carnage, the Duke of Wellington exposed his person with a freedom which, while the position of the armies, and the nature of the ground, rendered it inevitably necessary, made all around him tremble for that life on which it was obvious that the fate of the battle depended. There was scarcely a square but he visited in person, encouraging the men by his presence, and the officers by his directions. Many of his short phrases are repeated by them, as if they were possessed of talismanic effect. While he stood on the centre of the high-road in front of Mount St John, several guns were levelled against him, distinguished as he was by his suite, and the

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movements of the officers who came and went with orders. The balls repeatedly grazed a tree on the right-hand of the road, which tree now bears his name. "That's good practice," observed the Duke to one of his suite; "I think they fire better than in Spain." Riding up to the 95th, when in front of the line, and even then expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said, "Stand fast, 95th—we must not be beat—what will they say in England?"* On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest men had fallen, and the event of the action seemed doubtful even to those who remained, he said, with the coolness of a spectator, who was beholding some well-contested sport—"Never mind, we'll win this battle yet." To another regiment, then closely engaged, he used a common sporting expression; "Hard pounding this, gentlemen; let's see who will pound longest." All who heard him issue orders, took confidence from his quick and decisive intellect; all who saw him caught mettle from his undaunted composure. His staff, who had shared so many glories and dangers by his side, fell man by man around him, yet seemed in their own agony only to regard his safety. Sir William De Lancey, struck by a spent ball, fell from his horse—"Leave me to die," he said to those who came to assist him, "attend to the Duke."† The lamented Sir Alexander Gordon,‡ whose early experience and high talents had already rendered him the object of so much hope and expectation, received his mortal wound while expostulating with the General on the personal danger to which he was exposing himself. Lieutenant Colonel Canning, and many of our lost heroes, died with the Duke's name on their expiring lips. Amid the havoc which had been made among his immediate attendants, his Grace sent off a young gentleman,

* [In action prompt, in sentence brief,—
"Soldiers, stand firm," exclaimed the Chief,
"England shall tell the fight!"
On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast—
On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *Poetical Works.*]

† [This accomplished officer had been married in the April preceding, to the beautiful daughter of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, Bart.; and the young lady reached the Netherlands in time to witness his death.]

‡ [Brother of the Earl of Aberdeen, who has erected a monument on the spot where he received his wound.]

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acting as aid-de-camp, to a general of brigade in another part of the field, with a message of importance. In returning he was shot through the lungs, but, as if supported by the resolution to do his duty, he rode up to the Duke of Wellington, delivered the answer to his message, and then dropped from his horse, to all appearance a dying man. In a word, if the most devoted attachment on the part of all who approached him, can add to the honours of a hero, never did a general receive so many and such affecting proofs of it; and their devotion was repaid by his sense of its value, and sorrow for their loss. "Believe me," he afterwards said, "that nothing, excepting a battle lost, can be half so melancholy as a battle won. The bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from that greater evil; but, to win even such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of the lives of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune, were it not for its important results to the public benefit."*

In the meanwhile it seemed still doubtful whether these sacrifices had not been made in vain; for the French, though repulsed in every point, continued their incessant attacks with a perseverance of which they were formerly deemed incapable; and the line of chequered squares, hitherto successfully opposed to them, was gradually, from the great reduction of numbers, presenting a diminished and less formidable appearance. One general officer was under the necessity of stating, that his brigade was reduced to one-third of its numbers, that those who remained were exhausted with fatigue, and that a temporary relief, of however short duration, seemed a measure of peremptory necessity. "Tell him," said the Duke, "what he proposes is impossible. He, and I, and every Englishman in the field, must die on the spot which we now occupy."—"It is enough," returned the general; "I, and every man under my command, are determined to share his fate." A friend of ours had the courage to ask the Duke of Wellington,

* [Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close!—
Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claims!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubted PICTON'S soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of PONSONBY could die—
DE LANCEY change LOVE'S bridal-wreath,
For laurels from the hand of Death—
Saw'st gallant MILLER'S failing eye
Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
And CAMERON, in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
And generous GORDON, 'mid the strife,
Fall while he watch'd his leader's life.—
Ah! though her guardian angel's shield
Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own!
[SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *Poetical Works.*]

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whether in that conjuncture he looked often to the woods from which the Prussians were expected to issue?—"No," was the answer; "I looked oftener at my watch than at any thing else. I knew if my troops could keep their position till night, that I must be joined by Blucher before morning, and we would not have left Bonaparte an army next day. But," continued he, "I own I was glad as one hour of daylight slipped away after another, and our position was still maintained."—"And if," continued the querist, "by misfortune the position had been carried?"—"We had the wood behind to retreat into."—"And if the wood also was forced?"—"No, no; they could never have so beaten us but we could have made good the wood against them."—From this brief conversation it is evident, that in his opinion, whose judgment is least competent to challenge, even the retreat of the English on this awful day would have afforded but temporary success to Bonaparte.

While this furious conflict lasted, the Prussian general, with the faith and intrepidity which characterise him, was pressing forward to the assistance of his allies. So early as between three and four o'clock, the division of Bulow appeared menacing the right flank of the French, chiefly with light troops and cavalry. But this movement was foreseen and provided against by Bonaparte. Besides the immense force with which he sustained the main conflict, he had kept in reserve a large body of troops, under Count Lobau, who were opposed to those of Bulow with a promptitude which appeared like magic; our officers being at a loss almost to conjecture whence the forces came, which appeared as it were to rise out of the earth to oppose this new adversary. The engagement (which consisted chiefly in sharpshooting) continued in this quarter, but with no great energy, as the Prussian general waited the coming up of the main body of Blucher's army. This was retarded by many circumstances. We have already noticed the state of the cross-roads, or rather tracks, through which a numerous army had to accomplish their passage. But besides, the effects of the battle of Ligny were still felt, and it was not only natural but proper that Blucher, before involving himself in defiles from which retreat became impossible, should take some time to ascertain whether the English were able to maintain their ground until he should come up to their assistance. For, in the event of their being routed, with the usual circumstances of defeat, before the Prussians arrived, Blucher must have found himself in a most critical situation, engaged in the defiles of St Lambert, with one victorious French army in front, and another pressing upon his rear at Wavre. Such at least is the opinion of our best and most judicious officers. But the loyalty of the Prince-Marshal's character did not permit him long to hesitate upon advancing to the support of his illustrious ally.

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Grouchy and Vandamme, with their combined forces, amounting to upwards of thirty thousand men, had followed the Prussian rear (commanded by Tauenzein) as far as Wavre, less, it would seem, with the purpose of actual fight, than of precipitating the retreat, which they supposed Blucher to have commenced with his whole army. At length Tauenzein halted upon the villages of Wavre and Bielge, on the river Dyle, and there prepared to defend himself. It is probable that, about this time, the appearance of Bulow's corps on Bonaparte's right flank made the French general desirous the Prussians should be attacked in a different and distant point, in such a serious manner as might effectually engage their attention, and prevent their detaching more forces to the support of Wellington. Accordingly orders were despatched to Grouchy to make a serious attack upon that part of the Prussian army which was opposed to him. But Bonaparte was not aware, nor does Grouchy seem to have discovered, that the forces he was thus to engage only consisted of a strong rear-guard, which occupied the villages and position upon the Dyle to mask the march of the main army under the Prince-Marshal himself, which was already defiling to the right through the passes of St Lambert, and in full march to unite itself with Wellington and Bulow. The resistance of Tauenzein, however, was so obstinate as to confirm Grouchy in the belief that he was engaged with a great proportion of the Prussian army. The bridge at Wavre, particularly, was repeatedly lost and gained before the French were able to make their footing good beyond it. At length a French colonel snatched the eagle of his regiment, and rushing forward, crossed the bridge, and struck it into the ground on the other side. His corps followed with a unanimous shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* and although the gallant officer who thus led them on was himself slain on the spot, his followers succeeded in carrying the village. That of Bielge at the same time fell into their hands, and Grouchy anxiously expected from his Emperor orders to improve his success. But no such orders arrived; the sound of the cannon in that direction slackened, and at length died away; and it was next morning before Grouchy heard the portentous news that awaited him, announcing the fate of Napoleon and his army.

The French have since pretended, that their defeat was, in a great measure, owing to Grouchy's neglecting to make a lateral movement to his own left to the support of Napoleon. They ascribe this to the rapacity of Vandamme, who is said to have urged Grouchy to continue his movement upon Brussels, rather than to unite himself with Bonaparte, in order that their division might have the first share of the pillage of the city. If, however, this division of the French army had not fought at Wavre, where, with difficulty, they defeated the Prussian rear-guard, it seems clear, that Tauenzein, who showed great gene-

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ranship, would have become the assailant, upon their manifesting a purpose of closing up towards the army of Napoleon. In either case they would have had the same number of enemies to dispose of, and consequently would have had the same difficulty in rendering effectual assistance to Bonaparte in his last exigency. There is no doubt, however, that their remaining inactive on the other side of the Dyle annihilated Napoleon's last chance of succour.

Meantime Blucher pressed the march of his forces through the defiles which separated him and Wellington. Notwithstanding the consequences of his fall upon the 16th, the veteran insisted upon leaving his carriage and being placed on horseback, that he might expedite the march by precept and example. The sun was, however, near setting before his forces appeared in strength issuing from the woods upon the flank of the contending armies. It seems to have been one of Bonaparte's leading errors to miscalculate the moral force of the Prussian character, and especially that of Blucher. Though it was now obvious that the army of the Prince-Marshal was appearing on the field, Napoleon deluded himself to the last by a belief that they were followed by Grouchy, and either retreating, or moving laterally in the same line with him; a circumstance which countenances the report of those French officers who allege orders to this purpose had been sent to Grouchy, although that Marshal denied having ever received them. In this mistake Bonaparte obstinately persisted until the consequences proved fatal to the very last chance which he had of covering his own retreat. It was for some time supposed, that he mistook the Prussians for his own forces under Grouchy. This was not the case, nor was it possible it could be so. His real error was sufficient for his destruction, without exaggerating it into one that would indicate insanity. But as appears from Maréchal Ney's letter, Bonaparte spread among the soldiers, by means of the unfortunate Labedoyere, his own belief that Grouchy was advancing to their support. He imagined, in short, that, at the very worst, his own general had made a lateral movement, corresponding to that of Blucher, and was as near to support as the other was to attack him. In this belief, all the slaughter and all the repulses of that bloody day did not prevent his risking a desperate and final effort.

Notwithstanding the perseverance with which Bonaparte had renewed his attacks upon the English position, and the vast number of his best cavalry and infantry who had fallen in the struggle, he had still in reserve nearly 15,000 men of his own guard, who, remaining on the ridge of La Belle Alliance, or behind it, had scarcely drawn a trigger during the action. But about seven o'clock at night their Emperor determined to devote this proved and faithful reserve, as his last stake, to the chance of one of those desperate games in which he had

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been frequently successful. For this purpose he left the more distant point of observation, which he had for some time occupied upon the heights in the rear of the line, and descending from the hill, placed himself in the midst of the highway fronting Mount St John, and within about a quarter of a mile of the English line. The banks, which rise high on each side, protected him from such balls as did not come in a direct line. In attaining this place of security, he incurred the only personal risk which he ran in the action. As they galloped towards the hollow way, a bullet struck off the pommel of an officer's saddle who was near him. Bonaparte coolly observed, "You must keep in the ravine." Here he caused his guards to defile before him, and acquainting them that the English cavalry and infantry were entirely destroyed, and that to carry their position they had only to sustain with bravery a heavy fire of their artillery, he concluded by pointing to the causeway, and exclaiming, "There, gentlemen, is the road to Brussels!" The prodigious shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, with which the Guard answered this appeal, led our troops, and the Duke of Wellington himself, to expect an instant renewal of the attack, with Napoleon as the leader. Many an eye was eagerly bent to the quarter from whence the clamour proceeded; but the mist, as well as the clouds of smoke, rendered it impossible to see any object distinctly. None listened to the shout with more eager hope than our own Great General, who probably thought, like the Avenger in Shakspeare,

> — — "There thou should'st be:
> By this great clatter one of the greatest note
> Seems bruited."— —

All indeed expected an attack headed by Bonaparte in person; and in failing upon this instant and final crisis to take the command of his Guards, whom he destined to try the last cast of his fortune, he disappointed both his friends and enemies.

The Imperial Guard, however, rallying in their progress such of the broken cavalry and infantry of the line as yet maintained the combat, advanced dauntlessly. But the repeated repulses of the French had not been left unimproved by the British. The extreme right of the line, commanded by General Frederick Adam, under Lord Hill, had gradually and almost imperceptibly gained ground after each unsuccessful charge, until the space between Hougoumont and Braine la Leude being completely cleared of the enemy, the British right wing, with its artillery and sharpshooters, was brought round from a convex to a concave position, so that our guns raked the French columns as soon as they debouched upon the causeway for their final attack. Our artillery had orders during the whole action to fire only upon the infantry and cavalry of the French, and not to waste their ammunition and energy in the less decisive exchange of shot with the French guns. The service

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of the artillery was upon this occasion so accurate, and at the same time so destructive, that the heads of the French attacking columns were enfiladed, and in a manner annihilated, before they could advance upon the high-road. Those who witnessed the fire and its effects, describe it to me as if the enemy's columns kept perpetually advancing from the hollow way without ever gaining ground on the plain, so speedily were the files annihilated as they came into the line of the fire. Enthusiasm, however, joined to the impulse of those in the rear, who forced forward the front into the scene of danger, at length carried the whole attacking force into the plain. But their courage was obviously damped. They advanced indeed against every obstacle till they attained the ridge, where the British soldiers lay on the ground to avoid the destructive fire of artillery, by which the assault was covered: but this was their final effort. "Up, Guards, and at them," cried the Duke of Wellington, who was then with a brigade of the Guards. In an instant they sprung up, and, assuming the offensive, rushed upon the attacking columns with the bayonet. This body of the Guards had been previously disposed in line, instead of the squares which they had hitherto occupied. But the line was of unusual depth, consisting of four ranks instead of two. "You have stood cavalry in this order," said the General, "and can therefore find no difficulty in charging infantry." The effect of their three fatal cheers, and of the rapid advance which followed, was decisive. The Guards of Napoleon were within twenty yards of those of our Sovereign, but not one staid to cross bayonets with a British soldier. The consciousness that no support or reserve remained to them, added confusion to their retreat. This was observed by both generals with suitable emotion. The Duke of Wellington perceived the disorder of the French retreat, and the advance of the Prussians on their right flank, where they were already driving in all that was opposed to them. It was remarked that the sharpness and precision of the Duke's sight enabled him to mention both these circumstances two or three minutes before they could be discovered by the able officers around him. He immediately commanded the British troops to form line, and assume the offensive. The whole line formed four deep, and, supported by the cavalry and artillery, rushed down the slopes and up the corresponding bank, driving before them the flying French, whose confusion became each moment more irretrievable. The tirailleurs and cavalry, amounting to several regiments of the Imperial Guard, gallantly attempted to cover the retreat. They were charged by the British cavalry, and literallly cut to pieces.

Bonaparte saw the issue of the fight with the same accuracy as the English General, but with far different feelings. He had shown the utmost coolness and indifference during the whole day, and while he

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praised the discipline and conduct of particular corps of the British army, whose gallantry he witnessed, he affected to lament their necessary and inevitable destruction. Even to reports which were incessantly brought to him of the increasing strength and progress of the Prussians upon his right flank, he turned an indifferent ear, bending his whole attention, and apparently resting his final hope, upon the success of the ultimate attack by the Imperial Guards. When he observed them recoil in disorder, the calvary intermixed with the foot and trampling them down, he said to his aid-de-camp, "Ils sont mêlées ensemble!" then looked down, shook his head, and became, according to the expression of his guide, pale as a corpse. Immediately afterwards two large bodies of British cavalry appeared in rapid advance on each flank; and as the operations of the Prussians had extended along his right flank, and were rapidly gaining his rear, Bonaparte was in great danger of being made prisoner. He then pronounced to Bertrand, who was always by his side, the fatal words, "All is over, it is time to save ourselves,"* and left to their fate the army which that day had shed their blood for him with such profusion. His immediate attendants, about ten or twelve in number, scrambled along with him out of the hollow way, and gaining the open plain, all fled as fast as their horses could carry them, or the general confusion would admit, without a single attempt, on Bonaparte's part, to rally his army or cover their retreat. In one instance alone he displayed some spirit of the *fanfaronade* by which his conduct was frequently distinguished. In passing a battery of fourteen guns near to the observatory, he ordered that before they were deserted fourteen rounds should be fired from each;—as if in such a moment the precision of a review would be required from an army, to which he was himself setting the example of precipitate flight. Whatever may be thought of Bonaparte's behaviour on former occasions, it would appear, either that prosperity had clouded his energy of mind, or that he was in some degree wanting to himself on the conclusion of this memorable day. For, after having shown, during the progress of the battle, great judgment, composure, and presence of mind, the mode of his retreat was much less than honourable to a soldier, who had risen by personal courage and conduct to the greatest pitch of power that was ever enjoyed by an individual.

At half-past nine the fugitive arrived at Genappe, and experienced great difficulty in getting through the narrow street and over the bridge at that village, which was so encumbered with cannon and baggage-carts, that it was more than an hour ere he could obtain a free passage. From thence he pursued his flight, still upon the spur, to

* "A présent c'est fini.....Sauvons nous."

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Quatre Bras, and from Quatre Bras to Gosselies, where he dismounted, and walked on foot to Charleroi. He stopped for the first time in a meadow beyond that town, and, for the first time that day, took some refreshment. In the course of his flight, he received from time to time the reports brought him by different officers, of the disastrous fate of the army which he had abandoned. From the neighbourhood of Charleroi he again resumed his rapid flight towards Paris.

Meanwhile the front attack of the English, and that of the Prussians upon the flank, met with slight opposition. Just as the English army had deployed into line for the general charge, the sun streamed out, as if to shed his setting glories upon the conquerors of that dreadful day. Fatigue and diminution of numbers, even wounds were forgotten, when the animating command was given to assume the offensive. Headed by the Duke of Wellington himself, with his hat in his hand, the line advanced with the utmost spirit and rapidity. The fire of the enemy from one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery did not stop them for a single moment, and in a short time the French artillerymen deserted their guns, cut loose their traces, and mingled in the flight, now altogether confused and universal, the fugitives trampling down those who yet endeavoured to keep their ranks. The first line had hardly the vestige of military order when it was flung back on the second, and both became then united in one tide of general and undistinguished flight. Baggage-waggons, artillery-carts, guns overthrown, and all the impediments of a hurried flight, cumbered the open field as well as the causeway, without mentioning the thick-strewn corpses of the slain, and the bodies of the still more miserable wounded, who in vain shrieked and implored compassion, as fliers and pursuers drove headlong over them in the agony of fear or the ecstasy of triumph. All the guns which were in line along the French position, to the number of one hundred and fifty, fell into the immediate possession of the British. The last gun fired was a howitzer, which the French had left upon the road. It was turned upon their retreat, and discharged by Captain Campbell, aide-de-camp to General Adam, with his own hand, who had thus the honour of concluding the battle of Waterloo, which, it has been said, Bonaparte himself commenced.

There remained, however, for the unhappy fugitives, a flight and pursuit of no ordinary description. And here the timely junction of the Prussians was of the last consequence to the common cause of Europe. The British cavalry were completely wearied with the exertions of the day, and utterly incapable of following the chase. Even the horses of the officers were altogether unable to strike a trot for any length of way, so that the arrival of the Prussians, with all their cavalry fit for instant and rapid operation, and organized by so active a quarter-master-

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general as Gneisenau, was essential to gathering in the harvest, which was already dearly won and fairly reaped.

The march and advance of the Prussians crossed the van of the British army, after they had attacked the French position, about the farm-house of La Belle Alliance; and there, or near to that spot, the Duke of Wellington and Prince-Marshal Blucher met to congratulate each other upon their joint success, and its important consequences. The hamlet, which is said to have taken its name from a little circumstance of village scandal,* came to bear an unexpected and extraordinary coincidence with the situation of the combined armies, which inclines many foreigners even now to give the fight the name of the Battle of La Belle Alliance. Here, too, the victorious allies of both countries exchanged military greeting,—the Prussians halting their regimental bands to play "God save the King," while the British returned the compliment with three cheers to the honour of Prussia. The Prince-Marshal immediately gave orders that every man and horse in his army capable of action should press upon the rear of the fugitives, without giving them a moment's time to rally. The night was illuminated by a bright moon, so that the fliers found no refuge, and experienced as little mercy.

To the last, indeed, the French had forfeited all claim; for their cruelty towards the Prussians taken upon the 16th, and towards the British wounded and prisoners made during the battle of the 18th, was such as to exclude them from the benefit of the ordinary rules of war. Their lancers, in particular, rode over the field during the action, despatching with their weapons the wounded British, with the most inveterate rancour; and many of the officers who have recovered from the wounds they received on that glorious day, sustained the greatest danger and most lasting inconvenience from such as were inflicted by those savages, when they were in no condition either to offend others or to defend themselves. The "*Quoi! tu n'es pas mort?*" of the spearman, was usually accompanied with a thrust of his lance, dealt with an inveteracy which gives great countenance to the general opinion, that their orders were to give no quarter. Even the British officers who were carried before Bonaparte, although civilly treated while he spoke to them, and dismissed with assurances that they should have surgical assistance and proper attendance, were no sooner out of his presence than they were stripped, beaten, and abused. Most of the prisoners whom the French took from our light cavalry were put to death in cold blood, or owed their safety to concealment or a speedy escape. In short, it seemed as if

* A woman who resided here, after marrying two husbands in her own station of creditable yeomanry, chose to unite herself, upon her becoming a second time a widow, to her own hind or ploughman; and the name of La Belle Alliance was bestowed on her place of residence in ridicule of this match.

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the French army, when they commenced this desperate game, had, like Bucaniers setting forth upon a cruise, renounced the common rules of war, and bonds of social amity, and become ambitious of distinguishing themselves as enemies to the human species. This unnatural hatred, rashly announced and cruelly acted upon, was as fearfully avenged. The Prussians listened not, and they had no reason to listen, to cries for mercy from those who had thus abused their momentary advantages over themselves and their allies; and their light horse, always formidable on such occasions, made a fearful and indiscriminate slaughter, scarce interrupted even by the temptation of plundering the baggage with which the roads were choked, and unchecked by an attempt at resistance. Those soldiers who had begun the morning with such hopes, and whose conduct during the battle vindicated their having done so, were now so broken in heart and spirits, that scores of them fled at sight of a single Prussian hussar.

Yet it is remarkable that, amid the countless number who fell, both of privates and officers, we do not notice many of those names distinguished in the bulletins of Bonaparte's former campaigns. Whether the marshals, doubting the success of their old master, hazarded themselves less frankly in his cause, or did so with better fortune than belonged to our distinguished and undaunted Picton, Ponsonby, and other officers of high rank whose loss we lament, it is not for me to conjecture. But, except Duhesme and Friant, neither of whose names was very much distinguished, we hear of no general officers among the French list of the slain. The latter was killed by a ball close to the turncoat Ney, who commanded the imperial guards in the last attack. The death of Duhesme had something in it which was Homeric. He was overtaken in the village of Genappe by one of the Duke of Brunswick's black hussars, of whom he begged quarter. The soldier regarded him sternly, with his sabre uplifted, and then briefly saying, "The Duke of Brunswick died yesterday," bestowed on him his death's wound.

Κάτθανε καὶ Πάτροκλος, ὅπερ σέο πολλὸν ἀμείνων.

General Cambrone was said also to have fallen after refusing quarter, and announcing to the British, by whom it was offered, "The Imperial Guard can die, but never surrender." The speech and the devotion of the general received honourable mention in the Minutes of the Chamber of Representatives. But the passage was ordered to be erased next day, it being discovered that General Cambrone was a prisoner in Lord Wellington's camp.

The French retreat was utter rout and confusion, the men deserting their officers, the officers the men, all discipline neglected, and every thing thrown away which could for a moment impede the rapidity of

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their panic flight. A slight attempt was made to halt at the village of Genappe, but there and at Charleroi, and wherever else the terrified fugitives attempted to pause, a cannon-shot or two, or the mere sound of a Prussian drum or trumpet, was sufficient to put them again to the rout.

The English remained on the field of battle and the villages adjacent. Be it not forgotten, that, after such attention to their wounded companions, as the moment permitted, they carried their succours to the disabled French, without deigning to remember that the defenceless and groaning wretches who encumbered the field of battle in heaps, were the same men who had displayed the most relentless cruelty on every temporary advantage which they obtained during this brief campaign. They erected huts over them to protect them from the weather, brought them water, and shared with them their refreshments —showing in this the upright nobleness of their own dispositions, and giving the most vivid testimony of their deserving that victory with which Providence had crowned them—a victory as unparalleled in its consequences, as the battle itself was in its length, obstinacy, and importance. Adieu! my dear Major. Excuse a long letter, which contains much which you may have heard better told, mixed with some things with which you are probably not yet acquainted. The details which I have ventured to put into writing, are most of them from the authority of officers high in command upon that memorable day, and I may therefore be allowed to hope that even repetitions will be pardoned, for the sake of giving more authenticity to the facts which I have narrated. Yours, etc. PAUL.

LETTER IX.

PAUL TO HIS SISTER MARGARET.

English Visitors to Waterloo—De Coster, Bonaparte's Guide—Appearance of the Field of Battle—Livrets of the French Soldiers—German Prayer-books—Letters —Gentle Shepherd—Quack Advertisements—Crops trampled down—Houses and Hamlets ruinous—Claim of Damages—Hougoumont—Relics taken by Visitors—Number slain in the Battle—Plunder obtained by the Peasants—Sale of Relics of the Battle—MS. of French Songs—Romance of Dunois—The Troubadour—Cupid's Choice—Reflections suggested by these Poems—Chanson—Romance du Troubadour—Chanson de la Folie.

I SHOULD now, my dear sister, give you some description of the celebrated field of Waterloo. But although I visited it with unusual advantages, it is necessary that I should recollect how many descrip-

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tions have already appeared of this celebrated scene of the greatest event of modern times, and that I must not weary your patience with a twice-told tale. Such and so numerous have been the visits of English families and tourists, as to enrich the peasants of the vicinity by the consequences of an event which menaced them with total ruin. The good old Flemish housewife, who keeps the principal cabaret at Waterloo, even when I was there, had learnt the value of her situation, and charged three prices for our coffee, because she could gratify us by showing the very bed in which the *Grand Lord* slept the night preceding the action.* To what extremities she may have since proceeded in taxing English curiosity, it is difficult to conjecture. To say truth, the honest Flemings were at first altogether at a loss to comprehend the eagerness and enthusiasm by which their English visitors were influenced in their pilgrimages to this classic spot. Their country has been long the scene of military operations, in which the inhabitants themselves have seldom felt much personal interest. With them a battle fought and won is a battle forgotten, and the peasant resumes his ordinary labours after the armies have left his district, with as little interest in recollecting the conflict, as if it had been a thunder-storm which had passed away. You may conceive, therefore, the great surprise with which these honest pococurantes viewed the number of British travellers of every possible description who hastened to visit the field of Waterloo.

I was early in making my pilgrimage, yet there were half a dozen of parties upon the ground at the same time with that to which I belonged. Honest John de Coster, the Flemish peasant, whom Bonaparte has made immortal by pressing into his service as a guide, was the person in most general request, and he repeated with great accuracy the same simple tale to all who desired to hear him. I questioned him long and particularly, but I cannot pretend to have extracted any information in addition to what has been long ago very accurately published in the newspapers. For I presume you would be little interested in knowing, that, upon this memorable occasion, the ex-emperor rode a dappled horse, and wore a grey surtout with a green uniform coat; and, in memory of his party's badge, as I suppose, a violet-coloured waistcoat, and pantaloons of the same. It was, however, with no little emotion that I walked with De Coster

* [The Duke of Wellington's cook, a Frenchman, who had been with him during most of the Peninsular campaigns, exhibited, on the 18th of June, a confidence in his Grace's fortune, which ought to be recorded. While the battle was raging, successive fugitives, in passing the little *auberge* in the village of Waterloo, where this man was busy in his vocation, gave him impatient warning that he had better pack up and secure his retreat, for that assuredly his master would want no dinner at Waterloo that day. The cook's answer was always, "Monseigneur n'a rien dit." He continued to work among his pots and pans as usual, and the Duke found an excellent dinner, of thirty covers, ready when he reached, late in the evening, the humble roof where he had fixed his headquarters.]

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from one place to another, making him show me, as nearly as possible, the precise stations which had been successively occupied by the fallen monarch on that eventful day. The first was at the farm of Rossum, near to that of La Belle Alliance, from which he had witnessed the unsuccessful attack upon Hougoumont. He remained there till about four o'clock, and then removed into the cottage of De Coster, where he continued until he descended into the ravine or hollow way. There was a deep and inexpressible feeling of awe in the reflection, that the last of these positions was the identical place from which he, who had so long held the highest place in Europe, beheld his hopes crushed and his power destroyed. To recollect, that within a short month, the man whose name had been the terror of Europe, stood on the very ground which I now occupied, that right opposite was placed that commander whom the event of the day hailed "*Vainqueur du Vainqueur de la terre*"—that the landscape, now solitary and peaceful around me, presented so lately a scene of such horrid magnificence—that the very individual who was now at my side, had then stood by that of Napoleon, and witnessed every change in his countenance, from hope to anxiety, from anxiety to fear and to despair,—to recollect all this, oppressed me with sensations which I find it impossible to describe. The scene seemed to have shifted so rapidly, that even while I stood on the very stage where it was exhibited, I felt an inclination to doubt the reality of what had passed.

De Coster himself seems a sensible, shrewd peasant. He complained that the curiosity of the visitors who came to hear his tale, interfered a good deal with his ordinary and necessary occupations: I advised him to make each party, who insisted upon seeing and questioning him, a regular charge of five francs, and assured him that if he did so, he would find that Bonaparte had kept his promise of making his fortune, though in a way he neither wished nor intended. Pere de Coster said he was obliged to me for the hint, and I dare say has not failed to profit by it.*

The field of battle plainly told the history of the fight, as soon as the positions of the hostile armies were pointed out. The extent was so limited, and the interval between them so easily seen and commanded, that the various manœuvres could be traced with the eye upon the field itself, as upon a military plan of a foot square. All ghastly remains of the carnage had been either burned or buried, and the relics of the fray which yet remained were not in themselves of a very imposing kind. Bones of horses, quantities of old hats, rags of clothes, scraps of leather, and fragments of books and papers, strewed the ground in great profusion, especially where the action had been

* A very minute narrative of Bonaparte's conduct during the whole day, taken down from the mouth of this peasant, forms a curious article in the Appendix.

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most bloody. Among the last, those of most frequent occurrence were the military *livrets*, or memorandum-books of the French soldiers. I picked up one of these, which shows, by its order and arrangement, the strict discipline which at one time was maintained in the French army, when the soldier was obliged to enter in such an account-book, not only the state of his pay and equipments, but the occasions on which he served and distinguished himself, and the punishments, if any, which he had incurred. At the conclusion is a list of the duties of the private soldier, amongst which is that of knowing how to dress his victuals, and particularly to make good soup. The *livret* in my possession appears to have belonged to the Sieur Mallet, of the 2d battalion of the 8th regiment of the line: he had been in the service since the year 1791, until the 18th of June, 1815, which day probably closed his account, and with it all his earthly hopes and prospects. The fragments of German prayer-books were so numerous, that I have little doubt a large edition had been pressed into the military service of one or other party, to be used as cartridge-paper. Letters, and other papers, memorandums of business, or pledges of friendship and affection, lay scattered about on the field—few of them were now legible. A friend picked up a copy of *The Gentle Shepherd* where the Scotch regiments had been stationed; a circumstance which appeals strongly to our national feeling, from the contrast between the rustic scenes of the pastoral and that in which the owner of the volume had probably fallen. Quack advertisements were also to be found where English soldiers had fallen. Among the universal remedies announced by these empirics, there was none against the dangers of such a field.

Besides these fragments, the surface of the field showed evident marks of the battle. The tall crops of maize and rye* were trampled

* [—"But other harvest here,
Than that which peasant's scythe demands,
Was gather'd in by sterner hands,
With bayonet, blade, and spear.
No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest thin and cheap!
Heroes before each fatal sweep
Fell thick as ripen'd grain;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
The corpses of the slain.

"Ay, look again—that line so black
And trampled marks the bivouack,!
Yon deep-graved ruts the artillery's track,
So often lost and won;
And close beside, the harden'd mud
Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
Dash'd the hot war-horse on.
These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell—

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into a thick black paste, under the feet of men and horses—the ground was torn in many places by the explosion of shells, and in others strangely broken up and rutted by the wheels of the artillery. Such signs of violent and rapid motion recorded, that

> Rank rush'd on rank, with squadron squadron closed,
> The thunder ceased not, nor the fire reposed.

Yet, abstracting from our actual knowledge of the dreadful cause of such appearances, they reminded me not a little of those which are seen upon a common a few days after a great fair has been held there. These transitory memorials were in a rapid course of disappearing, for the plough was already at work in several parts of the field. There is, perhaps, more feeling than wisdom in the wish, yet I own I should have been better pleased, if, for one season at least, the field where, in imagination, the ploughshare was coming in frequent contact with the corpses of the gallant dead, had been suffered to remain fallow. But the corn which must soon wave there will be itself a temporary protection to their humble graves, while it will speedily remove from the face of nature the melancholy traces of the strife of man.

The houses and hamlets which were exposed to the line of fire have of course suffered very much, being perforated by cannon-balls in every direction. This was particularly the case at La Haye Sainte. The inhabitants of these peaceful cottages might then exclaim, in the words of our admired friend,—

> "Around them, in them, the loud battle clangs;
> Within our very walls fierce spearmen push,
> And weapon'd warriors cross their clashing blades.
> Ah, woe is me! our warm and cheerful hearths,
> And rushed floors, whereon our children play'd,
> Are now the bloody lair of dying men!"*

There was not, indeed, a cottage in the vicinity but what, ere the eve of the fight, was crowded with the wounded, many of whom had only strength to creep to the next place of cover, that they might lay them down to die.

The village of Saint John, and others within the English position, had escaped with the demolition of the windows, and the breaches of the walls from without. The hamlets lying on the opposite heights, within the French line of bivouac, having been plundered to the bare

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> And feel'st thou not the tainted steam
> That reeks against the sultry beam,
> From yonder trenched mound?
> The pestilential fumes declare
> That Carnage has replenish'd there
> Her garner-house profound."
>
> SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *Poetical Works.*]

* [Joanna Baillie's *Ethwald*, a Tragedy, *Part Second.*]

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walls, had sustained internal as well as external damage. Among other claims upon English generosity, and which may serve to illustrate the idea which foreigners have formed of its illimitable extent, one was made by a proprietor of this district for a considerable sum, stated to be the damage which his property had sustained in and through the battle of Waterloo. He was asked, why he thought a claim so unprecedented in the usual course of warfare would be listened to. He replied, that he understood the British had made compensation in Spain to sufferers under similar circumstances. It was next pointed out to him that no English soldier had or could have been accessary to the damage which he had sustained, since the hamlets and houses plundered lay within Bonaparte's position. The Fleming, without having studied at Leyden, understood the doctrine of consequential damages. He could not see that the circumstance alleged made much difference, since he argued, if the English had not obstinately placed themselves in the way, the French would have marched quietly on to Brussels, without doing him any material damage; and it was not until he was positively informed that his demand would not be granted that he remained silenced, but not satisfied.

Hougoumont (a name bestowed, I believe, by a mistake of our great commander, but which will certainly supersede the more proper one of Chateau-Goumont) is the only place of consideration which was totally destroyed. The shattered and blackened ruins of this little chateau remain among the wreck of its garden, while the fruit-trees, half torn down, half fastened to the walls, give some idea of the Dutch neatness with which it had been kept ere the storm of war approached it. The garden wall being secured by a strong high hedge, it is supposed the French continued the attack for some time before they were aware of the great strength of their defences. Yet it is strange that Bonaparte, who witnessed the assault, never asked De Coster, who stood at his elbow, in what manner the garden was enclosed.

The wall was all loop-holed for the use of musketry, and the defenders also maintained a fire from scaffolds, which enabled them to level their guns. Most visitors bought peaches, and gathered hazel-nuts and filberts in the garden, with the pious purpose of planting, when they returned to England, trees, which might remind them and their posterity of this remarkable spot. The grove of trees around Hougoumont was scattered by grave-shot and musketry in a most extraordinary manner. I counted the marks upon one which had been struck in twenty different places, and I think there was scarce any one which had totally escaped. I understand the gentleman to whom this ravaged domain belongs is to receive full compensation from the government of the Netherlands.

I must not omit to mention, that, notwithstanding the care which

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had been bestowed in burying or burning the dead, the stench in several places of the field, and particularly at La Haye Sainte and Hougoumont, was such as to indicate that the former operation had been but hastily and imperfectly performed. It was impossible, of course, to attempt to ascertain the numbers of the slain; but, including those who fell on both sides before the retreat commenced, the sum of forty thousand will probably be found considerably within the mark, and I have seen officers of experience who compute it much higher. When it is considered therefore, that so many human corpses, besides those of many thousand horses, were piled upon a field scarcely two miles long, and not above half a mile in breadth, it is wonderful that a pestilential disease has not broken out, to sum up the horrors of the campaign.

If the peasants in the neighbourhood of Waterloo suffered great alarm and considerable damage in the course of this tremendous conflict, it must be acknowledged they had peculiar and ample means of indemnification. They had, in the first place, the greatest share of the spoils of the field of battle, for our soldiers were too much exhausted to anticipate them in this particular. Many country people were at once enriched by the plunder of the French baggage, and not a few by that of the British, which, having been ordered to retreat during the action, became embarrassed on the narrow causeway leading through the great forest of Soignies, and was there fairly sacked and pillaged by the runaway Belgians and the peasantry; a disgraceful scene, which nothing but the brilliancy of the great victory, and the consequent enthusiasm of joy, could have allowed to be passed over without strict enquiry. Many of our officers, and some but ill able to afford such a loss, were in this manner deprived of all their clothes and baggage at the moment of their advance into the territories of France. The servants of the officers themselves were sometimes accessary to this pillage; and it is said, that one of these fugitive domestics, with the address of one of Molière's servants, or Terence's slaves, had the art to extract from his master's parents a sum of money, which he pretended to have laid out upon his funeral, before they had received tidings that the pretended defunct had escaped the slaughter.

A more innocent source of profit has opened to many of the poor people about Waterloo, by the sale of such trinkets and arms as they collect daily from the field of battle; things of no intrinsic value, but upon which curiosity sets a daily increasing estimate. These memorials, like the books of the Sibyls, rise in value as they decrease in number. Almost every hamlet opens a mart of them as soon as English visitors appear. Men, women, and children rushed out upon us, holding up swords, pistols, carabines, and holsters, all of which were sold when I was there *à prix juste*, at least to those who knew how to

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drive a bargain. I saw a tolerably good carabine bought for five francs; to be sure there went many words to the bargain, for the old woman to whom it belonged had the conscience at first to ask a gold Napoleon for it, being about the value it would have borne in Birmingham. Crosses of the Legion of Honour were in great request, and already stood high in the market. I bought one of the ordinary sort for forty francs. The eagles which the French soldiers wore in front of their caps, especially the more solid ornament of that description which belonged to the Imperial Guards, were sought after, but might be had for a few sous. But the great object of ambition was to possess the armour of a cuirassier, which at first might have been bought in great quantity, almost all the wearers having fallen in that bloody battle. The victors had, indeed, carried off some of these cuirasses to serve as culinary utensils, and I myself have seen the Highlanders frying their rations of beef or mutton upon the breast-plates and back-pieces of their discomfited adversaries. But enough remained to make the fortunes of the people of St John, Waterloo, Planchenoit, etc. When I was at La Belle Alliance I bought the cuirass of a common soldier for about six francs; but a very handsome inlaid one, once the property of a French officer of distinction, which was for sale in Brussels, cost me four times the sum. As for the casques, or head-pieces, which by the way are remarkably handsome, they are almost *introuvable,* for the peasants immediately sold them to be beat out for old copper, and the purchasers, needlessly afraid of their being reclaimed, destroyed them as fast as possible.

The eagerness with which we entered into these negociations, and still more the zeal with which we picked up every trifle we could find upon the field, rather scandalized one of the heroes of the day, who did me the favour to guide me over the field of battle, and who considered the interest I took in things which he was accustomed to see scattered as mere trumpery upon many a field of victory, with a feeling that I believe made him for the moment heartily ashamed of his company. I was obliged to remind him that as he had himself gathered laurels on the same spot, he should have sympathy, or patience at least, with our more bumble harvest of peach-stones, filberts and trinkets. Fortunately the enthusiasm of a visitor, who went a bow-shot beyond us, by carrying off a brick from the house of La Belle Alliance, with that of a more wholesale amateur, who actually purchased the door of the said mansion for two gold Napoleons, a little mitigated my military friend's censure of our folly, by showing it was possible to exceed it. I own I was myself somewhat curious respecting the use which could be made of the door of La Belle Alliance, unless upon a speculation of cutting it up into trinkets, like Shakspeare's mulberry-tree.

A relic of greater moral interest was given me by a lady, whose

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father had found it upon the field of battle. It is a manuscript collection of French songs, bearing stains of clay and blood, which probably indicate the fate of the proprietor. One or two of these romances I thought pretty, and have since had an opportunity of having them translated into English, by meeting at Paris with one of our Scottish men of rhyme.

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,
But first he made his orisons before Saint Mary's shrine:
"And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven," was still the soldier's prayer,
"That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it with his sword,
And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord;
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air,—
"Be honour'd aye the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege-lord said,
"The heart that has for honour beat by bliss must be repaid,—
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth if hearts and hands combine;
And every lord and lady bright that were in chapel there,
Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair!"

THE TROUBADOUR.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true-love's bower;
Gaily for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As, faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burden still he sung:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
And still was heard his warrior-lay;
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive,
But still, reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:

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"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

The tone of these two romances chimes in not unhappily with the circumstances in which the manuscript was found, although I do not pretend to have discovered the real effusions of a military bard, since the first of them, to my certain knowledge, and I have no doubt the other also, is a common and popular song in France.* The following Anacreontic is somewhat of a different kind, and less connected with the tone of feeling excited by the recollection, that the manuscript in which it occurs was the relic of a field of battle:—

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life,
'Twas bad example for a deity—
He takes me Reason for his wife,
And Folly for his hours of gaiety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
He loved them both in equal measure;
Fidelity was born of Reason,
And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

There is another verse of this last song, but so much defaced by stains, and disfigured by indifferent orthography, as to be unintelligible. The little collection contains several other ditties, but rather partaking too much of the freedom of the corps-de-garde, to be worthy the trouble of transcription or translation.

I have taken more pains respecting these poems than their intrinsic poetical merit can be supposed to deserve, either in the original or the English version; but I cannot divide them from the interest which they have acquired by the place and manner in which they were obtained, and therefore account them more precious than any other of the remains of Waterloo which have fallen into my possession.

Had these relics of minstrelsy, or any thing corresponding to them in tone and spirit, been preserved as actual trophies of the fields of Cressy and Agincourt, how many gay visions of knights and squires and troubadours, and *sirventes* and *lais*, and courts of Love and usages of antique chivalry, would the perusal have excited! Now, and brought close to our own times, they can only be considered as the stock in trade of the master of a regimental band; or at best, we may suppose the compilation to have been the pastime of some young and gay French officer, who, little caring about the real merits of the

* Paul has since learned that these two romances were written by no less a personage than the Duchesse de St. Leu. [Hortense Beauharnois, Ex-Queen of Holland. — See Sir Walter Scott's *Poetical Works*, where these translations also appear.]

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quarrel in which he was engaged, considered the war by which the ate of Europe was to be decided only as a natural and animating exchange for the pleasures of Paris. Still the gallantry and levity of the poetry compels us to contrast its destined purpose, to cheer hours of mirth or of leisure, with the place in which the manuscript was found, trampled down in the blood of the writer, and flung away by the hands of the spoilers, who had stripped him on the field of battle. I will not, however, trouble you with any further translations at present; only, to do justice to my gallant Troubadour, I will subjoin the original French in the postscript to this letter. It is a task of some difficulty; for accurate orthography was not a quality of the original writer, and I am myself far from possessing a critical knowledge of the French language, though I have endeavoured to correct his most obvious errors. I am, dear sister, affectionately yours, PAUL.

POSTSCRIPT.

CHANSON.

Partant pour la Syrie le jeune et beau Dunois,
Alla prier Marie de bénir ses exploits,
"Faites, Reine immortelle," lui dit-il en partant,
"Que j'aime la plus belle, et sois le plus vaillant."

Il grave sur la pierre le serment de l'honneur,
Et va suivre à la guerre le Comte et son Seigneur;
Au noble vœu fidèle, il crie en combattant:
"Amour à la plus belle, et gloire au plus vaillant."

On lui doit la victoire—"Dunois," dit son Seigneur,
"Puisque tu fais ma gloire, je ferai ton bonheur,
De ma fille Isabelle sois l'époux à l'instant,
Car elle est la plus belle, et toi le plus vaillant."

A l'autel de Marie ils contractent tous deux,
Cette union chérie qui seule rend heureux;
Chacun à la chapelle s'écrie en les voyant:
"Amour à la plus belle, honneur au plus vaillant!"

ROMANCE DU TROUBADOUR.

Brûlant d'amour, en partant pour la guerre,
Le Troubadour, ennemi du chagrin,
Pensait ainsi à sa jeune bergère,
Tous les matins en chantant ce refrain:
"Mon bras à ma patrie,
Mon cœur pour mon amie,
Mourir gaîment pour la Gloire et l'Amour,
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant Troubadour."

Dans le bivouac le Troubadour fidèle;
Le casque au front, la guitare à la main,
Dans son délire à sa jeune bergère,
Chantait ainsi le joyeux refrain:
"Mon bras à ma patrie,
Mon cœur pour mon amie,
Mourir gaîment pour la Gloire et l'Amour,
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant Troubadour."

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Dans les combats déployant son courage,
La rage au cœur et le glaive à la main,
Était le même au milieu du carnage,
Chaque matin, en chantant le refrain :
"Mon bras à ma patrie,
Mon cœur à mon amie,
Mourir gaîment pour la Gloire et l'Amour.
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant Troubadour."

Ce brave, hélas ! deployant son courage
Aux ennemis en bravant le destin,
Il respiroit sur la fin son ame,
Nommant sa belle, et chantant le refrain ;
"Mon bras à ma patrie,
Mon cœur à mon amie,
Mourir gaîment pour la Gloire et l'Amour,
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant Troubadour."

CHANSON DE LA FOLIE.

De prendre femme un jour, dit-on,
L'Amour conçut la fantaisie ;
On lui proposa la Raison,
On lui proposa la Folie.—
Quel choix ferait le Dieu fripon,
L'une et l'autre était fort jolie—
Il prit pour femme la Raison,
Et pour maîtresse la Folie.

Il les aimait toutes les deux,
Avec une constance égale,
Mais de l'époux vivant au mieux
Avec la charmante rivale,
Naquit un double rejeton,
De la double galanterie :
L'amant * naquit de la Raison,
Et le Plaisir de la Folie.

* * * *

LETTER X.

PAUL TO — —, ESQ. OF —.

Flemish Farms—Brussels—Face of the Country—Forests—Antwerp Dock-yards—Bombardment of Antwerp—Carnot the Governor—Union of Flanders and the Netherlands—Difference of Religion—Antwerp Cathedral—Pictures carried off by the French—Rubens' Descent from the Cross—Painting in the Chapel where he is buried—Wax Figures—Effect of the Union on Dutch Commerce—King of the Netherlands—Belgian troops—Flemish Ballad-singers—Kindness to the British of the People of Brussels—of Antwerp—Reaping-Scythe—Clumsiness of Flemish Furniture and Implements—Apparatus for Shoeing a Horse.

THE obligation which I contracted to write to you, my dear friend, upon subjects in some degree connected with your statistical pursuits, hangs round the neck of my conscience, and encumbers me more than any of the others which I have rashly entered into. But you will forgive

* *Ita* in MS.

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the deficiencies of one, who, though fifteen years doomed to be a farmer, has hitherto looked upon his sheep and cows rather as picturesque objects in the pasture, than subjects of profit in the market, and who, by some unaccountable obtuseness of intellect, never could interest himself about his turnips or potatoes, unless they were placed upon the dinner-table. Could I have got an intelligent Flemish farmer to assist me, I have little doubt that I might have sent you some interesting information from that land of Goshen, where the hand of the labourer is never for an instant folded in inactivity upon his bosom, and where the rich soil repays with ready gratitude the pains bestowed in cultivation. Promptitude and regularity, the soul of all agricultural operations, are here in such active exertions, that before the corn is driven out of the field in which it has been reaped, the plough is at work upon the stubble, leaving only the ridges occupied by the shocks. The fertility of the soil is something unequalled, even in our best coarse lands, being generally a deep and inexhaustible mould, as favourable for forest-trees as for cultivation. Cheapness is the natural companion of plenty; and I should suppose that Brussels, considered as a capital, where every luxury can be commanded, is at present one of the economical places of residence in Europe. I began a brief computation, from which it appeared, that I might support myself with those comforts or luxuries which habit has rendered necessary to me, maintaining at the same time decent hospitality, and a respectable appearance, for about the sum of direct taxes which I pay to the public in Scotland. But ere I had time to grumble at my lot, came the comfortable recollection, that my humble home in the north is belted in by the broad sea, and divided from all the convulsions that have threatened the Continent, that no contending armies have decided the fate of the world within ten miles of my dwelling, and that the sound of cannon never broke my rest, unless as an early *feu-de-joie*. These, with the various circumstances of safety and freedom connected with them, and arising out of them, are reasons more than sufficient for determining my preference in favour of my own homely home.

But for such as have better reason than mere economy for choosing a short residence abroad, Brussels possesses great attractions. The English society there, so far as I saw it, is of the very first order, and I understand that of the principal families of the Netherlands is accessible and pleasant. This, however, is wandering from the promised topics—*revenons à nos moutons*.

The farm-houses and cottages in the Netherlands have an air of ease and comfort corresponding with the healthy and contented air of their inhabitants. That active industry, which eradicates every weed, prevents the appearance of waste and disorder, and turns every little patch of garden or orchard-ground to active profit, is nowhere seen to

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more advantage than in the Netherlands; and the Flemish painters copied from nature when they represented the groups of trees and thickets in which their cottages are usually embosomed. These thickets, and the woods of a larger scale, which are numerous and extensive, supply the inhabitants with fuel, though there are also coal-mines wrought to considerable extent near Charleroi. The woods are chiefly of beech, but varied with birches, oaks, and other trees. The oaks, in particular, seem to find this a favourite soil, and are to be seen sprouting freely in situations where the surface appears a light and loose sand. In the lower strata, no doubt, they find a clay soil better adapted to their nourishment.

The forests of Flanders were formerly of a more valuable description than at present, for the trees fit for ship-timber have been in a great measure cut down by Bonaparte's orders, in his eager desire to create a navy at Antwerp. Nothing could better mark the immensity of his projects, and the extensive means which he had combined for their execution, than the magnificent dock-yards which he created in that city. The huge blocks of hewn stone, of the most beautiful grey colour, and closest grain, each weighing from two to four tons, which were employed in facing the large and deep basins which he constructed, were brought by water from the quarries of Charleroi, at the distance of sixty miles and upwards. The fortifications also, which Bonaparte added to those of the city, were of the most formidable description. Nevertheless the British thunders reached his vessels even in their well-defended dock-yards, as was testified by several of them having been sunk during the bombardment by Sir Thomas Graham, of which the masts yet remain visible above water. The people of Antwerp did not speak with much respect of the talents of Carnot (their governor during the siege), considered as an engineer; although we have often heard them mentioned with applause in England. They pointed out the remains of a small fascine battery, which was said to be misplaced, and never to have done any execution, as the only offensive preparation made by order of this celebrated mathematician. In other respects the citizens were agreeably deceived in Carnot, whose appointment to the government of the city was regarded with the greatest apprehensions by the inhabitants, who remembered that he had been the minister and instrument of Robespierre. He gave them, however, no reason to complain of him, and the necessary measures which he adopted of destroying such parts of the suburbs as interfered with the fire of the batteries, and the defence of the place, were carried into execution with as much gentleness and moderation as the inhabitants could have expected. The town itself, being studiously spared by the clemency of the besieging general, suffered but little from the British fire, though some houses were ruined by the bombs, and

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particularly the *Douane*, or French custom-house, whose occupants had so long vexed the Flemings by their extortion, that its destruction was regarded by them with great joy.

Belgium, or Flanders, has of late acquired a new political existence, as a principal part of the kingdom of the Netherlands. I am no friend, in general, to the modern political legerdemain, which transfers cities and districts from one state to another, substituting the "natural boundaries" (a phrase invented by the French to justify their own usurpation) by assuming a river or a chain of mountains, or some other geographical line of demarcation, instead of the moral limits which have been drawn, by habits of faith and loyalty to a particular sovereign or form of government, by agreement in political and religious opinions, and by resemblance of language and manners; limits traced at first perhaps by the influence of chance, but which have been rendered sacred and indelible by long course of time and the habits which it has gradually fostered. *Arrondissements*, therefore, indemnities, and all the other terms of modern date, under sanction of which cities and districts, and even kingdoms, have been passed from one government to another, as the property of lands and stock is transferred by a bargain between private parties, have been generally found to fail in their principal object. Either a general indifference to the form of government and its purposes has been engendered in those whom superior force has thus rendered the sport of circumstances; or, where the minds of the population are of a higher and more vigorous order, the forced transference has only served to increase their affection to the country from which they have been torn, and their hatred against that to which they are subjected. The alienation of the Tyrol from Austria may be quoted as an example of the latter effect; and it is certain, that this iniquitous habit of transferring allegiance in the gross from one state to another, without consulting either the wishes or the prejudices of those from whom it is claimed, has had the former consequences of promoting a declension of public spirit among the smaller districts of Germany. Upon the map, indeed, the new acquisitions are traced with the same colour which distinguishes the original dominions of the state to which they are attached, and in the accompanying gazetteer, we read that such a city with its liberties, containing so many thousand souls, forms now a part of the population of such a kingdom. But can this be seriously supposed (at least until the lapse of centuries) to convey to the subjects, thus transferred, that love and affection to their new dynasty of rulers, that reverence for the institutions in church and state, those wholesome and honest prejudices in favour of the political society to which we belong, which go so far in forming the love of our native country? "Care I for the limbs, the thewes, the sinews of a man—Give me the spirit!"—and when the

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stipulations of a treaty, or the decrees of a conqueror, can transfer with the lands and houses the love, faith, and attachment of the inhabitants, I will believe that such *arrondissements* make a wholesome and useful part of the state to which they are assigned. Until then, the attempt seems much like that of a charlatan who should essay to ingraft, as a useful and serviceable limb, upon the person of one patient, the arm or leg which he has just amputated from another.

But though it seems in general sound and good doctrine, to beware of removing ancient landmarks, and although the great misfortunes of Europe may be perhaps traced to the partition of Poland, in which this attempt was first made upon the footing of open violence, yet the union between the Low Countries and the States of Holland must be admitted to form a grand exception to the general rule. It is, indeed, rather a restoration of the natural union which subsisted before the time of Philip the Second, than a new-modelled arrangement of territory; the unsettled situation of Flanders, in particular, having long been such as to make it the common and ordinary stage, upon which all the prize-fighters of Europe decided their quarrels. To a people too often abandoned to the subaltern oppression of governors sent from their foreign masters, it is no small boon to be placed under a mild and mitigated monarchy, and united with a nation whose customs, habits, and language, are so similar to their own. Still, however, such is the influence of the separate feelings and opinions acquired during the lapse of two centuries, that many prejudices remain to be smoothed away, and much jealousy to be allayed, and soothed, before the good influence of the union can be completely felt.

The first and most irritating cause of apprehension is the difference of religion. The Flemings are very zealous, and very ignorant Catholics, over whom their clergy have a proportional power. The King's declared purpose of toleration has greatly alarmed this powerful body, and the nerve which has thus been touched has not failed to vibrate through the whole body politic. The Bishop of Ghent, formerly a great adherent and ally of Bonaparte, has found his conscience alarmingly twinged by so ominous a declaration on the part of a Calvinistic monarch, and has already made his remonstrance against this part of the proposed constitution in a pastoral letter, which is couched in very determined language.* But the present royal family

* I take this opportunity to announce the correction of a very gross error in the first edition of these Letters, where the name of the Bishop of Liege had, through misinformation, been inserted for that of the Bishop of Ghent. The extent of this mistake, which I deeply regret, will be best understood by the following extract from a letter, in which it is pointed out and corrected. The authority of the writer is beyond dispute, and Paul readily admits the inaccuracy of his notes, though taken upon the spot.

"The Bishop of Liege was never an adherent or ally of Bonaparte. On the contrary, driven from his principality or bishopric (for the See of Liege was formerly both), he took refuge at Ratisbone, where his residence has, I believe, ever been, and where he has

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are too surely seated, and the times, it may be hoped, too liberal, for such fulminations to interfere with the progress of toleration. Meanwhile the king neglects nothing that fairly can be done to conciliate his new Catholic subjects. He has recently pledged himself to use his utmost exertions to recover from the possession of the French the pictures which they carried off from various churches in the Netherlands, and particularly from Brussels and Antwerp. Among the last, was the chef-d'œuvre of Rubens, the Descent from the Cross, which, with two corresponding pictures relative to the same subject, once hung above the high altar in the magnificent church at Antwerp, where the compartments, which they once filled, remain still vacant to remind the citizens of their loss. All the other ornaments of that church, as well as of the cathedral, shared the fate of this masterpiece, excepting only a painting which Rubens executed to decorate the chapel in which he himself lies buried; and which an unusual feeling of respect and propriety prevented the spoilers from tearing away from his tomb. The composition of the picture is something curious; for under the representation of a Holy Family, and various characters of the New Testament, the artist has painted his grandfather, his father, his three wives, and his mistress, the *last* in the character of the Virgin Mary, to whom the others are rendering homage. He has also introduced his own portrait, a noble martial figure, dressed in armour, and in the act of unfurling a banner. Whatever may be thought of the decorum of such a picture painted for such a place, the beauty of the execution cannot be sufficiently admired. While the English traveller is called upon for once to acknowledge the moderation of the French, who have left at least one monument of art in the place to which it was most appropriate, he will probably wish they had carried off with them the trash of wax figures, which, to the disgrace of good taste and common sense are still the objects of popular adoration. Abstracted from all polemics, one can easily conceive that the sight of an interesting painting, representing to our material organs the

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never ceased to enjoy the respect of those who were most opposed to the views of the usurper. So far from his conscience having been alarmingly twinged by the king's proposed toleration, that, recommended by his majesty to the Archbishopric of Malines in the room of the Abbé de Pradt, he repaired to Brussels when the constitution was proposed, and acted there, at a very critical moment, as the most strenuous supporter of that very toleration which he is accused so erroneously as having opposed. You, who were present with me at Brussels when the constitution of the Low Countries was proposed and adopted, were a personal witness of the laudable conduct of this worthy prelate, and can speak of it as it deserves. It would have been impossible for the Bishop of Liege to have issued a pastoral letter, not only of the nature in question, but of any kind whatever; because, though still styled Bishop, he has in effect no diocese, that of Liege having been abolished during the French occupancy. I should conceive the prelate whose name ought to have been cited in this part of the work, to be the Bishop of Ghent, to whom all that has thus been erroneously attributed to the Prince-Bishop of Liege will exactly apply, except that I am not aware of his having, had *brethren* in his intolerance, at least episcopal brethren, the Bishop of Tournay having been the only bishop of the Netherlands who adopted a similar course of opposition."

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portrait of a saint, or an affecting scene of Scripture, may not only be an appropriate ornament in the temple of worship, but, like church-music, may have its effect in fixing the attention, and aiding the devotion of the congregation. It may be also easily understood, and readily forgiven, that when kneeling before the very altar to which our ancestors in trouble resorted for comfort, we may be gradually led to annex a superstitious reverence to the place itself: but when, in the midst of such a cathedral as that of Antwerp, one of the grandest pieces of Gothic architecture which Europe can show,—when among the long drawn aisles and lofty arches, which seem almost the work of demi-gods, so much does the art and toil bestowed surpass what modern times can present,—when, in the midst of such a scene we find a wax figure of the Virgin, painted, patched, frizzled, and powdered; with a tarnished satin gown (the skirt held up by two cherubs), paste earrings and necklace, differing in no respect, but in size, from the most paltry doll that ever was sold in a toy-shop; and observe this incongruous and ridiculous *swamy* the object of fervid and zealous adoration from the votaries who are kneeling before it, we see the idolatry of the Romish Church in a point of view disgusting and humiliating as that of ancient Egypt, and cease to wonder at the obstinacy of the prelate aforesaid, and that part of the priesthood, who fear the light which universal toleration would doubtless throw upon the benighted worship of their great Diana. In the meanwhile the promise of the king to procure restoration of the pictures, is received by most of the Flemings as a pledge, that the religion which he himself professes, will not prevent his interesting himself in that of the Catholics; and I think there can be little doubt that, under the gradual influence of time and example, the grosser points of superstition will be tacitly abandoned here, as in other Catholic countries.

The Dutch have a more worldly subject of jealousy in the state of their commerce, which cannot but be materially affected by the opening of the Scheldt, whenever that desirable event shall have taken place, and also by the principal residence of the government being changed from the Hague to Brussels. But they are a reflecting people, and are already aware that the operation of both these changes will be slow and gradual; for commerce is not at once transferred from the channels in which it has long flowed; and for some time, at least, family recollections and attachments will make the royal family frequent residents in Holland, notwithstanding the charms of the palace of Lacken. In the meanwhile the Dutch gain the inestimable advantage of having the battle turned from their gates, and of enjoying the protection of a strong barrier placed at a distance from their own frontier,—blessings of themselves sufficient to compensate the inconvenience which they

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may for a time sustain, until they transfer their capital and industry to the new channels offered for them by the union.

Nothing could have happened so fortunate for the popularity of the house of Orange as the active and energetic character of the hereditary prince. His whole behaviour during the actions of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and the wound which (it may be almost said fortunately) he received upon the latter occasion, have already formed the strongest bond of union between his family and their new subjects, long unaccustomed to have sovereigns who could lead them to battle, and shed their blood in the national defence. The military force, which he is at this moment perpetually increasing, is of a respectable description; for, though some of the Belgian troops behaved ill during the late brief campaign, there were other corps, and particularly infantry and artillery, both Dutch and Flemings, whose firmness and discipline equalled those of any regiments in the field. The *braves Belges* are naturally proud of the military glory they have acquired, as well as of the prince who led them on. In every corner of Brussels there were ballad singers bellowing out songs in praise of the prince and his followers. I, who am a collector of popular effusions, did not fail to purchase specimens of the Flemish minstrelsy, in which, by the way, there is no more mention of the Duke of Wellington, or of John Bull, than if John Bull and his illustrious general had had nothing to do with the battle of Waterloo.

This little omission of the Flemish bards proceeds, however, from no disinclination to the Duke or to England. On the contrary, our wounded received during their illness, and are yet experiencing during their convalescence, the most affecting marks of kindness and attention from the inhabitants of Brussels. These acts of friendship towards their allies were not suspended (as will sometimes happen in this world) until the chance of war had decided in favour of the English. Even on the 17th, when the defeat of Blucher, and the retreat of the Duke of Wellington, authorized them to entertain the most gloomy apprehensions for their own safety, as well as to fear the vengeance of the French for any partiality they might show toward their enemies, the kind citizens of Brussels were not deterred from the exercise of kindness and hospitality. They were seen meeting the wounded with refreshments; some seeking for those soldiers who had been quartered in their houses, others bestowing their care on the first disabled sufferer they met with, carrying him to their home, and nursing him like a child of the family, at all the cost, trouble, and risk, with which their hospitality might be attended. The people of Antwerp, to which city were transferred upon the 17th and 18th most of those who had been wounded at Quatre Bras, were equally zealous in the task of the good

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Samaritan. Many of our poor fellows told me, that they must have perished but for the attention of these kind Flemings, whose

"Entire affection scorned nicer hands,"

since many of the highest and most respectable classes threw pride and delicacy aside to minister to the wants of the sufferers. On their part, the Flemings were often compelled to admire the endurance and hardihood of their patients. 'Your countrymen," said a lady to me, who spoke our language well, "are made of iron, and not of flesh and blood. I saw a wounded Highlander stagger along the street, supporting himself by the rails, and said to him, I am afraid you are severely hurt. 'I was born in Lochaber,' answered the poor fellow, 'and I do not care for a wound;' but ere I could complete my offer of shelter and assistance, he sunk down at my feet a dying man." In one house in Brussels, occupied by a respectable manufacturer and his two sisters, thirty wounded soldiers were received, nursed, fed, and watched, the only labour of the medical attendants being to prevent their hosts from giving the patients wine, and more nourishing food than suited their situation. We may hope the reciprocal benefits of defence and of hospitality will be long remembered, forming a kindly connexion between England and a country, which, of all others, may be most properly termed her natural ally.

I have again wandered from agriculture into politics and military affairs, but I have little to add which properly belongs to your department, since I have no doubt that you have already sate in judgment upon the Flemish plough, rake, and hayfork, presented to the Highland Society by one of its most active members. The most remarkable implement of agriculture which fell under my observation was a sort of hooked stick, which the reaper holds in his left hand, and uses to collect and lay the corn as he cuts it with a short scythe. The operation is very speedy, for one person engaged in it can keep two or three constantly employed in binding the sheafs. But I suppose it would only answer where the ground is level and free from stones.

The furniture of the Flemings, and, generally speaking, their implements of labour, etc., have a curious correspondence with what we have been accustomed to consider as their national character; being strong and solid, but clumsy and inelegant, and having a great deal more substance employed in constructing them than seems at all necessary. Thus the lever of an ordinary draw-well is generally one long tree; and their waggons and barges are as huge and heavy as the horses which draw them. The same cumbrous solidity which distinguishes the female figures of Rubens, may be traced in the domestic implements and contrivances of his countrymen. None would have entertained you more than the apparatus provided for securing a horse

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while in the act of being shod, a case in which our Vulcans trust to an ordinary halter and their own address. But a Flemish horse is immured within a wooden erection of about his own size, having a solid roof, supported by four massive posts, such as a British carpenter would use to erect a harbour-crane. The animal's head is fastened between two of these huge columns with as many chains and cords as might have served to bind Baron Trenck; and the foot which is to be shod is secured in a pair of stocks, which extend between two of the upright beams. This is hardly worth writing, though ridiculous to look at; but there is something, as Anstey says, "so clumsy and clunch" in the massive strength of the apparatus, in the very unnecessary extent of the precaution, and in the waste of time, labour, and materials, that it may be selected as an indication of a national character, displaying itself in the most ordinary and trifling particulars.

Adieu, my dear friend; I am sorry I can send you no more curious information on your favourite subject. But it would be unnecessary to one who is skilled in all the modern arts of burning without fire, and feeding without pasture; and who requires no receipts from Holland to teach him how to lay on so much fat upon a bullock or a pig, as will make the flesh totally unfit for eating. Yours affectionately,

PAUL.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

Road to Paris—Valenciennes—Garrison of Valenciennes—Dismay of the Inhabitants—Disbanded Garrison of Condé—Extortions of the Innkeepers—French Roads—Appearance of the Country—Rivers—Churches—Fortified Towns—Want of Ruins of Feudal Castles—of Farm-houses—of Enclosures—Mode of Feeding Cattle—Want of Country-Seats—French Forests—Richness of the Soil—Mad Ambition of the French—Retaliation—Foraging Parties—Odd Rencontre—Bourbon Badges—Strict Discipline of the British—Military License of the Prussians—Military Method of Picking Locks—Interesting Adventure—Distress of a Flemish Peasant at the Loss of his Horses—Discomforts felt by the British—Regulations of Post respected—Towns—Cambray—Peronne—Attachment of the People in the Towns to the Bourbons—Fêtes on the Restoration—Pont de St Maxence—Senlis—Road to Chantilly—Forest of Chantilly—Chantilly occupied by the Prussians—Palace—Stable of the Prince of Condé—Ruins of the Palace—Le Petit Chateau—Ruins of the Palace.

I HAVE now, my dear friend, reached Paris, after traversing the road from Brussels to this conquered capital through sights and sounds of war, and yet more terrible marks of its recent ravages. The time was interesting, for although our route presented no real danger, yet it was not, upon some occasions, without such an appearance of it as ma-

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tually to impress a civilian with a corresponding degree of alarm. All was indeed new to me, and the scenes which I beheld were such as press most deeply on the feelings.

We were following the route of the victorious English army, to which succours of every sort, and reinforcements of troops recently landed in Flanders, were pressing eagerly forward, so that the towns and roads were filled with British and foreign troops. For the war, although ended to all useful and essential purposes, could not in some places be said to be actually finished. Condé had surrendered but a few days before, and Valenciennes still held out, and, as report informed us, was to undergo a renewal of the bombardment. Another and contrary rumour assured us that an armistice had taken place, and that, as *non-combatants*, the garrison would permit a party even as alarming as our own to pass through the town without interruption. I felt certainly a degree of curiosity to see the most formidable operation of modern war, but, as I was far from wishing the city of Valenciennes to have been burnt for my amusement, we were happy to find that the latter report was accurate. Accordingly we passed the works and batteries of the besiegers unquestioned by the Dutch and Prussian videttes, who were stalking to and fro upon their posts, and proceeded to the gate of the place, where we underwent a brief examination from the non-commissioned officer on duty, who looked at our passports, requested to know if we were military men, and being answered in the negative, permitted us to enter a dark, ill-built, and dirty town. "And these are the men," I thought, as I eyed the ill-dressed and ragged soldiers upon duty at the gates of Valenciennes, "these are the men who have turned the world upside down, and whose name has been the nightmare of Europe, since most of this generation have written man!" They looked ugly and dirty and savage enough certainly, but seemed to have little superiority in strength or appearance to the Dutch or Belgians. There was, indeed, in the air and eye of the soldiers of Bonaparte (for such these military men still called themselves), something of pride and self-elation, that indicated undaunted confidence in their own skill and valour; but they appeared disunited and disorganized. Some wore the white cockade, others still displayed the tricolour, and one prudent fellow had, for his own amusement and that of his comrades, stuck both in his hat at once, so as to make a *cocarde de convenance*, which might suit either party that should get uppermost. We were not permitted to go upon the ramparts, and I did not think it necessary to walk about a town in possession of a hostile soldiery left to the freedom of their own will. The inhabitants looked dejected and unhappy, and our landlady, far from displaying the liveliness of a Frenchwoman, was weeping-ripe, and seemed ready to burst into

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tears at every question which we put to her. Their apprehensions had been considerably relieved by General Rey having himself assumed the white cockade; but as he still refused to admit any of the allied troops within the city, there remained a great doubt whether the allies would content themselves with the blockade, to which they had hitherto restricted their operations against Valenciennes. The inhabitants were partial, the landlady said, to the English, with whom they were well acquainted, as Valenciennes had been a principal depôt for the prisoners of war; but they deprecated their town being occupied by the Prussians or Belgians, in whose lenity they seemed to place but little reliance.

On the road next day we met with very undesirable company, being the disbanded garrison of Condé, whom the allies had dismissed after occupying that town. There is, you may have remarked, something sinister in the appearance of a common soldier of any country when he is divested of his uniform. The martial gait, look, and manner, and the remaining articles of military dress which he has retained, being no longer combined with that neatness which argues that the individual makes part of a civilized army, seem menacing and ominous from the want of that assurance. If this is the case even with the familiar faces of our own soldiery, the wild and swarthy features, mustaches, and singular dress of foreigners, added much, as may well be supposed, of the look of banditti to the garrison of Condé. They were, indeed, a true sample of the desperate school to which they belonged, for it was not many days since they had arrested and put to death a French loyalist officer, named Gordon, solely for summoning them to surrender the town to the king. For this crime the brother of the murdered individual is now invoking vengeance, but as yet fruitlessly, at the court of the Tuileries. These desperadoes, strolling in bands of eight or ten or twenty, as happened, occupied the road for two or three miles, and sullen resentment and discontent might easily be traced in their looks. They offered us no rudeness, however, but contented themselves with staring hard at us, as a truculent-looking fellow would now and then call out *Vive le Roi!* and subjoin an epithet or two to show that it was uttered in no mood of loyal respect. At every cross-road two or three dropped off from the main body, after going, with becoming grace, through the ceremony of embracing and kissing their greasy companions. The thought involuntarily pressed itself upon our mind, what will become of these men, and what of the thousands who, in similar circumstances, are now restored to civil life, with all the wild habits and ungoverned passions which war and license have so long fostered? Will the lion lie down with the kid, or the trained freebooter return to the peaceable and laborious pursuits of

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civil industry? Or are they not more likely to beg, borrow, starve, and steal, until some unhappy opportunity shall again give them a standard and a chieftain?

We were glad when we got free of our military fellow-travellers, with whom I should not have chosen to meet by night, or in solitude, being exactly of their appearance who would willingly say "*Stand*" to a true man. But we had no depredations to complain of, excepting the licensed extortions of the innkeepers,—a matter of which you are the less entitled to complain, because every prudent traveller makes his bargain for his refreshments and lodging before he suffers the baggage to be taken from his carriage. Each reckoning is, therefore, a formal treaty between you and mine host or hostess, in which you have your own negligence or indifference to blame, if you are very much overreached. It is scarce necessary to add, that the worst and poorest inns are the most expensive in proportion. But I ought not to omit informing you, that notwithstanding a mode of conducting their ordinary business, so much savouring of imposition, there is no just room to charge the French with more direct habits of dishonesty. Your baggage and money are always safe from theft or depredation; and when I happened to forget a small writing-box, in which there was actually some money, and which had the appearance of being intended for securing valuable articles, an ostler upon horseback overtook our carriage with it before I had discovered my mistake. Yet it would have cost these people only a lie to say they knew nothing of it, especially as their house was full of soldiers of different nations, whose presence certainly afforded a sufficient apology for the disappearance of such an article. This incident gave me a favourable opinion of this class of society in France, as possessed at least of that sort of limited honesty which admits of no peculation excepting in the regular way of business.

The road from Brussels to Paris is, in its ordinary state, destitute of objects to interest the traveller. The highways, planned by Sully, and completed by his followers in office, have a magnificence elsewhere unknown. Their great breadth argues the little value of ground at the time they were laid out; but the perfect state in which the central causeway is maintained, renders the passage excellent even in the worst weather, while the large track of ground on each side gives an ample facility to use a softer road during the more favourable season. They are usually shadowed by triple rows of elms, and frequently of fruit-trees, which have a rich and pleasant effect. But much of the picturesque delights of travelling are lost in France, owing to the very circumstances which have rendered the roads so excellent. For as they were all made by the authority of a government, which possessed and exercised the power of going as directly from one point to another as

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the face of the country admitted, they preserve commonly that long and inflexible straight line, of all others least promising to the traveller, who longs for the gradual openings of landscape afforded by a road, which, in sweet and varied modulation, "winds round the corn-field and the hill of vines," being turned as it were from its forward and straight direction by respect for ancient property and possession, some feeling for the domestic privacy and convenience, some sympathy even for the prejudices and partialities, of a proprietor. I love not the stoical virtue of a Brutus, even in laying out a turnpike-road, and should augur more happily of a country (were there nothing else to judge by) where the public appears to have given occasionally a little way to spare private property and domestic seclusion, than of one where the high road goes right to its mark without respect to either. In the latter case it only proves the authority of those who administer the government; in the former, it indicates respect for private rights, for the protection of which government itself is instituted.

But the traveller in France, upon my late route, has less occasion than elsewhere to regret the rectilinear direction of the road on which he journeys, for the country offers no picturesque beauty. The rivers are sluggish, and have flat uninteresting banks. In the towns there sometimes occurs a church worth visiting, but no other remarkable building of any kind; and the sameness of the architecture of the 15th century, to which period most of them may be referred, is apt to weary the attention when you have visited four or five churches in the course of two days. The fortifications of the towns are of the modern kind, and consequently more formidable than picturesque. Of those feudal castles which add such a venerable grace to the landscape in many places of England and Scotland, I have not seen one either ruinous or entire. It would seem that the policy of Louis XI., to call up his nobility from their estates to the court, and to render them as far as possible dependent upon the crown,—a policy indirectly seconded by the destruction of the noble families which took place in the civil wars of the League, and more systematically by the arts observed during the reign of Louis XIV.,—had succeeded so entirely, as to root out almost all traces of the country having ever been possessed by a *noblesse campagnarde*, who found their importance, their power and their respectability, dependent on the attachment of the peasants among whom they lived, and over whom their interest extended. There are no ruins of their ancient and defensible habitations; and the few, the very few country houses which the traveller sees, resemble those built in our own country about the reign of Queen Anne; while the grounds about them seem in general neglected, the fences broken, and the whole displaying that appearance of waste, which deforms a property after the absence of a proprietor for some years.

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The furious patriots of the Revolution denounced war against castles, and proclaimed peace to the cottage. Of the former they found comparatively few to destroy, and of the latter, in the English sense of the word, there were as few to be protected. The cultivator of the fields in France, whether farmer or peasant, does not usually live in a detached farm-house or cottage, but in one of the villages with which the country abounds. This circumstance, which is not altogether indifferent, so far as it concerns rural economics, blemishes greatly the beauty of the landscape. The solitary farm-house, with its little dependence of cottages, is in itself a beautiful object, while it seldom fails to excite in the mind, the idea of the natural and systematic dependence of a few virtuous cottagers upon an opulent and industrious farmer, who exercises over them a sort of natural and patriarchal authority, which has not the less influence because the subjection of the hinds, and their submission to their superior, is in some degree voluntary A large village, composed of many farmers and small proprietors, who hire their labourers at large, and without distinction, from amongst the poorer class of the same town, is more open to the feuds and disputes which disturb human society, always least virtuous and orderly when herded in crowds together, and when uninfluenced by the restraints of example and of authority, approaching, as closely as may be, to their own station in society.

Another uncomfortable appearance in French landscape, is the total want of enclosure. The ground is sedulously and industriously cultivated, and apparently no portion of it is left without a crop. But the want of hedges and hedge-row trees gives to an eye accustomed to the richness of England, a strange appearance of waste and neglect, even where you are convinced, on a closer examination, that there exists in reality neither the one nor the other. Besides, there is necessarily an absence of all those domestic animals which add so much in reality, as well as in painting and descriptive poetry, to the beauty of a country. Where there are no enclosures, and where, at the same time, the land is under crop, it is plain that the painter must look in vain for his groups of cattle, sheep, and horses, as the poet must miss his lowing herd and bleating flock. The cattle of France are accordingly fed in the large straw-yards which belong to each *métairie*, or farm-house, and the sheep are chiefly grazed in distant tracts of open pasture. The former practice, as a mode of keeping not only the stall-fed bullock, but the cows destined for the dairy, has been hailed with acclamation in our own country by many great agriculturists, and by you among others. But until I shall be quite assured that the rustic economics profit by this edict of perpetual imprisonment against the milky mothers of the herd, in proportion to the discomfort of the peaceful and useful animal thus sequestered from its natural habits, and to the loss of na-

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tural beauty in the rural landscape, thus deprived of its most pleasing objects, I would willingly move for a writ of Habeas Corpus in favour of poor Crummie,* made a bond-slave in a free country. At any rate, the total absence of cattle from the fields, gives a dull and unanimated air to a French landscape. • •

In travelling also through such parts of France as I have seen, the eye more particularly longs for that succession of country-seats, with their accompaniments of parks, gardens, and paddocks, which not only furnish the highest ornaments of an English landscape, but afford the best and most pleasant signs of the existence of a mild and beneficent aristocracy of landholders, giving a tone to the opinions of those around them, not by the despotism of feudal authority and direct power, but, as we have already said of the farmer, by the gradual and imperceptible influence which property, joined with education, naturally acquires over the more humble cultivator of the soil. It is the least evil consequence of the absence of the proprietor, that with him vanish those improvements upon the soil, and upon the face of nature, which are produced by opulence under the guidance of taste. The eye in this country seldom dwells with delight upon trees growing, single or in groups, at large and unconfined, for the sole purpose of ornament, and contrasting their unrestrained vegetation and profusion of shade with such as, being trained solely for the axe, have experienced constant restraint from the closeness of the masses in which they are planted, and from the knife of the pruner. The French forests themselves, when considered in their general effect, though necessarily both numerous and extensive, as furnishing the principal fuel used by the inhabitants, are not generally so disposed as to make an interesting part of the scenery. The trees are seldom scattered into broken groups, and never arranged in hedge-rows, unless by the sides of the highways. Large woods, or rather masses of plantations, cannot and do not supply the variety of landscape afforded by detached groves, or the rich and clothed appearance formed by a variety of intersecting lines composed of single trees.

The absence of enclosures gives also, at least to our eyes, an unimproved and neglected air to this country. But upon close inspection the traveller is satisfied that the impression is inaccurate. The soil is rich, generally speaking, and every part of the land is carefully cropped and cultivated. Although, therefore, the ground being undivided, except by the colour of the various crops by which it is occupied, has, at first sight, that waste and impoverished appearance to which the inhabitant of an enclosed country is particularly sensible, yet the returns which it makes to the cultivator amply contradict the false

* [*Crummie*—a cow, *Scottice.*]

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impression. It is truly a rich and fertile land, affording in profusion all that can render subsistence easy, and abounding with corn, wine, and oil. When we consider France in this light, it is impossible to suppress our feelings of resentment at the irregular ambition, which carried the inhabitants of so rich a country to lay yet more waste the barren sands of Prussia, and encumber with their corpses the pathless wilderness of Moscow and Kalouga.

But the hour of retaliation is now come, and with whatever feelings of resentment we regard the provocation, it is impossible to view the distress of the country without deep emotions of compassion. From one hill to another our eye descried the road before us occupied by armed bands of every description, horse, foot, artillery, and baggage, with their guards and attendants. Here was seen a long file of cavalry moving on at a slow pace, and collecting their forage as they advanced. There a park of artillery was formed in a corn-field, of which the crop was trampled down and destroyed. In one place we passed a regiment of soldiers, pressing forward to occupy some village for their night-quarters, where the peasant must lay his account with finding his military guests whatever accommodation they are pleased to demand from him; in another we might see, what was still more ominous to the country through which the march was made, small parties of infantry or of cavalry, detached upon duty, or straggling for the purpose of plunder. The harvest stood ripened upon the fields, but it was only in a few places that the farmer, amid the confusion of the country, had ventured upon the operation of reaping it, unless where he was compelled by the restraint of a military requisition, or the commands of a commissary. It would have been a new sort of harvest home for you and your faithful *Grieve*,* to have seen the labour of leading in the crop performed by an armed force, and your sheaves moving to headquarters instead of the farm-yard, under the escort of an armed and whiskered Prussian, smoking his pipe with great composure on the top of each cart. Sometimes odd enough rencontres took place during this operation. A Prussian commissary, with his waggons, met some French peasants driving their carts, which occasioned a temporary stop to both parties. While some of the Frenchmen seemed zealously engaged in clearing way for the military men, others approached the waggons, and having previously contrived to ascertain that none of the Prussians understood French, they loaded them with all the abusive epithets which that language affords; taking care, however, amid the vivacity of their vituperation, to preserve such an exterior of respect in their manners and gestures, as induced the honest Prussians to suppose the Frenchmen were

* [*Grieve*—A land-steward or bailiff, *Scottice*.]

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making apologies for the temporary obstruction which they had given to their betters. Thus the one party were showering *coquins*, and *voleurs*, and *brigands* upon the other, who ever and anon with great gravity withdrew their pipes from their mouths to answer these douceurs with *Das ist gut—sehr wohl*,* and similar expressions of acquiescence. It would have been cruel to have deprived the poor Frenchmen of this ingenious mode of expectorating their resentment, but I could not help giving them a hint, that the commissary who was coming up understood their language, which had the instant effect of sending the whole party to their horses' heads.

The inhabitants had hastened to propitiate the invaders, as far as possible, by assuming the badges of loyalty to the house of Bourbon. Nothing marked to my mind more strongly the distracted state of the country, than the apparent necessity which every, even the humblest individual, thought himself under, of wearing a white cockade, and displaying from the thatch of his cottage a white rag, to represent the *pavillon blanc*. There was a degree of suspicion, arising from this very uniformity, concerning the motives for which these emblems were assumed; and I dare say the poor inhabitants might many of them have expressed their feelings in the words of Fletcher,—

> "Who is here that did not wish thee chosen,
> Now thou *art* chosen? Ask them—all will say so,
> Nay swear't—'tis for the king; but let that pass."

With equal zeal the inhabitants of the towns were laying aside each symbol that had reference to Bonaparte, and emulously substituting a loyal equivalent. The sign-painter was the cleverest at his profession who could best convert the word *Imperial* into *Royal*; but there were many bunglers, whose attempts produced only a complicated union of the two contradictory adjectives. Some prudent house-keepers, tired apparently of the late repeated changes, left a blank for the epithet, to be inserted when the government should show some permanency.

These numerous testimonies of acquiescence in the purpose of their march, were in some measure lost upon the allied troops. The British, indeed, preserved the strictest propriety and discipline, in obedience to the orders issued and enforced by the commander-in-chief. But as the army was necessarily to be maintained at the expense of the country through which they passed, heavy requisitions were issued by the commissaries, which the French authorities themselves were under the necessity of enforcing. Still as pillage and freebooting, under pretext of free quarters and maintenance, was strictly prohibited and punished, the presence of the English troops was ardently desired, as a protection against those of other nations.

* ["*That is good*"—"*very well.*"]

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Our allies the Prussians, as they had greater wrongs to revenge, were far less scrupulous in their treatment of the invaded country. When our road lay along their line of march, we found as many deserted villages as would have jointured all Sultan Mahmoud's owls. In some places the inhabitants had fled to the woods, and only a few miserable old creatures, rendered fearless by age and poverty, came around us, begging, or offering fruit for sale. As the peasants had left their cottages locked up, the soldiers as regularly broke them open, by discharging a musket through the key-hole, and shattering all the wards at once by the explosion. He who obtains admission by such violent preliminaries is not likely to be a peaceful or orderly guest; and accordingly furniture broken and destroyed, windows dashed in, doors torn down, and now and then a burnt cottage, joined with the state of the hamlets, deserted by such of the terrified inhabitants as were able to fly, and tenanted only by the aged and disabled, reminded me of the beautiful lines describing the march of a conqueror,—

> "Amazement in his van with Flight combined,
> And Sorrow's faded form and Solitude behind."

A friend of mine met with an interesting adventure at one of these deserted villages. He had entered the garden of a cottage of somewhat a superior appearance, but which had shared the fate of the rest of the hamlet. As he looked around him, he perceived that he was watched from behind the bushes by two or three children, who ran away as soon as they perceived themselves observed. He called after them, but to no purpose. The sound of the English accent, however, emboldened the mother of the family to show herself from a neighbouring thicket, and at length she took courage to approach him. My friend found to his surprise that she understood English well, owing to some accident of her life or education, which I have forgotten. She told him her family were just venturing back from their refuge in the woods, where they had remained two days without shelter, and almost without food, to see what havoc the spoilers had made in their cottage, when they were again alarmed by the appearance of troops. Being assured that they were English soldiers, she readily agreed to remain, under the confidence which the national character inspired; and having accepted what assistance her visitor had to offer her, as the only acknowledgment in her power, she sent one of the children to pull and present to her guest the only rose which her now ruined garden afforded. "It was the last," she said, "she had, and she was happy to bestow it on an Englishman." It is upon occasions such as these that the French women, even of the lowest class, display a sort of sentimental delicacy unknown to those of other countries.

Equal distress, but of a very different kind, I witnessed in the

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perturbation of a Flemish peasant, whose team of horses had been put in requisition to transport the baggage of an English officer of distinction. As they had not been returned to the owner, whose livelihood and that of his family depended on their safety, he had set out in quest of them, in an agony of doubt and apprehension that actually had the appearance of insanity. Our attention was called to him from his having seated himself behind our carriage, and an expostulation on our part produced his explanation. I never saw such a sudden transition from despair to hope, as in the poor fellow's rugged features, when he saw, in the descent between two hills, a party of English dragoons with led horses. He made no doubt they could only be his own, and I hoped to see such a meeting as that of Sancho with Dapple, after their doleful separation. But we were both disappointed; the led horses proved to be those of my friend General A——,* who probably would not have been much flattered by their being mistaken, at whatever distance, for Flemish beasts of burden. I believe, however, my ruined peasant obtained some clew for recovering his lost property, for he suddenly went off in a direction different from that which we had hitherto afforded him the means of pursuing. It is only by selecting such individual instances that I can make you comprehend the state of the country between Mons and Paris.

The Prussians having used this military license, the march of such of our troops as pursued the same route became proportionally uncomfortable. A good bluff quarter-master of dragoons complained to me of the discomforts which they experienced from the condition to which the country had been reduced, but in a tone and manner which led me to conjecture, that my honest friend did not sympathize with the peasant, who had been plundered of his wine and brandy, so much as he censured the Prussians for leaving none for their faithful allies:

"O noble thirst!—yet greedy to drink all."

In the meanwhile it is no great derogation from the discipline of the English army to remark, that some old school-boy practices were not forgotten; and that, where there occurred a halt, and fruit-trees chanced to be in the vicinity, they instantly were loaded like the emblematic tree in the frontispiece of Lilly's Grammar, only with soldiers instead of scholars; and surrounded by their wives who held their aprons to receive the fruit, instead of satchels, as in the emblem chosen by that learned grammarian. There were no signs of license of a graver character.

In the midst of these scenes of war and invasion, the regulations of the post establishment, which, as is well known, is in France entirely

* [Sir Frederick Adam.]

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in the charge of the government and their commissaries or lessees, were supported and respected. A proclamation in four different languages, French, German, English, and Prussian, and signed by four generals of the different countries, was stuck up in every post-house. This polyglot forbade all officers and soldiers, whether belonging to the King of France, or to the allies, from pressing the horses, or otherwise interfering with the usual communication of Paris with the provinces. The post-houses were accordingly inhabited and protected amid thegeneral desolation of the country, and we experienced no interruption on our journey.

While the villages and hamlets exhibited such scenes as I have described, the towns appeared to have suffered less upon this awful crisis, because the soldiers were there under the eye of their officers, and in each garrison-town a military commandant had been named for the maintenance of discipline. Some were indeed reeking from recent storm, or showed half-burnt ruins which had been made by bombardment within a week or two preceding our arrival. Cambray had been carried by escalade by a bold coup-de-main, of which we saw the vestiges. The citizens, who were chiefly royalists, favoured the attack; and a part of the storming party entered by means of a staircase contained in an old turret, which terminated in a sally-port opening to the ditch, and above in a wicket communicating with the rampart. This pass was pointed out to them by the towns-people. The defenders were a part of the National Guard, whom Bonaparte had removed from the district to which they belonged, and stationed as a garrison in Cambray. The garrison of Peronne, formerly called *Peronne la Pucelle*, or the Virgin Fortress, because it had never been taken, were military of the same amphibious description with those of Cambray. The town is strongly situated in the Somme, surrounded by flat ground and marshes, and presents a formidable exterior.* But this, as well as the other fortresses on the iron-bound frontier of Flanders, was indifferently provided with means of resistance. Bonaparte in this particular, as in others, had shown a determination to venture his fortunes upon a single chance of war, since he had made no adequate provision for a protracted defence of the country when invaded. It was one instance of the inexperience of the garrison of Peronne, that they omitted to blindfold the British officer who came to summon them to surrender. An officer of engineers, of high rank and experience, had been called to this mission, and doubtless did not leave unemployed the eyes which the besieged, contrary to custom in such cases, left at liberty. Upon his return, he reported the possibility of carrying a horn-work which covers a suburb on the left side of the river. The

* [See Quentin Durward.]

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attempt was instantly made, and being in all respects successful, was followed by the surrender of the garrison, upon the easy conditions of laying down their arms, and returning to the ordinary civil occupations from which Bonaparte's mandate had withdrawn them. So easy had been these achievements that the officers concerned in them would hardly be prevailed upon to condescend to explain such trifling particulars. Yet to me, who looked upon ramparts a little injured indeed by time, but still strong, upon ditches containing twelve feet deep of water, and a high glacis surmounting them, upon palisades constructed out of the trees which had been felled to clear the esplanade around the fortifications, the task of surmounting such obstacles, even though not defended at all, seemed a grave and serious undertaking. In all these towns, so far as I could discover, the feeling of the people was decidedly in favour of the legitimate monarch; and I cannot doubt that this impression is correct, because elsewhere, and in similar circumstances, those who favoured Bonaparte were at no pains to suppress their inclinations. In one or two towns they were preparing little *fêtes* to celebrate the King's restoration. The accompaniments did not appear to us very splendid; but when a town has been so lately taken by storm, and is still garrisoned by foreign troops and subjected to military requisitions, we could not expect that the rejoicings of its inhabitants should be attended with any superfluity of splendour.

Meanwhile we advanced through this new and bewildering scene of war and waste, with the comfortable consciousness that we belonged to the stronger party. The British drums and bugle-horns sung us to bed every night, and played our reveillée in the morning; for in all the fortified towns through which we passed, there were British troops and a British commandant, from more than one of whom we experienced attention and civility.

When we reached Pont de St Maxence, which had been recently the scene of an engagement between the Prussians and French, we found more marked signs of hostile devastation than in any place through which we had yet travelled. It is a good large market-town, with a very fine bridge over the Oise, an arch of which had been recently destroyed, and repaired in a temporary manner. The purpose had probably been to defend the passage; and as the river is deep, and the opposite bank is high and covered with wood, besides having several buildings approaching to the bridge, I presume it might have been made a very strong position. It had been forced, however, by the Prussians, in what manner we found no one to tell us. Several houses in this town had been burnt, and most of them seemed to have been pillaged. The cause was evident, from the number of embrasures and loop-holes for musketry which were struck out in the houses and

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garden-walls. The attempt to turn a village into a place of defence is almost always fatal to the household gods, since it is likely to be burnt by one or other of the parties, and certain to be plundered by both. Military gentlemen look upon this with a very different eye; for I have been diverted to hear some of them, who have given me the honour of their company in my little excursions from Paris, censure a gentleman or farmer with great gravity for having built his house and stationed his court of offices in a hollow, where they were overlooked and commanded; whereas, by placing the buildings a little higher on the ridge, or more towards right or left, they might, in case of need, have acquired the dignity of being the *key* of a strong position, and, in all probability, have paid for their importance by sharing the fate of Hougoumont.

We were informed at St Maxence that the hand of war had been laid yet more heavily upon the neighbouring town of Senlis, through which lay our direct route to Paris, and near which an action had taken place betwixt a part of Blucher's army and that of Grouchy and Vandamme, which, falling back to cover the French capital after the battle of Waterloo, had accomplished a retreat that placed those who commanded it very high in public estimation. We felt no curiosity to see any more of the woes of war, and readily complied with a proposal of our postilions to exchange the route of Senlis for that of Chantilly, to which they undertook to carry us by a cross road through the forest. *Le beau chemin par terre*, or fine greensward road, which they had urged as so superior to the public causeway, had unfortunately not possessed the same power of resisting the tear and wear of cavalry, artillery, and baggage-waggons. It was reduced to a sort of continued wet ditch, varying in depth in a most irregular manner, and through which the four stallions that drew us kicked, plunged, snorted, and screamed, in full concert with the eternal smack of the whips, as well as shrieks, whoops, and oaths of the jack-booted postilions, lugging about our little barouche in a manner that threatened its demolition at every instant. The French postilions, however, who, with the most miserable appliances and means, usually drive very well, contrived, by dint of quartering and tugging, to drag us safe through roads where a Yorkshire post-boy would have been reduced to despair, even though his horses had not been harnessed with ropes, fastened together by running nooses.

The forest of Chantilly was probably magnificent when it was the chase of the princely family of Condé; but all the valuable timber-trees have been felled, and those which now remain appear, generally speaking, to be about twenty years old only, consist chiefly of birch, and other inferior timber used for firewood. Those who acquired the domains of the emigrants after the Revolution, were generally specu-

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lating adventurers, who were eager to secure what they could make of the subject in the way of ready money, by cutting timber and selling materials of houses, partly in order to secure the means of paying the price, and partly because prudence exacted that they should lose no time in drawing profit from a bargain, of which the security seemed rather precarious.

The town and palace of Chantilly, rendered classical by the name of the great Prince of Condé, afforded us ample room for interesting reflection. The town itself is pleasant, and has some good houses agreeably situated. But in the present state of internal convulsion, almost all the windows of the houses of the better class were closed, and secured by outer shutters. We were told that this was to protect them against the Prussians, with whom the town was crowded. These soldiers were very young lads, chiefly landwehr, or militia, and seemed all frolicsome, and no doubt mischievous youths. But, so far as I could see, there was no ill-nature, much less atrocity, in their behaviour, which was rather that of riotous schoolboys of the higher form. They possessed themselves of the jack-boots of our postilions, and seemed to find great entertainment in stumping up and down the inn-yard in these formidable accoutrements, the size and solidity of which have been in no degree diminished since the days of Yorick and La Fleur. But our Prussian hussars were seen to still greater advantage in the superb stables of Chantilly, which have escaped the fury that levelled its palace. The huge and stately vault, which pride, rather than an attention to utility, had constructed for the stud of the prince of Condé, is forty feet high, two hundred yards in length, and upwards of thirty-six feet in width. This magnificent apartment, the enormity of whose proportions seemed better calculated for the steeds of the King of Brobdingnag than for Houyhnhnms of the ordinary size, had once been divided into suitable ranges of stalls, but these have been long demolished. In the centre arises a magnificent dome, sixty feet in diameter and ninety feet in height; and in a sort of recess beneath the dome, and fronting the principal entrance, is a superb fountain, falling into a huge shell, and dashing over its sides into a large reservoir, highly ornamented with architectural decorations. This fountain, which might grace the court of a palace, was designed for the ordinary supply of the stable. The scale of imposing magnificence upon which this building was calculated, although at war with common sense and the fitness of things, must, in its original state of exact order and repair, have impressed the mind with high ideas of the power and consequence of the prince by whom it was planned and executed, and whose name (Louis Henri de Bourbon, seventh Prince of Condé) stands yet recorded in an inscription, which, supported by two mutilated genii, is displayed above the fountain. But what would have been the mortification of that founder, could he

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have witnessed, as we did, the spacious range with all its ornaments broken down and defaced, as if in studied insult; while its high and echoing vault rung to the shouts, screams, and gambols of a hundred or two of the dirtiest hussars and lancers that ever came off a march, to whose clamours the shrill cries of their half-starved and miserable horses added a wild but appropriate accompaniment. Yet whatever his feelings might have been to witness such pollution, they would have been inferior to those with which his ancestor, the Great Condé, would have heard that the Sarmatian partisans who occupied Chantilly formed part of an invading army, which had marched, almost without opposition, from the frontiers to the capital, and now held in their disposal the fates of the house of Bourbon and of the kingdom of France.

The old domestic of the family who guided me through these remains of decayed magnificence, cast many a grieved and mortified glance upon the irreverent and mischievous soldiers as they aimed the butts of their lances at the remaining pieces of sculpture, or amused themselves by mimicking his own formal address and manner. "Ah, les barbares! les barbares!"—I could not refuse assent to this epithet, which he confided to my ear in a cautious whisper, accompanied with a suitable shrug of the shoulders; but I endeavoured to qualify it with another train of reflections:—"Et pourtant, mon ami, si ce n'était pas ces gens-là!"—"Ah oui, Monsieur, sans eux nous n'aurions peut-être jamais revu notre bon Duc—Assurément c'est un bon revenant—mais aussi, il faut avouer qu'il est revenu en assez mauvaise compagnie."

At some distance from these magnificent stables, of which (as frequently happens) the exterior does more honour to the architect's taste than the inside to his judgment, are the melancholy remains of the palace of the Prince of Condé, where the spectator can no longer obey the exhortation of the poet,—

> "Dans sa pompe élégante, admirez Chantilly,
> De héros en héros, d'âge en âge embelli."

The splendid chateau once corresponded in magnificence with the superb offices which we had visited, but now its vestiges alone remain, a mass of neglected ruins amid the broad lake and canals which had been constructed for its ornament and defence. This beautiful palace was destroyed by the revolutionary mob of Paris early in the civil commotions. The materials, with the lead, iron, carpenter work, etc., were piled up, by those who appropriated them, in what was called Le Petit Chateau, a smaller edifice annexed to the principal palace, and communicating with it by a causeway. Thus the small chateau was saved from demolition, though not from pillage. Chantilly and its demesnes were sold as national property, but the purchasers having failed to pay the price, it reverted to the public; so that the king, upon

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his restoration, had no difficulty in reinstating the Duke of Bourbon. The lesser chateau has been lately refitted in a hasty and simple style, for the reception of the legitimate proprietor; but the style of the repairs makes an unavoidable and mortifying contrast with the splendour of the original decorations. Rich embossed ceilings and carved wainscot are coarsely daubed over with white-wash and size-paint, with which the remains of the original gilding and sculpture form a melancholy association. The frames alone remained of those numerous and huge mirrors,

> — — "In which he of Gath,
> Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk
> Whole without stooping, towering crest and all."
> MILTON."

But the French partisans, with tha tlack of all feeling of *convenance*, or propriety, which has well been described as a principal deficiency in their national character, have endeavoured to make fine things out of the frames themselves, by occupying the room of the superb plates of glass with paltry sheets of blue paper, patched over with gilded *fleurs-de-lis*, an expedient the pitiful effect of which may be easily conceived. If I understood my guide rightly, however, this work ought not to be severely criticised, being the free-will offering of the inhabitants of Chantilly, who had struggled, in the best manner their funds and taste would admit, to restore the chateau to something like an habitable condition when it was again to be possessed by its legitimate owner. This is the more likely, as the furniture of the duke's own apartment is plain, simple, and in good taste. He seems popular among the inhabitants, who, the day preceding our arrival, had, under all the unfavourable circumstances of their situation, made a little *fête* to congratulate him upon his restoration, and to hail the white flag, which now once more floated from the dome of the offices, announcing the second restoration of the Bourbons.

Beside the Petit Chateau are the vestiges of what was once the principal palace, and which, as such, might well have accommodated the proudest monarch in the world. It was situated on a rock, and surrounded by profound and broad ditches of the purest water, built in a style of the richest Gothic architecture, and containing within its precincts every accommodation which pomp or luxury could desire. The demolition has been so complete, that little remains excepting the vaults from which the castle arose, and a ruinous flight of double steps, by which visitors formerly gained the principal entrance. The extent, number, and intricacy of the subterranean vaults, were such as to afford a retreat for robbers and banditti, for which reason the entrances have been built up by order of the police. The chateau, when in its splendour, communicated with a magnificent theatre, with an orangery and greenhouse of the first order, and was surrounded by a number of

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separate parterres, or islands, decorated with statuary, with *jets d'eau*, with columns, and with vases, forming a perspective of the richest architectural magnificence. All is now destroyed, and the stranger only learns, from the sorrowful tale of his guide, that the wasted and desolate patches of ground intersected by the canals, once bore, and deserved, the names of the Gallery of Vases, the Parterre of the Orangerie, and the Island of Love. Such and so sudden is the downfall of the proudest efforts of human magnificence. Let us console ourselves, my dear friend, while we look from the bartizan of the old mansion upon the lake, and its corresponding barrier of mountains, that the beauties with which Nature herself has graced our country are more imperishable than those with which the wealth and power of the house of Bourbon once decorated the abode of Chantilly.

I may add, that the neighbourhood of Chantilly exhibits more picturesque beauty than I had yet remarked in France. PAUL.

LETTER XII.

"Paris in 1814" in Alison's Diary.

PAUL TO HIS SISTER.

Paris—Tuileries—Reflections—Tuileries—Parisian Running—Statue of Bonaparte—Public Works by Bonaparte—Want of Pavement—Courts before the Houses—No Smoke over Paris—The Seine—Church of St Genevieve—Tombs in the Pantheon—Mirabeau and Marat—Voltaire and Rousseau—Anecdote.

Your question, my dear sister, What do I think of Paris? corresponds in comprehensive extent with your desire that I would send you a full and perfect description of that celebrated capital; but were I to reside here all my life, instead of a few weeks, I am uncertain whether I could distinctly comply with either request. There is so much in Paris to admire, and so much to dislike, such a mixture of real taste and genius, with so much frippery and affectation, the sublime is so oddly mingled with the ridiculous, and the pleasing with the fantastic and whimsical, that I shall probably leave the capital of France without being able to determine which train of ideas it has most frequently excited in my mind. One point is, however, certain;—that, of all capitals, that of France affords most numerous objects of curiosity, accessible in the easiest manner; and it may be therefore safely pronounced one of the most entertaining places of residence which can be chosen by an idle man. As for attempting a description of it, that, you know, is far beyond the limits of our compact, which you must

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have quite forgotten when you hinted at such a proposal. The following sketch may not, however, be uninteresting.

If we confine our observation to one quarter of Paris only, that, namely, which is adjacent to the Royal Palace, I presume there is no capital which can show so many and such magnificent public edifices within the same space of ground. The Tuileries, whose immense extent makes amends for the deficiencies of the architecture, communicate with the royal gardens, which are used as public walks, and these again open into the Place de Louis Quinze, a large octagon, guarded by a handsome balustrade, richly ornamented at the angles, having, on the one hand, the royal gardens with the range of the palace, on the other the Champs Elysées, a large space of ground, planted and laid out in regular walks like those of Hyde-Park. Behind is the extensive colonnade of a palace, called by Bonaparte the Temple of Victory, and since the Restoration the Temple of Concord. Another large and half-finished temple was rising in the front by the command of Bonaparte, which was dedicated to the honour of soldiers who had died in battle. The building was to have been consolidated solely by weight of the massive stones made use of, and neither wood, iron, or lime, was to be employed in its construction; but schemes of ambition as ill cemented interrupted its progress. A line of buildings extend on either hand, forming a magnificent street, called La Rue Rivoli, which runs parallel with the iron palisade of the garden of the Tuileries.

It was on the second night after my arrival in Paris, that, finding myself rather too early for an evening party to which I was invited, I strolled out, enjoying the pure and delicious air of a summer night in France, until I found myself in the centre of the Place de Louis Quinze, surrounded, as I have described it, by objects so noble in themselves, and so powerfully associated with deep historic and moral interest. "And here I am at length in Paris," was the natural reflection, "and under circumstances how different from what I dared to have anticipated! That is the palace of Louis le Grand, but how long have his descendants been banished from its halls, and under what auspices do they now again possess them! This superb esplanade takes its name from its luxurious and feeble descendant; and here, upon the very spot where I now stand, the most virtuous of the Bourbon race expiated, by a violent death inflicted by his own subjects, and in view of his own palace, the ambition and follies of his predecessors. There is an awful solemnity in the reflection, how few of those who contributed to this deed of injustice and atrocity now look upon the day, and behold the progress of retribution. The glimmering lights that shine among the alleys and parterres of the Champs Elysées, indicate none of the usual vigils common in a metropolis. They are the watch-fires of a camp, of an English camp, and in the capital of France, where an

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English drum has not been heard since 1436, when the troops of Henry the Sixth were expelled from Paris. During that space, of nearly four centuries, there has scarce occurred a single crisis which rendered it probable for a moment that Paris should be again entered by the English as conquerors; but least of all could such a consummation have been expected at the conclusion of a war, in which France so long predominated as arbitress of the Continent, and which had periods when Britain seemed to continue the conflict only in honourable despair."

There were other subjects of deep interest around me. The lights which proceeded from the windows and from the gardens of the large hotel occupied by the Duke of Wellington, at the corner of the Rue des Champs Elysées, and which chanced that evening to be illuminated in honour of a visit from the allied sovereigns, mingled with the twinkle of the camp-fires, and the glimmer of the tents; and the music, which played a variety of English and Scottish airs, harmonized with the distant roll of the drums, and the notes of that beautiful point of war which is performed by our bugles at the setting of the watch. In these sounds there was pride, and victory, and honour, some portion of which descended (in imagination at least) to each, the most retired and humblest fellow subject of the hero who led, and the soldiers who obeyed, in the achievements which had borne the colours of Britain into the capital of France. But there was enough around me to temper the natural feelings of elation, which, as a Briton, I could not but experience. Monuments rose on every side, designed to commemorate mighty actions which may well claim the highest praise that military achievement alone, abstracted from the cause in which it was accomplished, could be entitled to. From the centre of the place Vendôme, and above the houses of the Rue Rivoli, arose the summit of the celebrated column which Bonaparte had constructed upon the plan of that of Trajan; the cannon taken at Ulm and Austerlitz affording the materials of its exterior, and which is embossed with a detailed representation of the calamities and subjection of Austria. At no great distance by the Bridge of Jena, an epithet which recalls the almost total annihilation of the kingdom of Prussia. In the front of the Tuileries are placed, on a triumphal arch, the Venetian Horses, the trophies of the subjugation of Italy, and in the neighbouring Louvre are deposited the precious spoils of victories gained and abused in every country of Europe, forming the most resistless evidence, that the hand which placed them there had once at its arbitrary disposal the fortunes of the greater part of the civilized world. No building among the splendid monuments of Paris, but is marked with the name, or device, or insignia of an emperor, whose power seemed as deeply founded as it was widely extended. Yet the gourd of the prophet,

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which came up in a night and perished in a night, has proved the type of authority so absolute, and of fame so diffused; and the possessor of this mighty power is now the inhabitant of a distant and sequestered islet, with hardly so much free-will as entitles him to claim from his warders an hour of solitude, even in the most solitary spot in the civilized world. The moral question presses on every bosom, Was it worth while for him to have climbed so high to render his fall the deeper, or would the meanest of us purchase the feverish feelings of gratified ambition, at the expense of his reflections, who appeared to hold Fortune chained to his footstool? Could the fable of the Seven Sleepers have been realized in Paris, what a scene of astonishment would have been prepared for those, who, falling asleep in 1813, awakened from their torpor at the present moment! He who had seen the Pope place the crown upon the head of Napoleon, and the proud house of Austria compelled to embrace his alliance, Prussia bent to the dust beneath his footstool, England excluded from each continental connexion of commerce or alliance, Russia overawed and submissive, while Italy, Germany, and the greater part of Spain, were divided as appanages among his brothers and allies,—what would have been the surprise of the waking moment, which should have shown him the Prussian cannon turned upon the bridges of Paris, and the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, with the representatives of almost all the other nations of Europe, feasting in the capital of France with the general and minister of England, supported by a force which made resistance equally frantic and hopeless! The revolution of ages must have appeared to him to have been accomplished within the space of little more than twenty-four months.*

From this slight sketch, you may have some general idea of the

* ['Tis done—but yesterday a King!
And arm'd with kings to strive—
And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

"Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind,
Who bow'd so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestion'd,—power to save,—
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipp'd thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

"Thanks for that lesson—it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preach'd before.

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magnificence of that quarter of Paris which adjoins to the Tuileries, crowded as it is with palaces, public monuments, and public buildings, and comprehending in its circuit ornamented gardens and extended walks, open to the inhabitants for exercise or pleasure. I ought also to describe to you the front of the palace itself, a magnificent range of buildings, corresponding with the Louvre, another immense royal mansion, from which the Tuileries is only divided by the superb square, called La Place du Carrousel. The only screen betwixt this square and the court of the Tuileries, is a magnificent railing of wrought iron, which gives freedom to the eye, not only to survey the extended front of the chateau, but to penetrate through the central vestibule of the palace into the gardens beyond, and as far as the Champs Elysées. In the centre of this screen the public have admittance to the courtyard of the palace, beneath a triumphal arch, which Bonaparte erected in imitation of that of Septimius Severus. The effect of this monument seems diminutive when compared to the buildings around; the columns, made of a mixed red and white marble, are rather gaudy; and the four celebrated Venetian horses, formed of Corinthian brass, which occupy the top of the arch, have been injudiciously harnessed with gilded trappings to a gilded car, driven by a gilded Victory. It is said Bonaparte intended to have placed his own figure in the car; but it came to his ears (for he was self-tormentor enough to enquire after such matters), that the disaffected had hailed it, as likely to afford a good opportunity for calling him mountebank with impunity, since, while they should point to the chariot, the epithet *Le Charlatan* might easily be substituted for *Le Char le tient*.* Thus a threatened pun saved Napoleon's image one descent at least, by preventing its temporary elevation; and it also saved the French taste the disgrace of adding another incongruity to the gilded car, harness, and driver. This monument is now undergoing considerable alterations. The Austrians are busy in exchanging for plain slabs of marble, the tablatures placed around the arch: the sculptures almost all relate to the humiliation of the Emperor of Austria, there represented cap-in-hand before Bonaparte, who appears covered and in an authoritative posture. The French rebelled against the mutilation of this monument at its commencement, and attempted something like a riot, but were instantly called to order by a strong Prussian guard. The work

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That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre sway
With frosts of brass and feet of clay."
BYRON'S *Ode to Napoleon*.]

* [The common edition of the story is, that a punster, pointing to the *empty* car, said *Le Char l'attend*.]

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now goes on quietly, and not without some respect to the feelings of the Parisians; for there are blinds of wood put up before the scaffolding, to save their eyes the mortification of seeing its progress. It is not doubted that the horses themselves will be removed in due time.*

In the meanwhile the statue of Bonaparte, which was last year taken down from the pillar in the Place Vendôme, is said to have experienced an odd transition. It had been exchanged for a certain number of busts and small figures of Louis XVIII., just as a large piece of coin of one reign is given for an equivalent in the small money of another. The figure of the abdicated emperor for some time found refuge in the yard of an artist, by whom it has since been sold to an Englishman. The purchase is believed to be made in behalf of the Duke of Wellington, in which case the statue will be a striking ornament to the palace destined by national gratitude as an acknowledgment at least of the debt, which even the wealth and generosity of Britain cannot pay in full.†

To return to the works of Bonaparte. It cannot be denied that he showed great ability and dexterity in availing himself of that taste for national display, which is a leading feature of the French character. Yet this was, at least, as much evinced in the address with which he adopted and carried through the half-accomplished plans of Louis XIV. and his successors, as in any work of original genius which can be decidedly traced to his own design. The triumphal arch, and the pillar in the Place Vendôme, are literal, almost servile, imitations of the column of Trajan and the arch of Severus. But the splendid extension of the Louvre, by the combination of that striking pile with the Tuileries, upon the side which had been left unfinished, although the work of Bonaparte, and bearing his name, is, in fact, only a completion of the original design of Louis XIV. One original plan Napoleon may indeed claim as his own—the project, namely, of erecting a stupendous bronze figure of an elephant upon the site of the Bastile. The sort of castle, or Howdar, with which this monstrous statue was to have been accoutred, was designed for a reservoir, the water of which, being discharged through the trunk into a large cistern, or fountain, surrounding the pedestal on which the animal was placed, was to supply with water all that quarter of Paris. The model of this gigantic grotesque is exhibited in stucco near the place which it was designed to have occupied, and such is the deference of the present government for the feelings of *la gloire nationale*, that they have not yet ventured to avow, that, in a time of national poverty and

* This removal has since taken place.—See a very lively account of the circumstances, and its effect upon the feelings of the Parisians, in Mr John Scott's "Paris Revisited."

† [The statue of Napoleon was replaced on the pillar of the Place Vendôme soon after the Revolution of July, 1830.]

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distress, they mean to dispense with erecting a monument, which, after being accomplished at immense expense, must appear *bizarre* and fanciful, rather than grand and impressive. In the meanwhile they are, in justice to the ancestors of the present king, reclaiming for the Bourbons those public buildings, which, by inscriptions and emblems, Napoleon had consecrated to his own dynasty. N.'s are everywhere disappearing, or undergoing a conversion into H.'s and B.'s, an operation in which the royal stone-cutters are as much called upon to exert their dexterity as the poor sign-painters in Roye, Peronne, and Cambray. They have, indeed, the same benefit of experience, having, very long ago, accomplished the counterpart of the metamorphosis. Such are the minute and ridiculous consequences which indicate a change of government, as much as the motion of straws, twigs, and withered leaves upon the surface, indicates the progress and subsiding of a torrent.

On the whole it must be acknowledged, that Bonaparte, though unscrupulous in appropriating the merit of his predecessors, bent an earnest and active attention to perfecting whatever grand or magnificent plans they had left uncompleted, thus establishing his own reputation as heir of the monarchy, as well as of the revolution. His ambition to distinguish himself sometimes soared beyond popular prejudice, and hurried him into extravagances of expense, which the Parisians seem in general to deem unnecessary. Such is the plan of his Rue de l'Empereur, now Rue de la Paix, a fine street, running from the Place Vendôme to the Boulevards des Capucines, which not only boasts a breadth corresponding to the magnificence of the buildings, but is actually accommodated with *two gutters*, one on each side, instead of that single kennel in the centre, where the filth floats or stagnates in all the other streets of Paris. But even the Emperor Napoleon, in the height of his dignity, dared not introduce the farther novelty of a pavement on each side. This would be, indeed, to have destroyed that equality between horse and foot, walkers, drivers, and driven, which appears to give such delight to a Parisian, that if you extol to him the safe pavements and footpaths of an English street or road, he will answer with polite composure—"C'est très-bien pour Messieurs les Anglais—pour moi, j'aime la totalité de la rue." Good phrases, saith Justice Shallow, are and ever must be commended; and this, of *la totalité de la rue*, reconciles a Parisian walker to all the inconveniences of being ridden down or driven over. But the privilege of *totality* by no means compensates to the aged, the timid, the infirm, not to mention females and children, for the accidents to which they are exposed. At present these are multiplied by the numerous accession of strangers, all of whom drive in their own way, and give their own mode of warning, which the pedestrian must construe rightly upon his own peril. Here

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he hears the *Hey! hey!* of a member of the English Four-in-hand Club; there he is called to attention by the *Gare! gare!* of a Parisian petit maître, or a German Freyherr; and having escaped all these hair-breadth risks, he may be ridden down at the next turning by a *drosky*, the driver of which, a venerable Russian charioteer, with a long beard flowing down to his girdle, pushes right on to his destined course with the most unperturbed apathy, without giving passengers warning of any kind to shift for themselves.

The risk, however, to pedestrians, does not form my only objection to the French metropolis, abstracted always from those splendid streets which belong to the quarter of the Tuileries. The rest of Paris, excepting the *Boulevards*, a peculiar sort of open suburb by which it is surrounded, is traversed by narrow streets, which divide buildings dark, high, and gloomy, the lower windows grated with projecting iron-rails of the most massive description, and the houses belonging to persons of importance opening by what is called a *porte-cochère*, or carriage-entrance, into courts which intervene between them and the street. By thus sequestering their mansions, the great do indeed deprive the shopkeeper, or roturier, who lives opposite, of the power of looking upon the windows of his neighbour, the duke, count, or marquis. Nevertheless, mansions constructed upon this unsocial and aristocratic plan, by which the splendour of the habitations of the noble and wealthy is reserved and veiled, as too dazzling and precious to form a part of the public street, cannot contribute to the general beauty of the city in which they are placed. I do not, however, mean to say, that the other quarters of Paris, though gloomy, dark, and traversed chiefly by these narrow and perilous passes, are devoid of a strong and peculiar interest. On the contrary, the constant appearance of public edifices, distinguished in history, of Gothic churches and halls, of squares and *places* surrounded by stately buildings, perpetually, even in the most disagreeable quarters of Paris, reminds us that we are in a capital early distinguished for arts and arms, and where even the rudeness and inconvenience of many streets, joined to the solid massive and antique structures to which they give access, argue at once early importance and ancient dignity.

It appears a remarkable peculiarity to a British eye, when Paris is viewed from a distance, that over buildings so closely piled together, there arises not that thick and dense cloud of smoke which sometimes graces and dignifies, but more frequently deforms, a view of London, or any other large town in our island. This is owing to the Parisians using wood for fuel, and that frequently in the shape of charcoal, but always sparingly, and in stoves, instead of our sea-coal burnt in open chimneys. Seen from the heights of Montmartre, or the dome of St Genevieve, Paris exhibits a distinct mass of houses, steeples, and

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towers, unclouded, but also unsoftened, by the dusky canopy which hangs over a British city. My Parisian friends laughed heartily, and, on the whole, deservedly, at my regretting the absence of this dusky accompaniment, which does nevertheless add a shadowy importance, and even a softness to the landscape, or, admitting associations, and pleading on those to which we are accustomed, gives an assurance of business and life to what, without such an indication of living bustle, seems not unlike the appearance of the town in the Arabian tale, whose inhabitants had been all petrified. I own this is a prejudiced feeling, and do not contest the right which a Frenchman has to associate with the cloud that overhangs our metropolis, all that is disgusting, and perhaps unhealthy, in the gross evaporation of our coarser fuel.*

The Seine is usually appealed to by the Parisians as the principal beauty of their city, and it is at least one of its greatest conveniences. But Lord Chesterfield furnished an answer to the proud question, whether England could show the like—"Yes—and we call it Fleet-ditch." This gasconade is like that of the French veteran lecturing upon invasion, who spits upon the ground, and says to his audience, "*Voila la Tamise*,"—a hyperbole which may be excused from ignorance, as no French soldier has happened to see the Thames for many a century, excepting as a guest or a prisoner in England. But, laying jests aside, the Seine is far from having the majestic appearance of the Thames, being diminutive both in depth and breadth, and strait-waistcoated by a range of ungraceful quays, a greater deformity than those of London, because rendered conspicuous by the narrowness of the stream. The river being divided also at two intervals by small islands, completely occupied by buildings, we are induced to entertain a contemptuous opinion of the Seine, as completely subjugated and tyrannized over by the despotic authority of human art. Several of the walks along its side are nevertheless most interesting, particularly the Quai de Voltaire, from which the passenger views the superb and long extent of colonnade belonging to the Louvre, while farther down the river are seen the gardens of the Tuileries and the trees of Les Champs Elysées.

The finest views of Paris are to be seen from the heights of Montmartre, which rise as close behind the city as the Carlton-hill in res-

* ["A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head—and there is London Town!"
Don Juan, canto x., st. 82.]

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pect to Edinburgh, and from some of the steeples, particularly that of St. Genevieve, a magnificent new church of Grecian architecture, originally dedicated to the titular saint of Paris; next polluted by the appellation of the Temple of Reason; then solemnly entitled the Pantheon, because it was to be the place for depositing the bodies of departed sages and patriots; and lastly restored by Bonaparte to the character of a Christian Church, without taking away its destination as a general mausoleum for departed worth. The honours, however, of those who received this distinction, were not always permanent. There was "no snug lying in the abbey." Several of those revolutionary chiefs whose remains the faction of the day had installed in this sanctuary, were torn from thence shortly afterwards, and thrown, like the corpse of Sejanus, into the common-sewer of the city. The bodies of other heroes of the day have been withdrawn in secret, lest they should suffer the same fate. In some instances the temporary tenant of the tomb was dispossessed, and made to give way to a popular character of more recent celebrity. Thus the corpse of Mirabeau was removed from the Pantheon to make room for that of Marat; on which occasion one of the family of the former returned thanks to Heaven for an expulsion, which, as he expressed himself, "re-established the honour of his house." The corpse of the villain Marat, after having had at least the honour of one bloody sacrifice, in the trial and execution of a man who had offered an insult to his temporary monument, was soon after, 28th July, 1793, dragged from the Church, and thrown into the common-sewer of the Rue de Montmartre. At length, weary or ashamed of their own versatility, the National Convention, in the year 1795, decreed that no citizen should receive the honours of the Pantheon until ten years after his death; a decree which amounted almost to a universal sentence of exclusion, in a country where the present occupies solely the attention of the public. Of all those to whom the various legislative bodies of France decreed this posthumous distinction, there have only remained in the Pantheon the tombs of two authors, Voltaire and Rousseau. The remains of those distinguished literary characters were deposited here during the early fervour of the Revolution, with shouts and with hymns, and with tears, and with transports of that universal philanthropy, which shortly afterwards made its real character evident to the world. A painted wooden sarcophagus, much like a deal packing-box in form and materials, is laid above the grave of each, with a mouldering inscription expressive of what the Legislative Assembly intended to do for the honour of the philosophers whose talents illumined the 18th century. But the rotten board on which their decrees are registered, frail as it is, has proved a record more permanent than the power that placed it there. The monuments of despotism are more

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durable than those of anarchy; and accordingly some of Bonaparte's generals and senators are buried in the Pantheon, and, though men of inferior note, have been suffered to enjoy in quiet that repose, which even the tomb could not secure for the republican demagogues.

In visiting this church, or temple, I was entertained by the dry answer of an Englishman, who had followed us up to the dome without the observation of the sexton. Our guide seemed a little hurt at the stranger's presumption, and from time to time addressed to him a few words of reprehension, stating the risk he ran of being bewildered in the vaults, and perhaps shut up there. As I perceived my countryman did not understand in what he had given offence, I explained to him the sexton's remonstrance. "Tell him," answered the stranger, with great gravity, "that if the misfortune he threatens had really befallen me, I would have had only to call out *Sixpence*, and all Paris would have come to my rescue." With deference, however, to this honest specimen of John Bull, the access of the public to what is worthy of notice in Paris is much less frequently impeded by a functionary stretching forth his hand for a fee, than is the case in London; and when we recollect the mode in which the various departments of St Paul's and Westminster Abbey are secured by a dozen of petty turnpikes and tax-gatherers, we may judge more fairly of the sexton of St Genevieve.

The liberality of the French nation, in affording every possible means to the public of enjoying the collections of curiosities, or of scientific objects, made for their behalf, instead of rendering them sources of profit to some obscure pensioner, pervades all their establishments; and strangers, for whose use and convenience even greater facilities are afforded than are given to the natives, are called upon to acknowledge it with gratitude. It there be in this open display of the treasure which they possess some traces of national pride, it is in this case an honest and fair pride, and those who derive so much benefit from its effects ought to be the last to question its motive. One or two of these objects of curiosity I shall briefly notice in my next letter, not with the purpose of giving a regular description of them, but to mark, if I can, by a few characteristic strokes, the peculiarities which attracted my own attention.

Adieu; I rest ever your affectionate PAUL.

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LETTER XIII.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Garden of Plants—Museum of French Monuments—Central Museum—Hall of Sculptures—Malmaison.

I HAVE already said, my dear sister, that of all capitals in the world, Paris must afford the most delightful residence to a mere literary lounger; and if we add, that his fortune is limited, (as is usually the case with such a character), it will suit him, after a little experience, as well in point of economy as of taste. The Jardin des Plantes, the National Library, the Collection of French Monuments, the National Institute, above all, the Grand Museum in the Louvre, are gratuitously opened to his inspection and use, while theatres, and public amusements of various kinds, in the evening, may be frequented for little expense.

I know that nothing in Paris would delight you more than the Jardin des Plantes. This grand botanical garden, of several acres extent, richly stocked with the most varied and curious productions of the vegetable world, is equally interesting to the scientific student, and to the idle, who seeks only for shaded walks and interesting and beautiful points of view. The variety of the ground, the disposition of the trees, and the neighbourhood of the Seine, afford the last in considerable variety; while the shade, so grateful in this warm climate, is secured by many a long alley and avenue. The establishment is maintained entirely at the expense of the public. The learned in physics may here have the advantage of a chemical laboratory, of lectures upon botany and natural history by men of approved science, of an anatomical collection, and a valuable library, composed of works relative to natural history. There is also a menagerie upon a great scale of splendour, as well as of comfort to the animals with which it is tenanted. Those which are of a dangerous description are properly secured, but still with due attention to their habits and convenience. The bears, for example, inhabit subterranean residences, each of which opens into a sunk area, of depth enough to prevent escape, but of such extent that Bruin may repose himself, or take exercise, at his pleasure. I seldom pass this place without seeing some of the Prussian or Russian soldiers engaged in talking to and feeding the bears, whom, in this southern clime, they probably regard as a kind of countrymen. The elephant, a most magnificent animal of the kind,

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has, as befits his good sense and civilized behaviour, a small paddock around his cabin, secured from the public by a strong palisade. He had a mate some years ago but is now a widower; very good-humoured, however, and familiar with the passengers. Gentler animals, such as the varieties of the deer species, are allowed space in proportion to their size; and it is only the fiercer tribes of Africa and Asia, lions, tigers, and leopards, which are committed to strict confinement. These also are kept clean, and made as comfortable as circumstances will permit; and on the whole, it is impossible to conceive an institution of the kind managed with more respect to the feelings and convenience of the creatures contained in it. If a stranger is curious to know the names of the various animals, there is always some Frenchman near, who, either merely to do the honours to Monsieur l'Etranger, or at most for "quelque chose pour boire," walks with you through the collection, and displays at once his eloquence, and that sort of information which is frequently found among the Parisians, even of the lower orders. To me, who am no naturalist, such a guide seems often as interesting a specimen as any in the collection. The contrast of his meagre looks and tattered dress, with the air of patronage which he assumes towards the stranger under his charge; his pompous encomiums on the objects he exhibits; his grave injunctions not to approach too near the grates of the more dangerous quadrupeds; the importance with which he gives the scientific appellation of each animal, condescendingly adding that which is in more vulgar use; and the polite gratitude of his "Monsieur est très honnête," when he pockets his little gratuity, and puts on the *schakos*, which he has hitherto held in his hand for the sake of aiding his eloquence,—all these points brought together give a character of the lower rank not to be met with out of France, and rarely out of Paris.

The antiquary who visits Paris, must be deeply interested by a visit to the Museum des Monumens Français, assembled by Mons. Le Noir, in the church convent, and gardens of Les petits Augustins. This collection proved a sort of asylum for such monuments of art as could be saved from popular fury during the first revolutionary fever, comprehending the tombs of princes, legislators, and heroes. When the churches were sacked and pillaged, and the property of the clergy was confiscated to the use of the nation, Mons. Le Noir had the courage to attempt to save from impending ruin objects invaluable for the history of the arts and for that of the nation, and he had the address to devise a probable mode of succeeding in a plan, which, in those furious days, might have been represented as savouring of aristocracy and *incivisme*. He obtained from the National Assembly a recommendation to their Committee of Alienation, to watch over and protect the monuments of art in the churches and domains which they

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had confiscated to national use. This was followed by a warrant, authorizing a Committee of Savants, of whom Le Noir was most active, to select and transport to Paris those relics of antiquity, and there to arrange them in one general collection, so as to afford a view of the progress of the arts during the several periods of French history. Much exertion accordingly has been made, and upon the whole with considerable success, to dispose this various and miscellaneous collection according to centuries, and at the same time to place the productions of each era in the best and fittest order. You accompany, therefore, at once the progress of the arts and that of history, as you wander from hall to hall, and compare the rude images of Clovis and Pharamond with what the Italian chisel produced to commemorate departed greatness, in that happy epoch which the French artists call "Le Siècle de la Renaissance." Several monuments, the size of which rendered them unfit for a cloister, are erected in the gardens; and particularly the tomb of Abelard and Heloïse, with those of Descartes, Molière, La Fontaine, Boileau, and others dear to French literature.

Yet such is the caprice of the human mind, that even from this rich mental feast we return with some degree of dissatisfaction. The inspection of the Museum inspired me at least with a feeling greater in degree, but similar in origin, to that with which I have regarded a collection of engraved English portraits—

> "Torn from their destined page—unworthy meed
> Of knightly counsel or heroic deed,"—

and compiled to illustrate a Grainger, at the expense of many a volume defaced and rendered imperfect. Far deeper is that sensation rooted, when we consider that the stones accumulated around us have been torn from the graves which they were designed to mark out and to protect, and divided from all those associations arising from the neighbourhood of the mighty dead. It is also impossible, with the utmost care and ingenuity, that the monuments should be all displayed to advantage; and even the number of striking objects, huddled together, diminishes the effect which each, separately, is calculated to produce upon the mind. These wayward reflections will arise, and can only be checked by the recollection, that without prosecution of the plan wisely adopted and boldly followed out, the relics around us would have ceased to exist; and that the ingenious collector, far from being the plunderer of a wreck, has saved and protected its scattered fragments, which must have otherwise perished for ever.

If, in the Museum of Monumens Français, we contrast with advantage the principle and mode by which the collection is formed, with the effect produced by the present arrangement, and pardon, for

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the sake of the former, the necessary imperfections attached to the latter, no such favourable result can be drawn by the reflecting traveller, who visits the inimitable collection of paintings and statues in the Louvre, called the Central Museum of the Arts. It is indeed, abstractedly, a subject of just pride to a nation, that she can exhibit to strangers this surprisingly magnificent display of the works of human genius when in its most powerful and active mood, awakened as it were from the sleep of ages, and at once bringing to the service of art such varied talent as never was nor will be equalled. But if, with these exulting considerations, it were possible for the French to weigh the sum of evil which they have suffered and inflicted to obtain this grand object of national vanity, they might well view the most magnificent saloon in Europe as a charnel-vault, and the works of Raphael, Titian, and Salvator, as no better than the sable and tattered scutcheons which cover its mouldering walls. Each picture, indeed, has its own separate history of murder, rapine, and sacrilege. It was, perhaps, the worst point in Bonaparte's character, that, with a firm and unremitting attention to his own plans and his own interest, he proceeded from battle to plunder, less like a soldier than a brigand or common highwayman, whose immediate object is to rifle the passenger whom he has subdued by violence or intimidation. But Napoleon knew well the people over whom he was called to rule, and was aware that his power was secure, despite of annihilated commerce and exhausted finances, despite of his waste of the lives of Frenchmen and treasure of France, despite of the general execration of the human race, echoed from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, providing he could prove to the Parisians that he was still the Emperor of the World, and Paris its capital. *Savants*, therefore, *amateurs*, and artists, whose skill and taste might supply the deficiency of his own, regularly attended upon his military expeditions; and when a city had surrendered, or had otherwise fallen into his power, whatever it possessed in public or private property evincing excellence in the arts, was destined to augment the Central Museum, and furnish a topic of consolation to those Parisians whose sons perhaps had fallen in battle under its walls. For this purpose every town in Italy was ransacked, and compelled by open violence, or a still more odious influence exercised under pretext of treaties, to surrender those specimens of sculpture and painting whose very names had become associated with the classical situations, from which a true admirer of the arts would have deemed it sacrilege to have torn them. The Low Countries were compelled to yield up those masterpieces of the Flemish school, which are prized by amateurs as almost equal to those of Italy. Dresden, long famous for its collection of paintings, which Frederic the Great contented himself with admiring, was plundered, and only saved in part by the submis-

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sion of the Elector.* Berlin and Potzdam underwent a similar fate; and while Bonaparte affected to restore to the subdued monarch of Prussia his crown and kingdom, he actually pillaged his palaces of their most precious and domestic ornaments. Vienna was severely ransacked, with every inferior town in the Emperor's dominions, and that even at the period of an alliance cemented by the conqueror's union with a daughter of the house of Austria. The ancient capital of the czars was destined to consign its old magnificence to the same accumulated heap of spoil. But there the robber's arm was shortened, and the plunder of the Kremlin was retaken ere it had crossed the Beresina. The very ornaments of the apartments were acquired by the same iniquitous means which had filled them with paintings and statues. The twelve granite pillars which supported the Hall of Sculpture were plundered from Aix-la-Chapelle, and the beautifully wrought bronze folding-doors at the upper end of the Grand Saloon were the spoils of a church at Rome. "Omnis Thaida Thais olet." The collection in all its parts, magnificent and unmatched as it is, savours of the cruelty, perfidy, and rapine, by which it was accumulated.

Many have therefore been tempted to think, that there was less wisdom or justice than magnanimity in the conduct of the allies during the preceding year, who, to save the feelings of the French, which in this case had no title to a moment's consideration, sacrificed the justice due to their own despoiled countries, and let pass the opportunity of giving a great moral lesson, without inflicting on France a single hardship, excepting what might flow from her wounded vanity. But Prussia, it seems, was satisfied with a promise (ill kept by the restored family) that her property should be redelivered when affairs were settled in France; and for the other nations no stipulation seems to have been made. If the allies on this occasion neglected to reclaim by force their own property when in their power, it would nevertheless have been just, and perhaps prudent, in the Bourbon family, to have of their own accord relinquished spoils which could only remind them of their own misfortunes. But they were too anxious to establish themselves in the opinion of their new subjects as good Frenchmen, to recollect that justice, open and even-handed, is the first duty of a monarch. They were afraid to face the clamour which would have stigmatized an act of honest restitution as the concession of cowardice. As Bonaparte had been the heir of the Revolution, they were willing to be the heirs of Bonaparte, and appear to have been as little disposed to the doctrine of restitution as the worthy corregidor of Leon, who succeeded to the treasures of Captain Rolando's subterranean mansion. At least they were not unwilling, like the sons of a

* [It is believed that this is a mistake—that in fact no picture was ever carried to Paris from the gallery at Dresden.—Ed.]

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usurer, to possess treasures of such value, without sharing the guilt of the original acquisition. They did not reflect that every token which carried back the Frenchman's recollection to the Emperor, must excite comparisons, among the thoughtless and unprincipled, highly unfavourable to the legitimate possessor of the crown.

The day of reckoning is at length arrived. The Museum, when I first arrived in Paris, was still entire. But Blucher, who was not, it seems, to be foiled a second time, has since made several visits, attended by a German artist, for the purpose of ascertaining and removing the pictures which belong to Prussia, or to the German states now united with her. The French guardians of the Museum also attended, no longer to decide upon the point of view in which the spoils of nations should be disposed, but to plead, occasionally and timidly, that such a picture formed no part of the cabinet of Potzdam, but had been stolen from some other collections. These demurrers were generally silenced by a "Tais toi," or "Halt maul,"* from the veteran of Laon and Waterloo, who is no friend to prolonged discussions. If you ask, whether Prussia has recovered all the pictures which had been carried off at different times, I fancy I may return the same emphatic answer given by an old Scotch serving man, when his master asked him if he had been careful to pack up all his wardrobe at leaving a friend's house,—"*At least*, your honour." Not that I suppose the Prince-Marshal has got a single article to which the French had any just title, but the late enlargement of the dominions of Prussia has greatly extended her claims of restitution in right of states and cities newly annexed to her dominions; and I fancy she did not permit them to be over minutely scrutinized. Still, however, though nearly a hundred pictures have in this manner gradually disappeared, I have not missed one of those masterpieces to which the attention of the visitor is earliest directed and longest riveted. It is when the claims of Italy and the Netherlands shall be enforced that the principal disgorging of spoil will take place; and when that day comes, I believe it will drive some of the French amateurs to actual distraction. Their attachment to these paintings and statues, or rather to the national glory which they conceive them to illustrate, is as excessive as if the Apollo and Venus were still objects of actual adoration; and on the day of their departure I anticipate them exclaiming with Micah, "Ye have taken away my gods, and ye are gone away, and what have I more? How then say ye unto me, what aileth me?"

It is, however, understood to be definitively settled by the allied sovereigns, that the French must undergo this mortification; as is evident by the generals, at the capitulation of Paris, having refused to

* ["*Hold your tongue.*"]

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sanction an article of the treaty proposed by the French, for securing the possession of these monuments. It is a severe mortification, doubtless; but independent of the undeniable justice of the measure, it is wholesome that the French should have in future no trophies to appeal to as memorials that they had exercised a power over other states which their victors never had courage to retaliate; or to exhibit as emblems of past conquest, and as the incentive to new wars. The contents of the Museum have been found by bitter experience to perpetuate recollections, which, for the peace of France and of Europe, ought to be effaced as speedily and absolutely as possible. Such associations render the removal of the objects which excite them as necessary a precaution, as the burning of Don Quixote's library to prevent the recurrence of his frenzy.

With respect to the arts, you know I pretend to no skill in the province of the amateur; but the best judges seem to allow that the dispersion of this immense collection is by no means unfavourable to their progress and improvement. We readily admit, and each spectator has felt, that nothing can be more magnificent, more august, more deeply impressive, taken as a whole, than that noble gallery, prolonged to an extent which the eye can hardly distinctly trace, and crowded on every side with the noblest productions of the most inspired artists. Fourteen hundred paintings, each claiming rank as a masterpiece, disposed upon walls which extend for more than twelve hundred feet in length, form, united, a collection unparalleled in extent and splendour. But a part of this charm vanishes when we have become familiar with the coup d'œil; and the emotions of surprise and pleasure which the transient visitor receives, are gained in some degree at the expense of the student, or studious amateur. In a saloon of such length and height, lighted too from both sides, it is impossible that all the pictures can be seen to advantage; and, in truth, many cannot be seen at all. In a selection where all is excellent, and worthy of studious and heedful attention, this is a disadvantage of no common kind. But it is not the only one. Each of these paintings, almost without exception, has in it something excellent; but, independent of the loss which they sustain in common, by being so much crowded together, and by making part rather of one grand and brilliant whole, than subjects important enough for detached and separate consideration, the merit of some of these chefs-d'œuvre so far exceeds that of others, as altogether to divert the attention from objects of inferior, though still of exquisite skill. Few possessing even the most eager love for the art, though they have consumed hours, days, weeks, and months, in the Museum, have been able to escape that fascination which draws them to the Transfiguration of Raphael, the Communion by Domenichino, the Martyrdom of the Inquisitor, and some other masterpieces. About fifty pictures at most,

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therefore, are copied, studied, examined, and worshipped, while more than twenty times that number are neglected and unseen, and with all their admitted excellence, draw as little attention as the nymphs and Graces in the suite of Venus. This shows that the appetite of taste, as well as of epicurism, may be satiated and rendered capricious by the exhibition of too rich and sumptuous a banquet, and that, our capacity of enjoyment being limited, there is no wisdom in an injudicious accumulation of means for its gratification. To the young student in particular, the feelings of satiety are peculiarly hazardous; for either he becomes accustomed to indulge a capricious and presumptuous contempt of works which he has slightly studied, or he is deterred from boldly and vigorously venturing upon a laborious and difficult art, when he sees that excellence, of a pitch to which he dare not aspire, may, in company with the ultimate efforts of genius, be insufficient to secure respect and attention.

It might be added, that there are particular points, in which even those distinguished and selected patterns of supereminence, which throw every inferior degree of merit into shadow, lose, in some measure, the full impression of their own merit, by being disjoined from the local associations with a view to which they were painted. This is especially the case with the religious subjects executed for altar-pieces, and for the ornaments of chapels, where the artist had laboured to suit not only his size of figures and disposition of light to the place which the painting was to occupy, but had also given them a tone of colouring and a general character, harmonizing with the solemnity, not only of the subject, but of the scene around. To many a thorough-paced and hackneyed connoisseur, who considers the finest painting merely as a subject for his technical criticism, the divesting it of these exterior accompaniments will seem of little consequence. But those who love the art for the noble and enthusiastic feelings by the excitement of which it is best applauded, will feel some difference in considering a scripture-piece over the altar of a Gothic church, and in viewing the same painting where it forms part of an incongruous assemblage of landscapes and flower-pieces, with a group of drinking boors placed on one side, and an amour of Jupiter upon the other.

These observations apply only to the ostentatious assemblage of so many and such various specimens of the art in one extensive gallery. But had this objection not existed—had these paintings been so disposed in various apartments as to give each its appropriate situation, and secure for each that portion of attention which it merits, still objections would remain to the whole system. There is no wisdom in venturing as it were the fortunes of the world of art in one single collection, exposed to total and irredeemable destruction either from accidental fire, or the havoc of war, or popular frenzy. Had the Museum existed

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during the first years of the Revolution, its danger must have been most imminent, and twice during the space of a very few months has it narrowly escaped the risks which must have attended it had Paris been stormed.

Independent even of these considerations, and admitting this general accumulation of the treasures of art to be as desirable as it is certainly august and impressive, I should still hesitate to say that Paris is the city where they ought to be reposited. The French school, though it has produced many good artists, has been as remarkable for wanting, as the Italians for possessing, that dignity and simplicity of feeling which leads to the sublime. Poussin alone excepted, there is a flutter and affectation, a constraint of attitude to create point, and a studied contrast of colour and light to bring out effect, which marks the national taste; and from the charms of such Dalilahs, as Dryden calls similar flourishes in poetry, they never have weaned themselves, nor ever will. Their want of real taste and feeling may be estimated by the unawed audacity with which they have in several notorious instances undertaken to repair, and even to alter, the masterpieces which conquest and rapine had put within their power. The same deficiency of real taste is evinced by the rash comparisons which they make between their schools of music and painting and those of Italy, in which Gay's lines still describe the present Parisian as well as him of his own day :—

> "Mention the force of learned Corelli's notes,
> Some squeaking fiddler of their ball he quotes;
> Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
> Yet warm with life, whose speaking picture lives,
> 'Yes, sir,' says he, 'in colour and design,
> Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine.'"

Where the taste of those with whom he must naturally associate is systematically deficient, the young artist may lose as much through the influence of a French preceptor, as he could gain by studying in the Museum. I might also hint how little a capital like Paris, containing so many temptations to idleness and dissipation, is a safe abode for the young artist. But enough has been said to justify the sacrifice now exacted from France, however it may lower her pride, and mortify her vanity. First, it is a demand of justice, and therefore must be enforced; and next, the artist, though he must in future extend his travels, and visit various cities in search of those excellences which are now to be seen collected in the Louvre, will have greater benefit from the experience which has cost him some toil; and if he must traverse Switzerand and Italy, to view the sculptures of ancient Greece, and the paintings of modern Rome, he will have the double advantage of taking lessons on his route from Nature herself, in the solitary grandeur of the one, and the profuse luxuriance of the other. He will judge of the scenery which trained these great artists, as well from his own experience,

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as from their representation, and may perhaps be enabled to guess how they composed as well as how they executed.

The taste of the French seems to be turned more towards the Hall of Sculptures than the Gallery of Paintings. I think I can trace somethink of a corresponding partiality in the works of David, their greatest living artist, whose figures, though often nobly conceived and disposed, have a hardness of outline, resembling statuary. My own taste, formed probably on habit (for we see few good statues in Britain), would have inclined otherwise; and, I grieve to say, I was rather disappointed with some of those statues of antiquity from which I expected most pleasure. One monument can disappoint nobody—I mean the Apollo Belvidere, the sublime simplicity of whose attitude, and the celestial expression of his countenance, seem really more than mortal. It is said there is a chance of his visiting England: while I looked upon so exquisite a specimen of ancient art, I could not muster virtue enough to wish the report false; but writing in my solitary closet, and in mature consideration, I do hope sincerely that neither by purchase, nor gift, or otherwise, however fairly, will Britain possess herself of that or any other the least part of those spoils, since the French would eagerly grasp at such a pretext for alleging that we sought the gratification of our own selfish ends, while we affected to render justice to others. Indeed, unless I am much mistaken, the personage whose taste might be most gratified by such an acquisition, would not enter into a transaction calculated to throw the slightest shade of suspicion on the pure faith of Britain, to acquire all that Phidias ever carved, or Raphael painted. This fine statue, and the other specimens of art, seem to rise in value with the French as the hour of parting with them approaches. They talk to them, weep to them, kneel to them, and bid adieu to them, as if they were indeed restored to the rank of idols. But Baal boweth down, Nebo stoopeth—the hammer and wedge have given awful note of preparation; the Venus, the Dying Gladiator, and many other statues, have been loosened from their pedestals, and stand prompt for returning to their native and appropriate places of abode. Many a lowering eye and frowning brow marks the progress of these preparations; and such is the grotesque distress in the countenances of others, that, as Poins says of Falstaff, if it were not for laughing I could pity them.

After all, however, the French are not objects of compassion, even in the despoiled state, as they express themselves, to which they are likely to be reduced. France possesses, as public property, besides the paintings of her own school, a noble collection formed by the Bourbon race, and the Borghese pictures, honestly bought and paid for by Bonaparte. She has also to boast the gallery of the Luxembourg palace containing that splendid series of historical pictures by Rubens,

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commemorating the principal actions in the life of Mary de Medicis, to the brilliancy of which there can only be objected the incongruous mixture of mythological and allegorical personages, with characters of historical reality. But this mixture of truth and fiction, and men and genii, and heathen gods and Christian emblems, seems to me so inconsistent, that, could I entertain the ambitious hope of possessing a picture of Rubens, I would prefer one of his boar-hunts, or groups of peasants going to market, to the most splendid picture in the Luxembourg gallery.

At Malmaison there are also some fine paintings, besides a number of good copies from the pictures of the Museum. This was the abode of Josephine, of whom all speak with regret and affection. I was particularly struck with the figure of a dancing Nymph, in marble, which, to my poor judgment, might have been placed beside any of the Grecian monuments in the Hall of Sculptures, without suffering much disparagement. It was cut by Canova, that eminent artist, who, as he remonstrated formerly against the transference of the works of art from Italy, has now the satisfaction of superintending their restoration to that classical land.

This ample subject has exhausted my paper. I remain, my dear sister, affectionately yours, PAUL.

LETTER XIV.

PAUL TO THE MAJOR.

Bonaparte's Flight to Paris—Debates in the Chambers—Deputation to the Soldiers—Anxiety of the Chambers—Indifference of Bonaparte—He leaves the Capital—Preparations for defending Paris—Allies advance upon the South—Capitulation of Paris—Reflections—Rumoured Conspiracies—National Guard—Gardes du Corps—Gendarmes—Maréchal Macdonald—Number of Foreign Troops—Austrians—Russians—Prussians—Chateau de Montmorency—Prussian Officers—Strict Discipline among the British—Prussian Order of Faith and Honour—Its influence in the Army—Highlanders—Good Conduct of the Allied Forces—Affray with the Mob—Guards of the Allied Monarchs—Castle of Vincennes—Motley assemblages in the Museum—Reviews—Anecdote of Colonel Hepburn.

YOUR appetite for military details, my dear Major, is worthy of one who assisted at the defence of Bergen-op-Zoom, in the year 1747, since it cannnot be sated with the ample feast which I sent you from Waterloo. Here, indeed, I see little around me but military of all nations; but how to describe the gay, glittering, and at the same time formidable scene, a scene too so new to all my habits, is a point of no little difficulty. Paris is one great camp, consisting of soldiers of

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almost all nations, and is under the military authority of the Prussian Baron Muffling, as commandant for the allies. You are not ignorant of the proceedings which led to this extraordinary crisis, but I shall bri efly recall themto your memory.

The only division of the French army which remained entire after the rout of Waterloo, was that of Grouchy and Vandamme, which, by a retreat that did these generals the highest honour, was not only conducted unbroken under the walls of Paris, but gained some accession of strength from the wrecks of the main army. Upon their arrival they found matters in a most singular state of crisis. Bonaparte had anticipated the tidings of the field of Waterloo, and brought, like a certain general renowned in song, the news of his own defeat to the good city of Paris. It would seem that he expected the Liberalists would now, in this last and critical danger, have made common cause with him, strengthened his hands with all the power that unanimity could bestow upon a dictator, called upon the nation to rally around his standard, and tried yet one desperate chance for conquest. But he had measured his importance according to former, not according to existing circumstances. The Rump of the old Conventionalists saw no more to overawe them in Bonaparte's defeat, than their predecessors of the Long Parliament had seen in Richard Cromwell. They instantly made known to him, and with no friendly voice, that the times demanded his resignation ; they called his ministers before them authoritatively, and intimated by every movement their intention to take the reins of government into their own hands. Napoleon had no alternative left him but that of defiance or of abdication. In the former case, he might indeed have dissolved the refractory Chambers, for the troops, and the lower class of the Parisian populace, who were armed under the name of Fédérés, were resolute in his behalf. But he was not resolute in his own determination. It was in vain that his brother Lucien, who, having resumed the thorny path of politics, was disposed to tread it with his former audacity, urged him to march a body of troops to the Chambers, dissolve them at once, and take the full power into his own hands. Success over the Chambers was indeed certain, but its consequences would have called upon Napoleon to live or die with the troops who should achieve it : of the first he had little hope, and for the last slender inclination. He therefore attempted by a compromise to transfer his crown, now entwined with thorns, to the head of his infant son. The proposition was for some time evaded by the Assembly, and Bonaparte's adherents could only procure an indirect and dubious assent to this condition. Lucien pleaded, and Labédoyère bullied in vain ; and the Chambers having possessed themselves of this brief and precarious authority, began such a course of debate as Swift ascribes to his Legion Club,—

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"While they sit and pick their straws,
Let them dream of making laws."

Instead of active preparations to oppose or avert the progress of foreign invaders, the Parisians saw with astonishment their senators engaged in discussions of abstract theory, or frivolous points of form. A matter-of-fact man, who wished to know the distance betwixt Saint Quentin (then Lord Wellington's headquarters) and Paris, was called to order, as going into matter irrelevant to the subject of debate. The question, however, was not mal-à-propos. Grouchy's army arrived, and the allies were not long behind him. The Chambers who had by this time assumed all the old-fashioned mummery and jargon of the Convention, sent forth a deputation of its members, decorated with three-coloured scarfs, to harangue the soldiers and the fédérés; and they were conjured by the members who proposed the deputation to apprize the soldiers, that the representatives were ready to mix with them in their ranks, since, to those who fell, the day of their death would be that of their *resurrection*. It was supposed that Mons. Garnier, not much accustomed to such terms, had meant to say *immortality*, but this impropriety of expression greatly maimed the energy of his eloquence.

The representatives went forth with their fine scarfs. They harangued the soldiers, and the armed banditti called fédérés, upon the original principles of liberty and the unprescriptible rights of man, and recommended to them, as a rallying word, "Vive la Nation, Vive la Liberté!" But the charm was as ineffectual as that used by the Abbess of Andouillets. The soldiers and fédérés only answered with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur." The representatives affected to consider these acclamations as referring to Napoleon II., and having, like the Duke of Buckingham, thanked their loving friends and countrymen for sentiments which they had never expressed, they returned to make their report to the Chambers. There was, in truth, only one point of union between these assemblies of *soi-disant* legislators and the French troops, which was an obstinate determination, founded upon a combined sense of crime and fear of punishment, to resist to the uttermost the restoration of the legitimate sovereign, although every wise man in France had long seen it was the sole measure which promised to avert the impending ruin of the country. Upon this topic the most furious speeches were made, the most violent resolutions entered into; and the Lower Chamber, in particular, showed that it wanted only time and power to renew the anarchy, as it had adopted the language, of the early Revolution. But there were cold fits to allay this fever, and the perturbation of mind by which individuals began to find themselves agitated, broke out amid their bullying ridiculously enough. Merlin of Douai (an old hack'd engine of Philip Egalité, and Robes-

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pierre, under the last of whom he promulgated the bloody edict against suspected persons) announced to the Chamber of Representatives his having received an untimely visit of two persons in a fiacre, demanding to speak to him on the part of the president of the provisional government; that the hour being one in the morning, he had refused them admittance—happily so refused them—since, in the unanimous opinion of Merlin himself, of his wife, and honest Regnault de St Jean d'Angely, these untimely visitors could mean nothing good to his person. On this annunciation, vigorous measures were proposed for the protection of Monsieur Merlin, when Boulay de la Meurthe stopped farther proceeding, by informing the assembly that the supposed emissaries of royalty were in fact what they called themselves, messengers from the president upon a matter of emergency, which they had communicated to himself upon being refused access to Merlin. One member's terrors were excited by seeing in the street a wounded officer, those of another broke out upon spying—not a peer, as used to be the cause of alarm in St Stephen's—but, sight more appalling, a royal Garde du Corps in full uniform under the gallery! These alarms were faithfully reported to the Chambers, and though the wiser representatives suppressed their own fears, there were many indications that they did not less deeply entertain them.

The anxiety of the Government and of the Chambers was singularly contrasted by the extreme indifference of him who had been the origin of all the turmoil and bloodshed, and who continued for some time to travel from the palace of Bourbon, Elysées to Malmaison and back again, to give fêtes there, and to prepare for a journey no one could say whither, with as much composure as if the general distraction concerned him as little, or less, than any other temporary sojourner in France. To complete this scene of characteristic affectation, he sent a message to the Chambers to request copies of two books which he desired might be placed at his disposal. But the near approach of the allies at length accelerated his departure; and on the 29th June, when they were within three leagues of the city, he finally left the capital, which he had lately called his own, to make the best defence or capitulation they could. At first the Chambers resolved upon defence. But the means were very imperfect.

When Bonaparte, before leaving Paris for Avesnes, consulted Carnot on the means necessary for the defence of the metropolis, the latter is said to have estimated them at two hundred millions, and the labour of three years. "And when that sum of treasure and labour has been expended, sixty thousand good troops," continued the ex-director, "and a sustained assault of twenty-four hours, may render it all in vain." Nevertheless Bonaparte undertook preparations for this gigantic and hopeless task. The heights of Montmartre were fortified with

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extreme care, and amply supplied with artillery. The village of St Denis was also strongly garrisoned; and a partial inundation being accomplished by means of stopping two brooks, the water was introduced into the half-completed canal De l'Ourcq, the bank of which being formed into a parapet, completed a formidable line of defence on the northern side of the city, resting both flanks upon the Seine. The populace of Paris had laboured at these lines with an enthusiasm not surpassed in the most exalted frenzy of the Revolution; nor were their spirits or courage at all lowered by the approach of the conquering armies of England and Prussia, in the act of being supported, if need were, by the whole force of Russia and Austria. They confided in what had repeatedly and carefully been impressed upon their minds —that Paris could only fall by treachery; and boasted that they had now Massena, and Soult, and Davoust (as much celebrated for the military talent as for the atrocity which he displayed in the defence of Hamburgh), to direct the defence of the capital, instead of Marmont, by whom, in the preceding year, they were taught to believe it had been basely betrayed.

But although the line of defence to the north was such as to justify temporary confidence, the city on the opposite side was entirely open, excepting the occupation of the villages of Issy, and the heights of St Cloud and Meudon. These two points, if they could have been maintained, would have protected for a time that large and level plain which stands on the south side of Paris, and which now presented no advantages for defence, excepting an imperfect attempt at a trench, and a few houses and garden-walls accommodated with loop-holes for the use of musketry. On this defenceless side, therefore, the allied generals resolved to make the attack, and the Prince-Marshal, on the 30th June, crossed the Seine at St Germains, and, occupying Versailles, threatened the French position at Meudon, Issy, and the heights of St Cloud, while the Duke of Wellington, holding Gonesse, opened a communication with the Prussians by a bridge at Argenteuil. The French, though their situation was desperate, did not lose courage, and one gleam of success shone on their arms. General Excelmans, by a well-conducted assault, surprised the Prussians who occupied Versailles, and made prisoners some cavalry. But the French were assaulted in their turn, driven from the heights of St Cloud, from Issy, and from Meudon, and forced close under the city itself. This happened on the 2d July, and Blucher had already sent to the British general to request the assistance of a battery of Congreve's rockets,—a most ominous preparation for the assault which he meditated. Meanwhile the wealthy and respectable Parisians were equally apprehensive of danger from their defenders and from the assailants. The temper of the French soldier had risen to frenzy, and the mob of the Fauxbourgs,

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animated by the same feelings of rage, vomited threats and execrations both against the allies, and against the citizens of Paris who favoured the cause of peace and legitimacy. Such was the temper of this motley garrison, as formidable to the capital as the presence of an incensed enemy, when upon the 3d July the terms of capitulation between the allies and Massena, who acted as commander-in-chief of the French, were arranged, and signed, Paris once more subjected to the mercy of Europe, and the Queen of Provinces a second time made a bondswoman.

A brief but fearful period of anarchy passed ere the French army, now men without a cause and without a leader, evacuated Paris and its vicinity, and ere their yet more savage associates, the fédérés, could be prevailed upon to lay down their arms, with which they still threatened death and devastation to each royalist, or rather to property and all its possessors. The firmness of the National Guards is universally acknowledged to have saved Paris in that awful moment, when, in all human probability, the first example of plunder would have been followed both by the populace and by the foreigners, and a scene of universal blood, rapine, and conflagration, must have become the necessary consequence.

They are indeed fervent politicians, whom now and then of an evening we have heard breathe an ardent wish that Paris had been burnt to the ground. These are words soon spoken in the energy of patriotic hatred, or a desire of vengeance for outraged morality; but if we can picture to ourselves without shrinking those horrid scenes which ensue,

> "Where the fleah'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
> In liberty of bloody hand shall range,
> With conscience wide as hell,"

we ought yet to remember upon how many thousands such dreadful vengeance must have fallen, who can only be justly considered as common sufferers by the very acts of aggression of which Europe has such strong reason to complain, and how many thousands more age and incapacity exempted even from the possibility of having been sharers in the offence. It is impossible to look around upon this splendid capital without remembering the affecting plea which the Deity himself condescended to use with his vindictive prophet: "Should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle?" Least of all ought we to wish that any part of the British forces had been partakers in the horrid licence that must have followed on such a catastrophe, during which the restraints of discipline and the precepts of religion are alike forgotten in the headlong course of privileged fury. It was observed of the veteran army of Tilly, that the sack of Magdeburg gave a death-blow to their

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discipline, and we know how the troops of France herself were ruined by that of Moscow. In every point of view, therefore, as well with regard to the agents as the sufferers, the averting the destruction of Paris, when it appeared almost inevitable, has added to the glories which the Duke of Wellington has acquired in this immortal campaign. For it is not to be denied, that to his wise and powerful interference, restraining the vindictive ardour of Blucher, yet accelerating, by his tone of decision, the reluctant surrender of Davoust, was chiefly owing the timely arrangement of the articles of capitulation, in consequence of which the King of France again obtained possession of his capital, and the allied armies became the peaceful garrison of Paris.

By the time I reached the capital the political convulsions had entirely subsided, and the royal government, to all external appearance, was in as quiet an exercise of authority as if Louis XVIII. had never been dispossessed of the throne. But the public mind was not as yet accustomed to consider the change as permanent, being influenced and agitated by a thousand gloomy reports of plots and conspiracies, as the sea, after the storm has subsided, continues still to heave and swell with the impulse it has received. It was said, in particular, that Labédoyère, who had been found concealed in Paris, and there arrested, was agent of a conspiracy, in which the fédérés of the fauxbourgs, with the disbanded soldiers of the army of the north, were to be enlisted. One party of the conspirators were to wear the dress and arms of the Parisian National Guard, and so accoutred were to assault simultaneously the hotels of the Emperors of Austria and of Russia, of the King of Prussia, of Lord Castlereagh, of the Duke of Wellington, and of Blucher; while other bands, disguised in the uniforms of the allied troops, should storm the posts of the National Guard, and particularly those maintained at the palace of the Tuileries. That a project so wild and impraticable should have been seriously attempted, I can hardly credit; but that so many reckless and desperate men as were now in Paris were meditating something of peril and violence, is extremely probable, for at this very time all the guards maintained on the illustrious personages I have mentioned were on a sudden strongly reinforced, and unusual strictness was exercised by the sentinels in challenging those who approached their posts. In going home to my hotel upon this night, I was stopped and interrogated more than six times, and in a new language at each post. The word *English* was a sufficient answer upon every occasion. Indeed, the great and combined military force would have rendered any such conspiracy an effort of fruitless, though perhaps not bloodless, frenzy.

The internal duty of Paris is chiefly performed by the National Guard, who, in dress and appearance, remind me very much of the original or blue regiment of Edinburgh Volunteers. They furnish

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piquets for the various guards upon public places, and around the Tuileries; a severe duty for the respectable class of citizens of whom these regiments are composed, since I suppose at least five hundred men are required for the daily discharge of it. But the corps is very numerous, and a consciousness that the peace of the city and security of property depend upon its being regularly and punctually performed, reconciles these citizen-soldiers to their task.

The guards upon the king's person and palace are intrusted to the Gardes du Corps, or household troops, fine-looking men, very handsomely, though not gaudily, dressed. They are said, with few exceptions, to have behaved with great loyalty in the late trying crisis; but as they are an expensive corps, holding the rank of gentlemen, and being paid accordingly, it is supposed their numbers will be much limited in future. They are very civil in their deportment, and in the discharge of their duty, particularly to English strangers. My infirmities perhaps claimed a little compassion, and it is no discredit to them that I have seen Messrs les Gardes du Corps feel the claim, and make a little way, by the influence of voice and authority, for one who was not so able to make it for himself. And indeed there was a kind of chivalrous feeling in most of these gentlemen, a modesty of demeanour, a gentleness of conduct towards the crowd, and a deference to the claims of hospitality, a sense, in short, that he who has the momentary power should use it with tenderness and forbearance, which might be mere urbanity, but which a professed aristocrat is apt to consider as mixed with a higher feeling. This corps, I have been informed, suffered much in attending the king to the frontiers; a few who had been selected from Bonaparte's followers in a spirit of conciliation, returned to their first vocation; but the rest followed their master as far as they were permitted, and experienced much hardship and distress in consequence, besides the actual slaughter of many of their companions. A stranger is an indifferent judge of such matters, but I am so old-fashioned as to think that a body of real men-at-arms, chosen from the younger sons of the nobility and gentry, is not only a graceful institution as a defence and ornament to the throne, but may in France be the means of retrieving the real military character, so dishonoured and disgraced of late years.

There is another armed force, of a very different description, frequently seen in Paris—the patroles of the modern gendarmes, or military police; men picked out for the office, and who, in files of two or four, upon foot or horseback, constantly parade every part not only of Paris, but of France. Their dress and arms are those of heavy dragoons, and therefore they may be at first thought less adapted for discharging their peculiar duty, which is that of police-officers. But there is a very perfect system, of which these are the agents, and when,

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as in the case of the late efforts of Bonaparte, the police seems to have proved ineffectual, it is not the fault of the inferior and operative agents, but of those superintendents from whom they received their signals. These gendarmes were the agents so dreaded under the imperial government, whose appearance made every knee tremble, and every cheek grow pale. If they are less formidable under a legitimate sway, it is because even the enemies of the constitution may shelter their crimes beneath the laws instituted for the protection of innocence. Through all France, however, the ubiquity of the police is something striking and singular. In the most retired scene which you can choose, if you see a solitary horseman, or still more, if you see two riding together, it is five to one that they belong to the gendarmerie. At this moment they have full employment for their address and omnipresence; and I believe it is exercised in no common degree, unless we should give credit to the scandal of the *royalistes purs*, who pretend that Fouché under the Bourbons is a much more tractable person than Fouché under the Republic and under Bonaparte.

The National Guards, Gardes du Corps, or household troops, and the Gendarmes, compose the only French military force to be at present seen in Paris. Maréchal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, is intrusted with the difficult task of disbanding and reorganizing the army beyond the Loire, the remnants, namely, of the old Imperial army. Macdonald is equally remarkable for military skill and loyalty; his march from the extremity of Italy to unite himself with Moreau, previous to the battle of Novi, and the successful retreat which he made even after losing that dreadful and well-fought action, against the redoubted Suwarrow, prove his military talent, as his behaviour during Bonaparte's last invasion has established his military faith. Your question is ready, I know, my dear Major, *Which* of the Macdonalds is he? for of true blood you unquestionably have already deemed him. To satisfy a wish so laudable, I can inform you from the best authority, that the Maréchal is descended of that tribe or family of the Macdonalds of Clanronald who are called M'Eachen, or Sons of Hector, as claiming their descent from a cadet of the house of Clanronald, so named. The father of the Duke of Tarentum was engaged in our affair (I love a delicate expression) of 1745, and was very useful to Prince Charles Edward during his rash enterprise. He was a Highlander, bred to the church, and educated in France. He spoke, therefore, Gaelic, English, French, and Latin; and was, besides, intelligent, bold, and faithful. He was one of the seven who embarked with the unfortunate Chevalier when his expedition of knight-errantry had utterly failed. On his return to France, M'Eachen took the more general name of his tribe, and appears to have preferred the military service to resuming his studies for the church. His son is now one of the most respectable cha-

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racters whom the French army list presents to us. I had letters to him from his friends in Skye, but had not the good fortune to meet him at Paris. He was more usefully engaged; and, by all accounts, the king could not have reposed confidence in a more loyal and gallant character. How should it be otherwise? Is he not a Scotchman, and a M'Donald?—eh, Major!

Of foreign troops, all included, there are generally said to be in France to the number of a million; but I am informed from the best authority, that they do certainly amount to EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN, an assembly of troops scarce paralleled save in the annals of romance.* Of these the British, Prussians, and Russians, are nearest to Paris, so stationed as to have an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men within a day's march of the city.

The Austrians are chiefly in the South of France. The French complain more of the severity of the usage which the inhabitants receive from them, than of the rest of the allies. Those whom we see here are part of the Emperor's Hungarian guards, selected men, of fine and tall figure, which is set off by their white dress. They are unquestionably, in point of exterior appearance, the handsomest of the allied troops; but, though tall and bulky men, want the hardy and athletic look of the British, Russians, or Prussians. Tell the ladies also, that this same white uniform looks better upon a line of troops in the field, than worn by an individual officer in a ball-room, whose appearance involuntarily, and rather unfairly, reminds me of the master of a regimental band. The hussar uniforms of Austria are very handsome, particularly those of the Hungarians, to whose country the dress properly belongs.

The Russians are in the neighbourhood in very considerable force. I was present at a splendid review which was made of these northern warriors by the Allied Sovereigns, the Duke of Wellington, etc. The principal avenue of the Champs Elysées was crowded with troops of all sorts; and the reflection of the sun appeared almost intolerably bright. The monarchs, generals, and their suite, occupied the centre of the Place Louis Quinze, almost the very spot in which Louis XVI. was beheaded, and for more than two hours the troops defiled before them without a pause, in a close column, whose front occupied the whole space afforded by the breadth of the avenue. The infantry were fine, firm, steady-looking men, clean, handsome, but by no means remarkable for stature. From the green uniform, and the short and sturdy make of the Russians, the French nicknamed them *Cornichons*, as if they resembled the green cucumbers, so called when pickled. They had a formidable train of artillery, in the highest possible order,

* It has since appeared, from the returns in Parliament, that this number is considerably beneath the real amount.

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and were attended by several regiments both of dragoons and cuirassiers. The cuirassiers of the guard had burnished steel breastplates, which glanced to the sun, and made a noble display. The cuirasses of the other regiments seemed to be of hammered iron. The cavaliers were remarkably fine men; the horses, excepting those of the officers, seemed to be of an inferior description, and rather weak for that sort of service; but the general effect was indescribably grand. The troops swept on, wave rolling as it were after wave, to the number of at least twenty thousand men, the sound of one band of martial music advancing as the other died away, and the interminable column moving on as if the procession would stretch out to the crack of doom. During this grand display of the powers of the North, the ground was kept by the regular Cossacks of the Russian guard, very fine men, and under good discipline. The irregular Cossacks, and light troops of a similar description, are only occasionally seen in Paris; but their Hettman, Prince Platow, is a constant resident in the capital, and to him these children of the desert are occasionally summoned. The appearance of the proper Cossack is prepossessing. He has high features, keeps his long blue coat strictly clean, and displays some taste for splendour in his arms and accoutrements, which are often richly decorated with silver. But the Tartar tribes, whom the French unite under the same general appellation, have frequently a most uncouth and savage appearance. Cloaks of sheepskin, bows, arrows, shields made of dried hides, and other appointments savouring of the earliest state of society, were seen among them; from which the French, whom even invasion with all its ills, cannot deprive of their jest, call them "*Les Cupidons du Nord.*" I saw one man who had come with his tribe from near to the Great Wall of China, to fight against the French under the walls of Paris! The poor fellow was in the hospital from a very natural cause, the injury which his feet had sustained in so long a march. But these wilder light troops were judiciously kept at a distance from Paris, where the splendour and wealth of the shops formed rather too strong temptations for Tartar morality.

The Prussian troops have gradually assumed a more respectable exterior, as the new clothing, at the expense of France, has been completed and delivered. They are a handsome fair-haired race of men; their uniforms almost exclusively blue and red. Both they and the Russians seem to think, that the beauty of the male form consists in resembling as much as possible a triangle, or rather a lady in an old-fashioned pair of high stays. So they draw their waists tight by means of a broad belt, or some similar contrivance, and stuff out and pad the breast and shoulders till the desired figure is attained. Almost all of them are young men, summoned to arms by the situation of Europe, and their own country in particular,—a call which was obeyed with

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such ardent enthusiasm, that I suppose no civilized kingdom ever had under arms, as a disposable force, so large a proportion of its population. Many regiments are composed of *landwehr*, or militia, and some of volunteers. It necessarily follows, from this intermixture of various descriptions of force, that they cannot be all under the same degree of strict military discipline; and to this must be attributed the irregularities they committed upon their march, and which were sometimes imputed to them in their quarters. They have never been accused, however, of gross violence, of assailing life or honour, or wantonly injuring the churches or public buildings, crimes which were objected to the French armies in Prussia. Their resentment, indeed, was stirred at the name of the bridge of Jena, and they had made preparations for the destruction of that useful and beautiful edifice. But the intercession of the Duke of Wellington procured a delay, until the King of Prussia upon his arrival repeated this hasty and vindictive order.

I saw a large body of these troops quartered in the celebrated Chateau de Montmorency. The owner of this fine seat, and the beautiful domain annexed, was attached to Bonaparte, had fled upon Napoleon's first exile, and had returned to share his triumph. The brief interval before the battle of Waterloo which compelled him to a second retreat, had been employed in refitting the chateau with painting, panelling, and sculpture, in the most expensive style. The Prussians were now busily undoing all that he had commenced, and the contrast between recent repair and the work of instant destruction was very striking. The rich furniture was stripped by the female followers of the camp and the soldiers were boiling their camp-kettles with the gilded frames of pictures, the plate-glass windows were smashed to pieces, and the breaches repaired by old jackets and pantaloons. One of my friends, who had been long in the Spanish war, observed with composure, that the chateau was in a way of being handsomely *rumped*, a technical word for what was going on, which you may insert at my peril in your collection of military phrases. When quartered upon inhabited houses, the French chiefly complained of the extent of the Prussians' appetite, as a craving gulf, which they found it very difficult to fill. They were, they allowed, not otherwise cruel or ill-natured; but, like the devouring cannibal in the voyages of Aboulfouaris, their hunger could not be lulled to sleep longer than three hours at a time. Much of this was undoubtedly greatly exaggerated.

It is certain, however, that means have been put into the power of the Prussian officers to indulge themselves in the pleasures of Paris to an extent which their pay and allowances, if limited to those drawn in their own country, could not possibly have afforded. They are the principal customers to the expensive *restaurateurs*, the principal fre-

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quenters of coffee-houses, of theatres, and of the Palais Royal, at regular and irregular hours—all indications of an expense not within the ordinary reach of subaltern officers. It is said, that some of our German subsidiary troops made application to the Duke of Wellington to be put upon the same footing with the Prussians in these extra advantages. His Grace, we are assured, expressed to them (with the fullest acknowledgment of their meriting every indulgence which could be wisely bestowed) his decided opinion, that all expedients which tended to place the soldier upon a different footing of expense and luxury in France, from that which he held in his native country, were injurious to discipline, detrimental to the character of the army, and to the interest of the sovereign. His practice expresses the same doctrine. The British troops receive regularly the allowances and rations to which they would be entitled in England, and which are here raised at the expense of France; but neither directly nor indirectly do they obtain further indulgence. The strong sense and firmness for which the Duke is as much distinguished as for skill in arms and bravery in the field of battle, easily saw that the high and paramount part which Britain now holds in Europe, that preeminence, which, in so many instances, has made her and her delegates the chosen mediators when disputes occurred amongst the allied powers, depends entirely on our maintaining pure and sacred the national character for good faith and disinterested honour. The slightest complaint, therefore, of want of discipline or oppression, perpetrated by a British officer or soldier, has instantly met with reprehension and punishment, and the result has been the reducing the French to the cruel situation of hating us without having any complaint to justify themselves for doing so, even in their own eyes. Our officers of rank have, in many instances, declined the quarters appointed them in private houses; and, where they were accepted, have arranged themselves in the mode least likely to derange the family, and have declined uniformly the offers to accommodate them with wine, or provisions, which were made as a matter of course. They receive the reward of this moderation in the public respect, which, however the French may dislike us as a nation, they are compelled to pay to individual merit and courtesy.

On the other hand, strange and alarming whispers are thrown abroad respecting the situation of the Prussian army. It is hinted, that they are somewhat out of control, and look up less to the king than to their generals as their paramount superiors. Blucher holds the first rank ostensibly; but it is pretended, that General Gneisenau, so celebrated for his talents as a quarter-master-general, possesses most real influence. Much of this is supposed to be exerted by means of secret societies, particularly that called The Order of Faith and Honour. This association, which derived its first institution from the laudable and pa-

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triotic desire of associating against French tyranny, has retained the secret character with which it was necessarily invested when the foreign enemy possessed the fortresses of Prussia, but which now seems useless at least, if not capable of being rendered hazardous. Almost all the officers of this army belong to this secret society, which is a sort of institution that has peculiar charms for Germans; and it is said to be an object of jealousy to the government, though it cannot be supposed dangerous while headed by the loyal Blucher.

Our forces, in general, are admired for their appearance under arms, although, like their countrymen under Henry V.,

> "They are but warriors for the working day,
> Their gayness and their gilt are all besmirch'd
> With rainy marching in the painful field."

The serviceable state of the men, horses, and equipments, fully compensates, to the experienced eye, every deficiency in mere show.

The singular dress of our Highlanders makes them particular objects of attention to the French. In what class of society they rank them, may be judged from part of a speech which I heard a French lady make to her companion, after she had passed two of these mountaineers: —"Aussi j'ai vu les sauvages Américains." It was very entertaining to see our Highlanders making their bargains upon the Boulevards, the soldier holding his piece of *six sous* between his finger and thumb, with the gripe of a smith's vice, and pointing out the quantity of the commodity which he expected for it, while the Frenchman, with many shrugs and much chattering, diminished the equivalent as more than he could afford. Then Donald began to shrug and jabber in his turn, and to scrape back again what the other had subtracted; and so they would stand for half an hour discussing the point, though neither understood a word which the other said, until they could agree upon *le prix juste*.

The soldiers, without exception, both British and foreigners, conduct themselves in public with civility, are very rarely to be seen intoxicated, though the means are so much within their reach, and, considering all the irritating circumstances that exist, few quarrels occur betwixt them and the populace. Very strong precautions are, however, taken in case of any accidental or premeditated commotion. A powerful guard of Prussians always attends at the Pont Neuf and Pont Royal, with two pieces of artillery turned upon each bridge, loaded with canister shot, horses saddled, matches burning, and all ready to act on the shortest warning. The other day an unpleasant accident took place. Some of the Parisian populace, while the Prussian officer of the day was visiting a post, quarrelled with the orderly soldier who held his horse; the animal took fright, and escaped the man's hold; the officer came out, and was hustled and insulted by the mob. In the mean-

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while, the orderly-man galloped off, and returned with about thirty of his companions, who charged with their lances couched, as if they threatened death and destruction; but, with much dexterity, tilted up the point of the spear when near a Frenchman's body, and reversing the weapon, only struck with the butt. They made five or six of the most tumultuous prisoners, who were carried before Baron Muffling, reclaiming loudly the safe-guard of the police, and demanding to be carried before a French judge. But, in the present situation of this capital, the commandant preferred subjecting them to military chastisement; and a truss of straw being laid down for each culprit, they were stretched out, and received a drubbing *à la militaire* with the reins and girths of the hussars' horses. The appearance of the sufferers acted as a sedative upon the temper of the mob, none of whom chose to seek further personal specimens of the Prussian discipline. It seemed a strong measure to the English spectators; but the question is, whether a good many lives were not saved at the expense of the shoulders of those sufferers; for where combustibles are so plenty, the least spark of fire must be trodden out with as much haste as may be. In other frays, it has happened that Prussian soldiers have been killed; in which case, the district where the accident happened is subjected to severe contributions, unless they can arrest the perpetrator. The Palais Royal, where such scenes are chiefly to be apprehended, is trebly guarded every night by a company of the National Guard, one of British, and one of Prussians.

As a matter of courtesy between the allied powers, the duty of mounting guard upon the person of the monarchs is performed by the troops of each nation in succession: so that our guardsmen mount guard on the Emperor of Russia, the Russians on the Emperor of Austria, and the Highlanders, perhaps, on the King of Prussia, in rotation;—a judicious arrangement, which tends to show both the French and the allied troops the close and intimate union of the sovereigns in the common cause of Europe. The important post of Montmartre, which, in its present state of strong fortification, may be called the citadel of Paris, is confided to the care of the British, who keep guard with great and unusual strictness. Even foreign officers are not admitted within these works, unless accompanied by an Englishman. The hill is bristled with two hundred pieces of cannon; and they make frequent discovery of military stores and ammunition buried or concealed. All these will fall to our share; and, I trust, the two hundred guns will be sent to keep company with the hundred and fifty taken at the battle of Waterloo.

In the meanwhile, it is a strange and most inconsistent circumstance, that the Castle of Vincennes, within three miles of Paris, lying in the midst of these armies, and of no more strength than the White Tower

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of London, or any other Gothic keep, affects to hold out against the allied army. The commandant, although he has hoisted the white flag, will neither receive a Royalist nor an allied soldier within the castle, and gives himself great airs of defiance, as if encouraged by an impunity which he only owes to contempt, and to the reluctance of the allied sovereigns to increase the King of France's difficulties and unpopularity by punishing the gasconade as it deserves.

I do not observe that the soldiers of the allied nations intermix much in company with each other, although they seem on kind and civil terms when occasionally thrown together. The Museum, which is open to all ranks and conditions, frequently, besides its other striking beauties, exhibits a moving picture of all the nations of Europe in their military dresses. You see the tall Hungarian, the swarthy Italian, the fair-haired Prussian, the flat-faced Tartar, English, Irish, Guardsmen, and Highlanders, in little bands of two or three, strolling up and down a hall as immense as that of the Caliph Vathek, and indulging their curiosity with its wonders. The wildest of them appeared softened and respectful, while forming a part of this singular assemblage, which looks as if all the nations of Europe had formed a rendezvous at Paris by military representation. Some of their remarks must of course be very entertaining. One or two I caught. "By ——, Jack," said an English dragoon to his comrade, pointing to a battle-piece by Salvator, "look at the cuirasses—they have got the battle of Waterloo here already."—"Pooh, you blockhead," said the other, "that an't the battle of Waterloo; don't you see all the horses have got long tails?" I asked a Highland sergeant, who was gazing earnestly on the Venus de Medicis, "How do you like her, countryman?" —"God bless us—is your honour from Inverness?" was the first exclamation; and then, "I am told she is very much admired—but I'll show your honour a much better proportioned woman,"—and the ambitious sergeant, himself a remarkably little man, conducted me to a colossal female figure, eight feet high. There is no disputing the judgment of artists, but I am afraid the beauties of this statue are not of a kind most obvious to the uninitiated.

Where there are monarchs at the head of conquering armies, the pomp of war must of course be displayed in its full glories. We have reviews of many thousands every morning, from seven o'clock until ten or eleven. That of the British cavalry was very much admired, notwithstanding the dust which enveloped their movements. The Russians and Prussians exhibited upon another occasion the manœuvres of a mock engagement, the Emperor commanding the Prussian army, and the King of Prussia, in the dress of a colonel of the Russian guards, enacting the general of the Muscovites. After the battle, the two potentates met and greeted each other very handsomely. On another

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occasion, the Prussians entertained us with a rehearsal of the battle of Issy, or the movements of the French army and their own in the attack and defence of that village, upon the 2d of June. At one of these reviews the Russians were commanded by the Emperor to charge in line, expressly for the gratification of the English general. You know it is surmised, that the British claim pre-eminence over all other nations, because the steadiness and bottom of the individual soldiers permit them to hazard a general charge in line, whereas the column is adopted for the purpose of attack by the French and all other foreigners. Perhaps this was designed as a rebuke to our national vanity. However, the Russians went through the manœuvre admirably well, dressing a line of very great length with the utmost accuracy, during an advance of half a mile.

It must be owned, that a politician more gloomy than myself, might draw evil augury from the habits, which the reigning sovereigns of Europe may possibly acquire by being for years the inmates of camps, and compelled by the pressure of the imminent crisis to postpone the duties of the sovereign to those of the general. War has been described as "the game of princes;" and we know how easily the habit of gambling is acquired, and how irresistible it soon becomes. If it should happen that these powerful monarchs, influenced by the military ideas and habits which have been so long uppermost, should find a state of peace a tedious and dull exchange for the animating perils of war, it will be one instance, among many, of the lasting evils which French aggression, and the necessary means of counteracting it, have entailed on the kingdoms of Europe. I confide, however, something in the wisdom of these princes, and a great deal in the pacific influence of a deity whose presence we all deprecate, notwithstanding the lessons of wisdom which she is supposed to teach—I mean the Goddess of Poverty.

Two circumstances struck me in the grand military spectacle which I have mentioned,—the great number of actors, and, comparatively speaking, the total absence of spectators. The scale of the exhibition cannot indeed be wondered at, considering the importance of the actors:

> "Ha! Majesty, how high thy glory towers,
> When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!"

But, in the neighbourhood of so populous a city as Paris, the inhabitants of which have been so long famous for their attachment to public spectacles, one might have thought spectators enough would have been found besides the military amateurs not immediately engaged, and a few strangers. But I never saw above a hundred Frenchmen, and those of the very lowest order, looking on at these exhibitions, not even at that made in the Place Louis Quinze, under their very eyes. This

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is the strongest sign of their deeply feeling their present state of humiliation, and proves, more than a thousand others, that they taste the gall in all its bitterness, and that the iron has entered into their soul. In my next letter to my friend Peter, I will communicate what else I have observed on the state of the public mind in France. But I must first acquit myself of my promise to our ghostly father, the parson. Yours entirely, PAUL.

Postscript.*—By the by, you must allow me to add to my Waterloo anecdotes, one which relates to a gallant countryman of ours, in whose family you well know that we feel the interest of old and sincere friendship: I mean Colonel Francis Hepburn, of the 3d regiment of Guards, who had the distinguished honour of commanding the detachment sent to the relief of Hougoumont, when it was attacked by the whole French division of Jerome Bonaparte. He had the charge of maintaining, with his own single battalion, this important post, when the communication was entirely cut off by the French cavalry, and it was not until they were repulsed, that he was reinforced by two battalions of Hanoverians and one of Brunswickers. Colonel Woodforde of the Coldstream Guards, who in the morning reinforced Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell, commanded in the house and garden, and Colonel Hepburn in the orchard and wood. I am particular in mentioning this, because the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Home, who acted under Colonel Hepburn, appeared in the Gazette instead of his, by a mistake incidental to the confusion of the day, which rendered it impossible accurately to distinguish individual merit. The error has been admitted, but there is a difficulty in correcting it publicly, though there can be none in making our friends in Scotland acquainted with the real share which the relative of our deceased friend, the best and kindliest of veterans, had in the most memorable battle that ever was fought, and which in no degree takes away from the admitted gallantry of his countryman, Lieutenant-Colonel Home. Colonel Hepburn, as you will remember, was engaged in the Spanish war, and severely wounded at the battle of Barossa.

* This postscript is retained, although, in the present edition of these Letters, the name of the gallant officer alluded to appears in its proper place, p. 59.

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LETTER XV.

PAUL TO THE REV. MR ——, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT ——.

Solemnities of the Catholic Church—Little regard paid to the Authority of the Pope—Churches not attended—Disregard of Religion—Bonaparte's Church Establishment—Imperial Catechism—Efforts of Louis to restore Reverence for Religion—Alarm of the French Protestants—Toleration Recommended—Decay of Religion and Morality in France—French and British contrasted—Gambling—Palais Royal—Superstition of the French—l'Homme Rouge—Bonaparte's Faith in Destiny.

Do not blame me, my dear friend, if I have been long in fulfilling my promise to you. Religion, so ample a field in most countries, has for some time been in France an absolute blank. From my former letters you must have learned, that in Flanders the Catholic system still maintains itself in great vigour. The churches are full of people, most of them on their knees, and their devotion, if not enlightened, seems fervent and sincere. One instance I saw with peculiar pleasure, at Malines—Two *Religieuses*, sisters of charity, I believe, entered the church at the head of a small school of about twenty poor children, neatly, though coursely, dressed, and knelt down with them to their devotions. I was informed, that the poor nuns had dedicated their little income and their whole time, struggling occasionally with all the difficulties incident to a country convulsed by war and political revolutions, to educate these children in the fear of God, and in useful knowledge. Call them nuns, or call them what you will, I think we will neither of us quarrel with an order who thus employ their hours of retirement from the world.

I was less edified by the frequent appearance of a small chapel and an altar, on the side of the road, where the carman will sometimes snatch a flying prayer, while his huge waggon wanders on at the will of the horses. But your own parishioners sometimes leave their horses' heads for less praise-worthy purposes, and therefore much cannot be said on that score. The rites and solemnities of the Catholic church made less impression on me than I expected; even the administration of high mass, though performed by a cardinal, fell far short of what I had anticipated. There is a fidgeting about the whole ceremony, a perpetual dressing and undressing, which seems intended to make it more elaborate and complex, but which destroys the grandeur and simplicity so appropriate to an act of solemn devotion. Much of the imposing exterior may now indeed be impaired—the church was the first object of plunder wherever the French came, and they have left

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traces of a rapacity which will not soon be erased. The vestments look antiquated and tawdry, the music is but indifferent, the plate and jewels have all vanished. The priests themselves are chiefly old men, on whom the gaudy dresses with which they are decorated, sit awkwardly, and who seem, in many instances, bowed down by painful recollections, as much as by infirmity. In a word, the old dame of Babylon, against whom our fathers testified so loudly, seems now hardly worth a passing attack, even in the *Nineteenthly* of an afternoon's sermon, and is in some measure reduced to the *pavé*. Old John Bunyan himself could hardly have wished to see her stand lower in influence and estimation, than she does in the popular mind in France; and yet a few years, and the Giant Pope will be, in all probability, as innoxious as the Giant Pagan. Indeed, since his having shared the fate of other giants, in being transported, like a show, from place to place, by the renowned charlatan Bonaparte, his former subjects have got familiar with his terrors, and excommunication scarcely strikes more horror than the *fee fa fum* of a nursery tale.

It is remarkable, that this indifference seems to have extended to the enemies, as well as the subjects, of the Catholic church. When Rome was stormed in 1527, the chief amusement of the reformed German soldiers was insulting the rites of the Roman religion, and ridiculing the persons of their clergy. But in 1815, when the conquering armies of two Protestant kingdoms marched from Brussels to Paris, the idea of showing scorn or hatred to the Catholic religion never occurred to any individual soldier. I would gladly ascribe this to punctuality of discipline; but enough was done, by the Prussians at least, to show, that that consideration alone would not have held back their hands, had they felt any temptation to insult the French through the medium of their religion. But this does not seem to have appeared to them a vulnerable point, and not a crucifix or image was touched, or a pane of painted glass broken, that we could see or hear of, upon the route.

In the churches which we visited, very few persons seemed to attend the service, and these were aged men and women. In Paris this was still more remarkable; for, notwithstanding the zeal of the court, and the example which they exhibit of strict attention to the forms of the church,—an example even too marked for good policy,—those of the city of Paris are, with a few exceptions, empty and neglected. It is melancholy to think that, with the external forms and observances of religion, its vital principles also have fallen into complete disuse and oblivion. But those under whose auspices the French Revolution commenced, and by whom its terrors were for a time conducted, found their own interest intimately and strictly connected with the dissolution of the powerful checks of religious faith and moral prac-

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tice. And although the Directory afterwards promulgated, by a formal edict, that France acknowledged the existence of a Supreme Being, and, with impious mockery, appointed a fête in his honour, all opportunity of instruction in religious duties was broken off by the early destination of the youth of France to the trade of arms. A much-esteemed friend at Paris happened to have a domestic of sense, information, and general intelligence above his station. His master upon some occasion used to him the expression, "It is doing as we would be done by,—the Christian maxim." The young man looked rather surprised: "Yes," repeated my friend, "I say it is the doctrine of the Christian religion, which teaches us not only to do as we would be done by, but also to return good for evil."—"It may be so, sir," answered the valet; "but I had the misfortune to be born during the heat of the Revolution, when it would have been death to have spoken on the subject of religion, and so soon as I was fifteen years old, I was put into the hands of the drill sergeant, whose first lesson to me was, that, as a French soldier, I was to fear neither God nor devil." My friend, himself a soldier, and a brave one, but of a very different cast of mind from that which was thought necessary for the service of France, was both shocked and astonished at this strong proof of the manner in which the present generation had been qualified from their childhood to be the plagues of society. This bent of the youth cannot be more strongly illustrated than by the behaviour of the lads who were educated at the College of Navarre, who, immediately on learning Bonaparte's landing and first success, rebelled against their teachers, and, taking possession of one of the towers of the college, declared for war and for the Emperor. The consideration that they were thus perverted in their early youth, and rendered unfit for all purposes but those of mischief, is the best consolation for such French patriots as mourn over the devastation which has overwhelmed the youth of their country.

Bonaparte, who, when not diverted from his purpose by his insatiable ambition, had strong views of policy, resolved upon the re-establishment of the church as a sort of outwork to the throne. He created accordingly archbishops, bishops, and all the appendages of a hierarchy. This was not only intended that they might surround the imperial throne with the solemn splendours of a hierarchy, and occasionally feed their master's ears with flattery in their pastoral charges, —an office which, by most of them, was performed with the most humiliating baseness,—but also in order to form an alliance between the religious creed which they were enjoined to inculcate, and the sentiments of the people towards the imperial dignity. The imperial catechism, promulgated under authority, proclaimed the duties of the catechumen to the emperor, to be love, obedience, fidelity, and military services; the causes assigned were Napoleon's high and mi-

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raculous gifts, his immediate mission from the Deity, and the consecration by the Pope; and the menace to disloyalty was no less than eternal condemnation—here and hereafter. I am sorry to say, that this summary of *jus divinum* was not entirely of Bonaparte's invention; for, in a Prussian catechism for the use of the soldiers, entitled, "Pflichten der Unterthanen," (the Duties of Subjects), and printed at Breslau, in 1800, I find the same doctrines expressed, though with less daring extravagance. Bonaparte reaped but little advantage from his system of church government, partly owing to the materials of which his monarchy was constructed (for the best and most conscientious of the clergy kept aloof from such promotion), partly from the shortness of his reign, but principally from the stern impatience of his own temper, which could not long persist in apparent veneration for a power of his own creating, but soon led the way in exposing the new prelates to neglect and contempt.

We must learn to look with better hope upon the more conscientious efforts for re-establishing the altar, which have been made by the king. Yet we cannot but fear, that the order of the necessary reformation has been, to a certain extent at least, the reverse of what would really have attained the important purposes designed by the sovereign. The rites, forms, and ceremonies of a church, all its external observances, derive, from the public sense of religion itself, the respect which is paid to them. It is true, that, as the shell of a nut will subsist long, after the kernel is decayed, so regard for ceremonies and forms may often remain when true devotion is no more, and when ignorant zeal has transferred her blind attachment from the essence of religion to its mere forms. But if that zeal is quenched, and that attachment is eradicated, and the whole system is destroyed both in show and in substance, it is not by again enforcing the formal observances which men have learned to contemn and make jest of, that the vivifying principle of religion can be rekindled. Indeed, far from supposing that the foundation of the altar should be laid upon the ritual of the Romish Church, with all the revived superstitions of the twelfth century, it would be more prudent to abandon to oblivion, a part at least of what is shocking to common sense and reason; which, although a Most Christian King might have found himself under some difficulty of abrogating, when it was yet in formal observance, he certainly cannot be called upon to renew, when it has fallen into desuetude. The Catholics of this age are not excluded from the lights which it has afforded; and the attempt to re-establish processions, in which the officiating persons hardly know their places, tales of miraculous images, masses for the souls of state criminals, and all the mummery of barbarous ages, is far from meeting the enlarged ideas which the best and most learned of them have expressed. The peculiar doctrines of their church prohibit,

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indeed, the formal rejection of any doctrine or observance which she has once received; but I repeat, that the time is favourable in France for rebuilding the Gallican Church on a more solid basis than ever, by leaving room for the gradual and slow reformation introduced by the lapse of time, instead of forcing back the nineteenth century into the rude and degrading darkness of the ages of excommunications and crusades. It is with the hearts of the French, and not with the garments of their clergy, that the reformation, or rather the restoration, of religion ought to commence; and I conceive the primary object should be securing the instruction of the rising generation in religious and moral duties, as well as in general education, by carefully filling up the ranks of the parochial clergy, on whose patient and quiet attention to the morals of their flocks the state of the nation must depend, and not upon the colour of the cap, the tinkle of a bell, or the music of high mass.

The truth is, that the king's most natural and justifiable zeal for the establishment of religion, which were his chief consolation in adversity, has already given alarm to several classes of his subjects. Bigoted or interested priests have been already heard misrepresenting the intention of their sovereign, so far as to affirm, he means to restore to the church all her rights, and impose anew upon the subject the burdens of tithes, and the confusion which must arise from the reclamation of the church lands. How these reports, malignantly echoed by the enemies of the royal family, sound in the ears of men of property, I leave to your own judgment; and can only regret that it is as difficult as it is desirable, for the king to oppose them by a public contradiction.

It is chiefly in the southern districts, where the French Protestants still maintain themselves, that this alarm is excited, cherished, and fostered, by those who care for neither one religion nor the other, farther than as the jealousies and contentions of both may be engines of bloodshed, depression, and revolution. In the province of Languedoc, especially, the angry passions of both parties are understood to be at full tide; and it unfortunately happens that the contending parties are there envenomed by political hatred. Bonaparte, whose system of national religion included universal toleration, extended his special protection to the professors of the reformed doctrines, and by an organic law concerning worship, published in the year X., guaranteed to them the free exercise of their religion, being the first public indulgence which had been extended to them since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. A system of consistories was established for their internal church-government; and so highly were they favoured, that the public exercise of the Catholic religion, by processions, or other ritual observances, performed without the walls of the church, was positively prohibited in such towns as had consistorial churches be-

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longing to the Protestants. This distinction in favour of a body of subjects, amounting, it has been computed, to two millions of souls, attended by the triumph conferred by the interdiction of the Catholic rites where their eyes could be offended by them, raised the spirits of the Protestants as much as it exasperated and depressed those of the Catholics. The sects took their ranks in political contests accordingly; and although interests of various kinds prevented the rule from being absolute, yet it was observed, during the last convulsions of state, that the Catholics of the South were in general royalists, whereas many of the Protestants, in gratitude for past favours conferred on their church, in jealousy of the family of Bourbon, by the bigotry of whose ancestors their fathers had suffered, and confiding in the tolerant spirit of Bonaparte, lent too ready and willing aid to his usurpation. During that event, and those which followed, much and mutual subject of exasperation has unfortunately taken place between these contending parties. Ancient enmities have been awakened, and, amid contradictory reports and statements, we can easily discover that both parties, or individuals at least of both, have been loud in their appeal to principles of moderation when undermost, and very ready, when they obtained the upper hand, to abuse the advantages which the changes of the state had alternately given to them. This is a deep and rankling wound, which will require to be treated with no common skill. The Protestants of the South are descendants of the ardent men who used to assemble by thousands in the wilderness—I will not say with the scoffer, to hear the psalms of Clement Marot sung to the tune of "Réveillez-vous, belle endormie"—but rather, as your Calvinistic heroes of moor and moss, in the days of the last Stuarts, are described by a far different bard, dear in remembrance to us both, for the affectionate sympathy and purity of his thoughts and feelings; when in the wilderness

> ——— "arose the song, the loud
> Acclaim of praise: The wheeling plover ceased
> Her plaint; the solitary place was glad,
> And on the distant cairns the watcher's ear
> Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note."*

On the other hand, the Catholics are numerous, powerful in the hope of protection and preference from the crown, and eager to avenge insults, which, in their apprehension, have been aimed alike at the throne and the altar. If we claim for the Protestants, whose nearer approach to our own doctrines recommends them to our hearts as objects of interest, the sympathy which is due to their perilous situation, let us not, in candour, deny at least the credit of mistaken zeal to those whom different rites divide from us. In the name of that Heaven, to whose laws both forms of religion appeal, who has dis-

* [Grahame's *Sabbath.*]

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claimed enforcing the purest doctrines by compulsion, and who never can be worshipped duly or acceptably by bloody sacrifices, let us deprecate a renewal of those savage and fatal wars, which, founded upon difference of religious opinion, seem to convert even the bread of life itself into the most deadly poison. British interference, not surely so proposed as to affront France's feelings of national independence (a point on which late incidents have made her peculiarly irritable), but with the earnest and anxious assurances of that good-will, for which our exertions in behalf of the royal family, and our interest in the tranquillity of France, may justly claim credit,—might, perhaps, have some influence with the government. But in what degree, or how far it may be prudent to hazard it, can only be known to those upon whom the momentous charge of public affairs has devolved at this trying crisis. We need not now take up the parable of Lord Shaftesbury, when he compared the reformed churches of France and Savoy to the sister of the spouse in the Canticles, and asked the astonished peers of Charles the Second, "What shall be done for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?" But it is certain, that the security of the Protestant religion abroad is now, as in the days of that statesman, a wall and defence unto that which we profess at home; and at all times, when England has been well administered, she has claimed and exercised the rights of intercession in behalf of the Reformed Churches. I trust, however, that our mediation will be, in the present case, unnecessary, and that the king himself, with the sound judgment and humane disposition which all parties allow him to possess, will show himself the protector of both parties, by restricting the aggressions of either. In the meanwhile, admire the singularity of human affairs. In Ireland discontents exist, because the Catholics are not possessed of all the capacities and privileges of their Protestant fellow-subjects; in the Netherlands, the Catholic clergy murmur at the union, because the king has expressed his determination to permit the free exercise of the Protestant religion amid his Catholic dominions; and in the south of France the sword is nearly drawn, upon the footing of doubts, jealousies, and apprehensions of mutual violence, for which neither party can allege any feasible ground, except mutual dislike and hatred. We may, without offence, wish that all of them would qualify their zeal for the doctrinal part of their religion with some part of that meekness of spirit which would be the best proof of its purity.

To return to the religious and moral state of France.—It is remarkable that the dissolution of religious principle, the confusion of the Sabbath with the ordinary days of the week, the reduction of marriage to a state of decent and legal concubinage, from which parties can free themselves at pleasure, have, while thus sapping the founda-

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tions of the social affections, as well as of religious faith, introduced more vices than crimes; much profligacy, but less atrocity than might have been expected. A Frenchman, to whom you talk of the general decay of morality in his country, will readily and with truth reply to you, that if every species of turpitude be more common in France, delicts of that sort against which the law directs its thunders, are much more frequent in Britain. Murders, robberies, daring thefts, such as frequently occur in the English papers, are little known in those of Paris. The amusements and habits of the lower orders are, on all occasions of ordinary occurrence, more quiet, peaceable, and orderly, than those of the lower English. There are no quarrels on the street, intoxication is rarely practised even by the lowest of the people, and when assembled for the purpose of public amusement, they observe a good-humoured politeness to each other and to strangers, for which certainly our countrymen are not remarkable. To look at the thousands of rabble whom I have seen streaming through the magnificent apartments at Versailles, without laying a finger upon a painting or an article of furniture, and afterwards crowding the gardens, without encroaching upon any spot where they could do damage; to observe this, and recollect what would be the conduct of an English mob in similar circumstances, compels one to acknowledge, that the French appear, upon such occasions, beyond comparison the more polished, sensible, and civilized people. But release both parties from the restraints imposed by the usual state of society, and suppose them influenced by some powerful incentive to passion and violence, and remark how much the contrast is altered. The English populace will huzza, swear, threaten, break windows, and throw stones at the Life Guards engaged in dispersing them; but if a soldier should fall from his horse, the rabble, after enjoying a laugh at his expense, would lend a hand to lift him to his saddle again. A French mob would tear him limb from limb, and parade the fragments in triumph upon their pikes. In the same manner, the Englishman under arms retains the same frank rough loyalty of character, without the alert intelligence and appearance of polished gallantry, which a French soldier often exhibits to strangers. But it would be an outrage to our countrymen to compare the conduct of the two armies when pursuing a defeated enemy, or entering a country as invaders, when every evil passion is awake, and full license is granted to satiate them.

The cause of so extraordinary a contrast may, I think, be expressed in very few words. The French act from feeling, and the British from principle. In moments, therefore, when the passions are at rest, the Frenchman will often appear, and be in reality, the more amiable of the two. He is generally possessed of intelligence and the power of reflection, both of which are great promoters of that limited sort of

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honesty which keeps the windy side of the law. He piques himself upon some understanding and perception of the fine arts, by which he is told his country is distinguished, and he avoids the rudeness and violence which constitute the barbarian. He is, besides, habitually an observer of the forms and decencies of society, and has ample means of indulging licentious passions, without transgressing them. The Frenchman is further, by nature and constitution, a happy and contented mortal, satisfied with little, and attached to luxuries of the more simple kind; and a mind so constituted is usually disposed to extend its cheerfulness to others. The Englishman of low rank is, in some degree, the reverse of all this. His intelligence seldom goes beyond the art to which he is trained, and which he most frequently practises with mechanical dexterity only; and therefore he is not by habit, unless when nature has been especially bountiful, much of a reasoning animal. As for pretending to admire or criticise the fine arts, or their productions, he would consider such an effort of taste as the most ridiculous affectation, and therefore readily treats with contempt and disrespect what he would upon principle be ashamed to understand. Vice and crime are equally forbidden by the Englishman's system of religious morals; if he becomes stained with gross immorality, he is generally ready to rush into legal delict, since, being divested of the curb of conscience, and destroyed in his own esteem, he becomes like a horse without a bridle, ready to run upon any course which chance or the frenzy of the moment may dictate. And this may show why, though the number of vicious persons is greater in France than in England in an enormous ratio, yet the proportion of legal criminals is certainly smaller. As to general temper and habits, the Englishman, less favoured in climate, and less gay by constitution, accustomed to be a grumbler by his birthright, very often disdains to be pleased himself, and is not very anxious to please others. His freedom, too, gives him a right, when mixed with his betters, to push, to crowd, to be a little riotous and very noisy, and to insult his neighbours upon slight provocation, merely to keep his privileges in exercise. But then he is also taught to respect the law, which he invokes as his own protection; to weigh and decide upon what is just and unjust, foul and fair; to respect the religion in which he has been trained, and to remember its restraints, even in the moment of general license. It might indeed be wished that some of the lighter and more amiable qualities of the French could be infused into our populace. But what an infinitely greater service would the sovereign render to France who should give new sensibility to those moral principles which have too long lain torpid in the breasts of her inhabitants!

This great end can only be reached by prudent and prospective regulations; for neither religion nor morality can be enforced upon a

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nation by positive law. The influence of parochial clergy, and of parochial schools, committed to persons worthy of the important trust, are, as I before hinted, the most obvious remedies. But there are others of a prohibitory and preventive nature. It is in the power of government to stop some grand sources of corruption of morals, and to withdraw their protection and license at least, from those assemblies which have for their direct object the practice of immoralities of every sort. The Palais Royal, in whose saloons and porticos Vice has established a public and open school for gambling and licentiousness; far from affording, as at present, an impure and scandalous source of revenue to the state, should be levelled to the ground, with all its accursed brothels and gambling-houses,—rendezvouses the more seductive to youth, as being free from those dangers which might alarm timidity in places of avowedly scandalous resort. Gaming is indeed reduced to all the gravity of a science, and, at the same time, is conducted upon the scale of the most extensive manufacture. In the Salon des Etrangers, the most celebrated haunt of this Dom-Daniel, which I had the curiosity to visit, the scene was decent and silent to a degree of solemnity. An immense hall was filled with gamesters and spectators; those who kept the bank, and managed the affairs of the establishment, were distinguished by the green shades which they wore to preserve their eyes—by their silent and grave demeanour—and by the paleness of their countenances, exhausted by constant vigils. There was no distinction of persons, nor any passport required for entrance, save that of a decent exterior; and on the long tables, which were covered with gold, an artisan was at liberty to hazard his week's wages, or a noble his whole estate. Youth and age were alike welcome; and any one who chose to play within the limits of a trifling sum, had only to accuse his own weakness if he was drawn in to deeper or more dangerous hazard. Every thing seemed to be conducted with the most perfect fairness; and indeed the mechanical construction of the E O tables, or whatever they are called, appears calculated to prevent the possibility of fraud. The only advantage possessed by the bank (which is however enormous) is the extent of its funds, by which it is enabled to sustain any train of reverse of fortune; whereas most of the individuals who play against the bank are in circumstances to be ruined by the first succession of ill luck; so that ultimately the smaller ventures merge in the stock of the principal adventurers, as rivers run into the sea. The profits of the establishment must indeed be very large to support its expenses. Besides a variety of attendants who distribute refreshments to the players gratis, there is an elegant entertainment, with expensive wines, regularly prepared about three o'clock in the morning, for those who choose to partake of it. With such temptations around him, and where the hazarding an insignificant sum seems at

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first venial or innocent, it is no wonder if thousands feel themselves gradually involved in the whirlpool whose verge is so little distinguishable, until they are swallowed up with their time, talents, and fortune, and often also both body and soul.

This is Vice with her fairest vizard; but the same unhallowed precincts contain many a secret cell for the most hideous and unheard-of debaucheries, many an open rendezvous of infamy, and many a den of usury and of treason; the whole mixed with a Vanity-fair of shops for jewels, trinkets, and baubles, that bashfulness may not lack a decent pretext for adventuring into the haunts of infamy. It was here where the preachers of the Revolution first found, amidst gramblers, money-jobbers, desperadoes, and prostitutes, ready auditors of their doctrines, and active hands to labour in their vineyard. In more recent times, it was here that the plots of the Bonapartists were adjusted, and the number of their partisans recruited and instructed concerning the progress of the conspiracy; and from hence the seduced soldiers, inflamed with many a bumper to the health of the Exile of Elba, under the mystic names of *Jean de l'Epée*, and *Caporal Violette*, were dismissed to spread the news of his approaching return, and prepare their comrades to desert their lawful sovereign. In short, from this central pit of Acheron—in which are openly assembled and mingled those characters and occupations which, in all other capitals, are driven to shroud themselves in separate and retired recesses—from this focus of vice and treason, have flowed forth those waters of bitterness of which France has drunk so deeply. Why, after having occasioned so much individual and public misery, this source of iniquity is not now stopped, the tenants expelled, and the buildings levelled to the ground, or converted to some far different purpose, is a question which the consciences of the French ministers can best answer. Thus far at least is certain, that, with the richest soil, and the most cultivated understandings, a people brave even to a fault, kind-tempered, gay, and formed for happiness, have been for twenty years the plague of each other and of Europe; and if their disorders can be plainly traced to want of moral character and principle, it cannot be well to maintain amongst them, for the sake of sharing its polluted profits, such a hot-bed of avowed depravity.

If the French have no strong sense of religion or its precepts, they are not without a share of superstition; and an impostor is at present practising among them, who, by all accounts, is as successful as Joanna Southcote herself. This lady, a woman, I am assured, of rank and information,* pretends, like Baron Swedenborg, to an immediate

* [This lady, Madame Krudener, was said to have acquired subsequently a powerful influence over the mind of the Emperor Alexander; and it is very generally believed, that her conversations with him in Paris were mainly instrumental in suggesting the idea of the Holy Alliance. It is certain, that, in her later sermons, she held it up almost as a new covenant. After many wanderings from place to place, in what she believed her heaven-

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intercourse with the spiritual world, and takes her ecstatic trances for the astonishment of parties of good fashion, to whom, on her return to her senses, she recounts the particulars of her visit to the spiritual world, and whom she treats with explanations of their past lives, and predictions of the future. It is said her art has attracted the attention of some men of high rank in the armies of our allies.

If you disbelieve the powers of this lady, you may also distrust the apparition of *l'Homme Rouge*, or the Red Man, said to have haunted Napoleon as the demon did Ras Michael,* and advised him in matters of importance. He was, saith the legend, a little muffled figure, to whom, whenever he appeared, access was instantly given, for the spectre was courteous enough to request to be announced. At Wilna, before advancing into Russia, while Bonaparte was engaged in tracing the plan of his march, he was told this person requested to speak with him. He desired the attendant to inform his summoner that the Emperor was engaged. When this reply was communicated to the unknown, he assumed an authoritative voice and accent, and, throwing open his cloak, discovered his dress under it, which was red, without mixture of any other colour. "Tell the Emperor," said he, "that *l'Homme Rouge* MUST speak with him." He was then admitted, and they were heard to talk loud together. As he left the apartment, he said publicly, "You have rejected my advice! you will not again see me till you have bitterly repented your error." The visits of *l'Homme Rouge* were renewed on Bonaparte's return from Elba; but before he set out on his last campaign, Napoleon again offended his familiar, who took leave of him for ever, giving him up to the red men of England, who became the real arbiters of his destiny. If you have not faith enough for this marvellous story, pray respect the prophecy which was made to Josephine, by one of the negro soothsayers in the West Indies, that she should rise to the highest pinnacle of modern greatness, but without ever being a *queen*; that she should fall from thence before her death, and die in an hospital. I can myself vouch for the existence of this prophecy before the events which it was supposed to predict, for it was told me many years ago, when Bonaparte was only general of the army of Italy, by a lady of rank, who lived in the same convent with Josephine. The coincidence of the fortune-teller's presages with the fact, would have been marred by the circumstances of the ex-empress's death, had not somebody's ingenuity discovered that her house, as the name *Mal-maison* implies, had once been an hospital. Bonaparte, it is well known, had strange and visionary ideas about his own fated destiny, and could think of fortune like the Wal-

ordained mission, she was at length transported by the police to the Russian frontier, in 1824, and died at Karafubasar, in the Crimea, on the 13th December of the same year.]

* [See Bruce's *Travels in Abyssinia*.]

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lenstein of the stage. The following lines from that drama, more grand in the translation of Coleridge than in the original of Schiller, seem almost to trace the career of Napoleon:—

"Even in his youth he had a daring soul:
His frame of mind was serious and severe
Beyond his years; his dreams were of great objects.
He walk'd amid, as if a silent spirit,
Communing with himself: yet have I known him
Transported on a sudden into utterance
Of strange conceptions; kindling into splendour.
His soul reveal'd itself, and he spoke so
That we look'd round perplex'd upon each other,
Not knowing whether it were craziness,
Or whether 'twere a God that spoke in him.

— — — — —

Thenceforth he held himself for an exempted
And privileged being, and, as if he were
Incapable of dizziness or fall,
He ran along the unsteady rope of life,
And paced with rapid step the way to greatness;
Was Count and Prince, Duke, Regent, and Dictator,
And is all, all this too little for him;
He stretches forth his hand for a King's crown,
And plunges in unfathomable ruin." *

Farewell, my dear friend; light and leisure are exhausted in this long detail, concerning the religion of which the French have so little, and the superstition of which they have a considerable portion.

You will groan over many parts of this epistle, but the picture is not without its lights. France has afforded many examples, in the most trying crisis, of firmness, of piety, of patience under affliction; many, too, of generosity and courtesy and charity. The present Royal Family have been bred in the school of adversity, and it is generally allowed that they have the inclination, though perhaps they may mistake the means, of ameliorating the character of the nation, to the government of which they have been so providentially restored.

LETTER XVI.

PAUL TO HIS COUSIN PETER.

Louis' first Ministry—Fouché—Execution of Labédoyère—Fouché—Prejudices in France against England—State of Parties—Royalists—Imperialists—Liberalists—The Army—General Good-will of the People—French Nationality—Champ de Mai—Love of Show—Representation of France—Want of Political Information—Factions—French Manners—Lord Castlereagh—Duke of Wellington—Lord Cathcart—Conclusion.

I AM in the centre, you say, of political intelligence, upon the very arena where the fate of nations is determined, and send you no in-

* [See Coleridge's *Poetical Works.*]

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telligence. This seems a severe reproach; for, in England, with a friend in the Foreign-office, or the advantage of mixing in a certain circle of society, one can always fill up a letter with political events and speculations some days sooner, and somewhat more accurately, than they appear in the newspapers. But they manage matters otherwise in France. The conferences between the ministers of the allied powers and those of Louis XVIII., are conducted with great and praiseworthy secrecy. They are said to be nearly concluded; but a final arrangement will probably be postponed by an unexpected change of ministry in the Tuileries.

All politicians were surprised (none more than thou, Peter) at the choice which the king made of his first ministry. That Fouché, who voted for the death of his brother, Louis XVI., who had been an agent of Robespierre and a minister of Bonaparte—who, in the late Revolution, was regarded as a chief promoter of the unexpected and unnatural union between the discontented patriots, or Liberalists, and the followers of the ex-emperor—that he should have been named minister of police under the restored heir of the Bourbons, seemed wonderful to the Royalists. His companions in the provisional government saw themselves with equal astonishment put under the *surveillance* of their late associate, in his new character; and the letters between him and Carnot, when the latter applied to Fouché, agreeably to the royal proclamation, that a place of residence might be assigned to him, fully, though briefly, express their characteristic feelings. "Où veux-tu que je m'en aille, Traitre?" signed CARNOT, was a brief question, to which the minister of police as briefly replied, "Où tu veux, Imbécille." FOUCHÉ.

There are two ways of considering the matter;—with reference to the minister who accepted the office, and with regard to the sovereign who nominated him.

On the former point little need be said. Times of frequent and hasty changes, when a people are hurried from one government to another, necessarily introduce among the leading statesmen a versatility of character, at which those who are remote from the pressure of temptation hold up their hands and wonder. In looking over our own history, we discover the names of Shaftesbury and Sunderland, and of many other statesmen eminent for talent, who changed their political creed with the change of times, and yet contrived to be employed and trusted by successive governments who confided in their fidelity, at least while they could make that fidelity their interest. Independent and steady as the English boast themselves, there were, during the great Civil War, very many persons who made it an avowed principle to adhere to the faction that was uppermost, and support the administration of the day; and these prudential politicians existed in

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numbers enough to form a separate sect, who, in the hypocritical cant of the times, assumed the name of *Waiters upon Providence*. This accommodating line of conduct has been rendered so general in France, during the late frequent changes of government, as to give matter for a catalogue of statesmen and remarkable persons, extending to about four hundred and fifty pages, which has been recently published, under the name of the "Dictionnaire des Girouettes," in which we find the names of almost all the men distinguished for talents or influence, now alive in France, with a brief account of the changes of their political lives. The list grew so scandalously comprehensive, that the editor announces his intention of suppressing, in a second edition, all those who had changed only *once*, considering them, comparatively, as men of steady political faith and conscience. They must know little of human nature, who can suppose the result would be otherwise with the mass of mankind in times when universal example sanctioned changes of principle, which were besides pressed upon each individual by ambition, by avarice, by fear, by want, in short, by their interest under the most powerful and seductive forms. The conduct of Fouché, therefore, is by no means singular; although, if it be true, that, in assuming power under Bonaparte, his real wish was to serve the king, his case merits a particular distinction,—whether favourable or no, may be reasonably doubted.

That Fouché should have accepted power was, therefore, in the order of things, as they have lately gone in France. But, that the king should have trusted, or at least employed him, and that his appointment should have given acknowledged satisfaction to the Duke of Wellington and to Lord Castlereagh, thou, Peter, wilt think more difficult to account for. Consider, however, that Fouché was at the head of a numerous faction, comprehending the greater part of that third party in the state, which, as uniting all shades of those who use the word Liberty as their war-cry, are generally called Liberalists. If these were divided from the king in the moment of his return, what remained to him save the swords of a few nobles and men of honour, the scattered and subdued bands of La Vendée, which had been put down by a convention with General Lamarque, and the inert wishes of the mass of the population, who might indeed cry *Vive le Roi*, but had plainly showed they loved their own barns better than the house of Bourbon? The bayonets of the allies, indeed, surrounded Paris, but Bonaparte was still in France and at large, the army of the Loire continued independent and unbroken, many garrisons held out, many provinces were still agitated; and the services of Fouché, who held in his hand the various threads of correspondence through the distracted kingdom, who knew the character and principles of each agitator, and the nature of the materials he had to work with; who possessed, in

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short, that extent of local and personal knowledge peculiar to one who had been long the head of the French police, were essentially necessary to the establishment of the royal authority, and to preventing a scene of blood and total confusion. That Fouché served the king with great address, cannot be doubted, and his admission into the high office of trust, which he has for some time enjoyed, was a great means of calming the public mind, and restoring to confidence those, who, feeling themselves involved in the general defection, might otherwise have been rendered desperate by the fear of punishment. Talleyrand, also, whose loyalty to the house of Bourbon, during the last usurpation, was never doubted, is understood to have expressed his strong sense of the peremptory necessity of receiving Fouché and his party into power at least, if not into confidence. So much, therefore, for the propriety, or rather necessity, of a measure, which looked strange enough when viewed from a distance, which could not be agreeable to the king personally, and which had its political inconveniences; but, nevertheless, was at the time essential to the royal interest. The first benefit which resulted from this appointment was the close and vigilant pursuit that compelled Napoleon to surrender to the English. The same activity exercised by this experienced politician and his agents, decided and secured a bloodless counter-revolution in most of the towns in France. Upon the general interests of Europe, Fouché is well understood to have entertained such just and moderate views, as were acceptable to the ministers of the allied powers, and particularly to those of Britain.

Notwithstanding these advantages, it is not supposed that Fouché will keep his ground in the ministry, and it is believed the change will occasion the resignation of Talleyrand.* As the king's party appears better consolidated, and his power becomes more permanent, the faction of the "Royalistes purs et par excellence" acquires numbers and courage, and becomes daily more shocked with the incongruity of Fouché's high place in the administration. His influence is supposed to have one effect, which, if true, is a very bad one—that, namely, of delaying the selecting and bringing to punishment the more notorious agents of the last usurpation. All who know this nation must be aware of what importance it is that their ruler should not seem to fear them; and the king ought to know that his authority will seem little more than an idle pageant till he shall show he is possessed of the power of vindicating and maintaining it. On the other hand, nothing can be more impolitic than to keep up the memory of this brief usurpation, and the insecure and jealous feelings of all connected with it, by long hesitation on the choice of victims to the offended laws. The

* This anticipation was verified shortly after the writer left Paris.

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sooner that two or three principal criminals can be executed, some dangerous agitators banished, and a general amnesty extended to all the rest, without exception, the sooner and the firmer will the royal authority be established. We have as yet had only one example of severity, in the fate of Labédoyère, although no good reason can be given why others of superior consequence, such as Ney and Massena, should not share his fate. But the death of this comparatively subordinate agent has acted as a sedative upon the spirit of faction. Last week nothing was heard but threats and defiance, and bold declarations, that the government would not, and dared not, execute the sentence. The rights of the Bourbons seemed to have been so long in *abeyance* that it was thought scarce possible to be guilty of treason against them, or that they should dare to regard and punish it as such. This is a popular feeling which the king must remove by a display of firmness, or it will most assuredly once more remove his throne. Accordingly the execution of this criminal has had some effect, and the tone of mutiny and defiance is greatly lowered. The execution took place in the evening, and there was no remarkable concourse of people. Labédoyère died with great firmness, but his fate apparently made little impression on the bystanders. I met parties of them returning from the fatal scene, which had not a whit abated the usual vivacity of their prattle. One of the gendarmes alone testified some sympathy with the sufferer: "Quel dommage!" said he to an English gentleman, "il n'avait que vingt-huit ans." The handsome sufferer, however, finds the usual degree of favour in the eyes of the fair. One lady talked of his execution as *une horreur*, an atrocity unequalled in the annals of France. "Did Bonaparte never order such executions?" —"Who? the Emperor?—never."—"But the Duc D'Enghien, madam?" continued the persevering querist.—"Ah! parlez moi d'Adam et d'Eve," was the reply. A retrospective of three or four years was like looking back to the fall of man; and the exclamation affords no bad key to the French character, to whom the past is nothing, and the present every thing.

The attacks upon Fouché in our English newspapers are said to have no small share in unsettling his power, as they are supposed to express the opinion of our nation against him. I have great reason to doubt whether his successor may not be appointed out of a class to whom we are, as a nation, less acceptable. For, with a few exceptions, I do not think that the English are so much disliked even by the military men and Imperialists, as they are by the nobility and pure royalists. This class of politicians, whatever may be thought of their bias to despotism, number among them so much of high honourable feeling and sincere principle, that I willingly look for some apology for their entertaining sentiments towards England and Englishmen, which, to say the least,

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are an indifferent requital for our former hospitality and our late effective assistance. I will, therefore, make every allowance for the natural prejudice which they entertain against us for having, as they may conceive, stopped short in the services which it was in our power to have rendered them, and declined to back their pretensions to complete restoration of the rights and property which they have forfeited in the king's cause. I will permit them to feel as Frenchmen as well as royalists, and to view with a mingled sensation, the victory of Waterloo and the capture of Paris, although their own interest and that of the king was immediately dependent on the success of the allies. I can suppose, that it is painful for them to see foreigners residing at Paris as lords of the ascendant; and it may be a laudable sensibility to the misfortunes of their country, which makes them at this moment retreat from the duties of hospitality, and shun mixing in society with those whose best blood has been so recently shed in the king's service. I can even forgive them that, being conscious of their weakness in point of numbers and influence (unless through that of the sovereign), they are glad to snatch opportunities of making common cause with the bulk of their countrymen at the expense of foreigners, and are therefore fain to lead the cry against the allies, and especially against our country, in order to show, that whatever may be their interest, their hearts have always been French. But while we pardon the motives, we must be allowed to smile at the expressions of this animosity. One would almost suppose, while hearing them, that our interference in the affairs of France was altogether gratuitous and unnecessary, and had only prevented a grand *re-action*, by which Napoleon would have been walked out of the kingdom as he had walked into it, and a counter-revolution accomplished, as nearly resembling that which concludes the Rehearsal, as the last usurpation seemed in ease and celerity to rival that of King Phys. and King Ush. in the same drama. They even extol the conduct of those commandants upon the frontier, who, in defiance of their sovereign's mandate, and with a brutal indifference to human life, maintain, without motive, or means, or hope, a senseless opposition to the allied troops. Some of these have been honourably acquitted when brought to trial; all are praised and caressed, as having maintained the frontiers of France against foreigners, instead of being shot or degraded for the bloodshed occasioned by their resistance both to their country and to the king's allies. Upon the same principle, I suppose the governor of Vincennes, who still holds out his old Donjon, is to be considered as a true patriot, although he, and those who think like him, have no object in view but to show a reckless and unavailing resistance to their victors. In one of the king's proclamations to his subjects on his restoration, he has been made to take credit, that not one of his own followers had been permitted to

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draw a sword in defence of his rights, etc. If the state of the royal army was indeed justly rated at twenty-four thousand men and forty pieces of cannon, as given in an order of the day, signed by the Duke of Feltre, on 7th April, 1815, we may with right complain of the mistaken tenderness which withheld such a force from the conflict, and demand of the King of France a reckoning for the lives of forty thousand brave men killed in his quarrel, many of whom might have been saved by such a reinforcement. But if the attendants of the king consisted chiefly of a few hundred officers and gardes-de-corps, to whom the arrival of *cinq Cent Suisses* (that is, not five hundred Swiss, as a sanguine Englishman was led to interpret the phrase, from the pleasure with which he heard the incident detailed, but five individuals of the corps called *les Cent Suisses*), was hailed as a timely reinforcement, it should be considered, that, since the days of chivalry are ended, and since no single knight can now rout a legion of cuirassiers with his own good sword, the king must have owed his restoration to Wellington and Blucher; and those who only walked forward in the path which our swords hewed out for them, ought to bear with some patience the measures to which their own proved weakness, and the experienced art and strength of their powerful adversaries, compel us to have recourse. It was, I think, Edward I., who replied with scorn to a competitor for the Scottish crown, in whose cause he had invaded Scotland, when, after the victory at Dunbar he ventured to remind him of his pretensions, "N'avons nous autre chose a faire que avous renumeys gagner?" * Such an answer we might have returned to Louis XVIII., had we inclined to support any other competitor among the ample choice which the provisional government held out to us; and although we claim no merit for following the open path of faith and loyalty to an unfortunate ally, we ought at least to escape the censure of those who have been most benefited by our exertions, and who confessedly were unable or unwilling to assist themselves.

In the meanwhile, if it is meant to confine the king's choice of ministers to the faction of *royalistes purs*, we are afraid his choice will be limited; for excepting a few individuals who have been employed in Russia, where strangers are more readily promoted to offices of confidence than elsewhere, we know few who have had the means of acquiring experience in state business. Brave, loyal, and gallant, the French noblesse are by their charter; but the heat of temper which confounds friends and foes; the presumption which pushes direct to its object without calculation of obstacles; a sense of wrongs received, and a desire of vengeance, make them dangerous counsellors at such a crisis as the present.

* *i. e.* "Have we nothing to do but to conquer kingdoms for you?"

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From the more violent portion of the opposite faction (inclusive of the Imperialists, who are now hastily melting into the ranks of the opposition), the king can, I fear, look for little cordiality, and only for that degree of support which he can make it their interest to afford him. Still, however, there are many cases where ability without principle may be successfully employed, when it would be unsafe to trust to principle unguided by experience and prudence; just as a proprietor will sometimes find it his interest to employ, in the management of his affairs, a skilful knave rather than an honest fool. This is taking an extreme case: there are many degrees between a *jacobin enragé* and a *royaliste pur*, and some of the wisest and best of each party will perhaps at length see the necessity of joining in an administration exclusive of neither, which should have at once for its object the just rights of the throne, and the constitutional liberties of the subject. To such a coalition, the king's name would be indeed a tower of strength; but founded upon a narrower basis, must run the risk of falling itself, and bearing to the ground all who adhere to it.

It must be owned, nevertheless, that the general rallying point of the *Liberalists* is an avowed dislike to the present monarch and his immediate connexions. They will sacrifice, they pretend, so much to the general inclinations of Europe, as to select a king from the Bourbon race; but he must be one of their own choosing, and the Duke of Orleans* is most familiar to their mouths. And thus these politicians, who assume the title of *Constitutional Royalists*, propose to begin their career by destroying hereditary succession, the fundamental principle of a limited monarchy. In Britain, we know that the hereditary right of succession is no longer indeed accounted divine and indefeasible, as was the principle of *our* ancient *royalistes purs et par excellence;* but the most sturdy whig never contended that it could be defeated otherwise than by abdication or forfeiture, or proposed the tremendous measure of changing the succession purely by way of prevention or experiment. In the most violent times, and under the most peculiar circumstances, the Exclusion Bill, although founded upon an acknowledged and plausible ground of incapability, and levelled against the person of a successor, not of an existing monarch, was rejected as a dangerous innovation on the constitution. It is in order to prevent, as far as possible, such violent and hazardous experiments, that we impute the faults of monarchs not to themselves, but to their ministers, and receive, in a political sense, the well-known maxim, that the king can do no wrong. For the same reason, in the height of popular indignation against James II., the word *abdication* was,

* [Called to the throne in August, 1830, as *Louis-Philippe, Roi des Français*.]

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selected in preference to *desertion* or *forfeiture*, to express the manner in which the throne became vacant at the Revolution. But the doctrine now held in France strikes at the very foundation of hereditary right, being founded on no overt act of the sovereign tending to affect the liberties of his subjects, but upon jealousies and fears that he has, or may call, evil counsellors around him, to attempt the re-establishment of the feudal rights of the nobility and the domination of the church. In this grand counterpart to our constitutional maxim, it is not even alleged that the king *has* done wrong, but it is assumed that he *will* do wrong, and proceedings are to be grounded on this prediction as if the evil foreseen already existed. The fact seems to be, that the objections of this faction to the present line is much more a matter of taste or caprice than they are willing to acknowledge. The vanity of the nation, and especially of this class of statesmen, who have not the least share of it, is affronted as being compelled to receive back from the conquering hand of the allies the legitimate monarch, in whose causeless expulsion they had assisted. They would willingly have had a bit of sugar with the wholesome physic which was forced upon them by English and Prussian bayonets, and they still long for something which may give them an ostensible pretext to say, that their own conduct had not been entirely inconsistent, nor their rebellion altogether fruitless. Hence the obstinacy of Bonaparte's two Chambers to the very last, in rejecting Louis XVIII. Hence the nicknames of "Le Préfet de l'Angleterre," and "Louis l'Inévitable," which their wit attached to the restored monarch; and to this feeling of mortified vanity, less than to any real fears of aggression upon their liberties, may be traced their wish to have a king whose title should be connected with the Revolution, and who might owe his crown more to their courtesy than to his own right. But who will warrant those that set such a dangerous stone rolling, where its course will stop? The body now united in one mass of opposition to the *royalistes purs*, comprehend among themselves a hundred various shades of difference, from the Constitutionalist of 1814 to the Republican of 1793, or the Imperialists of Bonaparte's time. It happened regularly in the French Revolution, that so soon as one point was gained or yielded, which the popular party represented as an ultimatum, new demands were set up by demagogues, who affected to plead still higher doctrines of freedom than those with which their predecessors had remained satisfied; the force of those who had been satisfied with the concessions being uniformly found insufficient to defend the breach they themselves had stormed, until all merged in anarchy, and anarchy itself in military tyranny. We have seen already the progress of an Orleans faction, as well as its fatal termination. We have no desire to give another

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whirl to the revolutionary E O table, or once more to shuffle the cards for the chance of turning up such trumps as will best suit the political gamblers of the Palais Royal.

Besides these two violent parties, one of which aims to restore the abrogated tyranny of priests and seigneurs, and the other to render a hereditary monarchy and elective one at a sweep, there are two classes of great importance, namely, the army and the mass of the people. Much must undoubtedly depend on the disposition of the former, which has been for some time accustomed to act as a deliberative body, and which, however mutilated and disjoined, will, like the several portions of a snake, continue long to writhe under the same impulses by which it was agitated when entire. Every effort is now making to place this formidable engine in the hands of the crown, by the dissolution and new-formation of the regiments, by recruits, and by the addition of separate corps, levied in the places most attached to the royal interest. But this is, in a great measure, counteracted by the insane policy which, as we have already noticed, applauds in military men the very conduct that indicates, as in the case of Huningen, and other places defended after the king's restoration, an opposition to his mandates; and if bravery alone shall be accounted a sufficient apology for rebellion, the French government will certainly have enough of both. Were a breach, therefore, to take place at this moment between the King and the Constitutionalists, I have little doubt that great part of the army would take part with the latter, though perhaps more out of pique than principle. The Royalists, with all their vehemence in words, have already shown how infinitely inferior they are to the opposite party in intrigue, as well as in audacity; and discontented soldiers may be seduced to declare for a change of dynasty, or for a republic, as readily as for a Bonaparte. Besides, distant and secure as is Napoleon's present place of exile, we have but scotched the snake, not killed him; but while life lasts, especially after his extraordinary return from Elba, there will not be wanting many to rely upon a third *avatar* of this singular emanation of the Evil Principle. This is an additional and powerful reason for the king to avoid, in thought, act, and deed, the slightest innovation on the liberties of his subjects as ascertained by the constitutional charter, as a certain means to provoke a contest in which he would prove inferior.*

If you ask me, then, what are the legitimate resources of this unfortunate monarch, placed between the extremes of two violent factions? I would answer, that, under God, I conceive them to rest upon the

* [Witness July, 1830!]

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good-will of the mass of the people of France. The agitators and intriguers of both parties bear an exceedingly small proportion to the numbers of those who only desire peace, tranquillity, and the enjoyment of the fruits of their industry, under a mild and steady government. With this class of people Louis XVIII. is deservedly popular; their tears attended his expulsion, and their rejoicings his return. It is true, that this general feeling of good-will and affection was not strong enough to bring armies to the field, though it threw great obstacles in the way of the usurper. But it is also true, that this class of Loyalists were taken totally at unawares, and became only apprized of their danger when it was too late to take measures for encountering a veteran army, masters of all the fortresses in the kingdom. The general class of proprietors are also (for the present) disheartened, drained of the young and active spirits whom Bonaparte sacrificed in his wars, rendered callous by habit to the various changes of government, and more passive under each than it is possible for Englishmen to comprehend. But there is very generally among the middling orders in France, and among all, indeed, who are above the lowest vulgar, a kind and affectionate feeling towards the king, well deserved by his mild and paternal character, and which further experience of the blessings of peace, and of a settled government, will kindle into zealous attachment. The best policy of the monarch is, to repress the ardent tempers of the clergy and nobles; to teach them that their real interest depends upon the crown; and that they will themselves be the first sufferers, if they give pretext for a new attack upon the Bourbons, by setting up pretensions equally antiquated and ill adapted with a free government. At the same time it may be necessary for the king, by exhibiting vigour and decision in his measures, to convince the more violent of the opposite faction, that they cannot renew their attempts against the throne with the facility and impunity which heretofore have attended them. The very violence with which these parties oppose each other affords the king the means of mediating betwixt both. Let the people at length see clearly that the king desires no more than his own share in the constitution, but that he stands prepared to defend his own rights, as well as theirs. It may, perhaps, take some time to awaken the indifferent from that palsy of the mind which we have alluded to, and to put to rest the jealous fears of the proprietors of national property. But good faith and persevering steadiness on the part of the crown may accomplish both, and with these fears will subdue the hopes entertained by those who delight in change; revolution will become difficult in proportion as its chance of success shall disappear; the ardent spirits who have frequented its dangerous paths will seek more pacific avenues to wealth and distinc-

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tion; and from being her own plague and the terror of her neighbours, France may again be happy in herself, and the most graceful ornament in the European commonwealth.

Upon the subject of awakening France to her true interests, use might surely be made of the principle uppermost in the heart of every Frenchman, and which is capable of guiding him to much good or evil, the interest, namely, which high and low take in the glory of their country. Through the abuse of this sentiment (noble in itself, because disinterested), Napoleon was enabled to consolidate his usurped government in such a manner that it required all his own rashness to undermine it. Did the people ask for bread?—he showed them a temple. Did they require of him the blood of their children?—he detailed to them a victory,—and they retired, satisfied that, if they suffered or wept, France had been rendered illustrious and victorious. It cannot be, that so strong and disinterested a sentiment should be applicable to evil purposes alone; nor do I believe the French so void of reflection or common sense, as not to be made capable, by experience, of valuing themselves as much upon personal freedom, an equal system of laws, a flourishing state of finance, good faith to other nations, and those moral qualities which equally adorn a people and individuals, as they now esteem their country decorated by an unnecessary palace, or by a bloody and fruitless victory. It is true, that the reformation must begin where the corruption was first infused, and that, although converts may be gained gradually to the cause of sound reason, yet we must necessarily be obliged to wait the effects of a better education upon the rising race, before real and genuine patriotism can be generally substituted for what is at present merely national vanity.

This appetite for glory has of late been fed with such unsubstantial food, as has apparently rendered the French indifferent to the distinction betwixt what is unreal and what is solid. Any thing connected with show and splendour,—any thing, as Bayes says, calculated to elevate and surprise, is what they expect from their governors, as regularly as the children of London expect a new pantomime at Christmas. Bonaparte contrived to drown the murmurs which attended his return to Paris, in the universal speculation which he excited by announcing his purpose of holding a *Champ de Mai*, which is much the same as if William III. had paved the way to the throne by summoning a *Wittenagemot*. In England, some would have thought the Prince of Orange had lost his senses, and some, that he was speaking Dutch. But all in England knew the meaning of a National Convention, the denomination by which William distinguished the assembly which he convoked. In Paris, it was exactly the contrary—the people did not want to see a national convention, or a national assembly

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either—they knew, like Costard, "whereuntil that did amount;" but the Champ de Mai was something new, something not easily comprehended; and it would have been a motive with many against expelling Bonaparte prematurely, that they would have lost the sight of the Champ de Mai. And thus they sacrificed their good sense to their curiosity, and showed their minds were more bent on the form of the assembly than on its end and purposes. After all, the *fête* was indifferently got up, and gave little satisfaction, notwithstanding the plumes and trains of the principal actors. But still it had its use. The Bourbons have been compelled also to sacrifice to this idol; and the king is himself obliged, contrary to his own good sense and taste, to conform to this passion for theatrical effect. A man, for example, was condemned to death, to whom it had been resolved to extend the royal pardon, and the king imagined, *tout bonnement*, that he had nothing to do but issue one from his chancery. But no—that would have been to defraud the public of their share in the scene. So he was advised to go (by pure accident), in the course of his evening drive, into some remote corner of the city, where he was to meet (also accidentally) with the municipality, who were to fall on their knees, and beg mercy for this delinquent, which the king was then to grant with characteristic grace and bounty, and all the bystanders were to shout *Vive le Roi*. It must not be supposed that a nation, so shrewd and ingenious as the French, are really blinded by these exhibitions *got up* for their amusement. But they are entertained for the time, and are no more disgusted with the want of reality in the drama, than with the trees upon the stage for being made of pasteboard. They consider the accompaniments as of more importance than the real object of the representation, and fall under the censure due to Prior's

— — "idle dreamer
Who leaves the pie to gnaw the streamer."

To reclaim hawks which have been accustomed to so wild a flight, requires all the address of a falconer. Yet there is at the bottom a strong fund of disinterested patriotism to work upon; for who will deny its existence to a people, the bulk of whom have, on all occasions, thought always of the nation, and never of themselves individually? Should, therefore, the present king meet with a minister calculated like Fabius to arrest immediate dangers, and protract or evade angry discussions, until such a long train of quiet shall have elapsed, that men's minds have become estranged from all ideas of force and violence, he may, even in his own time, lay such a foundation of a better system, as will lead future Frenchmen to place their pride less in vain parade or military glory, than in the freedom, arts, and happiness of France.

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The approaching meeting of the National Representatives, if they meet, as the time so peremptorily demands, in the spirit, not of partisans, but of conciliators, may do much to accelerate so desirable an issue. But it is too much to be feared, that it will be found very difficult to assemble such a body of representatives, as may be justly considered as the organ of the nation. Could such a senate be convoked, we should hear on every side the language of peace and moderation, nor would the debates be warmer or more obstinate, than is necessary for elucidation of the measure proposed. Such an assembly, in the name of the proprietors of France, would deprecate the senseless agitation of theoretical questions, would recommend brief sentence on a limited and narrow selection of the principal agents of the last usurpation, whose fate seems essential to the vindication of justice, and the intimidation of the disaffected; and when that painful duty was executed, would proceed with joy to the more agreeable task of promulgating such a general amnesty as would throw a perpetual veil over the crimes and errors of that unhappy period. I might add, that such a senate would proceed by secret committees to tent the wounds of the country, to turn their attention towards the state of religion and morals, and to ensure the means of bringing up the rising generation, at least, free from the errors of their fathers. In their adjustment of foreign relations, such a council of state would recollect, that if the country had suffered reiterated humiliation, it was in consequence of reiterated aggression; and, avoiding painful and irritating discussions concerning the past, they would offer by such moderation the surest guarantee for peace and amity in future. Such would be the language of the representatives of the people, did they really speak the sense of the proprietors of France—not that those proprietors are sufficiently enlightened to recommend the special measures for attaining peace and tranquillity, but because they are sighing for that state of good order to which the measures of an enlightened representation ought to conduct them. But I have doubts whether this calm and wise course can be expected from the senators to be shortly assembled, since we hear of nothing on all sides but the exertions made by the two political factions of Royalists and Liberalists, to procure returns of their own partisans. We must, therefore, prepare to witness a warm, and, perhaps, a deadly war waged between two contending parties, of which one proposes a complete reaction and restoration of things, as they stood in the reign of Louis XV., with the advantages perhaps of new confiscations to avenge those by which they were themselves ruined, and the other proposing a gratuitous and uncalled-for alteration of the laws of succession, while each is content to hazard in the attempt a renewal of the horrors of the Revolution.

You may wonder that a spirit should be expected to prevail among

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the representatives, so different from that of the mass of the people by whom they are chosen. The cause seems to be, that those gradations, not of rank only, but of education, intelligence, and habits of thinking upon political men and measures, which enable Englishmen both to choose representatives, and to watch their conduct when chosen, cannot at present be said to exist in France. Those who propose themselves as candidates are men altogether distinct in their habits of thinking from the voters whom they are to represent. They are considered as politicians by profession, as men belonging to a class entitled exclusively to be chosen, and who, when chosen, relieve their electors from all further trouble in watching or directing their political conduct. The electors may assemble in their organic colleges, and may give their suffrages to a candidate for the Chamber of Representatives; but it will be in the same manner as they might choose a person to repair the town-clock, when almost all the voters are ignorant of the means which the artist is to adopt for its regulation, and probably some of them cannot tell the hour by the dial-plate when the machine is put in order. On the contrary, the class in England upon whom the election of parliament devolves, are trained to their task by long habit, by being freeholders, members of common councils, vestries, and other public bodies, or by hearing affairs of a public nature discussed upon all occasions, whether of business or pleasure, and are thereby habituated to consider themselves as members of the body politic. Though, therefore, many may be seduced by interest, biassed by influence, or deluded by prejudice, there will be found among the mass of the British electors, taken generally over the kingdom, a capacity of judging of the fitness of their representatives, a distinct power of observing with attention their conduct in their high office; and they possess means also, collectively speaking, of making their own opinion heard and respected, when there is pressing occasion for it.

I do not mention this difference between the inhabitants of the two countries, as a reason for refusing to France the benefits of a free representation, but to show, that, for some time at least, it cannot have the salutary effect upon the political horizon of that country which arises from the like institution in our own, where there exists an intimate and graduated connexion between the representative and electors, a general diffusion of political knowledge, and a systematic gradation from the member of parliament to the lowest freeholder;—where, in short, there is a common feeling between the representative and his constituent, the one knowing the nature of the power delegated, as well as the other does that which he receives, and both, though differing in extent of information, having something like common views upon the same subject. It may be long ere this general diffusion of political information takes place in France. It will, however, follow, if time

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is allowed for it by years of peace, and of that good order which promotes quiet and general discussion of political rights. A freeholder, who suffered free-quarters from pandours and cossacks twice in one year, has scarce tranquillity of mind sufficient to attend to theoretical privileges and maxims of state. But if called upon repeatedly to exercise his right of suffrage, he will gradually begin to comprehend the meaning of it, and to interest himself in the conduct of the representative to whom he gives his voice. Thus, as freemen make a constitution, so a free constitution, if not innovated upon, and rendered ineffectual, will in time create a general and wholesome freedom of spirit amongst those who have to exercise the privileges which it bestows. Did such a general feeling now exist in France, we should not have to apprehend the desperate results which may attend the struggle of two parties only intent upon their own factious interests—a nobility and clergy, on the one hand, eager to resume privileges inconsistent with general freedom, and on the other, a turbulent oligarchy of considerable talent and little principle, prepared to run the race of the Brissotins in 1792, and to encounter all the risks with which it was proved to be attended.

To the dangers of this collision of steel and flint, is to be added that which arises from the quantity of tinder and touch-wood, which lies scattered around to catch and foster every spark of fire;—an army dishonoured and discontented, bands of royalists, half-organized soldiers, half-voluntary partisans, thousands whom Bonaparte had employed in his extended system of espionage and commercial regulation; hundreds, also, of a higher class, selected generally for talent, activity, and lack of principle, who have now lost their various posts, as Maires, Préfets, Sous-préfets, Commis, and so forth—all of whom would find their interest in a civil war. And what will restrain the factious from pushing the crisis to this extremity? Only a jealous fear of the allies, whose occupation of the fortresses in the north of France will, in that case, prove her best security; or perhaps the slender chance, that the members of the representation may be wise enough to sacrifice their mutual feuds to the general weal, and remember that they are summoned to wage their contest with the arms of courtesy, and not to push political debate into revolutionary frenzy. I leave them, therefore, with a sincere wish that they may not forget, in the vehemence of their internal dissensions, the duty which they owe to a distracted public, which they may at pleasure involve in a civil war by their mutual violence, or save from that dreadful crisis by their temper and moderation.

You must not expect from me any general view of French manners, or habits of society; and it is the less necessary, as you will find ample means of forming your judgment in the very spirited and acute work

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of Mr John Scott, published during the preceding year. I am inclined to think, that while he has touched the French vices and follies with enough of severity, he may not in some instances have done full justice to the gallant, amiable, and lively disposition, by which, in spite of an execrable education, and worse government, that people are still widely distinguished from other nations on the Continent. But the ingenious author had prescience enough to discover the latent danger of the royal government of 1814, when it was disguised and disowned by the members of that government themselves; nor has he in these affairs omitted an opportunity to plead the cause of freedom, religion, and morality, against that of tyranny, infidelity, and licentiousness. I ought also to mention the Travels in France in the years 1814–15, the joint production of two young gentlemen* whose taste for literature is hereditary; and I am informed, that another ingenious friend (Mr S——n of Edinburgh), whose extreme assiduity in collecting information cannot fail to render his Journal interesting, intends to give it to the public.† To such works I may safely refer you for an ample description of Paris, its environs, public places, and state of manners.

I should willingly have endeavoured to form my own views of the state of French society, as well as of their politics; but the time has been altogether unfavourable, as the persons of fashion in Paris have either retired to the country, or live in strict seclusion from foreigners, upon principles which it is impossible not to respect. The strangers, therefore, who now occupy this capital, form a class altogether distinct from the native inhabitants, and seek for society among each other. It was very different, I am told, upon the former entry of the allied troops, which, for some time, the Parisians regarded more as a pacification than a conquest. The Russian and Prussian officers were then eagerly sought after, and caressed by the French nobility; and the allied monarchs, on entering the Parisian theatres, were received with the same honours as in their own. But this is all over. The last cast was too absolute for victory or ruin, and the die has turned up against France. One class of Frenchmen lament the event of the war as a national misfortune; and even those who have the advantage of it, feel that, in its cause, progress, and conclusion, it will be recorded as a national disgrace. "You own yourself," said I to a lively French friend, a great anti-imperialist, as he writhed his face and shrugged when he passed a foreign officer,—"you own yourself, that they only treated your countrymen as they have merited."—"Very true—and the man

* [Travels in France during the years 1814-15, comprising a Residence at Paris during the stay of the Allied armies, and at Aix at the period of the landing of Bonaparte, 2 vols. 8vo,—the joint production of Archibald Alison, and Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esqs. Advocates.]

† This pledge has been amply redeemed by Mr James Simpson's lively and interesting "Visit to Flanders."

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that is hanged has no more than his deserts—but I don't like to look at the hangman."

Amid this dereliction, you must not suppose that we sojourners in Paris suffer solitude for want of good society. The extended hospitality of the Duke of Wellington, and of Lord and Lady Castlereagh, has afforded rallying points to the numerous English strangers, who have an opportunity of meeting, in their parties, with almost all the owners of those distinguished names, which for three years past have filled the trumpet of fame. Our minister, whose name will be read with distinction in this proud page of our annals, and to whose determined steadiness in council much of the success of 1814 is unquestionably due, occupies the palace of Pauline Borghese, now that of the British embassy. The Duke of Wellington lives in a large hotel at the corner of the Rue des Champs Elysées, furnished most elaborately by some wealthy courtier of Napoleon. Among its chief ornaments, is a very fine picture of the ex-emperor, and a most excellent bust of the same personage. It is a thing to remember, that I have seen in that hotel, so ornamented, the greatest and the bravest whom Europe can send forth, from Petersburg to Cadiz, assembled upon the invitation of the British General, and yielding to him, by general assent, the palm of military preeminence. In mentioning those whose attentions rendered the residence of the British at Paris pleasant and interesting, I ought not to forget Lord Cathcart, whose situation as ambassador to the Russian court gave him opportunities of gratifying the curiosity of his countrymen, by presenting them to the Emperor, who has of late played such a distinguished part in European history, and by making them known to such men as Barclay de Tolli, Platow, Czernicheff, and other heroes of Kalouga and Beresina, where the spear of the mighty was first broken. Besides the notice of these public characters, my stay in Paris was made happy by the society of many friends, both in the civil and military departments. You know my inherent partiality for the latter class when they add gentle manners and good information to the character of their profession; and I can assure you, that as there never was a period when our soldiers were more respected for discipline and bravery, so the character of the British officers for gallantry and humanity, for general information, and for the breeding of gentlemen, never stood higher than at the capture of Paris. In such society, whatever secret discontents might in reality exist, Paris was to us like a frozen lake, over whose secret and fathomless gulfs we could glide without danger or apprehension; and I shall always number the weeks I have spent here among the happiest of my life.

In a short time, it is imagined, the greater part of the foreign troops will be withdrawn towards their own countries, or to the occupation of the fortresses they are to hold in guarantee It will then be seen

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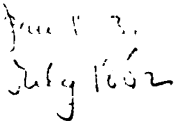
whether the good intentions of the king, and the general desire of the country for peace, will be sufficient to maintain the public tranquillity of France amid the collision of so many angry passions; and there will, at the worst, remain this consolation, that if this restless people should draw the sword upon each other, effectual precautions have been taken by the allies to prevent them from again disturbing the peace of Europe.

With the hope of speedily rejoining the beloved circle round the fireside, and acting, in virtue of my travelled experience, the referee in all political disputes, I am ever your affectionate friend, PAUL.



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APPENDIX.

No. I.

*Relation of what was done and said by Napoleon Bonaparte in the course of the 18th of June, 1815, during and after the Battle of Waterloo.—Drawn up from the Depositions of Jean Baptiste De Coster, who served him as Guide on that Day.**

Jean Baptiste de Coster, aged about 53, born in the village of Corbeek-loo, near Louvain, has resided in the Walloon country for 33 years. He is 5 feet 10 inches high, and of robust appearance. He is intelligent, and answers the questions put to him with an air of great sincerity. He expresses himself with facility, and understands French very well.

Before the invasion of Bonaparte, De Coster occupied a little inn, with about six acres of ground. On the approach of the French army on the 17th, he retired with his family, composed of his wife and seven children, into the wood of the abbey of Awyiers, where he spent the night between the Saturday and Sunday. At six in the morning, he left the wood to go to church, and from thence to the house of his brother, situated at Planchenoir. He found there three French generals, who asked him if he had lived long in the country, and if he was well acquainted with the neighbourhood. On his answering in the affirmative, one of them sent him to Napoleon, accompanied by a domestic, and with a letter.

Napoleon had passed the night in the farm-house of Caillou, and had left it at six o'clock. De Coster found him in the farm-house called Rossum, where he arrived at eight o'clock, and was immediately presented to Bonaparte, who was standing in a room about twenty feet long and sixteen broad, in the middle of a great many officers of his staff. Bonaparte asked him if he was well acquainted with the *localities* of the country, and if he was willing to act as his guide. De Coster having given a satisfactory answer, Napoleon told him that he should accompany him, adding, "Speak to me, my friend, with frankness, and as if you were among your children."

The farm of Rossum is situated near that called La Belle Alliance. The Emperor stopped there till almost noon. During this time, De Coster was kept in view, in the courtyard of the farm, by a soldier of the guard, who, while walking with him, informed him of the strength of the army, telling him that it consisted, on passing the frontiers, of 150,000 men, of whom 40,000 were cavalry, among which latter troops were 9000 cuirassiers, 7000 of the young guard, and 8 to 9000 of the old guard. This soldier bestowed great praise on the bravery which the English had displayed at Quatre Bras. He particularly admired the intrepid *sang-froid* of the Scotch Highlanders, "who would not budge," said he, in his military phrase, "but when the bayonet was put to their posteriors."

While De Coster thus remained in the courtyard of the farmhouse, Bonaparte made him be called three different times, to ask him information as to the maps of the country, which he was incessantly consulting. He questioned him chiefly on the distance of the different towns of Brabant from the field of battle, and made him say what were the towns he had seen in his youth. De Coster named fourteen, which seemed to please Bonaparte. He expressed also much satisfaction on hearing that De Coster was a Fleming, and that he spoke the Flemish and Walloon languages equally well. He recommended to him above

* [The original French of this Relation was appended to the earlier editions of Paul's Letters, but it has not been thought necessary to preserve it in this collection.]

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all, to give nothing but certain information, and to answer to things of which he was not assured, merely by shrugging his shoulders. He frequently repeated these intimations, adding, that if he succeeded, his (De Coster's) reward should be a hundred times greater than he could imagine. He freed him also from any particular mark of respect, telling him, that, without taking off the night-cap, which he wore, he had only to salute by putting his hand to his forehead.

At noon, Bonaparte went out with his staff, and placed himself on an eminence by the side of the causeway, at a very little distance in rear of the farm, from whence he had a view of the whole field of battle. Persons very soon came to tell him, that the attack on the farm and chateau of Hougoumont, which he had ordered to commence at eleven o'clock, had not succeeded.*

At one o'clock the battle became general. Bonaparte remained in his first station, with all his staff, till five o'clock. He was on foot, and walked constantly backwards and forwards, sometimes with his arms crossed, but more frequently with his hands behind his back, and with his thumbs in the pockets of his slate-coloured great-coat. He had his eyes fixed on the battle, and took out alternately his watch and snuff-box. De Coster, who was on horseback near him, frequently remarked his watch. Bonaparte, perceiving that he also took snuff, and that he had no more, frequently gave him some.

When he saw that his attempts to carry the position of the chateau of Hougoumont had been vainly reiterated, he took a horse, quitted the farm of Rossum at five o'clock, and, moving forward, placed himself opposite to the house of De Coster, at the distance of a gun-shot from La Belle Alliance. He remained in the second station till seven o'clock. It was at that moment that he first perceived, by means of his glass, the arrival of the Prussians; he mentioned it to his aide-de-camp, who, having directed his glass towards them, saw them also. Some minutes afterwards, an officer came to inform him that the corps of Bulow was approaching: Bonaparte answered, that he knew it, and gave orders that his guards should make a movement on the centre of the English army. He himself, again moving forward at the gallop, went and placed himself, with his staff, in a ravine formed by the causeway, half way between La Belle Alliance and La Haye Sainte. This was his third and last position.

Bonaparte and his suite had been in great danger before arriving at this ravine; a ball even carried away the pommel of the saddle of one of his officers, without either touching him or his horse. Bonaparte merely told him coldly, that he ought to keep within the ravine.

There were at this place batteries on both sides of the road. Perceiving that one of the guns of the battery on the left was not making a good fire, he alighted from his horse, mounted on the height at the side of the road, and advanced to the third gun, the firing of which he rectified, while cannon and musket-balls were whistling round him. He returned with tranquillity, with his hands in the pockets of his great-coat, and took his place among the officers.

In this position, he saw the eight batalions of the old guard, to whom he had given orders to penetrate the centre of the English army, advance upon La Haye Sainte. Three of these battalions were destroyed before his eyes, while crossing the causeway, by the fire from the farm-house and batteries; nevertheless the French made themselves masters of them, and the Hanoverians who occupied them were obliged to surrender for want of ammunition.

To support his foot-guards, Bonaparte brought forward his horse-guards, composed of eight or nine regiments. He was waiting with the utmost anxiety the result of this charge, when he saw this *élite* of his army annihilated in an instant, while ascending the bank on which La Haye Sainte is situated. This was the last attempt: when he saw the old guard destroyed, he lost all hope; and, turning to Bertrand, said, "All is now over—let us save ourselves."

It was half an hour past eight. Without taking any measure,—without giving any orders,—and thinking only of escaping the Prussians, Bonaparte, accompanied by his staff, set off at full speed for Genappe, following the line of the causeway at a certain distance in

* De Coster thinks, that what hindered this attempt from succeeding, was a wall which surrounds the chateau in the inside, and which was concealed from the French by a ledge which surround it on the outside. Four thousand men found shelter behind this wall, while it was struck by the French balls.

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the fields. Once only, in passing a battery of fourteen guns, he ordered, before abandoning it, fourteen shots to be fired from each gun.

It was half past nine o'clock when he arrived at Genappe. The single street which forms this village was so choked up with caissons and cannon, that it took a whole hour for him and his staff to get through it, passing along the houses, which now were void of inhabitants. There was, however, no other road to take, because the left was occupied by the Prussians, and there was no other bridge but that of Genappe for crossing the river.

From Genappe he directed his course towards Les Quatre Bras, pressing on with renewed haste, and always in the apprehension of being prevented by the Prussians. When he had passed this last place he was more tranquil; and when he arrived at Gossely, he even lighted from his horse, and went the rest of the way to Charleroi (that is to say, nearly a league) on foot. He passed through Charleroi on horseback, at about half past two in the morning, and went into a meadow called Marcenelle, beyond the town. There a large fire was made for him, and two glasses and two bottles of wine were brought, which he drank with his officers; he took no other refreshment. A sack of oats was scattered on the ground, which the horses ate, bridled as they were. At a quarter before five, after having taken another guide (who received the horse which De Coster had used), Bonaparte again mounted his horse, made an inclination of his head to De Coster, and went away. Bertrand gave De Coster a single Napoleon, which was all he received, and disappeared likewise, as did the whole staff, leaving De Coster alone, who was obliged to return home on foot.

During the time that he had passed with Bonaparte, De Coster was not in any respect ill treated: only when, in their flight, they had arrived at Les Quatre Bras, one of the officers, who perceived that a second guide whom they had with them had made off, tied, by way of precaution, the bridle of De Coster's horse to the saddle of his own.

Bonaparte, from the moment he began his retreat till he arrived in the meadow of Marcenelle, did not stop anywhere, and did not speak to anybody. He had taken no nourishment since leaving the farm of Rossum, and, as De Coster thinks, he had not even taken any thing since six o'clock in the morning.

He did not appear at all moved by the dangers of the battle. De Coster, who was much afraid, often stooped on his horse's neck to shun the balls which he heard whistling over his head. Bonaparte repeatedly expressed his dissatisfaction at this, telling him, that these movements made the officers believe he was hit;—and added, that he would not shun the balls any better by stooping down than by keeping upright.

During the battle, he had frequent occasion to do justice to the bravery of the army which was opposed to him. He chiefly praised the Scotch Greys, and expressed regret at seeing them suffer so much, while they manœuvred so well, and handled the sabre so dexterously.

Till half past five he retained good hopes, and repeated every instant that all went well. —His generals partook of these hopes.—It may be added, that during the whole action he displayed the same calmness and sang-froid, that he never manifested any ill-humour, and spoke always with great gentleness to his officers.

He never was at any time in danger of being taken; having had, even at the third station where he was nearest the enemy, twelve pieces of cannon and three thousand grenadiers of his guard around him.

He made no use of the observatory constructed six weeks before the battle by the Dutch engineers.

During the flight, he received pretty frequently news of the army, from officers who had succeeded in escaping from the pursuit of the allies.

De Coster's house having been used by the French in their *bivouac*, the doors and windows, and all the wood it contained, were burnt. The rent which he paid for it was 100 francs; the proprietor, after having repaired it, has let it to another person for 125 francs. De Coster resides at present at the hamlet of Joli-Bois, on the high-road between Waterloo and Mount St Jean.

This relation was drawn up at Waterloo on the 8th of January, 1816, in the Inn of Jean De Nivelles, from De Coster's answers to the questions put to him. It was read to him next day and corrected from his observations.

Brussels, 12th January, 1816.

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No. II.

ACCOUNT OF THE DEFENCE OF HOUGOUMONT, DURING THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, ON THE 18TH OF JUNE, 1815.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, BART.

It appears to me, that the battle of Waterloo is the greatest event recorded in history. We all know the important results which have already taken place, owing to the victory we there obtained. Had it been the reverse, it is impossible to calculate the mischief that would have followed. It is not easy keeping together an unsuccessful alliance; and the expenses of a protracted war might have proved ruinous to the financial system of Great Britain, which at present experiences such difficulties, notwithstanding the immense savings which were effected, in consequence of the successful termination of that dreadful conflict.

The battle of Zama is the only event in history that can be put in comparison with that of Waterloo. There, two disciplined armies, under two great generals, were opposed to each other, and the conflict, it may be said, terminated the rivalship between Rome and Carthage. But the results of even that great battle were greatly inferior to those of Waterloo, on which depended, not only the fate of two rival nations, but of Europe, and of the world at large. It is singular that the modern, like the ancient Hannibal, should have laid the foundation of his military fame in Italy, and the modern Scipio in Spain.

Having visited the field of battle, I became anxious to collect detailed information regarding the transactions which had taken place there. The defence of Hougoumont, in particular, struck me as being of peculiar importance; and having applied to some distinguished officers who were employed in that service, by their aid, and from a personal inspection of the place, I have been enabled to draw up the following short account of the circumstances connected with its defence. I am happy in this opportunity of contributing to do justice to the British Guards who there so gallantly maintained the character they have long enjoyed, for firmness, intrepidity, and valour.

THE ACCOUNT.

When the Duke of Wellington had fixed on the ground, where he resolved to await the attack of the French army, he found, on the right of his position, an old Flemish mansion, called Gomont, or Hougoumont, by defending which, it appeared to him that much advantage might be derived. The buildings consisted of an old tower and chapel, and a number of offices, partly surrounded by a farm-yard. There was also a garden, enclosed by a high and strong wall, and round the garden a wood, or orchard, and a hedge, by which the wall was concealed. The necessary steps were taken to strengthen these means of defence, by loop-holing, or perforating the walls, for the fire of musketry, and erecting scaffolding to give the troops within an opportunity of firing from the top of the wall. These judicious measures greatly assisted the successful defence that was afterwards made against such reiterated and desperate attacks.

On the evening of the 17th, the following troops were allotted for the defence:—1. The second brigade of Guards, commanded by Major-General Sir John Byng; and, 2. The light companies of the first brigade. The force was disposed of as follows:—The light companies of the Coldstream and Third Guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonnell, occupied the house and garden; those of the first regiment occupied the wood to the left; these were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Saltoun; the rest of the brigade was placed about 200 yards in the rear, in a commanding situation, and in readiness to support the garrison, if necessary. The whole amounted to from 1400 to 1500 men. To this force was added, immediately previous to the action, about 300 of the Nassau troops,

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some of whom, however, did not remain long, owing, it is said, to their not having been sufficiently supplied with ammunition.

The action commenced at thirty-five minutes past eleven o'clock, as appears from the information of an officer, who looked at his watch (which he was satisfied was correct as to time) as soon as the first gun was fired.

The force of the enemy employed in making the attack was very great. It consisted of the whole of the second corps, under the command of the Count de Reille. This corps, which amounted to 30,000 men, was formed into three divisions. The division commanded by Jerome Bonaparte commenced the attack, but was soon driven back (about half past twelve) with great loss. A most desperate attack was next made by the division of General Foy, who succeeded in gaining great part of the wood, and had nearly surrounded the house; but four companies of the Coldstream, and two of the third regiment, moving promptly down and attacking them, they were driven back with immense slaughter, and some prisoners were taken from them. Several other attempts were made by the enemy against this post during the course of the day, until their general retreat;* but they did not obtain any advantage. In a most determined and gallant attack, made between twelve and one o'clock, an officer and a few men got inside of the gate of the farm-yard, but they were all killed; and at no period of the day was the communication cut off. Reinforcements of men and ammunition were sent in whenever they were requisite. The attack against the position of Hougoumont lasted, on the whole, from twenty-five minutes before twelve, until a little past eight at night.

At several period during the day, reinforcements from the Coldstream, and the third regiment of Guards were sent down to the support of the light companies, employed in the defence of the house, garden, and wood.† The latter was repeatedly occupied by the enemy, who were as often driven from it again, until at last these posts were occupied by the whole brigade, with the exception of two companies. About six in the evening, when the second line was brought forward, some Hanoverian battalions occupied the ground, where the second brigade of Guards had been placed at the commencement; and a Brunswick regiment was sent down to the wood more to the left than when the Guards held it.

The loss of the Guards, in killed and wounded, in the defence of Hougoumont, amounted to twenty-eight officers, and about 800 serjeants and rank and file. The foreign troops (Nassau and Brunswickers) might lose about 100.

The loss of the enemy was enormous. The division of General Foy alone lost about 3000 men; and the total loss of the enemy in the attack of this position is estimated at above 10,000 men in killed and wounded.

It is said that the enemy were ignorant of the strength of the position, the garden wall being concealed by the wood and hedge; but the wall was so protected by trees, that it would not have been easy to have brought cannon to play against it, and besides, it was of great thickness. The enemy brought guns to a height on the right of the position, which enfiladed it, and caused great loss; and they succeeded in setting fire to a haystack, and a part of the buildings, by means of shells;‡ but that did not prevent the garrison from occupying the remaining part.

It has been said that the inhabitants of the place were not friendly to the English; but this is quite a mistake. They left it with much trepidation, when the cavalry of the enemy appeared in the evening of the 17th. They returned, however, for a short time early on the 18th, to take some things away. Their conduct on the whole rather implied, "friendship for the English, and terror of the French."

Such are the most interesting particulars regarding the defence of Hougoumont, which

* Late in the evening, when the second corps had been as completely beaten, as the first corps had been on the left, Bonaparte ordered forward the Imperial Guards, and part of that fine body of men was directed against Hougoumont.

† When part of the third regiment of Guards was sent into the wood before one o'clock, Colonel Hepburn of that corps superseded Lord Saltoun, who, having but few men left, obtained permission to join his battalion, where he again distinguished himself. Colonel Woodford of the Coldstream, who went with the reinforcement into the house, was senior to Colonel Macdonnell, but in consideration of that officer's gallant conduct, Colonel Woodford refused taking the command, and each undertook the defence of a particular portion of the post they occupied.

‡ It was the tower that was burnt, and the fire penetrated to the chapel. The guide pointed out to me a crucifix of wood, which the fire had attacked, and as it was damaged only in a part of the foot, it was supposed to have been saved by a miraculous interposition of Providence.

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does such infinite credit to the determined courage of the troops employed in that service, and which certainly most essentially contributed to the ultimate success at the battle of Waterloo.*

It was very satisfactory to find, that nothing could surpass the high ideas entertained on the Continent of the steadiness, valour, energy, and discipline of the British army.† It was remarked to me, that scarcely any other troops possessed that firmness and discipline, joined to what we would call *bottom*, or a happy union of strength of body, and resolution, or firmness of mind, sufficient to have resisted, for so many hours, the violent, desperate, and reiterated attacks of the French at the battle of Waterloo;‡ where the force of an immense artillery,§ of numerous bodies of cavalry, variously armed, and many of them protected by defensive armour; and from 50,000 to 60,000 infantry, the *élite* of the French army, were all combined for the destruction of an enemy numerically much inferior.** It was observed, however, that the discipline of the French had become too loose, whilst that of the Germans remained too mechanical; but that the discipline of the British army

* It has been observed that Ossian peculiarly excels in the description of battles; and in no poet, whether ancient or modern, can passages be found more applicable to the battle of Waterloo, than the following from the poem of Fingal, as translated by the Rev. Dr Ross:—

"As roll a thousand waves to the shore, the troops of Swaran advanced: as meets the shore a thousand waves, so the sons of Erin stood firm. There were the groans of death! The hard crash of contending arms: shields and mails in shivers on the ground: swords like lightning gleaming in the air; the cry of battle from wing to wing: the loud, bloody, hot encounter: chief mixing his strokes with chief, and man with man.

"As the lightning of night on the hill: as the loud roar of the sea when roll the waves on high: as thunder behind the rocks, were the noise and fury of the battle. Though Cormack's hundred bards had been there to describe the scene in song, feeble had been their voice to relate the countless number of the slain, so many were the deaths of heroes, whose blood was poured upon the plain."

It was his description of battles that made Ossian so great a favourite with Bonaparte.

† I found that the Scotch corps were great favourites on the Continent, and a respectable friend of mine, the Viscount Vanderfosse, at Brussels, having expressed himself with much feeling and eloquence on the subject, I requested him to send me in writing what he had stated in conversation, and the following is a literal translation of the letter he sent me:—

Brussels, January 5, 1816.

"Sir,

"You desire to have in writing, the eulogium which I made you yesterday, on the Scotch regiments, which have so valiantly defended our country and our laws at the battle of Waterloo. I shall endeavour to make use of the same words as formerly, since a Scotchman, enlightened and patriotic as you are, has thought them worthy of remembrance.

"Since the arrival of the English troops on the Continent, their discipline was remarked by all those who had any communication with them, and in particular by those who, like myself, had had an opportunity of seeing them in this country, during the campaigns of 1793 and 1794. At that epoch, your warriors displayed the greatest bravery; but England had not yet accumulated those numerous laurels, acquired under the command of the great and immortal Wellington.

"Among these respectable warriors, the Scotch deserve to be particularly commemorated; and this honourable mention is due to their discipline, their mildness, their patience, their humanity, and their bravery, almost without example.

"On the 16th and 18th of June, 1815, their valour was displayed in a manner the most heroic. Multiplied, constant, and almost unheard-of proofs were given, I do not say merely of courage, but of a devotion to their country, quite extraordinary and sublime.

"Nor must we forget that these men, so terrible in the field of battle, were mild and tranquil out of it. The Scotch Greys, in escorting the French prisoners on the evening of the 18th, showed compassion to these unfortunate victims of war, while as yet the result of that decisive day was unknown, and perhaps uncertain.

"I am not afraid of giving myself up to those feelings of gratitude, which all the Belgians will ever retain towards those, without whom they would no longer have had a country; but even gratitude shall never carry me beyond truth. All that I have now said in praise of your excellent countrymen would, I am sure, be confirmed, if necessary, by all the inhabitants of this kingdom; and the more you enquire into details and facts respecting their virtue and their glory, the more would the reality of what I have now repeated, at your desire, be established.

"Receive, sir, the renewed assurance of my esteem and gratitude towards your loyal nation; and permit me to join in the cry, at the sound of which your excellent countrymen have braved the most imminent dangers, and have triumphed over them,—'*Scotland for ever!*'

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your very humble and obedient servant,

(Signed) "Viscount Vanderfosse,

"First Advocate at the Superior Court of Justice at Brussels."

‡ In the Austrian account it is said, "That no infantry less practised, and less cool than the English, could have resisted such attacks."

§ The French were greatly superior in the number of cannon in the action. They had above 200; the English only about 66.

** The French, in all, had about 75,000 men, and the British about 65,000, (including all the foreign troops), at the battle of Waterloo.

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was distinguished by a happy medium, which when joined to that military skill and coolness by which the hero of Waterloo is so eminently distinguished, almost ensured a victory.*

London, March 18, 1816.

PARTICULARS REGARDING MARSHAL GROUCHY'S ARMY.

I was fortunate enough to meet at Brussels with some of the most distinguished officers who had served in Grouchy's army; and with great readiness they answered several questions I put to them, regarding that part of the French force. I shall here give a translation of the questions sent, and the answers they returned, which contain some interesting particulars.

1. At what time was the corps of Marshal Grouchy separated from the grand army?—*Answer*. On the morning of the 17th of June.

2. What was its force, and the generals by whom it was commanded?—*Answer*. The force consisted in all of 45,000 men; of whom 39,000 were infantry, and 6000 cavalry. The principal officers were Generals Vandamme, Gerard, and Excelmans.

3. What were the orders given to the marshal, and what progress did he make in their execution?—*Answer*. The orders of the marshal were, to march upon the army of the enemy, so as to prevent the junction between Wellington and Blucher. He arrived to carry that object into effect at Gembloux on the 17th, which the Prussian army had quitted about twelve at noon for Wavre. The marshal left Gembloux with his army on the morning of the 18th, to find out the Prussians, and to fight them. The second corps of cavalry, consisting of 4000 men, commanded by General Excelmans, discovered the rear-guard of the Prussians near a place called Baraque, about ten o'clock in the morning. General Excelmans brought his cavalry to the Dyle, ready to pass that river, when about twelve the marshal arrived, with General Vandamme's corps, and gave orders to march upon Wavre; this he did, after we had defeated the rear-guard of the Prussian army, which were from 8000 to 10,000 men.

4. Did you hear at Wavre the firing at the battle of Waterloo, or Mount St Jean?—*Answer*. About mid-day the cannonade was heard, and it was then that General Gerard, and several other officers, insisted strongly with the marshal to cross the Dyle, and to approach nearer to the emperor, leaving a small corps of observation before the Prussians, who had been beat and had retired to Wavre. But the marshal constantly refused, and continued his route on Wavre. General Excelmans commanded the advanced guard, and would not have quitted the Dyle, had it not been in consequence of express orders given by the marshal in person, which he was compelled to obey.

5. To what circumstance was it owing that the army of Marshal Grouchy was of no use at the battle of Waterloo, or Mount St Jean?—*Answer*. Because the marshal committed the fault of employing his whole army, whereas, at the utmost, 10,000 men would have been sufficient to have kept the rear-guard of the Prussians in check.

6. Did Napoleon send any orders to Marshal Grouchy during the battle?—*Answer*. Several officers were sent before mid-day by the emperor to search for Marshal Grouchy, but only one of them (Col. Zenowitz) arrived at Wavre, and not till about six o'clock in the evening. The marshal then resolved to pass the Dyle at Limale, with a part of his army; but it was too late.

7. What became afterwards of Marshal Grouchy's army?—*Answer*. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning of the 19th, that the marshal learnt that the emperor had been beaten. The attack which he intended to make on the road from Brussels to Louvain was therefore given up, and the army passed the Dyle at four points—Wavre, Limale, Limilet, and Ottigny. General Excelmans with his corps pushed on to Namur, where he arrived in the evening, and where the marshal arrived next day. The allies attacked the rear-guard, commanded by Vandamme. The conflict was very obstinate, but the allies suffered so much, that our retreat afterwards was unmolested.

* The Duke of Wellington retained the same presence of mind, during the dreadful conflict, as it had been a common field-day; and a foreign officer, of great experience and merit, assured me, "that he had served with all the most distinguished generals on the Continent, but that none of them possessed so many of the qualities essential for a great commander, as the Duke of Wellington."

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These officers added, that in their opinion, "Si les ordres de l'Empereur eussent été exécutés par le Maréchal Grouchy, les armées Anglaise et Prussienne étaient perdues sans ressource." This cannot be admitted. It is said that Grouchy was over-persuaded by Vandamme to push on to Wavre, in the hopes of getting first to Brussels, and securing the plunder of that town to themselves.

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AN

ESSAY

ON

CHIVALRY.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA.

[1818.]

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AN

ESSAY ON CHIVALRY.

THE primitive sense of this well-known word, derived from the French *Chevalier*, signifies merely cavalry, or a body of soldiers serving on horseback; and it has been used in that general acceptation by the best of our poets, ancient and modern, from Milton to Thomas Campbell.

But the present article respects the peculiar meaning given to the word in modern Europe, as applied to the order of knighthood, established in almost all her kingdoms during the middle ages, and the laws, rules, and customs, by which it was governed. Those laws and customs have long been antiquated, but their effects may still be traced in European manners; and, excepting only the change which flowed from the introduction of the Christian religion, we know no cause which has produced such general and permanent difference betwixt the ancients and moderns, as that which has arisen out of the institution of chivalry. In attempting to treat this curious and important subject, rather as philosophers than as antiquaries, we cannot, however, avoid going at some length into the history and origin of the institution.

From the time that cavalry becomes used in war, the horseman who furnishes and supports a charger arises, in all countries, into a person of superior importance to the mere foot-soldier. The apparent difficulty of the art of training and managing in the field of battle an animal so spirited and active, gave the ἱππόδομος ἔκτος, or *Domitor equi*, in rude ages, a character of superior gallantry, while the necessary expense attending this mode of service attested his superior wealth. In various military nations, therefore, we find that horsemen are distinguished as an order in the state; and need only appeal to the *equites* of ancient Rome as a body interposed betwixt the senate and the people, or to the laws of the conquerors of New Spain, which assigned a double portion of spoil to the soldier who fought on horseback, in support of a proposition in itself very obvious. But in the middle ages, the distinction ascribed to soldiers serving on horseback assumed a very peculiar and imposing character. They were not merely respected on account of their wealth or military skill, but were bound together by a union of a very peculiar character, which monarchs were ambitious to share with the poorest of their subjects, and governed by laws

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directed to enhance, into enthusiasm, the military spirit and the sense of personal honour associated with it. The aspirants to this dignity were not permitted to assume the sacred character of knighthood until after a long and severe probation, during which they practised, as acolytes, the virtues necessary to the order of Chivalry. Knighthood was the goal to which the ambition of every noble youth turned; and to support its honours, which (in theory at least) could only be conferred on the gallant, the modest, and the virtuous, it was necessary he should spend a certain time in a subordinate situation, attendant upon some knight of eminence, observing the conduct of his master, as what must in future be the model of his own, and practising the virtues of humility, modesty, and temperance, until called upon to display those of a higher order.

The general practice, of assigning some precise period when youths should be admitted into the society of the manhood of their tribe, and considered as entitled to use the privileges of that more mature class, is common to many primitive nations. The custom, also, of marking the transition from the one state to the other, by some peculiar formality or personal ceremonial, seems so very natural, that it is quite unnecessary to multiply instances, or crowd our pages with the barbarous names of the nations by whom it has been adopted. In the general and abstract definition of Chivalry, whether as comprising a body of men whose military service was on horseback, and who were invested with peculiar honours and privileges, or with reference to the mode and period in which these distinctions and privileges were conferred, there is nothing either original or exclusively proper to our Gothic ancestors. It was in the singular tenets of Chivalry,—in the exalted, enthusiastic, and almost sanctimonious, ideas connected with its duties,—in the singular balance which its institutions offered against the evils of the rude ages in which it arose, that we are to seek those peculiarities which render it so worthy of our attention.

The original institution of chivalry has been often traced to the custom of the German tribes recorded by Tacitus. "All business," says the historian, "whether public or private, is transacted by the citizens under arms. But it is not the custom that any one shall assume the military dress or weapons without the approbation of the state. For this purpose, one of the chief leaders, or the father or nearest relation of the youthful candidate, introduces him into the assembly, and confers on him publicly a buckler and javelin. These arms form the dress proper to manhood, and are the first honour conferred on youth. Before he receives them, the young man is but a member of his own family, but after this ceremony he becomes a part of the state itself."* The records of the northern nations, though we

* [*De Moribus Germanorum.*]

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cannot rely upon their authenticity with the same unlimited confidence, because we conceive most of the legends relating to them have been written at a much later period than the times in which the scene is laid, may be referred to in confirmation of the Roman historians. The Scandinavian legends and *Sagas* are full of the deeds of those warriors whom they termed heroes or champions, and who appear to have been formed into an order somewhat resembling that of Chivalry, and certainly followed the principal and most characteristic employment of its profession; wandering from court to court, and from shore to shore, bound on high adventure, and seeking, with equal readiness, their fortunes in love and in war. It would not be difficult to deduce from this very early period some of those peculiar habits and customs, which, brought by the Gothic conquerors into the provinces of the divided empire of Rome, subsisted and became ingrafted upon the institutions of Chivalry. Tacitus, for example, informs us, that among the Germans, and especially among the Catti, every youthful champion permitted his beard and hair to grow, and did not shave them until he had performed some signal feat of arms. In the like manner, as the general reader may have learned from that irrefragable authority, Don Quixote de la Mancha, a knight who received his order was obliged to wear white armour, and a shield without a device, until, by some daring and distinguished achievement, he had acquired title to an honourable badge of distinction. If this correspondence of customs shall be thought too far-fetched, and too general, the next, which we also derive from Tacitus, is too close to be disputed. The German warriors, who piqued themselves upon their bravery, used, at the commencement of a war, to assume an iron ring, after the fashion of a shackle, upon their arm, which they did not remove until they had slain an enemy. The reader may be pleased to peruse the following instance of a similar custom from the French romance of *Jehan de Saintre*, written in the year 1459, and supposed to be founded, in a great measure, upon real incidents.* The hero, with nine companions at arms, four of whom were knights, and five squires, vowed to carry a helmet of a particular shape, that of the knights having a visor of gold, and that of the squires a visor of silver. Thus armed, they were to travel from court to court for the space of three years, defying the like number of knights and squires, wherever they came, to support the

* [L'Hystoire et plaisant Chronique du petit JEHAN DE SAINTRÉ, et de la jeune Dame des Belles Cousines, sans autre nom nommer. Paris: 1517.] We may here observe, once for all, that we have no hesitation in quoting the romances of Chivalry as good evidence of the laws and customs of knighthood. The authors, like the painters of the period, invented nothing, but copying the manners of the age in which they lived, transferred them, without doubt or scruple, to the period and personages of whom they treated. But the romance of *Jehan de Saintré* is still more authentic evidence, as it is supposed to contain no small measure of fact, though disguised and distorted. Probably the achievement of the Polish knights may have been a real incident.]

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beauty of their mistress with sword and lance. The emblems of their enterprise were chained to their left shoulders, nor could they be delivered of them until their vow was honourably accomplished. Their release took place at the court of the Emperor of Germany, after a solemn tournament, and was celebrated with much triumph. In like manner, in the same romance, a Polish knight, called the Seigneur de Loiselench, is described as appearing at the court of Paris wearing a light gold chain attached to his wrist and ankle in token of a vow, which emblem of bondage he had sworn to wear for five years, until he should find some knight or squire without reproach, by encountering with whom he might be *delivered* (such was the phrase) of his vow and enterprise. Lord Herbert of Cherbury mentions, in his Memoirs, that when he was made Knight of the Bath, a tassel of silken cordage was attached to the mantle of the order, which, doubtless, had originally the same signification as the shackle worn by the German champion. The rule was, however, so far relaxed, that the knot was unloosed so soon as a lady of rank gaged her word that the new Knight of the Bath would do honour to the order; and Lord Herbert, whose punctilious temper set great store by the niceties of chivalrous ceremony, fails not to record, with becoming gratitude, the name of the honourable dame who became his security on this important occasion.

Other instances might be pointed out, in which the ancient customs of the Gothic tribes may be traced in the history of Chivalry; but the above are enough to prove that the seeds of that singular institution existed in the German forests, though they did not come to maturity until the destruction of the Roman empire, and the establishment of the modern states of Europe upon its ruins.

Having thus given a general view of the origin of Chivalry, we shall, I. briefly notice the causes from which it drew its peculiar characters, and the circumstances in which it differs so widely from the martial character as it existed, either among the ancient Greeks and Romans, or in other countries and nations. II. We shall attempt a general abstract of its institutions. III. The rise and progress of Chivalry,—its effects upon the political state of Europe,—and its decay and extinction, will close the article.

I. Agreeably to this division, the general nature and spirit of the institution of chivalry falls first under our consideration.

In every age and country valour is held in esteem, and the more rude the period and the place, the greater respect is paid to boldness of enterprise and success in battle. But it was peculiar to the institution of Chivalry, to blend military valour with the strongest passions which actuate the human mind, the feelings of devotion and those of

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love. The Greeks and Romans fought for liberty or for conquest, and the knights of the middle ages for God and for their ladies. Loyalty to their sovereigns was a duty also incumbent upon these warriors; but although a powerful motive, and by which they often appear to have been strongly actuated, it entered less warmly into the composition of the chivalrous principle than the two preceding causes. Of patriotism, considered as a distinct predilection to the interests of one kingdom, we find comparatively few traces in the institutions of knighthood. But the love of personal freedom, and the obligation to maintain and defend it in the persons of others as in their own, was a duty particularly incumbent on those who attained the honour of Chivalry. Generosity, gallantry, and an unblemished reputation, were no less necessary ingredients in the character of a perfect knight. He was not called upon simply to practise these virtues when opportunity offered, but to be sedulous and unwearied in searching for the means of exercising them, and to push them without hesitation to the brink of extravagance, or even beyond it. Founded on principles so pure, the order of Chivalry could not, in the abstract at least, but occasion a pleasing, though a romantic development of the energies of human nature. But as, in actual practice, every institution becomes deteriorated and degraded, we have too much occasion to remark, that the devotion of the knights often degenerated into superstition,—their love into licentiousness,—their spirit of loyalty or of freedom into tyranny and turmoil,—their generosity and gallantry into hare-brained madness and absurdity.

We have mentioned devotion as a principal feature in the character of Chivalry. At what remote period the forms of Chivalry were first blended with those of the Christian religion, would be a long and difficult enquiry. The religion which breathes nothing but love to our neighbour and forgiveness of injuries, was not, in its primitive purity, easily transferable into the warlike and military institutions of the Goths, the Franks, and the Saxons. At its first infusion, it appeared to soften the character of the people among whom it was introduced so much, as to render them less warlike than their heathen neighbours. Thus the pagan Danes ravaged England when inhabited by the Christian Saxons,—the heathen Normans conquered Neustria from the Franks,—the converted Goths were subdued by the sword of the heathen Huns,—the Visigoths of Spain fell before the Saracens. But the tide soon turned. As the necessity of military talent and courage became evident, the Christian religion was used by its ministers (justly and wisely so far as respected self-defence) as an additional spur to the temper of the valiant. Those books of the Old Testament which Ulphilas declined to translate, because they afforded too much fuel for the military zeal of the ancient Goths, were now commented upon to

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animate the sinking courage of their descendants. Victory and glory on earth, and a happy immortality after death, were promised to those champions who should distinguish themselves in battle against the infidels. And who shall blame the preachers who held such language, when it is remembered that the Saracens had at one time nearly possessed themselves of Aquitaine, and that but for the successful valour of Charles Martel, Pepin, and Charlemagne, the crescent might have dispossessed the cross of the fairest portion of Europe? The fervent sentiments of devotion which direct men's eyes toward heaven, were then justly invoked to unite with those which are most valuable on earth,—the love of our country and its liberties.

But the Romish clergy, who have in all ages possessed the wisdom of serpents, if they sometimes have fallen short of the simplicity of doves, saw the advantage of converting this temporary zeal, which animated the warriors of their creed against the invading infidels, into a permanent union of principles, which should blend the ceremonies of religious worship with the military establishment of the ancient Goths and Germans. The admission of the noble youth to the practice of arms was no longer a mere military ceremony, where the sword or javelin was delivered to him in presence of the prince or elders of his tribe; it became a religious rite, sanctified by the forms of the church which he was in future to defend. The novice had to watch his arms in a church or chapel, or at least on hallowed ground, the night before he had received the honour of knighthood. He was made to assume a white dress, in imitation of the neophytes of the church. Fast and confession were added to vigils; the purification of the bath was imposed on the military acolyte, in imitation of the initiatory rite of Christianity; and he was attended by godfathers, who became security for his performing his military vows, as sponsors had formerly appeared for him at baptism. In all points of ceremonial, the investiture of Chivalry was brought to resemble, as nearly as possible, the administrations of the sacraments of the church. The ceremony itself was performed, where circumstances would admit, in a church or cathedral, and the weapons with which the young warrior was invested were previously blessed by the priest. The oath of Chivalry bound the knight to defend the rights of the holy church, and to respect religious persons and institutions, and to obey the precepts of the gospel. Nay, more, so intimate was the union betwixt chivalry and religion esteemed to be, that the several gradations of the former were seriously considered as parallel to those of the church, and the knight was supposed to resemble the bishop in rank, duties, and privileges, while the squire and page corresponded to the priest and deacon. At what period this infusion of religious ceremonial into an order purely military first commenced, and when it became complete and perfect, would be a curious

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but a difficult subject of investigation. Down to the reign of Charlemagne, and somewhat lower, the investiture was of a nature purely civil, but long before the time of the crusades, it had assumed the religious character we have described.

The effect which this union of religious and military zeal was likely to produce in every other case, save that of defensive war, could not but be unfavourable to the purity of the former. The knight, whose profession was war, being solemnly enlisted in the service of the gospel of peace, regarded infidels and heretics of every description as the enemies whom, as God's own soldier, he was called upon to attack and slay wherever he could meet with them, without demanding or waiting for any other cause of quarrel than the difference of religious faith. The duties of morality were indeed formally imposed on him by the oath of his order, as well as that of defending the church, and extirpating heresy and misbelief. But, in all ages, it has been usual for men to compound with their consciences for breaches of the moral code of religion, by a double portion of zeal for its abstract doctrines. In the middle ages, this course might be pursued on system: for the church allowed an exploit done on the infidels as a merit which might obliterate the guilt of the most atrocious crimes.

The genius alike of the age and of the order tended to render the zeal of the professors of Chivalry fierce, burning, and intolerant. If an infidel, says a great authority, impugn the doctrines of the Christian faith before a churchman, he should reply to him by argument; but a knight should render no other reason to the infidel than six inches of his falchion thrust into his accursed bowels. Even courtesy, and the respect due to ladies of high degree, gave way when they chanced to be infidels. The renowned Sir Bevis of Hamptoun, being invited by the fair Princess Josiane to come to her bower, replies to the Paynims who brought the message,

> "I will ne gou one foot on ground
> For to speke with an heathen hound;
> Unchristian houndes, I rede ye flee,
> Or I your heart's bloode will see."

This intemperate zeal for religion the knights were expected to maintain at every risk, however imminent. Like the early Christians, they were prohibited from acquiescing, even by silence, in the rites of idolatry, although death should be the consequence of their interrupting them. In the fine romance of "Huon of Bourdeaux,"* that champion is represented as having failed in duty to God and his faith, because he had professed himself a Saracen for the temporary purpose of obtaining entrance into the palace of Amiel Gaudifer. "And when

* [Les prouesses et faicts merveilleux du noble HUON DE BORDEAUX, pair de France, Duc de Guyenne; redigés en bon Françoys. Paris, 1516.]

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Sir Huon passed the third gate, he remembered him of the lie he had spoken to obtain entrance into the first. Alas! said the knight, what but destruction can betide one who has so foully falsified and denied his faith towards him who has done so much for me!" His mode of repentance was truly chivalrous. When he came to the gate of the last interior enclosure of the castle, he said to the warder, "Pagan, accursed be thou of God, open the gate." When he entered the hall where the Pagan monarch was seated in full state, he struck off, without ceremony, the head of the pagan lord who sat next him in rank, exclaiming at the same time with a loud voice, "God, thou hast given me grace well to commence my emprise; may our Redeemer grant me to bring it to an honourable conclusion!" Many such passages might be quoted to shew the outrageous nature of the zeal which was supposed to actuate a Christian knight. But it is needless to ransack works of fiction for this purpose. The real history of the Crusades, founded on the spirit of Chivalry, and on the restless and intolerant zeal which was blended by the churchmen with this military establishment, are an authentic and fatal proof of the same facts. The hare-brained and adventurous character of these enterprises, not less than the promised pardons, indulgences, and remissions of the church, rendered them dear to the warriors of the middle ages; the idea of re-establishing the Christian religion in the Holy Land, and wresting the tomb of Christ from the infidels, made kings, princes, and nobles, blind to its hazards; and they rushed, army after army, to Palestine, in the true spirit of Chivalry, whose faithful professors felt themselves the rather called upon to undertake an adventure, from the peculiar dangers which surrounded it, and the numbers who had fallen in previous attempts.

It was after the conquest of the Holy Land that the union between temporal and spiritual Chivalry (for such was the term sometimes given to monastic establishments) became perfect, by the institution of the two celebrated military orders of monks, the Knights Templars and Knights of St John of Jerusalem, who renouncing (at least in terms) the pomp, power, and pleasures of the world, and taking upon themselves the monastic vows of celibacy, purity, and obedience, did not cease to remain soldiers, and directed their whole energy against the Saracens.* The history of these orders will be found in its proper

* ["Such were the troops, and such the leaders, who assumed the cross for the deliverance of the holy sepulchre. As soon as they were relieved by the absence of the plebeian multitude, they encouraged each other, by interviews and messages, to accomplish their vow, and hasten their departure. Their wives and sisters were desirous of partaking the danger and merit of the pilgrimage; their portable treasures were conveyed in bars of silver and gold; and the princes and barons were attended by their equipage of hounds and hawks, to amuse their leisure, and to supply their table. The difficulty of procuring subsistence for so many myriads of men and horses, obliged them to separate their forces; their choice or situation determined the road; and it was agreed to meet

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placed in this work; but their existence is here noticed as illustrating our general proposition concerning the union of devotion and chivalry. A few general remarks will close this part of the subject.

The obvious danger of teaching a military body to consider themselves as missionaries of religion, and bound to spread its doctrines, is, that they are sure to employ in its service their swords and lances. The end is held to sanctify the means, and the slaughter of thousands of infidels is regarded as an indifferent, or rather as a meritorious action, providing it may occasion the conversion of the remnant, or the peopling their land with professors of a purer faith. The wars of Charlemagne in Saxony, the massacres of the Albigenses in the south of France, the long-continued wars of Palestine, all served to illustrate the dangers resulting from the doctrine, which inculcated religion not as a check upon the horrors and crimes of war, but as itself its most proper and legitimate cause. The evil may be said to have survived the decay of Chivalry, to have extended itself to the New World, and to have occasioned those horrors with which it was devastated for ages after its first discovery. The Spanish conquerors of South America were not, indeed, knights-errant, but the nature of their enterprises, as well as the mode in which they were conducted, partook deeply of the spirit of Chivalry. In no country of Europe had this spirit sunk so deeply and spread so wide as in Spain. The extravagant position respecting the point of honour, and the romantic summons which Chivalry proclaimed to deeds of danger and glory, suited the ardent and somewhat Oriental character of the Spaniards, a people more remarkable for force of imagination, and depth of feeling, than for wit or understanding. Chivalry, in Spain, was embittered by a double proportion of intolerant bigotry, owing to their constant and inveterate wars with the Moorish invaders. The strain of sentiment, therefore, which Chivalry inspired, continued for a long time to mark the manners of Spain after the decay of its positive institutions, as the beams of the sun tinge the horizon after the setting of its orb. The warriors whom she sent to the New World sought and found marvels which resembled those of romance; they achieved deeds of valour against such odds of numbers as are only recorded in the annals of knight-errantry; and, alas! they followed their prototypes in that indifference for human life, which is the usual companion of intolerant zeal. Avarice, indeed, brought her more sordid shades to complete the gloomy picture; and avarice was unknown to the institutions of Chivalry. The same intolerance, however, which overthrew the altars of the Indians by violence, instead of assailing their errors by reason, and which imputed to

in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, and from thence to begin their operations against the Turks."—GIBBON, ch. lviii.]

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them as crimes their ignorance of a religion which had never been preached to them, and their rejection of speculative doctrines of faith propounded by persons whose practice was so ill calculated to recommend them—all these may be traced to the spirit of Chivalry, and the military devotion of its professors.

The religion of the knights, like that of the times, was debased by superstition. Each champion had his favourite saint, to whom he addressed himself upon special occasions of danger, and to whom, after the influence of his lady's eyes, he was wont to ascribe the honour of his conquest. St Michael, the leader of banded Seraphim, and the personal antagonist of Satan,—St George, St James, and St Martin, all of whom popular faith had invested with the honours of Chivalry,—were frequently selected as the appropriate champions of the militant adventurers yet on earth. The knights used their names adjected to their own, as their insignia, watch-word, or signal for battle. Edward III., fighting valiantly in a night-skirmish before the gates of Calais, was heard to accompany each blow he struck with the invocation of his tutelar saints, Ha! Saint Edward! ha! St George! but the Virgin Mary, to whom their superstition ascribed the qualities of youth, beauty, and sweetness, which they prized in their terrestrial mistresses, was an especial object of the devotion of the followers of Chivalry, as of all other good Catholics. Tournaments were undertaken, and feats of arms performed in her honour, as in that of an earthly mistress; and the veneration with which she was regarded seems occasionally to have partaken of the character of romantic affection. She was often held to return this love by singular marks of her favour and protection. During an expedition of the Christians to the coast of Africa, Froissart informs us that a large black dog was frequently seen in their camp, which barked furiously whenever the infidels approached it by night, and rendered such service to the Christian adventurers by its vigilance, that with one consent they named it "The Dog of Our Lady."

But although, as is incidental to human institutions, the mixture of devotion in the military character of the knight degenerated into brutal intolerance and superstition in its practical effects, nothing could be more beautiful and praiseworthy than the theory on which it was grounded. That the soldier drawing the sword in defence of his country and its liberties, or of the oppressed innocence of damsels, widows, and orphans, or in support of religious rights, for which those to whom they belonged were disqualified by their profession to combat in person, —that he should blend with all the feelings which these offices inspired, a deep sense of devotion, exalting him above the advantage and even the fame which he himself might derive from victory, and giving dignity to defeat itself, as a lesson of divine chastisement and humiliation; that the knight on whose valour his countrymen were to rely in

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danger should set them an example in observing the duties and precepts of religion,—are circumstances so well qualified to soften, to dignify, and to grace the profession of arms, that we cannot but regret their tendency to degenerate into a ferocious propensity to bigotry, persecution, and intolerance. Such, however, is the fate of all human institutions, which, however fairly framed in theory, are in practice too often corrupted by our evil passions, until the results which flow from them become the very reverse of what was to have been expected and desired.

The next ingredient in the spirit of Chivalry, second in force only to the religious zeal of its professors, and frequently predominating over it, was a devotion to the female sex, and particularly to her whom each knight selected as the chief object of his affection, of a nature so extravagant and unbounded as to approach to a sort of idolatry.

The original source of this sentiment is to be found, like that of Chivalry itself, in the customs and habits of the northern tribes, who possessed, even in their rudest state, so many honourable and manly distinctions, over all the other nations in the same stage of society. The chaste and temperate habits of these youth, and the opinion that it was dishonourable to hold sexual intercourse until the twentieth year was attained, was in the highest degree favourable not only to the morals and health of the ancient Germans, but must have contributed greatly to place their females in that dignified and respectable rank which they held in society. Nothing tends so much to blunt the feelings, to harden the heart, and to destroy the imagination, as the worship of the *Vaga Venus* in early youth. Wherever women have been considered as the early, willing, and accommodating slaves of the voluptuousness of the other sex, their character has become degraded, and they have sunk into domestic drudges and bondswomen among the poor,—the captives of a haram among the more wealthy. On the other hand, the men, easily and early cloyed with indulgences, which soon lose their poignancy when the senses only are interested, become first indifferent, then harsh and brutal, to the unfortunate slaves of their pleasures. The sated lover,—and perhaps it is the most brutal part of humanity,—is soon converted into the capricious tyrant, like the successful seducer of the modern poet.

> "Hard! with their fears and terrors to behold
> The cause of all, the faithless lover cold,
> Impatient grown at every wish denied,
> And barely civil, soothed and gratified."
>
> CRABBE'S *Borough*.

Habitual indulgence seeks change of objects to relieve satiety. Hence polygamy, and all its brutalizing consequences, which were happily unknown to our Gothic ancestors. The virtuous and manly restraints

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imposed on their youth were highly calculated to exalt the character of both sexes, and especially to raise the females in their own eyes and those of their lovers. They were led to regard themselves, not as the passive slaves of pleasure, but as the objects of a prolonged and respectful affection, which could only be finally gratified when their lovers had attained the age of mature reason, and were capable to govern and to defend the family which should arise around them. With the young man imagination and sentiment combined to heighten his ideas of a pleasure which nature instructed him to seek, and which the wise laws of his country prevented him from prematurely aspiring to share. To a youth so situated, the maiden on whom he placed his affections became an object of awe as well as of affection; the passion which he indulged for her was of a nature as timid and pure as engrossing and powerful; the minds of the parties became united before the joining of their hands, and a moral union preceded the mere intercourse of the sexes.

The marriages formed under these wise auspices were, in general, happy and affectionate.—"Adultery," says Tacitus, "was infrequent, and punished with the utmost rigour; nor could she who had undergone the penalty of such a crime find a second husband, however distinguished by beauty, birth, or wealth." The awe and devotion with which the lover had regarded his destined bride during the years in which the German youth were enjoined celibacy, became regard and affection in the husband towards the sharer of his labours and the mistress of his household. The matron maintained that rank in society which love had assigned to the maiden. No one then, says the Roman historian, dared to ridicule the sacred union of marriage, or to term an infringement of its laws a compliance with the manners of the age. The German wife, once married, seldom endeavoured to form a second union, but continued, in honoured widowhood, to direct and manage the family of her deceased husband. This habitual subjection of sensuality to sentiment, these plain, simple, virtuous, and temperate manners of the German women, placed the females in that high rank of society, which the sex occupies when its conduct is estimable, and from which it as certainly declines in ages or climates prone to luxurious indulgence. The superintendence of the domestic affairs was assigned to the German women, a duty in which the men seldom interfered, unless when rendered by age or wounds incapable of warfare. They were capable of exercising the supreme authority in their tribe, and of holding the honours of the priesthood. But the influence of the women in a German tribe, as well as their duties in war, will be best understood from the words of Tacitus.

"It is the principal incitement to the courage of the Germans, that in battle their separate troops or columns are not arranged promiscuously as chance directs, but consist

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each of a united family, or clan, with its relatives. Their most precious pledges are placed in the vicinity whence may be heard the cries of their females, the wailings of their infants, whom each accounts the most sacred witnesses and the dearest eulogists of his valour. The wounded repair to their mothers and spouses, who hesitate not to number their wounds, and to suck the blood that flows from them. The females carry refreshment to those engaged in the contest, and encourage them by their exhortations. It is related, that armies, when disordered, and about to give way, have renewed the contest, at the instance of the women; moved by the earnestness of their entreaties, their exposed bosoms, and the danger of approaching captivity;—a doom which they dread more on account of their females than even on their own;—insomuch, that these German estates are most effectually bound to obedience, among the number of whose hostages there are noble damsels as well as men. They deem, indeed, that there resides in the female sex something sacred and capable of presaging the future; nor do they scorn their advice or neglect their responses. In the time of Vespasian we have seen Velleda long hold the rank of a deity in most of the German states; and, in former times, the venerated Aurinia and other females; neither, however, from mere flattery, nor yet in the character of actual goddesses."

The tales and *Sagas* of the north, in which females often act the most distinguished part, might also be quoted as proofs of the rank which they held in society. We find them separating the most desperate frays by their presence, their commands, or their mantles, which they threw over the levelled weapons of the combatants. Nor were their rights less extensive than their authority. In the "Eyrbiggia Saga" we are informed, that Thordisa, the mother of the celebrated Pontiff Snorro, and wife of Borko of Helgafels, received a blow from her husband. The provocation was strong, for the matron had, in the husband's house and at his table, attempted to stab his guest Eyulf Gray, on account of his having slain one of her relations. Yet so little did this provocation justify the offence, that in the presence of the comitia, or public assembly of the tribe, Thordisa invoked witnesses to bear testimony, that she divorced her husband on account of his having raised his hand against her person. And such were the rights of a northern *mater familias*, that the divorce and a division of goods immediately took place between the husband and wife, although the violence of which Thordisa complained was occasioned by her own attempt to murder a guest.

We have traced the ideas of the Gothic tribes on this important point the more at length, because they show, that the character of veneration, sanctity, and inviolability, attached to the female character, together with the important part assigned to them in society, were brought with them from their native forests, and had existence long before the chivalrous institutions in which they made so remarkable a feature. They easily became amalgamated in a system so well fitted to adopt whatever was romantic and enthusiastic in manners or sentiment. Amid the various duties of knighthood, that of protecting the female sex, respecting their persons, and redressing their wrongs, becoming the champion of their cause, and the chastiser of those by whom they were injured, was represented as one of the principal objects of the institution. Their oath bound the new-made knights to defend the cause of all women without exception; and the most pressing

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way of conjuring them to grant a boon was to implore it in the name of God and the ladies. The cause of a distressed lady was, in many instances, preferable to that even of the country to which the knight belonged. Thus, the Captal de Buche, though an English subject, did not hesitate to unite his troops with those of the Comte de Foix, to relieve the ladies in a French town, where they were besieged and threatened with violence by the insurgent peasantry. The looks, the words, the sign of a lady, were accounted to make knights at time of need perform double their usual deeds of strength and valour. At tournaments and in combats, the voices of the ladies were heard like those of the German females in former battles, calling on the knights to remember their fame, and exhert themselves to the uttermost. "Think, gentle knights," was their cry, "upon the wool of your breasts, the nerve of your arms, the love you cherish in your hearts, and do valiantly, for ladies behold you." The corresponding shouts of the combatants were, "Love of ladies! Death of warriors! On, valiant knights, for you fight under fair eyes."

Where the honour or love of a lady was at stake, the fairest prize was held out to the victorious knight, and champions from every quarter were sure to hasten to combat in a cause so popular. Chaucer, when he describes the assembly of the knights who came with Arcite and Palemon to fight for the love of the fair Emilie, describes the manners of his age in the following lines.

"For every knight that loved chivalry,
And would his thankes have a passant name,
Hath pray'd that he might ben of that game,
And well was him that thereto chosen was.
For if there fell to-morrow such a case,
Ye knowen well that every lusty knight
That loveth par amour, and hath his might,
Were it in Engellonde, or elleswhere,
They wold hir thankes willen to be there.
To fight for a lady! Ah! Benedicite,
It were a lusty sight for to see."

It is needless to multiply quotations on a subject so trite and well known. The defence of the female sex in general, the regard due to their honour, the subservience paid to their commands, the reverent awe and courtesy, which, in their presence, forbear all unseemly words and actions, were so blended with the institution of Chivalry, as to form its very essence.

But it was not enough that the "very perfect, gentle knight," should reverence the fair sex in general. It was essential to his character that he should select, as his proper choice, "a lady and a love," to be the polar star of his thoughts, the mistress of his affections, and the directress of his actions. In her service, he was to observe the duties of loyalty, faith, secrecy, and reverence. Without such an empress of his heart, a knight, in the phrase of the times, was a ship without a

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rudder, a horse without a bridle, a sword without a hilt; a being, in short, devoid of that ruling guidance and intelligence, which ought to inspire his bravery, and direct his actions.

The Dame des Belles Cousines, having cast her eyes upon the little Jean de Saintré, then a page of honour at court, demanded of him the name of his mistress and his love, on whom his affections were fixed. The poor boy, thus pressed, replied, that the first object of his love was the lady his mother, and the next his sister Jacqueline. "Jouvencel," replied the inquisitive lady, who had her own reasons for not being contented with this simple answer, "we do not now talk of the affection due to your mother and sister; I desire to know the name of the lady whom you love *par amours*."—"In faith, madam," said the poor page, to whom the mysteries of chivalry, as well as love, were yet unknown, "I love no one *par amours*."

"Ah, false gentleman, and traitor to the laws of chivalry," returned the lady, "dare you say that you love no lady? well may we perceive your falsehood and craven spirit by such an avowal. Whence were derived the great valour and the high achievements of Lancelot, of Gawain, of Tristrem, of Giron the Courteous, and of other heroes of the Round Table,—whence those of Panthus, and of so many other valiant knights and squires of this realm, whose names I could enumerate had I time,—whence the exaltation of many whom I myself have known to arise to high dignity and renown, except from their animating desire to maintain themselves in the grace and favour of their ladies, without which mainspring to exertion and valour, they must have remained unknown and insignificant? And do you, coward page, now dare to aver, that you have no lady, and desire to have none? Hence! false heart that thou art."

To avoid these bitter reproaches, the simple page named as his lady and love, *par amours*, Matheline de Coucy, a child of ten years old. The answer of the Dame des Belles Cousines, after she had indulged in the mirth which his answer prompted, instructed him how to place his affections more advantageously; and as the former part of the quotation may show the reader how essential it was to the profession of chivalry that every one of its professors should elect a lady of his affections, that which follows explains the principles on which his choice should be regulated.

"Matheline," said the lady, "is indeed a pretty girl, and of high rank, and better lineage than appertains to you. But what good, what profit, what honour, what advantage, what comfort, what aid, what council for advancing you in the ranks of chivalry, can you derive from such a choice? Sir, you ought to choose a lady of high and noble blood, who has the talent and means to counsel and aid you at your need, and her you ought to serve so truly, and love so loyally, that she must be compelled to acknowledge the true and honourable affection which you bear to her. For believe there is no lady, however cruel and haughty, but through length of faithful service will be brought to acknowledge and reward loyal affection with some portion of pity, compassion, or mercy. In this manner, you will attain the praise of a worthy knight; and till you follow such a course, I will not give an apple for you or your achievements."

The lady then proceeds to lecture the acolyte of Chivalry at considerable length on the seven mortal sins, and the way in which the true amorous knight may eschew commission of them. Still, however, the saving grace inculcated in her sermon was fidelity and secrecy in the service of the mistress whom he should love *par amours*. She

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proves, by the aid of quotations from the Scripture, the fathers of the church, and the ancient philosophers, that the true and faithful lover can never fall into the crimes of Pride, Anger, Envy, Sloth, or Gluttony. From each of these his true faith is held to warrant and defend him. Nay, so pure was the nature of the flame which she recommended, that she maintained it to be inconsistent even with the seventh sin of Chambering and Wantonness, to which it might seem too nearly allied. The least dishonest thought or action was, according to her doctrine, sufficient to forfeit the chivalrous lover the favour of his lady. It seems, however, that the greater part of her charge concerning incontinence is levelled against such as haunted the receptacles of open vice; and that she reserved an exception (of which, in the course of the history, she made liberal use) in favour of the intercourse which, in all love, honour, and secrecy, might take place, when the favoured and faithful knight had obtained, by long service, the boon of amorous mercy from the lady whom he loved *par amours*. The last encouragement which the Dame des Belles Cousines held out to Saintré, in order to excite his ambition, and induce him to fix his passion upon a lady of elevated birth, rank, and sentiment, is also worthy of being quoted, since it shows that it was the prerogative of Chivalry to abrogate the distinctions of rank, and elevate the hopes of the knight, whose sole patrimony was his arms and valour, to the high-born and princely dame, before whom he carved as a sewer.

"How is it possible for me," replied poor Saintré, after having heard out the unmercifully long lecture of the Dame des Belles Cousines, "to find a lady, such as you describe, who will accept of my service, and requite the affection of such a one as I am?—"And why should you not find her?" answered the lady preceptress. "Are you not gently born? Are you not a fair and proper youth? Have you not eyes to look on her—ears to hear her—a tongue to plead your cause to her—hands to serve her—feet to move at her bidding—body and heart to accomplish loyally her commands? And, having all these, can you doubt to adventure yourself in the service of any lady whatsoever?'

In these extracts are painted the actual manners of the age of Chivalry. The necessity of the perfect knight having a mistress, whom he loved *par amours*, the duty of dedicating his time to obey her commands, however capricious, and his strength to execute extravagant feats of valour, which might redound to her praise,—for all that was done for her sake, and under her auspices, was counted her merit, as the victories of their generals were ascribed to the Roman Emperors,—was not a whit less necessary to complete the character of a good knight than the Dame des belles Cousines represented it.

It was the especial pride of each distinguished champion, to maintain, against all others, the superior worth, beauty, and accomplishments of

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his lady; to bear her picture from court to court, and support, with lance and sword, her superiority to all other dames, abroad or at home. To break a spear for the love of their ladies, was a challenge courteously given, and gently accepted, among all true followers of Chivalry; and history andromance are alike filled with the tilts and tournaments which took place upon this argument, which was ever ready and ever acceptable. Indeed, whatever the subject of the tournament had been, the lists were never closed until a solemn course had been made in honour of the ladies.

There were knights yet more adventurous, who sought to distinguish themselves by singular and uncommon feats of arms in honour of their mistresses; and such was usually the cause of the whimsical and extravagant vows of arms which we have subsequently to notice. To combat against extravagant odds, to fight amid the press of armed knights without some essential part of their armour, to do some deed of audacious valour in face of friend and foe, were the services by which the knights strove to recommend themselves, or which their mistresses (very justly so called) imposed on them as proofs of their affection.

On such occasions, the favoured knight, as he wore the colours and badge of the lady of his affections, usually exerted his ingenuity in inventing some device or cognisance which might express their love, either openly, as boasting of it in the eye of the world, or in such mysterious mode of indication as should only be understood by the beloved person, if circumstances did not permit an avowal of his passion. Among the earliest instances of the use of the English language at the court of the Norman monarchs, is the distich painted in the shield of Edward III. under the figure of a white swan, being the device which that warlike monarch wore at a tourney, at Windsor.

"Ha! ha! the white swan,
By God his soul, I am thy man."

The choice of these devices was a very serious matter: and the usurpation of such as any knight had previously used and adopted, was often the foundation of a regular quarrel, of which many instances occur in Froissart and other writers.

The ladies, bound as they were in honour to requite the passion of their knights, were wont, on such occasions, to dignify them by the present of a scarf, ribbon, or glove, which was to be worn in the press of battle and tournament. These marks of favour they displayed on their helmets, and they were accounted the best incentives to deeds of valour. The custom appears to have prevailed in France to a late period, though polluted with the grossness so often mixed with the affected refinement and gallantry of that nation. In the attack made

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by the Duke of Buckingham upon the Isle de Rhé, favours were found on the persons of many of the French soldiers who fell at the skirmish on the landing; but for the manner in which they were disposed, we are compelled to refer to Howel's Familiar Letters.

Sometimes the ladies, in conferring these tokens of their favour, clogged them with the most extravagant and severe conditions. But the lover had this advantage in such cases, that if he ventured to encounter the hazard imposed, and chanced to survive it, he had, according to the fashion of the age, the right of exacting, from the lady, favours corresponding in importance. The annals of Chivalry abound with stories of cruel and cold fair ones, who subjected their lovers to extremes of danger, in hopes that they might get rid of their addresses, but were, upon their unexpected success, caught in their own snare, and, as ladies who would not have their name made the theme of reproach by every minstrel, compelled to recompense the deeds which their champion had achieved in their name. There are instances in which the lover used his right of reprisals with some rigour, as in the well-known *fabliau* of the three knights and the shift; in which a lady proposes to her three lovers, successively, the task of entering, unarmed, into the *mêlée* of a tournament, arrayed only in one of her shifts. The perilous proposal is declined by two of the knights and accepted by the third, who thrusts himself, in the unprotected state required, into all the hazards of the tournament, sustains many wounds, and carries off the prize of the day. On the next day the husband of the lady (for she was married) was to give a superb banquet to the knights and nobles who had attended the tourney. The wounded victor sends the shift back to its owner, with his request, that she would wear it over her rich dress on this solemn occasion, soiled and torn as it was, and stained all over with the blood of its late wearer. The lady did not hesitate to comply, declaring, that she regarded this shift, stained with the blood of her "fair friend, as more precious than if it were of the most costly materials." Jaques de Basin, the minstrel, who relates this curious tale, is at a loss to say whether the palm of true love should be given to the knight or to the lady on this remarkable occasion. The husband, he assures us, had the good sense to seem to perceive nothing uncommon in the singular vestment with which his lady was attired, and the rest of the good company highly admired her courageous requital of the knight's gallantry.

Sometimes the patience of the lover was worn out by the cold-hearted vanity which thrust him on such perilous enterprises. At the court of one of the German emperors, while some ladies and gallants of the court were looking into a den where two lions were confined, one of them purposely let her glove fall within the palisade which

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enclosed the animals, and commanded her lover, as a true knight, to fetch it out to her. He did not hesitate to obey, jumped over the enclosure; threw his mantle towards the animals as they sprung at him; snatched up the glove, and regained the outside of the palisade. But when in safety, he proclaimed aloud, that what he had achieved was done for the sake of his own reputation, and not for that of a false lady, who could, for her sport and cold-blooded vanity, force a brave man on a duel so desperate. And, with the applause of all that were present, renounced her love for ever.

This, however, was an uncommon circumstance. In general, the lady was supposed to have her lover's character as much at heart as her own, and to mean by pushing him upon enterprises of hazard, only to give him an opportunity of meriting her good graces, which she could not with honour confer upon one undistinguished by deeds of chivalry. An affecting instance is given by Godscroft.

At the time when the Scotch were struggling to recover their country from the usurpation of Edward I., the Castle of Douglas was repeatedly garrisoned by the English, and these garrisons were as frequently surprised, and cut to pieces, by the good Lord James of Douglas, who, lying in the mountainous wilds of Cairntable, and favoured by the intelligence which he maintained among his vassals, took opportunity of the slightest relaxation of vigilance to surprise the fortress. At length, a fair dame of England announced to the numerous suitors who sought her hand, that she would confer it on the man who should keep the perilous Castle of Douglas (so it was called) for a year and a day. The knight who undertook this dangerous task at her request, discharged his duty like a careful soldier for several months, and the lady, relenting at the prospect of his continued absence, sent a letter to recall him, declaring she held his probation as accomplished. In the meantime, however, he had received a defiance from Douglas, threatening, that, let him use his utmost vigilance, he would recover from him his father's castle before Palm-Sunday. The English knight deemed that he could not in honour leave the castle till this day was past; and on the very eve of Palm-Sunday was surprised and slain with his lady's letter in his pocket, the perusal whereof greatly grieved the good Lord James of Douglas.*

We are left much to our own conjectures on the appearance and manners of these haughty beauties, who were wooed with sword and lance, whose favours were bought at the expense of such dear and desperate perils, and who were worshipped, like heathen deities, with human sacrifices. The character of the ladies of the ages of Chivalry

* [Here is the germ of the last of the Waverley Novels—Castle Dangerous.]

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was probably determined by that of the men, to whom it sometimes approached. Most of these heroines were educated to understand the treatment of wounds, not only of the heart, but of the sword; and in romance, at least, the quality of leech-craft (practised by the Lady Bountifuls of the last generation) was essential to the character of an accomplished princess. They sometimes trespassed on the province of their lovers, and actually took up arms. The Countess de Montfort in Bretagne is celebrated by Froissart for the gallantry with which she defended her castle, when besieged by the English; and the old Prior of Lochleven in Scotland is equally diffuse in the praise of Black Agnes, Countess of March, who, in the reign of Edward III., held out the castle of Dunbar against the English. She appeared on the battlements with a white handkerchief in her hands, and wiped the walls in derision where they had been struck by stones from the English engines. When Montagu, Earl of Salisbury, brought up to the walls a military engine, like the Roman *testudo*, called a sow, she exclaimed in rhyme,

"Beware, Montagou,
For farrow shall thy sow."

A huge rock discharged from the battlements dashed the sow to pieces, and the English soldiers who escaped from its ruins were called by the Countess in derision, Montagu's pigs.*

The nature of the conferences between these high-minded heroines and their lovers, was somewhat peculiar. Their delectations were in tales of warlike exploits, and in discourse of hunting and hawking. But when these topics were exhausted, they found in metaphysical discussions of nice questions concerning the passion of love, an endless source of interesting disquisition. The idea and definition of a true and pure passion, illustrated by an hundred imaginary cases devised on purpose, were managed in the same manner in which the schoolmen of the day agitated their points of metaphysical theology. The Scotists and the Thomists, whose useless and nonsensical debates cumbered the world with so many volumes of absurd disquisition upon the most extravagant points of polemical divinity, saw their theological labours rivalled in the courts of love, where the most abstracted reasoning was employed in discussing subtle questions upon the exaggerated hopes, fears, doubts, and suspicions of lovers, the circumstances of whose supposed cases were often ridiculous, sometimes criminal, sometimes licentious, and almost always puerile and extravagant. It is sufficient to state, that the discussions in the Courts of Love regarded such important and interesting questions, as, Whether his love be most meritorious who has formed his passion entirely on hearing, or his who has

* [See this story at more length in Sir W. Scott's Provincial Antiquities, and also in the Tales of a Grandfather.]

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actually seen his mistress? with others of a tendency equally edifying.

Extremes of every kind border on each other; and as the devotion of the knights of Chivalry degenerated into superstition, the Platonic refinements and subtleties of amorous passion which they professed, were sometimes compatible with very coarse and gross debauchery. We have seen that they derived from the Gothic tribes that high and reverential devotion to the female sex, which forms the strongest tint in the manners of Chivalry. But with the simplicity of those ancient times they lost their innocence; and woman, though still worshipped with enthusiasm as in the German forests, did not continue to be (in all cases at least) the same pure object of regard. The marriage-tie ceased to be respected; and, as the youthful knights had seldom the means or inclination to encumber themselves with wives and families, their lady-love was often chosen among the married ladies of the court. It is true, that such a connexion was supposed to be consistent with all respect and honour, and was regarded by the world, and sometimes by the husband, as a high strain of Platonic sentiment, through which the character of its object in no respect suffered. But Nature vindicated herself for the violence offered to her; and while the metaphysical students and pleaders in the Courts of Love professed to aspire but to the lip or hand of their ladies, and to make a merit of renouncing all further intrusion on their bounties, they privately indulged themselves in amours which had very little either of delicacy or sentiment. In the romance of the Petit Jehan de Saintré, that self-same Lady des Belles Cousines, who lectures so learnedly upon the seven mortal sins, not only confers on her deserving lover "le don d'amoureux merci," but enters into a very unworthy and disgraceful intrigue with a stout broad-shouldered abbot, into which no sentiment whatever can be supposed to enter. The romance of "Tirante the White",* praised by Cervantes as a faithful picture of the knights and ladies of his age, seems to have been written in an actual brothel, and contrasted with others, may lead us to suspect that their purity is that of romance, their profligacy that of reality. This license was greatly increased by the Crusades, from which the survivors of these wild expeditions brought back the corrupted morals of the East, to avenge the injuries they had inflicted on its inhabitants. Joinville has informed us of the complaints which Saint Louis made to him in confidence of the debaucheries practised in his own royal tent, by his attendants, in this holy expedition. And the ignominious punishment to which he subjected a knight, de-

* ["*Tirante* was first published in the Catalonian dialect at Valencia in 1480. It was thence transformed into the Castilian language, and published at Valladolid in 1511. —DUNLOP."]

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tected in such excesses, shows what severe remedies he judged necessary to stem the increase of libertinism.

Indeed, the gross license which was practised during the middle ages, may be well estimated by the vulgar and obscene language that was currently used in tales and fictions addressed to the young and noble of both sexes. In the romance of the "Round Table," as Ascham sternly states, little was to be learned but examples of homicide and adultery, although he had himself seen it admitted to the antechamber of princes, when it was held a crime but to be possessed of the Word of God. In the romance of "Amadis de Gaule," and many others, the heroines, without censure or imputation, confer on their lovers the rights of a husband before the ceremony of the church gave them a title to the name. These are serious narrations, in which decorum, at least, is rarely violated. But the comic tales are of a far more indelicate cast.

The "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer contain many narratives, of which, not only the diction, but the whole turn of the narrative, is extremely gross. Yet it does not seem to have occurred to the author, a man of rank and fashion, that they were improper to be recited, either in the presence of the Prioress and her votaries, or in that of the noble Knight who

> ———"of his port was meek as is a maid,
> And never yet no villany he said."

And he makes but a little apology for including the disasters of the "Millar of Trompington," or of "Absalom the Gentle Clerk," in the same series of narrations with the "Knight's Tale." Many of Bandello's most profligate novels are expressly dedicated to females of rank and consideration. And, to conclude, the "Fabliaux," published by Barbazan and Le Grand, are frequently as revolting, from their naked grossness, as interesting from the lively pictures which they present of life and manners. Yet these were the chosen literary pastimes of the fair and the gay, during the times of Chivalry, and listened to, we cannot but suppose, with an interest considerably superior to that exhibited by the yawning audience who heard the theses of the Courts of Love attacked and supported in logical form, and with metaphysical subtlety.

Should the manners of the times appear inconsistent in these respects which we have noticed, we must remember that we are ourselves variable and inconsistent animals, and that, perhaps, the surest mode of introducing and encouraging any particular vice, is to rank the corresponding virtue at a pitch unnatural in itself, and beyond the ordinary attainment of humanity. The vows of celibacy introduced profligacy

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among the Catholic clergy, as the high-flown and overstrained Platonism of the professors of Chivalry favoured the increase of license and debauchery.

After the love of God and of his lady, the preux chevalier was to be guided by that of glory and renown. He was bound by his vow to seek out adventures of risk and peril, and never to abstain from the quest which he might undertake, for any unexpected odds of opposition which he might encounter. It was not indeed the sober and regulated exercise of valour, but its fanaticism, which the genius of Chivalry demanded of its followers. Enterprises the most extravagant in conception, the most difficult in execution, the most useless when achieved, were those by which an adventurous knight chose to distinguish himself. There were solemn occasions also, on which these displays of chivalrous enthusiasm were specially expected and called for. It is only sufficient to name the tournaments, single combats, and solemn banquets, at which vows of chivalry were usually formed and proclaimed.

The tournaments were uniformly performed and frequented by the choicest and noblest youth in Europe, until the fatal accident of Henry II., after which they fell gradually into disuse. It was in vain that, from the various dangers to which they gave rise, these perilous amusements were prohibited by the heads of the Christian church. The Popes, infallible as they were deemed, might direct, but could not curb, the military spirit of Chivalry; they could excite crusades, but they could not abolish tournaments. Their laws, customs, and regulations, will fall properly under a separate article. It is here sufficient to observe, that these military games were of two kinds. In the most ancient, meaning "nothing in hate, but all in honour," the adventurous knights fought with sharp blades and lances, as in the day of battle. Even then, however, the number of blows was usually regulated, or, in cases of a general combat, some rules were laid down to prevent too much slaughter. The regulations of Duke Theseus for the tournament in Athens, as narrated by Chaucer in the "Knight's Tale," may give a good example of these restrictions. When the combatants fought on foot, it was prohibited to strike otherwise than at the head or body; the number of strokes to be dealt with the sword and battle-axe were carefully numbered and limited, as well as the career to be run with the lance. In these circumstances alone, the combats at *outrance*, as they were called, differed from encounters in actual war.

In process of time, the dangers of the solemn justs, held under the authority of princes, were modified by the introduction of arms of courtesy, as they were termed; lances, namely, without heads, and

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with round braces of wood at the extremity called *rockets*, and swords without points, and with blunted edges. But the risk continued great, from bruises, falls, and the closeness of the defensive armour of the times, in which the wearers were often smothered. The weapons at *outrance* were afterwards chiefly used when knights of different and hostile countries engaged by appointment, or when some adventurous gallants took upon them the execution of an enterprise of arms (*pas d'armes*), in which they, as challengers, undertook, for a certain time, and under certain conditions, to support the honour of their country, or their mistresses, against all comers. These enterprises often ended fatally, but the knights who undertook them were received in the foreign countries which they visited in accomplishment of their challenge, with the highest deference and honour; their arrival was considered as affording a subject of sport and jubilee to all ranks; and when any mischance befell them, such as that of De Lindsay, who in a tournament at Berwick had his helmet nailed to his skull, by the truncheon of a lance which penetrated both, and died, after devoutly confessing himself, in the casque from which they could not disengage him, the knights who were spectators prayed that God would vouchsafe them in his mercy a death so fair and so honourable. Stories of such challenges, with the minute details of the events of the combat, form frequent features in the histories of the age.

The contests of the tournament and the *pas d'armes* were undertaken merely in sport, and for thirst of honour. But the laws of the period afforded the adventurous knight other and more serious combats, in which he might exercise his valour. The custom of trying all doubtful cases by the body of a man, or, as it was otherwise expressed, by the judgment of God—in plain words, by referring the decision to the issue of a duel, prevailed universally among the Gothic tribes, from the highest antiquity. A *salvo* was devised, for the obvious absurdity of calling upon the weak to encounter the strong, a churchman to oppose a soldier, or age to meet in the lists with activity and youth. It was held that either party might appear personally, or by his champion. This sage regulation gave exercise for the valour of the knights, who were bound by their oaths to maintain the cause of those who had no other protector. And, indeed, there is good reason to think, that the inconveniences and injustice of a law so absurd in itself as that of judicial combat, were evaded and mitigated by the institutions of Chivalry, since among the number of knights who were eagerly hunting after opportunities of military distinction, a party incapable of supporting his own cause by combat could have little difficulty in finding a formidable substitute; so that no one, however bold and confident, could prosecute an unjust cause to the uttermost, without the risk of

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encountering some champion of the innocent party, from among the number of hardy knights who traversed every country seeking ostensible cause of battle.

Besides these formal combats, it was usual for the adventurous knight to display his courage by stationing himself at some pass in a forest, on a bridge, or elsewhere, compelling all passengers to avouch the superiority of his own valour, and the beauty of his mistress, or otherwise to engage with him in single combat. When Alexius Comnenus received the homage of the crusaders, seated upon his throne, previous to their crossing the Hellespont, during the first crusade, a French baron seated himself by the side of the Emperor of the East. Upon being reproved by Baldwin, he answered in his native language, "What ill-taught clown is this [meaning Alexius], who dares to keep his seat when the flower of the European nobility are standing around him!" The Emperor, dissembling his indignation, desired to know the birth and condition of the audacious Frank. "I am," replied the baron, "of the noblest race of France. For the rest, I only know that there is near my castle a spot where four roads meet, and near it a church where men, desirous of single combat, spend their time in prayer till some one shall accept their challenge. Often have I frequented that chapel, but never met I one who durst accept my defiance."* Thus the Bridge of Rodomont, in the Orlando Furioso, and the valiant defiance which the Knight of La Mancha hurled against the merchants of Toledo, who were bound to the fairs of Murcia, were neither fictions of Ariosto nor Cervantes, but had their prototypes in real story. The chivalrous custom of defying all and sundry to mortal combat, subsisted in the Borders until the days of Queen Elizabeth, when the worthy Bernard Gilpin found in his church of Houghton le Spring a glove hung over the altar, which he was informed indicated a challenge to all who should take it down. The remnants of the judicial combats, and the enterprises of arms, may be found in the duels of the present day. In former times they still more resembled each other; for, in the seventeenth century, not only the seconds on each side regularly engaged, but it was usual to have more seconds, even to the number of five or six; a custom pleasantly ridiculed by Lord Chesterfield, in one of the papers of "The World."† It is obvious that a usage, at once so ridiculous, and so detrimental to the peace and happiness of society, must give way, in proportion to the progress of common sense. The custom is in general upon the wane, even as far as respects single combat between men who have actually given or taken offence at each

* [On this anecdote the author has built his romance of Count Robert of Paris.]

† [See No. 47; which paper is assigned by the editor of the British Essayists to the Earl of Cork. There is another *on duelling* (No. 113), which was certainly written by Lord Chesterfield.]

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other. The general rules of good-breeding prevent causes of such disagreement from arising in the intercourse of society, and the forward duellist, who is solicitous in seeking them out, is generally accounted a vulgar and ferocious, as well as a dangerous character. At the same time, the habits derived from the days of Chivalry still retain a striking effect on our manners, and have fully established a graceful as well as useful punctilio, which tends on the whole to the improvement of society. Every man enters the world under the impression, that neither his strength, his wealth, his station, nor his wit, will excuse him from answering, at the risk of his life, any unbecoming encroachment on the civility due to the weakest, the poorest, the least important, or the most modest member of the society in which he mingles. All, too, in the rank and station of gentlemen, are forcibly called upon to remember, that they must resent the imputation of a voluntary falsehood as the most gross injury; and that the rights of the weaker sex demand protection from every one who would hold a good character in society. In short, from the wild and overstrained courtesies of Chivalry has been derived our present system of manners. It is not certainly faultless, and it is guarded by penalties which we must often regret as disproportionably severe. Yet it has a grace and dignity unknown to classic times, when women were slaves, and men coarse and vulgar, or overbearing and brutal, as suited their own humour, without respect to that of the rest of their society.

II. Such being the tone and spirit of Chivalry, derived from love, devotion, and valour,—we have next to notice the special forms and laws of the order, which will be found to correspond in every respect to the spirit which they were designed to foster.

The education of the future knight began at an early period. The care of the mother, after the first years of early youth were past, was deemed too tender, and the indulgences of the paternal roof too effeminate, for the future aspirant to the honours of Chivalry. "Do you not bless God," said the Lady Mabel to her husband, the noble Duke Guerin of Montglaive, as on a solemn feast they looked on their four hopeful sons, "do you not bless God that has given you such a promising issue?"—"Dame," replied Guerin, in the true spirit of the age, "so help me God and Saint Martin! nothing can do me greater despite than to look on these four great lurdanes, who, arrived at such an age, yet do nothing but eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and spend their time in idle amusement."* To counteract these habits of indulgence, the first step to the order of knighthood was the degree of PAGE.

The young and noble stripling, generally about his twelfth year,

* L'Hystoire de Guerin de Montglaive.

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was transferred from his father's house to that of some baron or gallant knight, sedulously chosen by the anxious parent as that which had the best reputation for good order and discipline. The children of the first nobles and high crown-vassals were educated by the royal court. And, however the reins of discipline might be in particular cases relaxed, or become corrupted in latter days, the theory was uniformly excellent. The youth who was to learn modesty, obedience, and address in arms and horsemanship, was duly exercised in the use of his weapons, beginning with such as were suited to his strength. He was instructed how to guide a horse with grace and dexterity; how to use the bow and the sword; how to manage the lance, an art which was taught by making him ride a career against a wooden figure holding a buckler called a quintaine. This quintaine turned on an axis; and as there was a wooden sword in the other hand of the supposed opponent, the young cavalier, if he did not manage his horse and weapon with address, was liable to receive a blow when the shock of his charge made the quintaine spin round.

Besides these exercises, the noble youth was required to do the work which, in some respects, belonged to a menial; but the task was not imposed on him as in a servile capacity. He attended his lord during the chase, the rules of which, as an image of war, and as held the principal occupation of a gentleman during peace, were carefully inculcated. He was taught the principal blasts or notes of *venerie*, to be sounded when the hounds were uncoupled, when the prey was on foot, when he was brought to bay, and when he fell. This art did not tend solely to amusement. "The gentle damosel," to use the language of the times, learned to bear the fatigue, the hunger, and thirst, which huntsmen are exposed to. By the necessity of encountering and despatching a stag, a boar, or a wolf, at bay, he acquired promptitude and courage in the use of his weapons. The accuracy with which he was required to mark the tracks of the hunted animal's course gave him habits of attention and reflection. In the days and nights spent in the chase, amid wide and pathless forests, he acquired the art, so necessary to a soldier, of remarking and studying the face of the country. When benighted, he was taught to steer his course by the stars, if they were visible; if not, to make his couch with patience on the withered leaves, or in a tree. Had he lost his way by daytime, he distinguished the points of the compass by remarking which side of the trees were most covered with moss, and from which they threw their branches most freely, circumstances which, compared with the known course of the prevailing wind, afforded him the necessary information.

The ceremonial of the chase was to be acquired, as well as its arts. To *brittle* or *break* the deer (in French, *faire la curée*), in plain terms,

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to flay and disembowel the stag, a matter in which much precision was required and the rules of which were ascribed to the celebrated Sir Tristrem of Lionesse, was an indispensable requisite of the page's education. Nor did his concern with the venison end here; he placed it on the table, waited during the banquet, and carved the ponderous dishes, when required or permitted to do so. Much grace and delicacy, it was supposed, might be displayed on these occasions; and, in one romance, we read of the high birth and breeding of a page being ascertained, by his scrupulously declining to use a towel to wipe his hands, when washed before he began to carve, and contented himself with waving them in the air till they dried of themselves. It is, perhaps, difficult to estimate the force of this delicacy, unless by supposing that he had not a towel or napkin appropriated to his own separate use.

Amidst these various instructions, the page was often required to wait upon the ladies, rather as attending a sort of superior beings, to whom adoration and obsequious service were due, than as ministering to the convenience of human creatures like himself. The most modest demeanour, the most profound respect, was to be observed in the presence of these fair idols. Thus the veneration due to the female character was taught to the acolyte of Chivalry, by his being placed so near female beauty, yet prohibited the familiarity which might discover female weakness. Love frequently mingled with this early devotion, and the connexion betwixt some lady of distinction and her gallant knight, is often, in romantic fiction, supposed to have originated from such early affection. In a romance called "The Golden Thread" (of which we have only seen a modern edition in German, but which has many features of originality), when the daughter of the Count bestows her annual gifts on her father's household, she gives the page Leofried, in derision, a single thread of gold tissue. To show the value which he places upon the most minute memorial, coming from such a hand, the youth opens a wound in his bosom, and deposits the precious thread in the neighbourhood of his heart. The Dame des Belles Cousines, whom we have already mentioned, was assuredly not the only lady of high rank who was tempted to give a handsome young page the benefit of her experience in completing his education. This led the way to abuse; and the custom of breeding up youths as pages in the houses of the great, although it survived the decay of Chivalry, was often rather the introduction to indolence, mischief, and debauchery, than to useful knowledge and the practice of arms. The proper purposes of this preliminary part of chivalrous education are well given by one of the characters in Ben Jonson's "New Inn," and he is answered by another, who alleges, with satire resembling that of Juvenal, the modern corruptions of the order of pages. Lord

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Lovel has requested mine Host to give him his son for a page. The Host answers, by declaring, he would rather hang his child with his own hand,

> "Than damn him to that desperate course of life.
> *Lovel.* Call you that desperate, which, by a line
> Of institution from our ancestors,
> Hath been derived down to us, and received
> In a succession, for the noblest way
> Of breeding up our youth in letters, arms,
> Fair mien, discourses, civil exercises,
> And all the blazon of a gentleman?
> Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
> To mar his body gracefully, to speak
> His language purer, or to turn his mind
> Or manners more to the harmony of nature
> Than in those nurseries of nobility?
> *Host.* Ay, that was when the nursery's self was noble,
> And only virtue made it, not the market."

And he replies, by enumerating instances of the decay of honour among the nobles, and of the debauchery of their household pages. In La Noue's "Political and Military Discourses," is a similar complaint of the hazards to which the morals of youths of rank were exposed while acting in this domestic capacity. Nevertheless, the custom of having young gentlemen thus bred, continued, in a certain degree, down to the last century, although those destined to such employments became, by degrees, of a lower quality. In some few instances, the institution was maintained in its purity, and the page, when leaving the family in which he was educated, usually obtained a commission. The last instance we know, was that of a gentleman bred a page in the family of the Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, who died during the reign of George III., a general-officer in his Majesty's service.

When advancing age and experience in the use of arms had qualified the page for the hardships and dangers of actual war, he was removed from the lowest to the second gradation of Chivalry, and became an *Escuyer*, Esquire, or SQUIRE. The derivation of this phrase has been much contested. It has been generally supposed to be derived from its becoming the official duty of the esquire to carry the shield (*Escu*) of the knight his master, until he was about to engage the enemy. Others have fetched the epithet (more remotely certainly) from *Scuria*, a stable, the charger of the knight being under the special care of the squire. Others, again, ascribe the derivation of the word to the right which the squire himself had to carry a shield, and to blason it with armorial bearings. This, in later times, became almost the exclusive meaning attached to the appellative esquire; and, accordingly, if the phrase now means any thing, it means a gentleman having a right to carry arms. There is reason, however, to think this is a secondary meaning of the word, for we do not find the word Es-

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cuyer applied as a title of rank, until so late as the Ordonnance of Blois, in 1579.

The candidate for the honours of Chivalry, now an immediate attendant on the knight or nobleman, was withdrawn from the private apartments of the ladies, and only saw them upon occasions of stated ceremony. In great establishments, there were squires of different ranks, and destined for different services; but we shall confine ourselves to those general duties which properly belonged to the office. The squire assisted his master in the offices at once of a modern valet-de-chambre and groom—he attended to dress and undress him, trained his horses to the menage, and kept his arms bright and burnished. He did the honours of the household to the strangers who visited it, and the reputation of the prince or great lord whom he served was much exalted by the manner in which these courteous offices were discharged. In the words of Chaucer, describing the character of the squire,

> "Curteis he was, lowly and servisable,
> And carf before his fader at the table."

The squire was also expected to perfect himself in the accomplishments of the period, and not only to be a master of the ceremonial of the feast, but to be capable of enlivening it by his powers of conversation. He was expected to understand chess, draughts, and other domestic games. Poetry and music, if he had any turn for these beautiful arts, and whatever other accomplishments could improve the mind or the person, were accounted to grace his station. And accordingly, Chaucer's squire, besides that he was "singing or fluting all the day,"

> —"Could songs make, and well indite,
> Joust, and eke dance, and well pourtray and write."

Unquestionably, few possessed all these attributes; but the poet, with his usual precision and vivacity, has given us the picture of a perfect esquire.

To understand the squire's mode of life more particularly, it is necessary to consider that which was led in the courts and castles of the middle ages. Froissart has given us a very striking account of the mode of housekeeping in the family of Gaston, Earl of Foix, a prince whose court was considered as a first-rate nursery for the noble youth; and, from his lively description, we may, in some measure, conceive the mode in which the esquires spent their time. Froissart abode in his house above twelve weeks, much recommended to the favourable notice of the Earl, by his having brought with him a book containing all the songs, ballads, and virilays, which Wincislaus of Bohemia, the gentle Duke of Brabant, had made, and the historian had compiled or transcribed. "Every night, after supper," says Froissart, "I read thereon to him, and while I read there was none

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durst speak any thing to interrupt me, so much did the Earl delight in listening." The quotation necessary to describe the Earl of Foix, and the economy of his household, must necessarily be a long one, but it is a picture, by the hand of an inimitable artist, of a school of Chivalry when Chivalry was at its highest pitch, and we are unwilling to destroy the likeness by abridging it.

"This Erle Gascone of Foix, with whom I was, at that tyme, he was of a fyftie yere of age and nyne; and, I say, I have in my tyme sene many knights, kynges, princes, and others, but I neuer saw none like him of personage, nor of so fayre forme, nor so well made; his vysage fayre, sanguyne, and smyling, his eyen gray and amorous, wher as he lyst to set his regarde; in euery thing he was so parfite that he can not be praised to moche; he loued that ought to be beloued, and hated that ought to be hated; he was a wyse knyght, of highe enterprise, and of good counsayle; he neuer had myscreant with him; he sayd many orisons every day, a nocturn of the psalter, matyns of our Lady, of the Holy Ghost, and of the Crosse, and dirigé euery day; he gaue fyve florins, in small monies, at his gate to poore folkes for the loue of God; he was large and courtesse in gyftes; he could ryght well take where it parteyned to hym, and to delyuer agayne wher as he ought: he loued houndes of all beestes, wynter and somer he loued huntyng; he neuer loued folly, outrage, nor foly larges; euery moneth he wolde knowe what he spended; he tooke in his countre to receyue his reuenwes, and to serue him, notable persons, that is to saye, twelve recyuours, and euer fro two monethes to two monethes, two of them shulde serue for his receyte; for, at the two monethes ende, he would change and put other two into that offyce; and one that he trusted best shulde be his comptroller, and to hym all other shulde accompt, and the comptroller shuld accompt to hym by rolles and bokes written, and the comptes to remayne still with therle: he had certeyne cofers in his chambre, out of the whiche oftetymes he wolde take money to gyve to lordes, knyhtes, and squyers, such as came to hym, for none shulde departe from him without some gift, and yet dayly he multiplyed his treasure, to resyst the aduentures and fortunes that he doubted; he was of good and easy acquayntance with every man, and amorously wold speke to them; he was short in counsayle, and answers; he had four secretaries, and at his rising, they must ever be redy at his hande, without any callynge; and whan any letter were delyuered him, and that he had reed it, than he wolde calle them to write agayne, or els for some other thynge. In this estate therle of Foix liued. And at mydnight, whan he came out of his chambre into the hall to supper, he had ever before hym twelve torches brennying, borne by twelve varlettes standying before his table all supper; they gaue a gret light, and the hall ever full of knightes and squyers, and many other tables dressed to suppe who wolde; ther was none should speke to hym at his table; but if he were called; his meate was lightlye wylde foule, the legges and wynges alonely, and in the day he dyd but lytell eate and drinke; he had great pleasure in armony of instrumentes; he conde do it right well hymselfe, he wold have songes song before him, he wolde gladlye se conseytes and fantesies at his table. And or I came to his court, I had ben in many courtes of kynges, dukes, princes, erles, and great ladyes, but I was neuer in none y so well liked me, nor ther was none more rejoysed in dedes of armes, than the erle dyde: ther was sene in his hall, chambre, and court, knightes and squyers of honour going up and downe, and talking of armes and amours; all honour ther was found, all maner of tidynges of every realme and countre ther might be herde, for out of every countree there was resort, for the valyantnesse of this erle." *

While the courage of the young aspirant to the honours of knighthood was animated, and his emulation excited, by the society in which he was placed, and the conversation to which he listened,—while every thing was done which the times admitted to refine his manners, and, in a certain degree, to cultivate his understanding; the personal exercises to which he had been trained, while a page, were now to be pursued with increasing assiduity, proportional to the increase of his strength. "He was taught," says a historian, speaking of Bouçicaut, while a squire, "to spring upon a horse, while armed at all points; to exercise himself in running, to strike for a length of time with the

* Froissart's Chronicles, translated by Lord Berners.

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axe or club; to dance and throw somersets, entirely armed, excepting the helmet; to mount on horseback behind one of his comrades, by barely laying his hands on his sleeve; to raise himself betwixt two partition walls to any height, by placing his back against the one, and his knees and hands against the other; to mount a ladder, placed against a tower, upon the reverse or under side, solely by the aid of his hands, and without touching the rounds with his feet; to throw the javelin, to pitch the bar," to do all, in short, which could exercise the body to feats of strength and agility, in order to qualify him for the exploits of war. For this purpose, the esquires had also their tourneys, separate and distinct from those of the knights. They were usually solemnized on the eve of the more formal and splendid tournaments, in which the knights themselves displayed their valour; and lighter weapons than those of the knights, though of the same kind, were employed by the esquires. But, as we shall presently notice, the most distinguished among the esquires were (notwithstanding the high authority of the knight of La Mancha to the contrary) frequently admitted to the honours and dangers of the more solemn encounter.

In actual war the page was not expected to render much service, but that of the squire was important and indispensable. Upon a march he bore the helmet and shield of the knight and led his horse of battle, a tall heavy animal fit to bear the weight of a man in armour, but which was led in hand, in marching, while the knight rode an ambling hackney. The squire was also qualified to perform the part of an armourer, not only lacing his master's helmet and buckling his cuirass, but also closing with a hammer the rivets by which the various pieces were united to each other. This was a point of the utmost consequence; and many instances occur of mischances happening to celebrated warriors when the duty was negligently performed. In the actual shock of battle, the esquire attended closely on the banner of his master, or on his person if he were only a knight bachelor, kept pace with him during the *mêlée*, and was at hand to remount him when his steed was slain, or relieve him when oppressed by numbers. If the knights made prisoners they were the charge of the esquire; if the esquire himself fortuned to make one, the ransom belonged to his master.

On the other hand, the knights who received these important services from their esquires, were expected to display towards them that courteous liberality which made so distinguished a point of the chivalrous character. Lord Audley led the van of the Black Prince's army at the Battle of Poitiers, attended by four squires who had promised not to fail him. They distinguished themselves in the front of that bloody day, leaving such as they overcame to be made prisoners by others, and ever pressing forward where resistance was offered. Thus they fought in the chief of the battle until Lord James Audley

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was sorely wounded, and his breath failed him. At the last, when the battle was gained, the four faithful esquires bore him out of the press, disarmed him, and stenched and dressed his wounds as they could. As the Black Prince called for the man to whom the victory was in some measure owing, Lord Audley was borne before him in a litter, when the Prince, after having awarded to him the praise and renown above all others who fought on that day, bestowed on him five hundred marks of yearly revenue, to be assigned out of his heritage in England. Lord Audley accepted of the gift with due demonstration of gratitude; but no sooner was he brought to his lodging than he called before him the four esquires by whom he had been so gallantly seconded, and the nobles of his lineage, and informed his kinsmen,—

"'Sirs, it hath pleased my Lord the Prince to bestow on me five hundred marks of heritage of which I am unworthy, for I have done him but small service. Behold, sirs, these four squires, which have always served me truly, and specially this day; the honour that I have is by their valour; thereof I resign to them and their heirs for ever, in like manner as it was given to me, the noble gift which the Prince hath assigned me.' The lords beheld each other, and agreed it was a proof of great chivalry to bestow so royal a gift, and gladly undertook to bear witness to the transfer. When Edward heard these tidings, he sent for Lord Audley, and desired to know why he had bestowed on others the gift he had assigned him, and whether it had not been acceptable to him: 'Sir,' said Lord Audley, 'these four squires have followed me well and truly in several severe actions, and at this battle they served me so well, that had they done nothing else, I had been bound to reward them. I am myself but a single man, but, by aid of their united strength and valour, I was enabled to execute the vow which I had made, to give the onset in the first battle in which the King of England or his sons should be present, and had it not been for them, I must have been left dead on the field. This is the reason I have transferred your Highness's bounty, as to those by whom it was best deserved.'"

The Black Prince not only approved of and confirmed Lord Audley's grant, but conferred upon him, not to be outdone in generosity, a yearly revenue of six hundred marks more, for his own use.* The names of the esquires, who thus distinguished themselves, and experienced such liberality at the hands of their leader, were Delves of Doddington, Dutton of Dutton, Fowlishurst of Crewe, and Hawkeston of Wreynehill, all Cheshire families. This memorable instance may suffice to show the extent of gratitude which the knights entertained for the faithful service of their squires. But it also leads us to consider some other circumstances relating to the order of esquire.

Although, in its primitive and proper sense, the state of esquire was merely preparatory to that of knighthood, yet it is certain that many men of birth and property rested content with attaining that first step; and, though greatly distinguished by their feats of arms, never rose, nor apparently sought to rise, above the rank which it conferred. It does not appear that any of the esquires of Lord Audley were knighted after the battle of Poitiers, although there can be no doubt that their rank, as well as their exploits, entitled them to expect that honour. The truth seems to be, that it may frequently have been

* Froissart. Barne's History of Edward III.

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more convenient, and scarcely less honourable, to remain in the unenvied and unpretending rank of esquire, than to aspire to that of knighthood, without a considerable fortune to supply the expenses of that dignity. No doubt, in theory, the simplest knight bachelor was a companion, and in some degree equal, with princes. But, in point of fact, we shall presently see, that, where unsupported by some sort of income to procure suitable equipment and retainers, that dignity was sometimes exposed to ridicule. Many gallant gentlemen, therefore, remained esquires, either attached to the service of some prince or eminent nobleman, or frequently in a state of absolute independence, bringing their own vassals to the field, whom, in such cases, they were entitled to muster under a *Penoncele*, or small triangular streamer, somewhat like the naval pendant of the present day. The reader of history is not, therefore, to suppose, that, where he meets with an esquire of distinguished name, he is therefore, necessarily, to consider him as a youthful candidate for the honour of knighthood, and attending upon some knight or noble. This is, indeed, the primitive, but not the uniform meaning of the title. So many men of rank and gallantry appear to have remained esquires, that, by degrees, many of the leading distinctions between them and the knights were relaxed or abandoned. In Froissart's *Chronicles*, we find that esquires frequently led independent bodies of men, and, as we have before hinted, mingled with the knights in the games of Chivalry; the difference chiefly consisting in title, precedence, the shape of the flag under which they arrayed their followers, and the fashion of their armour. The esquires were permitted to bear a shield, emblazoned, as we have already seen, with armorial bearings. There seems to have been some difference in the shape of the helmet; and the French esquire was not permitted to wear the complete hauberk, but only the shirt of mail, without hood or sleeves. But the principal distinction between the independent esquire (terming him such who was attached to no knight's services) and the knight, was the spurs, which the esquire might wear of silver, but by no means gilded.

To return to the esquires most properly so termed, their dress was, during their period of probation, simple and modest, and ought regularly to have been made of brown, or some other uniform and simple colour. This was not, however, essential. The garment of Chaucer's squire was embroidered like a meadow. The petit Jehan de Saintré was supplied with money by his mistress to purchase a silken doublet and embroidered hose. There is also a very diverting account, in the "Memoirs of Bertrand du Guesclin,"* of the manner in which he prevailed on his uncle, a covetous old churchman, to assign him money

* [Histoire de Bertrand du Guesclin, Connétable de France. Paris, 1666, folio. There is an earlier edition in *black letter*, without date.]

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for his equipment on some occasion of splendour. We may therefore hold, that the sumptuary laws of squirehood were not particularly attended to, or strictly enforced.

A youth usually ceased to be a page at fourteen, or a little earlier, and could not regularly receive the honour of knighthood until he was one-and-twenty. But, if their distinguished valour anticipated their years, the period of probation was shortened. Princes of the blood-royal, also, and other persons of very high eminence, had this term abridged, and sometimes so much so as to throw a ridicule upon the order of knighthood, by admitting within "the temple of honour," as it was the fashion of the times to call it, children, who could neither understand nor discharge the duties of the office to which they were thus prematurely called.

The third and highest rank of Chivalry was that of Knighthood. In considering this last dignity, we shall first enquire, how it was conferred; secondly, the general privileges and duties of the order; thirdly, the peculiar ranks into which it was finally divided, and the difference betwixt them.

Knighthood was, in its origin, an order of a republican, or at least an oligarchic nature; arising, as has been shown, from the customs of the free tribes of Germany, and, in its essence, not requiring the sanction of a monarch. On the contrary, each knight could confer the order of knighthood upon whomsoever preparatory noviciate and probation had fitted to receive it. The highest potentates sought the *accolade*, or stroke which conferred the honour, at the hands of the worthiest knight whose achievements had dignified the period. Thus Francis I. requested the celebrated Bayard, the "Good Knight without reproach or fear," to make him; an honour which Bayard valued so highly, that, on sheathing his sword, he vowed never more to use that blade, except against Turks, Moors, and Saracens. The same principle was carried to extravagance in a romance, where the hero is knighted by the hand of Sir Lancelot of the Lake, when dead. A sword was put into the hand of the skeleton, which was so guided as to let it drop on the neck of the aspirant. In the time of Francis I. it had already become customary to desire this honour at the hands of greatness rather than valour, so that the King's request was considered as an appeal to the first principles of Chivalry. In theory, however, the power of creating knights was supposed to be inherent in every one who had reached that dignity. But it was natural that the soldier should desire to receive the highest military honour from the general under whose eye he was to combat, or from the prince or noble at whose court he passed as page and squire through the gradations of his noviciate. It was equally natural on the other hand, that the prince or noble should desire to be the immediate source of a privilege so important. And thus, though

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no positive regulation took place on the subject, ambition on the part of the aspirant, and pride and policy on that of the sovereign princes and nobles of high rank, gradually limited to the latter the power of conferring knighthood, or drew at least an unfavourable distinction between the knights dubbed by private individuals, and those who, with more state and solemnity, received the honoured title at the hand of one of high rank. Indeed, the change which took place respecting the character and consequences of the ceremony, naturally led to a limitation in the right of conferring it. While the order of knighthood merely implied a right to wear arms of a certain description, and to bear a certain title, there could be little harm in intrusting, to any one who had already received the honour, the power of conferring it on others. But when this highest order of Chivalry conferred not only personal dignity, but the right of assembling under the banner, or pennon, a certain number of soldiers; when knighthood implied not merely personal privileges, but military rank, it was natural that sovereigns should use every effort to concentrate the right of conferring such distinction in themselves, or their immediate delegates. And latterly it was held, that the rank of knight only conferred those privileges on such as were dubbed by sovereign princes.

The times and place usually chosen for the creation of knights, were favourable to the claim of the sovereigns to be the proper fountain of Chivalry. Knights were usually made either on the eve of battle, or when the victory had been obtained; or they were created during the pomp of some solemn warning or grand festival. In the former case, the right of creation was naturally referred to the general or prince who led the host; and, in the latter, to the sovereign of the court where the festival was held. The forms in these cases were very different.

When knights were made in the actual field of battle, little solemnity was observed, and the form was probably the same with which private individuals had, in earlier times, conferred the honour on each other. The novice, armed at all points, but without helmet, sword, and spurs, came before the prince or general, at whose hands he was to receive knighthood, and kneeled down, while two persons of distinction, who acted as his godfathers, and were supposed to become pledges for his being worthy of the honour to which he aspired, buckled on his gilded spurs, and belted him with his sword. He then received the accolade, a slight blow on the neck, with the flat of the sword, from the person who dubbed him, who, at the same time, pronounced a formula to this effect: "I dub thee knight, in the name of God and St Michael (or in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost). Be faithful, bold, and fortunate." The new-made knight had then only to take his place in the ranks of war, and endeavour to distinguish himself by his forward gallantry in the approaching action,

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when he was said to win his spurs. It is well known, that, at the battle of Cressy, Edward III. refused to send succours to the Black Prince, until he should hear that he was wounded or dismounted, being determined he should, on that memorable day, have full opportunity to *win his spurs*. It may be easily imagined, that on such occasions, the courage of the young knights was wound up to the highest pitch, and, as many were usually made at the same time, their gallantry could not fail to have influence on the fortune of the day. At the siege of Toulouse (1159), Henry II. of England made thirty knights at once, one of whom was Malcolm IV. King of Scotland. Even on these occasions, the power of making knights was not understood to be limited to the commander-in-chief. At the fatal battle of Homildown, in 1401, Sir John Swinton, a warrior of distinguished talents, observing the slaughter made by the English archery, exhorted the Scots to rush on to a closer engagement. Adam Gordon, between whose family and that of Swinton a deadly feud existed, hearing this sage counsel, knelt down before Swinton, and prayed him to confer on him the honour of knighthood, which he desired to receive from the wisest and boldest knight in the host. Swinton conferred the order,* and they both rushed down upon the English host, followed only

* [*Regent.* Gordon, stand forth.
Gordon. I pray your Grace, forgive me.
Regent. How! seek you not for knighthood?
Gordon. I do thirst for't.
But, pardon me—'tis from another sword.
Regent. It is your sovereign's—seek you for a worthier?
Gordon. Who would drink purely, seeks the secret fountain,
How small soever—not the general stream,
Though it be deep and wide. My Lord, I seek
The boon of knighthood from the honour'd weapon
Of the best knight, and of the sagest leader,
That ever graced a ring of chivalry.
Therefore, I beg the boon on bended knee,
Even from Sir Alan Swinton. [*Kneels.*
Regent. Degenerate boy! abject at once and insolent!
See, Lords, he kneels to him that slew his father!
Gordon (*starting up*). Shame be on him, who speaks such shameful word!
Shame be on him, whose tongue would sow dissension,
When most the time demands that native Scotsmen
Forget each private wrong!
Swinton (*interrupting him*). Youth, since you crave me
To be your sire in chivalry, I remind you
War has its duties, office has its reverence;
Who governs in the sovereign's name is sovereign;—
Crave the Lord Regent's pardon.
Gordon. You task me justly, and I crave his pardon, [*Bows to the Regent.*
His and these noble Lords'; and pray them all
Bear witness to my words. Ye noble presence,
Here I remit unto the Knight of Swinton
All bitter memory of my father's slaughter,
All thoughts of malice, hatred, and revenge;
By no base fear or composition moved,
But by the thought, that in our country's battle
All hearts should be as one. I do forgive him
As freely as I pray to be forgiven,
And once more kneel to him to sue for knighthood.
Swinton (*affected, and drawing his sword*).

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by a few cavalry. If they had been supported, the attack might have turned the fate of the day. But none followed their gallant example, and both champions fell. It need hardly be added, that the commander, whether a sovereign prince or not, equally exercised the privilege of conferring knighthood. In the old ballad of the battle of Otterburn, Douglas boasts, that since he had entered England, he had

"With brand dubb'd many a knight."

But it was not in camps and armies alone that the honours of knighthood were conferred. At the *Cour Plenière*, a high court, to which sovereigns summoned their crown vassals at the solemn festivals of the church, and the various occasions of solemnity which occurred in the royal family, from marriage, birth, baptism, and the like, the monarch was wont to confer on novices in chivalry its highest honour, and the ceremonies used on such investiture added to the dignity of the occasion. It was then that the full ritual was observed, which, on the eve of battle, was necessarily abridged or omitted. The candidates watched their arms all night in a church or chapel, and prepared for the honour to be conferred on them, by vigil, fast, and prayer. They were solemnly divested of the brown frock, which was the appropriate dress of the squire, and having been bathed, as a symbol of purification of heart, they were attired in the richer garb appropriate to knighthood. They were then solemnly invested with the appropriate arms of a knight; and it was not unusual to call the attention of the novice to a mystical or allegorical explanation of each piece of armour as it was put on. These exhortations consisted in strange and extravagant parallels betwixt the temporal and spiritual state of warfare, in which the metaphor was hunted down in every possible shape. The under dress of the knight was a close jacket of chamois leather, over which was put the mail shirt, composed of rings of steel artificially fitted into each other, as is still the fashion in some parts of Asia. A suit of plate armour was put on over the mail shirt, and the legs and arms were defended in the same manner. Even this accumulation of defensive armour, was by some thought insufficient. In the combat of the Infantes of Carrion with the champions of the

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Alas! brave youth, 'tis I should kneel to you,
And tendering thee the hilt of the fell sword
That made thee fatherless, bid thee use the point
After thine own discretion. For the boon—
Trumpets be ready—In the Holiest name,
And in Our Lady's and Saint Andrew's name,
[*Touching his shoulder with his sword.*
I dub thee Knight!—Arise, Sir Adam Gordon!
Be faithful, brave, and O, be fortunate,
Should this ill hour permit!

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *Poetical Works* (*Halidon Hill*).]

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Cid, one of the former was yet more completely defended, and to little purpose.

> "Onward into Ferrand's breast, the lance's point is driven
> Full upon his breastplate, nothing would avail;
> Two breastplates Ferrand wore, and a coat of mail,
> The two are riven in sunder, the third stood him in stead,
> The mail sunk in his breast, the mail and the spear head;
> The blood burst from his mouth, that all men thought him dead." *

The novice being accoutred in his knightly armour, but without helmet, sword, and spurs, a rich mantle was flung over him, and he was conducted in solemn procession to the church or chapel in which the ceremony was to be performed, supported by his godfathers, and attended with as much pomp as circumstances admitted. High mass was then said, and the novice, advancing to the altar, received from the sovereign the accolade. The churchman present, of highest dignity, often belted on his sword, which, for that purpose, had been previously deposited on the altar, and the spurs were sometimes fastened on by ladies of quality. The oath of Chivalry was lastly taken, to be loyal to God, the king, and the ladies. Such were the outlines of the ceremony, which, however, was varied according to circumstances. A king of Portugal knighted his son in presence of the dead body of the Marquis of Marialva, slain in that day's action, and impressively conjured the young prince to do his duty in life and death like the good knight who lay dead before him. Alms to the poor, largesses to the heralds and minstrels, a liberal gift to the church, were necessary accompaniments to the investiture of a person of rank. The new-made knight was conducted from the church with music and acclamations, and usually mounted his horse and executed some curvets in presence of the multitude, couching his lance, and brandishing it as if impatient to open his knightly career. It was at such times, also, that the most splendid tournaments were executed, it being expected that the young knights would display the utmost efforts to distinguish themselves.

Such being the solemnities with which knighthood was imposed, it is no wonder that the power of conferring it should, in peace as well as in war, become more and more confined to sovereign princes, or nobles who nearly equalled them in rank and independence. By degrees these restrictions were drawn gradually closer, until at length it was held that none but a sovereign or a commander-in-chief, displaying the royal banner, and vested with plenary and vice-regal authority, could confer the degree of knighthood. Queen Elizabeth was particularly jealous of this part of her prerogative, and nothing more excited her displeasure and indignation against her favourite Essex, than the

* See Translations [by Mr Frere] from the Spanish Metrical Romance on the subject of the Cid, appended to Mr Southey's Cid.

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profuseness with which he distributed the honour at Cadiz, and afterwards in Ireland. These anecdotes, however, belong to the decay of Chivalry.

The knight had several privileges of dignity and importance. He was associated into a rank wherein kings and princes were, in one sense, only his equals. He took precedence in war and in counsel, and was addressed by the respectful title of *Messire* in French, and *Sir* in English, and his wife by that of Madame and Dame. A knight was also, in point of military rank, qualified to command any body of men under a thousand. His own service was performed on horseback and in complete armour, of many various fashions, according to the taste of the warriors and the custom of the age. Chaucer has enumerated some of these varieties:—

"With him ther wenten knights many on.
Som wol ben armed in an habergeon,
And in a brest plate, and in a gipon;
And som wol have a pair of plates large;
And som wol have a pruse sheld, or a targe;
Som wol ben armed on his legges wele,
And have an axe, and some a mace of stele.
Ther n'is no newe guise, that it n'as old.
Armed they weren, as I have you told,
Everich after his opinion."

The weapons of offence, however, most appropriate to knighthood, were the lance and sword. They had frequently a battle-axe or mace at their saddle-bow, a formidable weapon even to men sheathed in iron like themselves. The knight had also a dagger which he used when at close quarters. It was called the dagger of mercy, probably because, when unsheathed, it behoved the antagonist to crave mercy or to die. The management of the lance and of the horse was the principal requisite of knighthood. To strike the foeman either on the helmet or full upon the breast with the point of the lance, and at full speed, was accounted perfect practice; to miss him, or to break a lance across, *i. e.* athwart the body of the antagonist, without striking him with the point, was accounted an awkward failure; to strike his horse, or to hurt his person under the girdle, was conceived a foul or felon action, and could only be excused by the hurry of a general encounter. When the knights, from the nature of the ground, or other circumstances, alighted to fight on foot, they used to cut some part from the length of their spears, in order to render them more manageable, like the pikes used by infantry. But their most formidable onset was when mounted and "in host." They seem then to have formed squadrons not unlike the present disposition of cavalry in the field,—their squires forming the rear-rank, or performing the part of serrefiles. As the horses were trained in the tourneys and exercises to run upon each other without flinching, the shock of two such bodies of heavy-armed

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cavalry was dreadful, and the event usually decided the battle; for, until the Swiss showed the superior steadiness which could be exhibited by infantry, all great actions were decided by the men-at-arms. The yeomanry of England, indeed, formed a singular exception; and, from the dexterous use of the long-bow, to which they were trained from infancy, were capable of withstanding and destroying the mail-clad chivalry both of France and Scotland.* Their shafts, according to the exaggerating eloquence of a monkish historian, Thomas of Walsingham, penetrated steel coats from side to side, transfixed helmets, and even splintered lances, and pierced through swords! But, against every other pedestrian adversary, the knights, squires, and men-at-arms, had the most decided advantage, from their impenetrable armour, the strength of their horses, and the fury of their onset.† To render success yet more certain, and attack less hazardous, the horse, on the safety of which the riders so much depended, was armed en-barbe, as it was called, like himself. A masque made of iron covered the animal's face and ears; it had a breast-plate, and armour for the croupe. The strongest horses were selected for this service; they were generally stallions, and to ride a mare was reckoned base and unknightly.

To distinguish him in battle, as his face was hid by the helmet, the knight wore above his armour a surcoat, as it was called, like a herald's coat, on which his arms were emblazoned. Others had them painted on the shield, a small triangular buckler of light wood, covered with leather, and sometimes plated with steel, which, as best suited him, the knight could either wield on his left arm, or suffer to

* [*K. Edward.* See, Chandos, Percy—Ha, Saint George! Saint Edward!
See it descending now, the fatal hail-shower,
The storm of England's wrath—sure, swift, resistless,
Which no mail-coat can brook.—Brave English hearts!
How close they shoot together!—as one eye
Had aim'd five thousand shafts—as if one hand
Had loosed five thousand bow-strings!
Percy. The thick volley
Darkens the air, and hides the sun from us.
K. Edward. It falls on those shall see the sun no more,
The winged, the resistless plague is with them.
How their vex'd host is reeling to and fro!
Like the chafed whale with fifty lances in him,
They do not see, and cannot shun the wound.
The storm is viewless, as death's sable wing,
Unerring as his scythe.
Percy. Horses and riders are going down together.
'Tis almost pity to see nobles fall,
And by a peasant's arrow.
Baliol. I could weep them,
Although they are my rebels.
Chandos. 'Tis the worst of it,
That knights can claim small honours in the field
Which archers win, unaided by our lances.
SIR WALTER SCOTT'S *Poetical Works (Halidon Hill).*]

† [See this subject treated in detail in the Tales of a Grandfather, on the History of France.]

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hang down from his neck, as an additional defence to his breast, when the left hand was required for the management of the horse. The shape of these shields is preserved, being that on which heraldric coats are most frequently blazoned. But it is something remarkable, that not one of those *heater** shields has been preserved in the Tower, or, so far as we know, in any English collection. The helmet was surmounted by a crest, which the knight adopted after his own fancy. There was deadly offence taken if one knight, without right, assumed the armorial bearings of another; and history is full of disputes on that head, some of which terminated fatally. The heralds were the persons appealed to on these occasions, when the dispute was carried on in peace, and hence flowed the science, as it was called, of Heraldry, with all its fantastic niceties. By degrees the crest and device became also hereditary, as well as the bearings on the shield. In addition to his armorial bearings, the knight distinguished himself in battle by shouting out his war-cry, which was echoed by his followers. It was usually the name of some favourite saint, united with that of his own family. If the knight had followers under his command, they reechoed his war-cry, and rallied round his pennon or flag at the sound. The pennon differed from the penoncel, or triangular streamer which the squire was entitled to display, being double the breadth, and indented at the end like the tail of a swallow. It presented the appearance of two penoncels united at the end next the staff, a consideration which was not perhaps out of view in determining its shape. Of course, the reader will understand that those knights only displayed a pennon who had retainers to support and defend it; the mounting this ensign being a matter of privilege, not of obligation.

Froissart's heart never fails to overflow when he describes the encounter of a body of men-at-arms, arrayed in the manner we have described; he dwells with enthusiasm on the leading circumstances. The waving of banners and pennons, the dashing of spurs into the sides of chargers, and their springing forward to battle; the glittering of armour, the glancing of plumes, the headlong shock and splintering of the lances, the swords flashing through the dust over the heads of the combatants, the thunder of the horses' feet and the clash of armour, mingled with the war-cry of the combatants and the groans of the dying, form the mingled scene of tumult, strife, and death, which the Canon has so frequently transferred to his chivalrous pages.

It was not in war alone that the adventurous knight was to acquire fame. It was his duty, as we have seen, to seek adventures throughout the world, whereby to exalt his own fame and the beauty of his mistress, which inspired such deeds. In our remarks upon the general

* So called because resembling in shape the heater of a smoothing-iron.

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spirit of the institution, we have already noticed the frantic enterprises which were seriously undertaken and punctually executed by knights desirous of a name. On those occasions, the undertaker of so rash an enterprise often owed his life to the sympathy of his foes, who had great respect for any one engaged in the discharge of a vow of chivalry. When Sir Robert Knowles passed near Paris, at the head of an English army, in the reign of Edward III., the following remarkable incident took place :

"Now it happened, one Tuesday morning, when the English began to decamp, and had set fire to all the villages wherein they were lodged, so that the fires were distinctly seen from Paris, a knight of their army, who had made a vow, the preceding day, that he would advance as far as the barriers and strike them with his lance, did not break his oath, but set off with his lance in his hand, his target on his neck, and completely armed except his helmet, and, spurring his steed, was followed by his squire on another courser, carrying the helmet. When he approached Paris, he put on the helmet, which his squire laced behind. He then galloped away, sticking spurs into his horse, and advanced prancing to strike the barriers. They were then open, and the lords and barons within imagined he intended to enter the town; but he did not so mean, for having struck the gates according to his vow, he checked his horse and turned about. The French knights, who saw him thus retreat, cried out to him, 'Get away! get away! thou hast well acquitted thyself.' As for the name of this knight, I am ignorant of it, nor do I know from what country he came; but he bore for his arms gules à deux fousses noires, with une bordure noire non endentée.

"However, an adventure befell him, from which he had not so fortunate an escape. On his return, he met a butcher on the pavement in the suburbs, a very strong man, who had noticed him as he had passed him, and who had in his hand a very sharp and heavy hatchet with a long handle. As the knight was returning alone, and in a careless manner, the valiant butcher came on one side of him, and gave him such a blow between the shoulders, that he fell on his horse's neck; he recovered himself, but the butcher repeated the blow on his head, so that the axe entered it. The knight, through excess of pain, fell to the earth, and the horse galloped away to the squire, who was waiting for his master in the fields at the extremity of the suburbs. The squire caught the courser, but wondered what was become of his master; for he had seen him gallop to the barriers, strike them, and then turn about to come back. He therefore set out to look for him; but he had not gone many paces before he saw him in the hands of four fellows, who were beating him as if they were hammering on an anvil. This so much frightened the squire, that he dared not advance further, for he saw he could not give him any effectual assistance; he therefore returned as speedily as he could.

"Thus was this knight slain; and those lords who were posted at the barriers had him buried in holy ground. The squire returned to the army, and related the misfortune which had befallen his master. All his brother warriors were greatly displeased thereat." (JOHNES's Froissart, vol. ii., p. 63.)

An equally singular undertaking was that of Galeazzo of Mantua, as rehearsed by the venerable Doctor Paris de Puteo, in his treatise "De Duello et re militari," and by Brantome in his "Essay on Duels." Queen Joan of Naples, at a magnificent feast given in her castle of Gaeta, had presented her hand to Galeazzo, for the purpose of opening the ball. The dance being finished, the gallant knight kneeled down before his royal partner, and, in order to make fitting acknowledgment of the high honour done him, took a solemn vow to wander through the world wherever deeds of arms should be exercised, and not to rest until he had subdued two valiant knights, and had presented them prisoners at her royal footstool, to be disposed of at her pleasure.

[The "Discours sur les Duels" is included in the sixth volume of the "Œuvres Complètes de Brantôme." 8 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1823.]

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Accordingly, after a year spent in visiting various scenes of action in Brittany, England, France, Burgundy, and elsewhere, he returned like a falcon with his prey in his clutch, and presented two prisoners of knightly rank to Queen Joan. The queen received the gift very graciously; and, declining to avail herself of the right she had to impose rigorous conditions on the captives, she gave them liberty without ransom, and bestowed on them, over and above, several marks of liberality. For this she is highly extolled by Brantome and Dr Paris, who take the opportunity of censuring the very opposite conduct of the Canons of Saint Peter's Church at Rome, upon whom a certain knight had bestowed a prisoner taken in single combat. These ungracious churchmen received the gift as if it had been that of a wild beast for a menagerie, permitting the poor captive the freedom of the church indeed, but prohibiting him to go one step beyond the gate. In which condition, worse than death, they detained the vanquished knight for some time, and were justly blamed, as neither understanding Christian charity nor gentlemanlike courtesy.

We return to consider the duties of a knight. His natural and proper element was war. But in time of peace when there was no scope for the fiery spirit of chivalry, the knights attended the tourneys proclaimed by different princes, or, if these amusements did not occur, they themselves undertook feats of arms, to which they challenged all competitors. The nature of these challenges will be best understood from an abridged account of the *pas d'armes*, called the *Justs* of Saint Inglebert, or Sandying Fields. This emprise was sustained by three gallant knights of France, Bouçicaut, Reynold de Roy, and Saint Py or Saimpi. Their articles bound them to abide thirty days at Saint Inglebert, in the marches of Calais, there to undertake the encounter of all knights and squires, Frenchmen, or strangers, who should come hither, for the breaking of five spears, sharp, or with rockets, at their pleasure. On their lodgings they hung two shields called of peace and war, with their armorial blazons on each. The stranger desiring to just was invited to come or send, and touch which shield he would. The weapons of courtesy were to be employed if he chose the shield of peace; if that of war, the defenders were to give him the desired encounter with sharp weapons. The stranger knights were invited to bring some noblemen with them, to assist in judging the field, and the proclamation concludes with an entreaty to knights and squires, strangers, that they will not hold this offer as made for any pride, hatred, or ill-will; but only that the challengers do it to have their honourable company and acquaintance, which, with their whole heart, they desire. They were assured of a fair field, without fraud or advantage; and it was provided, that the shields used should not be covered with iron or steel. The French king was highly joyful of this gallant challenge

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(although some of his council doubted the wisdom of permitting it to go forth), and exhorted the challengers to regard the honour of their prince and realm, and spare no cost at the solemnity, for which he was willing to contribute ten thousand franks. A number of knights and squires came from England to Calais to accept this gallant invitation; and at the entrance of the "fresh and joly month of May," the challengers pitched three green pavilions in a fair plain between Calais and the Abbey of Saint Inglebert. Two shields hung before each pavilion, with the arms of the owner.

"On the 21st of the month of May, as it had been proclaimed, the three knights were properly armed and their horses properly saddled according to the laws of the tournament. On the same day, those knights who were in Calais sallied forth, either as spectators or tilters, and, being arrived at the spot, drew up on one side. The place of the tournament was smooth and green with grass.

"Sir John Holland was the first who sent his squire to touch the war-target of Sir Bouçicaut, who instantly issued from his pavilion completely armed. Having mounted his horse, and grasped his spear, which was stiff and well steeled, they took their distances. When the two knights had for a short time eyed each other, they spurred their horses, and met full gallop with such a force that Sir Bouçicaut pierced the shield of the Earl of Huntingdon, and the point of his lance slipped along his arm, but without wounding him. The two knights, having passed, continued their gallop to the end of the list. This course was much praised. At the second course, they hit each other slightly, but no harm was done; and their horses refused to complete the third.

"The Earl of Huntingdon, who wished to continue the tilt, and was heated, returned to his place, expecting that Sir Bouçicaut would call for his lance; but he did not, and showed plainly he would not that day tilt more with the earl. Sir John Holland, seeing this, sent his squire to touch the war-target of the Lord de Saimpi. This knight, who was waiting for the combat, sallied out from his pavilion, and took his lance and shield. When the earl saw he was ready, he violently spurred his horse, as did the Lord de Saimpi. They couched their lances, and pointed them at each other. At the onset, their horses crossed; notwithstanding which, they met; but by this crossing, which was blamed, the earl was unhelmed. He returned to his people, who soon rehelmed him; and having resumed their lances, they met full gallop, and hit each other with such a force in the middle of their shields, they would have been unhorsed, had they not kept tight seats by the pressure of their legs against their horses' sides. They went to the proper places, where they refreshed themselves, and took breath.

"Sir John Holland, who had a great desire to shine at this tournament, had his helmet braced, and regrasped his spear; when the Lord de Saimpi, seeing him advance on the gallop, did not decline meeting, but, spurring his horse on instantly, they gave blows on their helmets, that were luckily of well-tempered steel, which made sparks of fire fly from them. At this course, the Lord de Saimpi lost his helmet; but the two knights continued their career, and returned to their places.

"This tilt was much praised, and the English and French said, that the Earl of Huntingdon, Sir Bouçicaut, and the Lord de Saimpi, had excellently well justed, without sparing or doing themselves any damage. The Earl wished to break another lance in honour of his lady, but it was refused him. He then quitted the lists to make room for others, for he had run his six lances with such ability and courage as gained him praise from all sides." (JOHNES's Froissart, vol. iv., p. 143.)

The other justs were accomplished with similar spirit; Sir Peter Courtney, Sir John Russel, Sir Peter Sherburn, Sir William Clifton, and other English knights, sustaining the honour of their country against the French, who behaved with the greatest gallantry; and the whole was regarded as one of the most gallant enterprises which had been fulfilled for some time.

Besides these dangerous amusements, the unsettled and misruled state of things during the feudal times, found a gentle knight, anxious to support the oppressed and to put down injustice, and agreeably to his knightly vow, frequent opportunities to exercise himself in the use

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of arms. There were everywhere to be met with oppressors to be chastised, and evil customs to be abolished, and the knight's occupation not only permitted, but actually bound him to volunteer his services in such cases. We shall err greatly if we suppose that the adventures told in romance are as fictitious as its magic, its dragons, and its fairies. The machinery was indeed imaginary, or rather, like that of Homer, it was grounded on the popular belief of the times. But the turn of incidents resembled, in substance, those which passed almost daily under the eye of the narrator. Even the stupendous feats of prowess displayed by the heroes of those tales, against the most overwhelming odds, were not without parallel in the history of the times. When men fought hand to hand, the desperate exertions of a single champion, well mounted and armed in proof, were sometimes sufficient to turn the fate of a disputed day, and the war-cry of a well-known knight struck terror farther than his arms. The advantage possessed by such an invulnerable champion over the half-naked infantry of the period, whom he might pursue and cut down at his pleasure, was so great, that, in the insurrection of the peasants called the *Jacquerie*, the Earl of Foix and the Captal de Buche, their forces not being nearly as one to ten, hesitated not to charge these disorderly insurgents with their men-at-arms, and were supposed to have slain nearly seven thousand, following the execution of the fugitives with as little mercy as the peasants had showed during the brief success of their rebellion.

The right which crown-vassals claimed and exercised, of imposing exorbitant tolls and taxes within their domains, was often resisted by the knights-errant of the day, whose adventures, in fact, approached much nearer to those of Don Quixote than perhaps our readers are aware of. For although the Knight of La Mancha was, perhaps, two centuries too late in exercising his office of redresser of wrongs, and although his heated imagination confounded ordinary objects with such as were immediately connected with the exercise of Chivalry, yet at no great distance from the date of the inimitable romance of Cervantes, real circumstances occurred, of a nature nearly as romantic as the achievements which Don Quixote aspired to execute.* In the more ancient times, the wandering knight could not go far without finding some gentleman oppressed by a powerful neighbour, some captive im-

* [Mr du Boulay accompanied the French ambassador to Spain when Cervantes was yet alive, and told that the ambassador one day complimented Cervantes on the great reputation he had acquired by his "Don Quixote," and that Cervantes whispered in his ear, "Had it not been for the Inquisition, I should have made my book much more entertaining."

We have lost many good things of Cervantes, and other writers, through the tribunal of religion and dulness. One Aonius Palearius was sensible of this; and said, that "the Inquisition was a poniard aimed at the throat of literature." The image is striking, and the observation just; but the ingenious observer was in consequence immediately led to the stake!—D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.]

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mured in a feudal dungeon, some orphan deprived of his heritage, some traveller pillaged, some convent or church violated, some lady in need of a champion, or some prince engaged in a war with a powerful adversary,—all of which incidents furnished fit occasion for the exercise of his valour. By degrees, as order became more generally established, and the law of each state began to be strong enough for the protection of the subject, the interference of these self-authorized and self-dependent champions, who besides were, in all probability, neither the most judicious or moderate, supposing them to be equitable, mediaters, became a nuisance rather than an assistance to civil society; and undoubtedly this tended to produce those distinctions in the order of knighthood which we are now to notice.

The most ancient, and originally the sole order of knighthood, was that of the Knight-Bachelor. This was the proper degree conferred by one knight on another, without the interference either of prince, noble, or churchman, and its privileges and duties approached nearly to those of the knight-errant. Were it possible for human nature to have acted up to the pitch of merit required by the statutes of Chivalry, this order might have proved for a length of time a substitute for imperfect policy,—a remedy against feudal tyranny,—a resource for the weak when oppressed by the strong. Unquestionably, in many individual instances, knights were all that we have described them. But the laws of Chivalry, like those of the ascetic orders, while announcing a high tone of virtue and self-denial, unfortunately afforded the strongest temptations to those who professed its vows to abuse the character which they assumed. The degree of knighthood was easily attained, and did not subject the warrior on whom it was bestowed to any particular tribunal in case of his abusing the powers which it conferred. Thus the knight became, in many instances, a wandering and licentious soldier, carrying from castle to castle, and from court to court, the offer of his mercenary sword, and frequently abusing his character, to oppress those whom his oath bound him to protect. The license and foreign vices imported by those who had returned from the crusades, the poverty also to which noble families were reduced by those fatal expeditions, all aided to throw the quality of knight-bachelor lower in the scale of honour, when unsupported by birth, wealth, or the command of followers.

The poorest knight-bachelor, however, long continued to exercise the privileges of the order. Their title of bachelor (or *Bas Chevalier*, according to the best derivation) marked that they were early held in inferior estimation to those more fortunate knights, who had extensive lands and numerous vassals. They either attached themselves to the service of some prince or rich noble, and were supported at their expense, or they led the life of mere adventurers. There were many

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knights, who, like Sir Gaudwin in the romance of "Partenopex de Blois," subsisted by passing from one court, camp, and tournament to another, and contrived even, by various means open to persons of that profession, to maintain, at least for a time, a fair and goodly appearance.

"So riding, they o'ertake an errant-knight
Well horsed, and large of limb, Sir Gaudwin hight;
He nor of castle nor of land was lord,
Houseless he reap'd the harvest of the sword:
And now, not more on fame than profit bent,
Rode with blythe heart unto the tournament;
For cowardice he held it deadly sin,
And sure his mind and bearing were akin,
The face an index to the soul within.
It seem'd that he, such pomp his train bewray'd,
Had shaped a goodly fortune by his blade;
His knaves were, point device, in livery delight,
With sumpter-nags, and tents for shelter in the night."

These bachelor-knights, as Mr Rose has well described Sir Gaudwin, set their principal store by valour in battle; and perhaps it was the only quality of Chivalry which they at all times equally prized and possessed. Their boast was to be the children of war and fight, living in no other atmosphere but what was mingled with the dust of conflict, and the hot breath of charging steeds. A "gentle bachelor" is so described in one of the *Fabliaux* translated by Mr Way:—

"What gentle bachelor is he,
Sword begot in fighting field,
Rock'd and cradled in a shield,
Whose infant food a helm did yield."

His resistless gallantry in tournament and battle,—the rapidity with which he traversed land and sea, from England to Switzerland, to be present at each remarkable occasion of action,—with his hardihood in enduring every sort of privation,—and his generosity in rewarding minstrels and heralds,—his life of hazard turmoil,—and his deeds of strength and fame,—are all enumerated. But we hear nothing of his redressing wrongs, or of his protecting the oppressed. The knight-bachelor, according to this picture, was a valiant prize-fighter, and lived by the exercise of his weapons.

In war, the knight-bachelor had an opportunity of maintaining, and even of enriching himself, if fortunate, by the ransom of such prisoners as he happened to take in fight. If, in this way, he accumulated wealth, he frequently employed it in levying followers, whose assistance, with his own, he hired out to such sovereigns as were willing to set a sufficient price on his services. In time of peace, the tournaments afforded, as we have already observed, a certain means of income to these adventurous champions. The horses and arms of the knights who succumbed on such occasions, were forfeited to the victors, and these the wealthy were always willing to reclaim by a

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payment in money. At some of the achievements in arms, the victors had the right, by the conditions of the encounter, to impose severe terms on the vanquished, besides the usual forfeiture of horse and armour. Sometimes the unsuccessful combatant ransomed himself from imprisonment, or other hard conditions, by a sum of money; a transaction in which the knights-bachelors, such as we have described them, readily engaged. These adventurers called the sword which they used in tourneys, their *gagne-pain*, or bread-winner, as itinerant fiddlers of our days denominate their instruments.

> "Dont i est gaigne-pain nomm ée,
> Car par li est gagnies li pains."
> *Pèlérinage du Monde*, par Guigneville.

Men of such roving and military habits, subsisting by means so precarious, and lying under little or no restraint from laws, or from the social system, were frequently dangerous and turbulent members of the commonwealth. Every usurper, tyrant, or rebel, found knights-bachelors to espouse his cause in numbers proportioned to his means of expenditure. They were precisely the "landless resolutes," whom any adventurer of military fame or known enterprise could easily collect,

> "For food and diet, to some enterprise
> That hath a stomach in't."

Sometimes knights were found who placed themselves directly in opposition to all law and good order, headed independent bands of depredators, or, to speak plainly, of robbers, seized upon some castle as a place of temporary retreat, and laid waste the country at their pleasure. In the disorderly reigns of Stephen and of King John, many such leaders of banditti were found in England. And France, in the reign of John and his successors, was almost destroyed by them. Many of these leaders were knights, or squires, and almost all pretended that in their lawless license they only exercised the rights of Chivalry, which permitted, and even enjoined, its votaries to make war without any authority but their own, whenever a fair cause of quarrel occurred.

These circumstances brought the profession of knight-bachelor into suspicion, as, in other cases, the poverty of those who held the honour exposed it to contempt in their person. The sword did not always reap a good harvest; and enterprise was unfortunate, or a knight was discomfited. In such circumstances, he was obliged to sell his arms and horse, and endure all the scorn which is attached to poverty. In the beautiful lay of Lanval, and in the corresponding tale of Gruelan, the story opens with the picture of the hero reduced to indigence, dunned by his landlord, and exposed to contempt by his beggarly equip-

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ment. And when John de Vienne* and his French men-at-arms returned from Scotland, disgusted with the poverty and ferocity of their allies, without having had any opportunity to become wealthy at the expense of the English, and compelled before their departure to give satisfaction for the insolencies which they committed towards the inhabitants, "divers knights and squires had passage and so returned, some into Flanders, and as wind and weather would drive them, without horse and harness, right poor and feeble, cursing the day that ever they came into Scotland, saying that never man had so hard a voyage." (Berner's Froissart, vol. ii. (reprint) p. 32.) The frequent prohibition of tournaments, both by the church and by the more peaceful sovereigns, had also its necessary effect in impoverishing the knights-bachelors, to whom, as we have seen, these exhibitions afforded one principal means of subsistence. This is touched upon in one of the French *fabliaux*, as partly the cause of the poverty of a chevalier, whose distresses are thus enumerated:

"Listen gentles, while I tell
How this knight in fortune fell:
Lands nor vineyards had he none,
Justs and war his living won;
Well on horseback could he prance,
Boldly could he break a lance,
Well he knew each warlike use;
But there came a time of truce,
Peaceful was the land around,
Nowhere heard a trumpet sound;
Rust the shield and falchion hid,
Just and tourney were forbid;
All his means of living gone,
Ermine mantle had he none,
And in pawn had long been laid
Cap and mantle of brocade,
Harness rich and charger stout,
All were eat and drunken out." †

As the circumstances which we have mentioned, tended to bring the order of knight-bachelor in many instances into contempt, the great and powerful attempted to intrench themselves within a circle which should be inaccessible to the needy adventurers whom we have described. Hence the institution of Knights-Banneret was generally received.

The distinction betwixt the knight-banneret and the knight-bachelor was merely in military rank and precedence, and the former may rather be accounted an institution of policy than of Chivalry. The bachelor displayed, or was entitled to display, a pennon or forked ensign.

* ["In 1385, the French, finding themselves hard pressed by the English in their own country, resolved to send an army into Scotland, to assist that nation in making war upon the English, and thus find work for the latter people at home. They sent, therefore, one thousand men-at-arms,—knight, and squires, that is, in full armour; and as each of these had four or five soldiers under him, the whole force was very considerable. They sent also twelve hundred suits of complete armour to the Scots, with a large sum of money, to assist them to make war. This great force was commanded by John de Vienne, High-Admiral of France, a brave and distinguished general."—*Tales of a Grandfather*, 1st series.]

† See the original in the republication of Barbazan's "Fabliaux," vol. iii., p. 410.

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The knight-banneret had the right of raising a proper *banner*, from which his appellation was derived. He held a middle rank, beneath the barons or great feudatories of the crown, and above the knights-bachelors. The banner from which he took his title was a flag squared at the end, which, however, in strictness was oblong, and not an exact square on all the sides, which was the proper emblem of a baron. Du Tillet reports, that the Count de Leval challenged Sir Raoul de Coucquens' right to raise a square banner, being a banneret, and not a baron, and adds, that he was generally ridiculed for this presumption, and called the knight with the square ensign. The circumstance of the encroachment plainly shows, that the distinction was not absolutely settled, nor have we found the ensign of the bannerets anywhere described except as being generally a square standard. Indeed it was only the pennon of the knight a little altered; for he who aspired to be a banneret received no higher gradation in Chivalry, as attached to his person, and was inducted into his new privileges, merely by the commander-in-chief, upon the eve of battle cutting off the swallow-tail or forked termination of the pennon.

In the appendix to Joinville's Memoirs, there is an essay on the subject of the bannerets, in which the following account of them is quoted from the ancient book of Ceremonies:

"*Comme un bachelier peut lever bannière, et devenir banneret.*

"Quand un bachelier a grandement servi et suivy la guerre, et que il a asses terre, et que il puisse avoir genti shommes ses hommes, et pour accompagner sa bannière, il peut licitement lever bannière, et non autrement. Car nul homme ne doit porter, ne lever bannière en bataille, s'il n'a du moins cinquante hommes d'armes, tous ses hommes et les archiers et arbalestriers qui y appartiennent. Et s'il les a, il doit, à la première bataille, où il se trouvera, apporter un pennon de ses armes, et doit venir au connestable, ou aux mareschaux, ou à celui qui sera lieutenant de l'ost ipour le prince, requirer qu'il porte bannière; et s'ils lui octroient, doit sommer ies héraux pour tesmoignage, et doivent couper la queue du pennon, at alors de loi porter et lever avant les autres bannières, au dessoubs des autres barons."

There is this same ceremonial, in a chapter, respecting the banneret, in these terms:

"*Comme se doit maintenir un banneret en bataille.*

"Le banneret doit avoir cinquante lances, et les gens de trait qui y appartiennent: c'est à savoir les XXV. pour lui, et sa bannière garder. Et doit estre sa bannière dessoubs des barons. Et s'il y a autre bannière, ils doivent mettre leurs bannières à l'honneur, chacun selon son endroit, et pareillement tout homme qui porte bannière."

Froissart, always our best and most amusing authority, gives an account of the manner in which the celebrated Sir John Chandos was made banneret by the Black Prince, before the battle of Navarete. The whole scene forms a striking picture of an army of the middle ages moving to battle. Upon the pennons of the knights, penoncels of the squires, and banners of the barons and bannerets, the army formed, or, in modern phrase, dressed its line. The usual word of the attack was, "Advance banners, in the name of God and Saint George."

"When the sun was risen, it was a beautiful sight to view these battalions, with their brilliant armour glittering with its beams. In this manner, they nearly approached to each

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other. The Prince, with a few attendants, mounted a small hill, and saw very clearly the enemy marching strait towards them. Upon descending this hill, he extended his line of battle in the plain, and then halted.

"The Spaniards, seeing the English halted, did the same, in order of battle; then each man tightened his armour, and made ready as for instant combat.

"Sir John Chandos advanced in front of the battalions with his banner unfurled in his hand. He presented it to the Prince, saying, 'My lord, here is my banner; I present it to you, that I may display it in whatever manner shall be most agreeable to you; for, thanks to God, I have now sufficient lands that will enable me so to do, and maintain the rank which it ought to hold.'

"The Prince, Don Pedro being present, took the banner in his hands, which was blasoned with a sharp stake gules, on a field argent; after having cut off the tail to make it square, he displayed it, and, returning it to him by the handle, said, 'Sir John, I return you your banner, God give you strength and honour to preserve it.'

"Upon this, Sir John left the Prince, went back to his men, with the banner in his hand, 'Gentlemen, behold my banner and yours; you will, therefore, guard it as it becomes you.' His companions, taking the banner, replied with much cheerfulness, that 'if it pleased God and St George, they would defend it well, and act worthily of it, to the utmost of their abilities.'

"The banner was put into the hands of a worthy English squire, called William Allestry, who bore it with honour that day, and loyally acquitted himself in the service. The English and Gascons soon after dismounted on the heath, and assembled very orderly together, each lord under his banner or pennon, in the same battle-array as when they passed the mountains. It was delightful to see and examine these banners and pennons, with the noble army that was under them."

It should not be forgotten, that Sir John Chandos exerted himself so much to maintain his new honour, that advancing too far among the Spaniards, he was unhorsed, and, having grappled with a warrior of great strength, called Martin Ferrand, he fell undermost, and must have been slain had he not bethought him of his dagger, with which he stabbed his gigantic antagonist. (Johnes's Froissart, vol. i., p. 734.)

A banneret was expected to bring into the field at least thirty men-at-arms, that is, knights or squires mounted, and in complete order, at his own expense. Each man-at-arms, besides his attendants on foot, ought to have a mounted crossbowman, and a horseman armed with a bow and axe. Therefore, the number of horsemen alone, who assembled under a banner, was at least three hundred, and, including followers on foot, might amount to a thousand men. The banneret might, indeed, have arrayed the same force under a pennon, but his accepting a banner bound him to bring out that number at least. There is no room, however, to believe, that these regulations were very strictly observed.

In the reign of Charles VII., the nobles of France made a remonstrance to the King, setting forth, that their estates were so much wasted by the long and fatal wars with England, that they could no longer support the number of men attached to the dignity of banneret. The companies of men-at-arms, which had hitherto been led by knights of that rank, and the distinction between knights-bannerets and knights-bachelors, was altogether disused from that period.* In England the title survived, but in a different sense. Those who received knighthood in a field of battle, where the royal standard was

* See the works of Pasquier, Du Tillet, Le Gendre, and other French antiquaries.

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displayed, were called knights-bannerets. Thus, King Edward VI. notices in his *Journal*, that after the battle of Pinkie, "Mr Brian Sadler and Vane were made bannerets."

The distinction of banneret was not the only subdivision of knighthood. The special privileged fraternities, orders, or associations, of knights, using a particular device, or embodied for a particular purpose, require also to be noticed. These might, in part, be founded upon the union which knights were wont to enter into with each other as "companions in arms," than which nothing was esteemed more sacred. The partners were united for weal and woe, and no crime was accounted more infamous than to desert or betray a companion-at-arms. They had the same friends and the same foes; and as it was the genius of Chivalry to carry every virtuous and noble sentiment to the most fantastic extremity, the most extravagant proofs of fidelity to this engagement were often exacted or bestowed. The beautiful romance of "Amis and Amiloun,"* in which a knight slays his own child to make a salve with its blood to cure the leprosy of his brother-in-arms, turns entirely on this extravagant pitch of sentiment.

To this fraternity only two persons could, with propriety, bind themselves. But the various orders, which had in view particular objects of war, or were associated under the authority of particular sovereigns, were also understood to form a bond of alliance and brotherhood amongst themselves.

The great orders of the Templars and Knights-Hospitallers of Saint John of Jerusalem, as well as that of the Teutonic Knights, were military associations, created, the former for defence of the Holy Land, and the last for conversion (by the edge of the sword of course) of the Pagans in the north of Europe. They were managed by commanders or superintendents, and by a grand master, forming a sort of military republic, the individuals of which were understood to have no distinct property or interest from the order in general. But the system and history of these associations will be found under the proper heads.† It is here only necessary to notice them as subdivisions of the knighthood, or Chivalry of Europe.

Other subdivisions arose from the various associations, also called orders, formed by the different sovereigns of Europe, not only for the natural purpose of drawing around their persons the flower of knighthood, but often with political views of much deeper import. The romances which were the favourite reading of the time, or which, at least, like the servant in the comedy, the nobles "had read to them,"

* [Amis and Amiloun, an English Metrical Romance, was first printed in Weber's Metrical Romances of the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries. Edinburgh, 1810, vol. ii. 8vo.]

† It may here and elsewhere be recollected, that this article was originally written for an Encyclopedia.

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and which were on all occasions quoted gravely, as the authentic and authoritative records of Chivalry, afforded the most respectable precedents for the formation of such fraternities under the auspices of sovereign princes; the Round Table of King Arthur, and the Paladins of Charlemagne, forming cases strictly in point. Edward III., whose policy was equal to his love of Chivalry, failed not to avail himself of these precedents, not only for the exaltation of military honour and exercise of warlike feats, but questionless that he might draw around him, and attach to his person, the most valiant knights from all quarters of Europe. For this purpose, in the year 1344, he proclaimed, as well in Scotland, France, Germany, Hainault, Spain, and other foreign countries, as in England, that he designed to revive the Round Table of King Arthur, offering free conduct and courteous reception to all who might be disposed to attend the splendid justs to be held upon that occasion at Windsor Castle. This solemn festival, which Edward proposed to render annual, excited the jealousy of Philip de Valois, King of France, who not only prohibited his subjects to attend the Round Table at Windsor, but proclaimed an opposite Round Table to be held by himself at Paris. In consequence of this interference, the Festival of Edward lost some part of its celebrity, and was diminished in splendour and frequency of attendance. This induced King Edward to establish the memorable Order of the Garter. Twenty-six of the most noble knights of England and Gascony were admitted into this highly honourable association, the well-known motto of which (Honi soit qui mal y pense) seems to apply to the misrepresentations which the French monarch might throw out respecting the order of the Garter, as he had already done concerning the festival of the Round Table. There was so much dignity, as well as such obvious policy, in selecting from the whole body of Chivalry a select number of champions, to form an especial fraternity under the immediate patronage of the sovereign; it held out such a powerful stimulus to courage and exertion to all whose eyes were fixed on so dignified a reward of ambition, that various orders were speedily formed in the different courts of Europe, each having its own peculiar badges, emblems, and statutes. To enumerate these is the task of the herald, not of the historian, who is only called upon to notice their existence and character. The first effect of these institutions on the spirit of Chivalry in general was doubtless favourable, as holding forth to the knighthood a high and honourable prize of emulation. But when every court in Europe, however petty, had its own peculiar order and ceremonial, while the great potentates established several; these dignities became so common, as to throw into the shade the order of Knights Bachelor, the parent and proper degree of Chivalry, in comparison to which the others were

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mere innovations. The last distinction introduced, when the spirit of Chivalry was almost totally extinguished, was the degree of Knight Baronet.

The degree of Baronet, or of hereditary knighthood, might have been with greater propriety termed an inferior rank of noblesse, than an order of Chivalry. Nothing can be more alien from the original idea of Chivalry, than that knighthood could be bestowed on an infant, who could not have deserved the honour, or be capable of discharging its duties. But the way had been already opened for this anomaly, by the manner in which the orders of foreign knighthood had been conferred upon children, and infants in nonage. Some of these honours were also held by right of blood; the Dauphin of France, for example, being held to be born a knight of the Holy Ghost, without creation; and men had already long lost sight of the proper use and purpose of knighthood, which was now regarded and valued only as an honorary distinction of rank, that imposed no duties, and required no qualification, or period of preliminary noviciate. Still it was judged necessary in the terms of this new dignity, to avoid or rather elude the impropriety of declaring that a baronet's apparent heir should be a knight from the cradle. In the patent of baronetcy was therefore introduced a clause by which the King engaged for himself and his successors, to confer the degree of knighthood upon the eldest son of the baronet, so soon as he should attain the age of twenty-one years complete. Hence, if the father died while the son was in minority, it seems that the heir, though a baronet, was not properly a knight; and in like manner, if he claimed the right to be knighted during his father's lifetime, he was a knight-bachelor only until his father's death. Hence, too, the old and strictly proper style of Knight and Baronet—and hence that, in the seventeenth century we recognise so frequently the existence of two knights, father and son, in the same family. But this attention to form has been long disused; and while the child in the cradle immediately takes the title on his father's death, it has been of late unusual for the eldest son of a baronet to avail himself of the clause in the patent entitling him to the honour of knighthood during his father's life. The creation of this new dignity, as is well known, was a device of James I. to fill those coffers which his folly and profusion had emptied; and although the pretext of a Nova Scotia, or of an Ulster settlement, was used as the apology for the creation of the order, yet it was perfectly understood, that the real value given was the payment of a certain sum of money. The cynical Osborne describes this practice of the sale of honours, which, in their origin, were designed as the reward and pledge of chivalrous merit, with satirical emphasis.

"At this time the honour of knighthood, which antiquity reserved sacred, as the cheapest and readiest jewel to present virtue with, was promiscuously laid on any head belonging

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to the yeomanry (made addle through pride and a contempt of their ancestor's pedigree), that had but a court-friend, or money to purchase the favour of the meanest able to bring him into an outward roome, when the king, the fountaine of honour, came downe, and was uninterrupted by other business: in which case, it was then usual for him to grant a commission for the chamberlaine, or some other lord to do it." *

Having related the manner in which knighthood was conferred, and the various subdivisions of the order in general, it is proper also to notice the mode in which a knight might be degraded from his rank. This forfeiture might take place from crimes either actually committed or presumed by the law of arms. The list of crimes for which a knight was actually liable to degradation corresponded to his duties. As devotion, the honour due to ladies, valour, truth, and loyalty, were the proper attributes of Chivalry,—so heresy, insults or oppression of females, cowardice, falsehood, or treason, caused his degradation. And Heraldry, an art which might be said to bear the shield of Chivalry, assigned to such degraded knights and their descendants peculiar bearings called in Blazonry abatements, though it may be doubted if these were often worn and displayed.

The most common case of a knight's degradation occurred in the appeal to the judgment of God by the single combat in the lists. In the appeal to this awful criterion, the combatants, whether personally concerned, or appearing as champions, were understood, in martial law, to take on themselves the full risk of all consequences. And, as the defendant, or his champion, in case of being overcome, was subjected to the punishment proper to the crime of which he was accused, so the appellant, if vanquished, was, whether a principal or substitute, condemned to the same doom to which his success would have exposed the accused. Whichever combatant was vanquished he was liable to the penalty of degradation; and, if he survived the combat, the disgrace to which he was subjected was worse than death. His spurs were cut off close to his heels, with a cook's cleaver; his arms were baffled and reversed by the common hangman; his belt was cut to pieces, and his sword broken. Even his horse showed his disgrace, the animal's tail being cut off, close to the rump, and thrown on a dunghill. The death-bell tolled, and the funeral service was said, for a knight thus degraded, as for one dead to knightly honour. And, if he fell in the appeal to the judgment of God, the same dishonour was done to his senseless corpse. If alive, he was only rescued from death to be confined in the cloister. Such, at least, were the strict rules of Chivalry, though the courtesy of the victor, or the clemency of the prince, might remit them in favourable cases.

Knights might also be degraded without combat, when convicted of a heinous crime. In Stowe's Chronicle, we find the following minute

* [Secret History of the Court of King James I.; containing, among other tracts, Osborne's Traditional Memoirs. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1811.]

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account of the degradation of Sir Andrew Harclay, created Earl of Carlisle, by Edward II. for his valiant defence of that town against the Scots, but afterwards accused of traitorous correspondence with Robert the Bruce, and tried before Sir Anthony Lucy.

"He was ledde to the barre as an earle worthily apparelled, with his sword girt about him, horsed, booted and spurred, and unto whom Sir Anthony spake in this manner. Sir Andrewe (quoth he), the King, for thy valiant service, hath done thee great honour, and made thee Earl of Carlisle; since which tyme, thou, as a traytor to thy Lord the King, leddest his people, that shoulde have holpe him at the battell of Heighland, awaie by the county of Copland, and through the earldom of Lancaster, by which meanes, our Lorde the King was discomfitted there of the Scottes, through thy treason and falsenesse; whereas, if thou haddest come betimes, he hadde had the victorie: and this treason thou committedst for ye great summe of golde and silver that thou receivedst of James Dowglasse, a Scot, the King's enemy. Our Lord the King will, therefore, that the order of knighthood, by the which thou receivedst all thine honour and worship uppon thy bodie, be brought to nought, and thy state undone, that other knights, of lower degree, may after thee beware, and take example truely to serve.

"Then commanded he to hewe his spurres from his heeles, then to break his sword over his head, which the King had given him to keepe and defend his land therewith, when he made him Earle. After this, he let unclothe him of his furred tabard, and of his hoode, of his coate of armes, and also of his girdle: and when this was done, Sir Anthony sayde unto him, Andrewe (quoth he), now art thou no knight, but a knave; and, for thy treason, the King will that thou shalt be hanged and drawne, and thyne head smitten off from thy bodie, and burned before thee, and thy bodie quartered: and the head being smitten off, afterwarde to be set upon London bridge, and thy foure quarters shall be sent into foure good townes of England, that all other may be ware by thee. And as Anthony Lucy badde sayde, so was it done in all things, on the last daie of October."

III. We are arrived at the third point proposed in our arrangement, the causes, namely, of the decay and extinction of Chivalry.

The spirit of Chivalry sank gradually under a combination of physical and moral causes; the first arising from the change gradually introduced into the art of war, and the last from the equally great alteration produced by time in the habits and modes of thinking in modern Europe. Chivalry began to dawn in the end of the tenth, and beginning of the eleventh century. It blazed forth with high vigour during the Crusades, which indeed may be considered as exploits of national knight-errantry, or general wars, undertaken on the very same principles which actuated the conduct of individual knights adventurers. But its most brilliant period was during the wars between France and England, and it was unquestionably in those kingdoms, that the habit of constant and honourable opposition, unembittered by rancour of personal hatred, gave the fairest opportunity for the exercise of the virtues required from him whom Chaucer terms "a very perfect gentle knight." Froissart frequently makes allusions to the generosity exercised by the French and English to their prisoners, and contrasts it with the dungeons to which captives taken in war were consigned, both in Spain and Germany. Yet both these countries, and indeed every kingdom in Europe, partook of the spirit of Chivalry in a greater or less degree; and even the Moors of Spain caught the emulation, and had their orders of knighthood as well as the Christians. But even during this splendid period, various causes were si-

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lently operating the future extinction of the flame, which blazed thus wide and brightly.

An important discovery, the invention of gunpowder, had taken place, and was beginning to be used in war, even when Chivalry was in its highest glory. It is said Edward III. had field-pieces at the battle of Cressy (1346), and the use of guns is mentioned even earlier. But the force of gunpowder was long known and used, ere it made any material change in the art of war. The long-bow continued to be the favourite, and it would seem the more formidable missile weapon, for almost two centuries after guns had been used in war. Still every successive improvement was gradually rendering the invention of fire-arms more perfect, and their use more decisive of the fate of battle. In proportion as they came into general use, the suits of defensive armour began to be less generally worn. It was found, that these cumbrous defences, however efficient against lances, swords, and arrows, afforded no effectual protection against those more forcible missiles. The armour of the knight was gradually curtailed to a light head-piece, a cuirass, and the usual defences of men-at-arms. Complete harness was only worn by generals and persons of high rank, and that rather, it would seem, as a point of dignity than for real utility. The young nobility of France, especially, became weary of the unwieldy steel coats in which their ancestors sheathed themselves, and adopted the slender and light armour of the German Reiters, or mercenary cavalry. They also discontinued the use of the lance; in both cases, contrary to the injunctions of Henry IV. and the opinion of Sully. At length, the arms of the cavalry were changed almost in every particular from those which were proper to Chivalry; and as, in such cases, much depends upon outward show and circumstance, the light-armed cavalier, who did not carry the weapons, or practise the exercises of knighthood, laid aside, at the same time, the habits and sentiments peculiar to the order.

Another change, of vital importance, arose from the institution of the bands of gens-d'armes, or men-at-arms in France, constituted, as we have observed, expressly as a sort of standing army, to supply the place of bannerets, bachelors, squires, and other militia of early times. It was in the year 1445, that Charles VII. selected from the numerous Chivalry of France fifteen companies of men-at-arms, called Les Compagnies d'Ordonnance, which were to remain in perpetual pay and subordination, and for the purpose of enabling the sovereign to dispense with the services of the tumultuary forces of Chivalry, which, arriving and departing from the host at pleasure, collecting their subsistence by oppressing the country, and engaging in frequent brawls with each other, rather weakened than aided the cause they professed to support. The regulated companies, which were substi-

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tuted for these desultory feudal levies, were of a more permanent and manageable description. Each company contained an hundred men-at-arms, and each man-at-arms was to be what was termed a *lance garnie*, that is, a mounted spearman, with his proper attendants, being four archers and a varlet, called a *coustillier*, from the knife or dagger with which he was armed. Thus, each company consisted of six hundred horse, and the fifteen bands amounted to fifteen thousand cavalry. The charge of national defence was thus transferred from the Chivalry of France, whose bold and desperate valour was sometimes rendered useless by their independent wilfulness and want of discipline, to a body of regular forces, whose officers (a captain, lieutenant, and an ensign in each company) held command, not in virtue of their knighthood or banner-right, but as bearing direct commissions from the crown, as in modern times. At first, indeed, these bands of regulated gens-d'armes were formed of the same materials as formerly, though acting under a new system. The officers were men of the highest rank; the archers, and even the varlets, were men of honourable birth. When the Emperor Maximilian proposed that the French gens-d'armes should attempt to storm Padua, supported by the German lance-knechts or infantry, he was informed by Bayard, that, if the French men-at-arms were employed, they must be supported by those of the Germans, and not by the lance-knechts, because, in the French companies of ordonnance, every soldier was a gentleman. But, in the reign of Charles IX., we find the change natural to such a new order of things, was in complete operation. The king was content to seek, as qualifications for his men-at-arms, personal bravery, strength, and address in the use of weapons, without respect to rank or birth; and, probably, in many instances, men of inferior birth were preferred to fill up the ranks of these regulated bands. Monluc informs us in his *Commentaries*, that he made his first campaign, as an archer, in the Maréchal de Foix's company of gens-d'armes; it was "a situation much esteemed in those days, when many nobles served in that capacity. At present, the rank is greatly degenerated." The complaints of the old noblesse, says Mezerai, were not without reason. Mean carabineers, they said, valets and lacqueys, were recruited in companies, which were put on the same footing with the ancient corps of gens-d'armes, whose officers were all barons of high rank, and almost every man-at-arms a gentleman by birth. These complaints, joined with the charge against Catharine of Medicis, that she had, by the creation of twenty-five new members of the order of Saint Michael, rendered its honour as common as the cockle-shells on the sea-shore, serve to show how early the first rude attempt at establishing a standing and professional army operated to the subversion of the ideas and privileges of Chivalry. According to La Noue, it would seem that,

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in his time, the practice still prevailed of sending youths of good birth to serve as pages in the gens-d'armes; but, from the sort of society with whom they mixed in service of that sort, their natural spirit was rather debased, and rendered vulgar and brutal, than trained to honour and gallantry.

A more fatal cause had, however, been for some time operating in England as well as France, for the destruction of the system we are treating of. The wars of York and Lancaster in England, and those of the Huguenots and of the League, were of a nature so bitter and rancorous, as was utterly inconsistent with the courtesy, fair play, and gentleness, proper to Chivalry. Where different nations are at strife together, their war may be carried on with a certain degree of moderation.

"During the foreign wars between France and Spain, especially in Piedmont," says La Noue, "we might often see a body of spears pass a village, where the peasants only interrupted their village dance to offer them refreshments; and, in a little after, a hostile troop receive, from the unoffending and unoffended inhabitants, the same courtesy. The two bodies would meet and fight gallantly, and the wounded of both parties would be transferred to the same village, lodged in the same places of accommodation, receive the same attention, and rest peaceably on each other's good faith till again able to take the field."

He contrasts this generosity with the miserable oppression of the civil war, carried on by murdering, burning, and plundering friend and foe, armed and unarmed, alleging, all the while, the specious watch-words of God's honour, the King's service, the Catholic religion, the Gospel, our Country. In the end, he justly observes, "the soldiers become ravenous beasts, the country is rendered desert, wealth is wasted, the crimes of the great become a curse to themselves, and God is displeased." The bloody wars of the Rose in England, the execution of prisoners on each side, the fury and animosity which allowed no plea of mercy or courtesy, were scarce less destructive of the finer parts of the spirit of Chivalry in England, than those of the Huguenots in France.

The Civil Wars not only operated in debasing the spirit of Chivalry, but in exhausting and destroying the particular class of society from which its votaries were drawn. To be of noble birth was not, indeed, absolutely essential to receiving the honour of knighthood, for men of low descent frequently attained it. But it required a distinguished display of personal merit to raise such persons out of the class were they were born, and the honours of Chivalry were, generally speaking, appropriated to those of fair and gentle parentage. The noble families, therefore, were the source from which Chivalry drew recruits; and it was upon the nobles that the losses, proscriptions, and forfeitures, of the Civil Wars chiefly fell. We have seen, that, in France, their poverty occasioned their yielding up the privilege of military command to the disposal of the crown. In England it was, fortunately, not so much the

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crown as the commons who rose on the ruins of the feudal Chivalry. But it is well known, that the Civil Wars had so exhausted the English nobility, as to enable Henry VII. to pass his celebrated statues against those hosts of retainers, which struck, in fact, at the very root of their power. And, thus, Providence, whose ways bring good out of evil, laid the foundation of the future freedom of England in the destruction of what had long been its most constitutional ground of defence, and, in the subjugation of that system of Chivalry, which, having softened the ferocity of a barbarous age, was now to fall into disuse, as too extravagant for an enlightened one.

In fact, it was not merely the changes which had taken place in the constitution of armies and fashion of the fight, nor the degraded and weak state of the nobles, but also, and in a great degree, the more enlightened manners of the times, and the different channels into which enthusiasm and energy were directed, which gradually abolished the sentiments of Chivalry. We have seen, that the abstract principles of Chivalry were, in the highest degree, virtuous and noble, nay, that they failed by carrying to an absurd, exaggerated, and impracticable point, the honourable duties which they inculcated. Such doctrines, when they fail to excite enthusiasm, become exploded as ridiculous. Men's minds were now awakened to other and more important and complicated exercises of the understanding, and were no longer responsive to the subjects which so deeply interested their ancestors of the middle ages. Sciences of various kinds had been rekindled in the course of the sixteenth century; the arts had been awakened in a style of perfection unknown even to classical ages. Above all, religion had become the interesting study of thousands, and the innovating doctrines of the Reformers, while hailed with ecstasy by their followers, rejected as abominations by the Catholics, and debated fiercely by both parties, involved the nobility of Europe in speculations very different from the *arrêts* of the Court of Love, and demanded their active service in fields more bloody than those of tilt and tournament. When the historians or disputants on either side allude to the maxims of Chivalry, it is in terms of censure and ridicule. Yet, if we judge by the most distinguished authorities on either side, the Reformers rejected as sinful what the Catholics were contented to brand as absurd. It is with no small advantage to the Huguenots,—to that distinguished party which produced Sully, D'Aubigné, Coligni, Duplessis-Mornay, and La Noue, that we contrast the moral severity with which they pass censure on the books of Chivalry, with the licentious flippancy of Brantome, who ridicules the same works, on account of the very virtues which they inculcate. From the books of "Amadis de Gaul," refining, as he informs us, upon the ancient vanities of Perceforest, Tristan, Giron, etc., La Noue contends the age in which he lived derived the recommenda-

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tion and practice of incontinence, of the poison of revenge, of neglect of sober and rational duty, desperate blood-thirstiness, under disguise of search after honour, and confusion of public order. "They are the instructions," he says, "of Apollyon, who, being a murderer from the beginning, delighteth wholly in promoting murther." Of the tournaments, he observes, "that such spectacles, rendering habitual the sight of blows and blood, had made the court of France pitiless and cruel." "Let those," he exclaims, "who desire to feed their eyes with blood, imitate the manner of England, where they exercise their cruelty on brute beasts, bringing in bulls and bears to fight with dogs, a practice beyond comparison far more lawful than the justs of Chivalry."*

It is curious to contrast the opinions of La Noue, a stern and moral reformer, and a skilful and brave soldier as France ever produced, although condemning all war that did not spring out of absolute necessity, with those of Brantome, a licentious courtier, who mixed the Popish superstitions, which stood him instead of religion, with a leaven of infidelity and blasphemy. From the opinions he has expressed, and from what he has too faithfully handed down as the manners of his court and age, it is plain that all which was valuable in the spirit of Chivalry had been long renounced by the French noblesse. To mark this declension, it is only necessary to run over the various requisites already pointed out as necessary to form the chivalrous character, and contrast them with the opinions held in the end of the sixteenth century, in the court of the descendants of Saint Louis.

The spirit of devotion which the rules of Chivalry inculcated, was so openly disavowed, that it was assigned as a reason for preferring the character of Sir Tristrem to that of Sir Lancelot, that the former is described in romance as relying, like Mezentius, upon his own arm alone, whereas Lancelot, on engaging in fight, never failed to commend himself to God and the saints, which, in the more modern opinions of the gallants of France, argued a want of confidence in his own strength and valour.

The devotion with which the ancient knights worshipped the fair sex, was held as old-fashioned and absurd as that which they offered to Heaven. The honour paid to chastity and purity in the German forests, and transferred as a sacred point of duty to the sons of Chivalry, was as little to be found in the Court of France, according to Brantome, as the chastity and purity to which it was due. The gross and coarse sensuality which we have seen engrafted upon professions of Platonic sentiment, became finally so predominant, as altogether to discard all marks of sentimental attachment; and from the time of Ca-

* Discourses, Political and Military, translated out of the French of La Noue, 1587.

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tharine of Medicis, who trained her maids of honour as courtezans, the manners of the court of France seem to have been inferior in decency to those of a well-regulated bagnio. The sort of respect which these ladies were deemed entitled to, may be conjectured from an anecdote given by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose own character was formed upon the chivalrous model which was now become obsolete. As he stood in the trenches before a besieged place, along with Balagny, a celebrated duellist of the period, between whom and Lord Herbert some altercation had formerly occurred, the Frenchman, in a bravade, jumped over the entrenchment, and, daring Herbert to follow him, ran towards the besieged place, in the face of a fire of grape and musketry. Finding that Herbert outran him, and seemed to have no intention of turning back, Balagny was forced to set the example of retreating. Lord Herbert then invited him to an encounter upon the old chivalrous point, which had the fairer and more virtuous mistress; to which proposition Balagny replied by a jest so coarse as made the Englishman retort, that he spoke like a mean debauchee, not like a cavalier and man of honour. As Balagny was one of the most fashionable gallants of his time, and, as the story shows, ready for the most hare-brained achievements, his declining combat upon the ground of quarrel chosen by Lord Herbert, is a proof how little the former love of Chivalry accorded with the gallantry of these later days.

Bravery, the indispensable requisite of the *preux chevalier*, continued, indeed, to be held in the same estimation as formerly; and the history of the age gave the most brilliant as well as the most desperate examples of it, both in public war and private encounter. But courage was no longer tempered with the good faith and courtesy,—"La gran bonta die cavalier antichi," so celebrated by Ariosto. There no longer existed those generous knights, that on day bound the wounds of a gallant opponent, guided him to a place of refuge, and defended him on the journey, and who, on the next, hesitated not in turn to commit their own safety to the power of a mortal foe, without fear that he would break the faithful word he had pawned for the safety of his enemy. If such example occur in the civil wars of France, they were dictated by the generosity of individuals who rose above the vices of their age, and were not demanded, as matters of right, from all who desired to stand well in public opinion. The intercourse with Italy, so fatal to France in many respects, failed not to imbue her nobility with the politics of Machiavel,—the coarse licentiousness of Aretin,—and the barbarous spirit of revenge, which held it wise to seek its gratification, not in fair encounter, but *per ogni modo*—in what manner soever it could be obtained. Duels, when they took place, were no longer fought in the lists, or in presence of judges of the field, but in lonely and sequestered places. Inequality of arms was no t

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regarded, however great the superiority on one side. "Thou hast both a sword and dagger," said Quelus to Antraguet, as they were about to fight, "and I have only a sword."—"The more thy folly," was the answer, "to leave thy dagger at home. We came to fight, not to adjust weapons." The duel accordingly went forward, and Quelus was slain, his left hand (in which he should have had his dagger) being shockingly cut in attempting to parry his antagonist's blows without that weapon. The challenged person having a right to choose his weapons, often endeavoured to devise such as should give him a decidedly unfair advantage. Brantome records with applause the ingenuity of a little man, who, being challenged by a tall Gascon, made choice of a gorget so constructed, that his gigantic adversary could not stoop his neck, so as to aim his blows right. Another had two swords forged of a temper so extremely brittle, that, unless used with particular caution, and in a manner to which he daily exercised himself, the blade must necessarily fly in pieces. Both these ingenious persons killed their man with very little risk or trouble, and no less applause, it would seem, than if they had fought without fraud and covine. The seconds usually engaged, and when one of the combatants was slain, his antagonist did not hesitate to assist his comrade in oppressing by odds him who remained. The "Little French Lawyer" of Fletcher turns entirely on this incident. By a yet more direct mode of murder, a man challenged to a duel was not always sure that his enemy was not to assassinate him by the assistance of ruffians at the place of rendezvous, of which Brantome gives several instances without much censure. The plighted word of an antagonist by no means ensured against treachery to the party to whom it was given. De Rosne, a gentleman well skilled in the practice and discipline of the wars, receiving a challenge from De Fargy, through the medium of a young man, who offered to pledge his word and faith for the fair conduct of his principal—made an answer which Brantome seems to approve as prudential. "I should be unwilling," he replied, "to trust my life upon a pledge on which I would not lend twenty crowns."

In many cases no ceremony was used, but the nobles assassinated each other without scruple or hesitation. Brantome gives several stories of the Baron des Vitaux, whom he describes as the very mirror of gallantry, known as such not only in France, but in Italy, Spain, Poland, and England, and one whom strangers were desirous to see on account of his renown in arms. Most of this person's acts of gallantry, nevertheless, were mere assassinations, perpetrated by the assistance of his attendants, and especially of two brothers called Boucicault, who where called Vitaux's Lions. The Baron had a quarrel with Monsieur du Gua, and Brantome, the friend of both parties, en-

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deavoured to bring about a reconciliation, but in vain. "Vitaux," says the historian, "had thoughts of challenging his enemy, but did not do so, for certain reasons which I will not here enter into, and because it was not his best and surest course."—He left Paris, therefore, for six months, and returning suddenly, entered into Du Gua's lodgings, leaving two men to guard the door. He found his victim lying on his bed, owing to some indisposition. Du Gua had scarce time to start up and seize a lance, ere Vitaux rushed within his weapon, and with a very sharp and short sword, (which, in such cases, says Brantome, by way of parenthesis, "is more convenient than a long one)," ran him once or twice through the body, and left him wounded to death. This, with similar deeds of atrocity committed by the same ruffian, are termed by the historian, bold and worthy acts of revenge. Vitaux was himself slain in a duel with Millaud, another stabber of the age, who whore a flexible cuirass on his right side, so artificially painted like the natural skin, as to deceive the seconds who searched his person to ascertain that he wore no defensive armour.

Another instance of the total abolition of the rules of Chivalry, and a very brutal one, occurs in the same author. Matas, an experienced soldier, had a quarrel at a royal hunting-match, in the wood of Vincennes, with a young man called Achon, a nephew of the Maréchal de St André. They rode apart into the wood, and, dismounting from their horses, began an engagement, in which young Achon's sword was soon struck out of his hand. The veteran, forbearing any farther violence, said to him, with some scorn, "Go, young man. Learn another time to hold your sword faster before you provoke such as I am—Go, take up your sword. I forgive you, and let there be no more words of the matter; but begone for a rash boy as you are." Achon, furious at this species of scorn, took up his sword, and running after Matas, who had by this time turned his back, run him through the body from behind, and killed him on the spot.

"And there was no more said upon the matter," says Brantome, "because Achon was the nephew of the Maréchal St André, and the slain man a relation of Madame de Valentinois, who, by the recent death of Prince Henry, had lost her credit at court. Much noise, however, was made for the death of Matas, who was both gallant and valiant. Nevertheless, he was much censured, and even by the great Duke of Guise, for having failed to use the advantage which he had obtained, and thus, by trifling with his own good fortune, having given him whom he spared an opportunity of taking his life."

It were needless, by multiplying examples, to illustrate the blood-thirsty and treacherous maxims and practices, which, during the sixteenth century, succeeded to the punctilious generosity exacted by the rules of Chivalry. It is enough to call to the reader's recollection the bloody secret of the massacre of St Bartholomew, which was kept by such a number of the Catholic noblemen for two years, at the expense of false treaties, promises, and perjuries innumerable, and the execu-

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tion which followed on naked, unarmed, and unsuspecting men, in which so many gallants lent their willing swords.

In England, the free tone of the government, and the advantage of equal laws, administered without respect of persons, checked similar enormities, which, however, do not appear to have been thought, in all cases, inconsistent with the point of honour, which, if not, as in France, totally depraved from the ancient practices of Chivalry, might probably have soon become so. Sir John Ayres did not hesitate to attack Lord Herbert with the assistance of his servants; and the outrage upon the person of Sir John Coventry, by the young officers belonging to the guards of Charles II., which gave rise to the Coventry act against cutting and maiming, evinced the same spirit of degenerate and blood-thirsty revenge.* Lord Sanquhar, having lost an eye in a trial of skill with a master of defence, conceived that his honour required that he should cause the poor man to be assassinated by ruffians in his own school. But as this base action met its just reward at the gallows, the spirit of Italian revenge was probably effectually checked by such a marked example. At the gallows, the unfortunate nobleman expressed his detestation for the crime, which he then saw in all its enormity. "Before his trial," he said, "the devil had so blinded his understanding, that he could not understand that he had done amiss, or otherwise than befitting a man of high rank and quality, having been trained up to the court, and living the life of a soldier; which sort of men," he said, "stood more on a point of honour than religion." The feelings of Chivalry must have been indeed degraded, when so base an assassination was accounted a point of honour.† In Scotland, at the same period, the manners of which country, as is well observed by Robertson, strongly resembled those of France, the number of foul murders often committed on persons of the most eminent rank, was almost incredible; and indeed assassination might be termed the most general vice of the sixteenth century.

From these circumstances, the total decay of chivalrous principle is sufficiently evident. As the progress of knowledge advanced, men learned to despise its fantastic refinements; the really enlightened undervaluing them, as belonging to a system inapplicable to the modern state of the world; the licentious, fierce, and subtle, desiring their abrogation, as throwing the barriers of affected punctilio betwixt them and the safe, ready, and unceremonious gratification of their lust or their vengeance.

The system of Chivalry, as we have seen, had its peculiar advantages during the middle ages. Its duties were not, and indeed could not, always be performed in perfection, but they had a strong influence on

* [See Life of Dryden.]
† [See Tales of a Grandfather, Second Series.]

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public opinion; and we cannot doubt that its institutions, virtuous as they were in principle, and honourable and generous in their ends, must have done much good and prevented much evil. We can now only look back on it as a beautiful and fantastic piece of frostwork, which has dissolved in the beams of the sun! But though we seek in vain for the pillars, the vaults, the cornices, and the fretted ornaments of the transitory fabric, we cannot but be sensible that its dissolution has left on the soil valuable tokens of its former existence. We do not mean, nor is it necessary to trace, the slight shades of Chivalry, which are yet received in the law of England. An appeal to combat in a case of treason, was adjudged, in the celebrated case of Ramsay and Lord Reay, in the time of Charles I. The personal combat offered in bar of an appeal of murder seems to have been admitted as legal some years since, and was only abolished of late by positive statute. But it is not in such issues, rare as they must be, that we ought to trace the consequences of Chivalry. We have already shown, that its effects are rather to be sought in the general feeling of respect to the female sex; in the rules of forbearance and decorum in society; in the duties of speaking truth and observing courtesy; and in the general conviction and assurance, that, as no man can encroach upon the property of another without accounting to the laws, so none can infringe on his personal honour, be the difference of rank what it may, without subjecting himself to personal responsibility. It will be readily believed that, in noticing the existence of duelling as a relic of Chivalry, we do not mean to discuss the propriety of the custom. It is our happiness that the excesses to which this spirit is liable, are checked by the laws which wisely discountenance the practice; for, although the severity of these laws sometimes gives way to the force of public opinion, they still remain an effectual restraint, in every case where the circumstances argue either wanton provocation or unfair advantage. It is to be hoped, that as the custom of appealing to this Gothic mode of settling disputes is gradually falling into disuse, our successors may possibly enjoy the benefit of the general urbanity, decency, and courtesy, which it has introduced into the manners of Europe, without the necessity of having recourse to a remedy, not easily reconciled to law or to Christianity.*

* [" It so happens that the good old times, when 'l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique' flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii. p. 69. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly much less refined, than those of Ovid. The 'Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtésie et de gentilesse,' had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes. 'No waiter, but a knight-templar.' By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights 'sans peur,' though not 'reproche.' If the story of the institution of the 'Garter' be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Sa-

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lisbury of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honours lances were shivered and knights unhorsed.

"Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks, (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement, and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages."

BYRON, Preface to Childe Harold.]

10 Jan 1853.

[illegible] 1853

4 March 72.

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AN

ESSAY

ON

ROMANCE.

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[1824.]

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AN

ESSAY ON ROMANCE.

DR JOHNSON has defined Romance, in its primary sense, to be "a military fable of the middle ages; a tale of wild adventures in love and chivalry." But although this definition expresses correctly the ordinary idea of the word, it is not sufficiently comprehensive to answer our present purpose. A composition may be a legitimate romance, yet neither refer to love nor chivalry—to war nor to the middle ages. The "wild adventures" are almost the only absolutely essential ingredient in Johnson's definition. We would be rather inclined to describe a *Romance* as "a fictitious narrative in prose or verse; the interest of which turns upon marvellous and uncommon incidents;" being thus opposed to the kindred term *Novel*, which Johnson has described as "a fictitious narrative, differing from the Romance, because the events are accommodated to the ordinary train of human events, and the modern state of society." Assuming these definitions, it is evident, from the nature of the distinction adopted, that there may exist compositions which it is difficult to assign precisely or exclusively to the one class or the other; and which, in fact, partake of the nature of both. But, generally speaking, the distinction will be found broad enough to answer all general and useful purposes.*

The word Romance, in its original meaning, was far from corresponding with the definition now assigned. On the contrary, it signi-

* ["The *epic* poem and the *romance of chivalry* transport us to the world of wonders, where supernatural agents are mixed with human characters, where the human characters themselves are prodigies, and where events are produced by causes widely and manifestly different from those which regulate the course of human affairs. With such a world we do not think of comparing our actual situation; to such characters we do not presume to assimilate ourselves or our neighbours; from such a concatenation of marvels we draw no conclusions with regard to our own expectations in real life. But real life is the very thing which *novels* affect to imitate; and the young and inexperienced will sometimes be too ready to conceive that the picture is true, in those respects at least in which they wish it to be so. Hence both their temper, conduct, and happiness may be materially injured. For novels are often *romantic*, not indeed by the relation of what is obviously miraculous or impossible, but by deviating, though perhaps insensibly, beyond the bounds of probability or consistency. And the girl who dreams of the brilliant accomplishments and enchanting manners which distinguish the favourite characters in those fictitious histories, will be apt to look with contempt on the most respectable and amiable of her acquaintance; while in the showy person and flattering address of some contemptible and perhaps profligate coxcomb, she may figure to herself the prototype of her imaginary heroes, the only man upon earth with whom it is possible to be happy."—*Quarterly Review*, vol. i., p. 306.]

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fied merely one or other of the popular dialects of Europe founded, (as almost all these dialects were) upon the Roman tongue, that is, upon the Latin. The name of Romance was indiscriminately given to the Italian, to the Spanish, even (in one remarkable instance at least)* to the English language. But it was especially applied to the compound language of France; in which the Gothic dialect of the Franks, the Celtic of the ancient Gauls, and the classical Latin, formed the ingredients. Thus Robert De Brunne:

> "All is calde geste Inglis,
> That in this language spoken is—
> Frankis speech is caled *Romance*,
> So sayis clerkis and men of France."

At a period so early as 1150, it plainly appears that the Romance Language was distinguished from the Latin, and that translations were made from the one into the other; for an ancient Romance on the subject of Alexander, quoted by Fauchet, says it was written by a learned clerk,

> "Qui *de Latin* la trest, et *en Roman* la mit."

That is "who translated the tale from the Latin, and clothed it in the *Romance* language."

The most noted metrical tales or chronicles of the middle ages were usually composed in the Romance or French language, which, being spoken both at the Court of Paris and that of London, under the kings of the Norman race, became in a peculiar degree the speech of love and Chivalry. So much is this the case, that such metrical narratives as are written in English always affect to refer to some French original, which usually, at least, if not in all instances, must be supposed to have had a real existence. Hence the frequent recurrence of the phrase,

> "As in romance we read;"

Or,

> "Right as the romaunt us tells;"

and equivalent terms, well known to all who have at any time perused such compositions. Thus, very naturally, though undoubtedly by slow degrees, the very name of *romaunt*, or *ramance*, came to be transferred from the language itself to that peculiar style of composition in which it was so much employed, and which so commonly referred to it. How early a transference so natural took place, we

* This curious passage was detected by the industry of Ritson in *Giraldus Cambrensis*, "*Ab aquâ illa optima, quæ Scottice vocata est* FROTH; *Brittanice*, WAITE; Romane vero *Scotte-Waitre*." Here the various names assigned to the Frith of Forth are given in the Gaelic or Earse, British or Welsh; and the phrase *Roman* is applied to the ordinary language of England. But it would be difficult to show another instance of the English language being termed Roman or Romance.

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have no exact means of knowing; but the best authority assures us, that the word was used in its modern and secondary sense so early as the reign of Edward III. Chaucer, unable to sleep during the night, informs us, that, in order to pass the time,

> "Upon my bed I sate upright,
> And bade one rechin me a boke,
> A Romaunce, and it me took
> To read and drive the night away."

The book described as a Romance contained, as we are informed,

> ——————"Fables
> That clerkis had, in old tyme,
> And other poets, put in rhyme."

And the author tells us, a little lower,

> "This boke ne spake but of such things
> Of Queens' lives and of Kings."

The volume proves to be no other than Ovid's "Metamorphoses;" and Chaucer, by applying to that work the name of Romance, sufficiently establishes that the word was, in his time, correctly employed under the modern acceptation.

Having thus accounted for the derivation of the word, our investigation divides itself into three principal branches, though of unequal extent. In the FIRST of these we propose to enquire into the general History and Origin of this peculiar species of composition, and particularly of Romances relating to European Chivalry, which necessarily form the most interesting object of our enquiry. In the SECOND, we shall give some brief account of the History of the Romance of Chivalry in the different states of Europe. THIRDLY, We propose to notice cursorily the various kinds of Romantic Composition by which the ancient Romances of Chivalry were followed and superseded, and with these notices to conclude the article.

I. In the views taken by Hurd, Percy, and other older authorities, of the origin and history of romantic fiction, their attention seems to have been so exclusively fixed upon the Romance of Chivalry alone, that they appear to have forgotten that, however interesting and peculiar, it formed only one species of a very numerous and extensive genus. The progress of Romance, in fact, keeps pace with that of society, which cannot long exist, even in the simplest state, without exhibiting, some specimens of this attractive style of composition. It is not meant by this assertion, that in early ages such narratives were invented, as in modern times, in the character of mere fictions, devised to beguile the leisure of those who have time enough to read and attend to them. On the contrary, Romance and real history have the same common origin. It is the aim of the former to maintain as long as possible the

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mask of veracity; and indeed the traditional memorials of all earlier ages partake in such a varied and doubtful degree of the qualities essential to those opposite lines of composition, that they form a mixed class between them; and may be termed either romantic histories, or historical romances, according to the proportion in which their truth is debased by fiction, or their fiction mingled with truth.

A moment's glance at the origin of society will satisfy the reader why this can hardly be otherwise. The father of an isolated family, destined one day to rise into a tribe, and in farther progress of time to expand into a nation, may, indeed, narrate to his descendants the circumstances which detached him from the society of his brethren, and drove him to form a solitary settlement in the wilderness, with no other deviation from truth, on the part of the narrator, than arises from the infidelity of memory, or the exaggerations of vanity. But when the tale of the patriarch is related by his children, and again by his descendants of the third and fourth generation, the facts it contains are apt to assume a very different aspect. The vanity of the tribe augments the simple annals from one cause—the love of the marvellous, so natural to the human mind, contributes its means of sophistication from another—while, sometimes, from a third cause, the king and the priest find their interest in casting a holy and sacred gloom and mystery over the early period in which their power arose. And thus altered and sophisticated from so many different motives, the real adventures of the founder of the tribe bear as little proportion to the legend recited among his children, as the famous hut of Loretto bears to the highly ornamented church with which superstition has surrounded and enchased it. Thus the definition which we have given of Romance, as a fictitious narrative turning upon the marvellous or the supernatural, might, in a large sense, be said to embrace

——————— quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historia,

or, in fine, the mythological and fabulous history of all early nations.

It is also important to remark, that poetry, or rather verse—rhythm at least of some sort or other, is originally selected as the best vehicle for these traditional histories. Its principal recommendation is probably the greater facility with which metrical narratives are retained in the memory—a point of the last consequence, until the art of writing is generally introduced; since the construction of the verse itself forms an artificial association with the sense, the one of which seldom fails to recall the other to recollection. But the medium of verse, at first adopted merely to aid the memory, becomes soon valuable on account of its other qualities. The march or measure of the stanza is gratifying to the ear, and like a natural strain of melody, can be

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restrained or accelerated, so as to correspond with the tone of feeling which the words convey; while the recurrence of the necessary measure, rhythm, or rhyme, is perpetually gratifying the hearer by a sense of difficulty overcome. Verse being thus adopted as the vehicle of traditional history, there needs but the existence of a single man of genius, in order to carry the composition a step higher in the scale of literature than that of which we are treating. In proportion to the skill which he attains in his art, the fancy and ingenuity of the artist himself are excited; the simple narrative transmitted to him by ruder rhymers is increased in length; is decorated with the graces of language, amplified in detail, and rendered interesting by description; until the brief and barren original bears as little resemblance to the finished piece, as the "Iliad" of Homer to the evanescent traditions, out of which the blind bard wove his tale of Troy Divine. Hence the opinion expressed by the ingenious Percy, and assented to by Ritson himself. When about to present to his readers an excellent analysis of the old Romance of "Lybius Disconius," and making several remarks on the artificial management of the story, the Bishop observes, that "if an Epic poem may be defined a fable related by a poet to excite admiration and inspire virtue, by representing the action of some one hero favoured by Heaven, who executes a great design in spite of all the obstacles that oppose him, I know not why we should withhold the name of Epic Poem from the piece which I am about to analyze."*

Yet although this levelling proposition has been laid down by Percy, and assented to by Ritson (writers who have few opinions in common), and although, upon so general a view of the subject, the "Iliad," or even the "Odyssey," of Homer might be degraded into the class of Romances, as "Le Beau Deconnu" is elevated into that of epic poems, there lies in ordinary speech, and in common sense, as wide a distinction between these two classes of composition, as there is betwixt the rude mystery or morality of the middle ages, and the regular drama by which these succeeded. Where the art and the ornaments of the poet chiefly attract our attention—where each part of the narrative bears a due proportion to the others, and the whole draws gradually towards a final and satisfactory conclusion—where the characters are sketched with force, and sustained with precision—where the narrative is enlivened and adorned with so much, and no more, of poetical ornament and description, as may adorn, without impeding its progress—where this art and taste are displayed, supported, at the same time, by a sufficient tone of genius, and art of composition, the work produced must be termed an Epic Poem, and

* Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, III. xxvii. The Prelate is citing a discourse on Epic Poetry, prefixed to Telemachus.

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the author may claim his seat upon the high and honoured throne occupied by Homer, Virgil, and Milton. On the other hand, when a story languishes in tedious and minute details, and relies for the interest which it proposes to excite, rather upon the wild excursions of an unbridled fancy, than upon the skill of the poet—when the supernatural and the extraordinary are relied upon exclusively as the supports of the interest, the author, though his production may be distinguished by occasional flashes of genius, and though it may be interesting to the historian, as containing some minute fragments of real events, and still more so to the antiquary, from the light which it throws upon ancient manners, is still no more than a humble romancer, and his works must rank amongst those rude ornaments of a dark age, which are at present the subject of our consideration. Betwixt the extremes of the two classes of composition, there must, no doubt, exist many works, which partake in some degree of the character of both; and after having assigned most of them each to their proper class, according as they are distinguished by regularity of composition and poetical talent, or, on the contrary, by extravagance of imagination, and irregularity of detail, there may still remain some, in which these properties are so equally balanced, that it may be difficult to say to which class they belong. But although this may be the case in a very few instances, our taste and habits readily acknowledge as complete and absolute a difference betwixt the Epopeia and Romance, as can exist betwixt two distinct species of the same generic class.

We have said of Romance, that it first appears in the form of metrical history, professes to be a narrative of real facts, and is, indeed, nearly allied to such history as an early state of society affords; which is always exaggerated by the prejudices and partialities of the tribe to which it belongs, as well as deeply marked by their idolatry and superstition. These it becomes the trade of the romancers still more to exaggerate, until the thread of truth can scarce be discerned in the web of fable which involves it; and we are compelled to renounce all hope of deriving serious or authentic information from the materials upon which the compounders of fiction have been so long at work, from one generation to another, that they have at length obliterated the very shadow of reality or even probability.

The view we have given of the origin of Romance will be found to agree with the facts which the researches of so many active investigators of this curious subject have been able to ascertain. It is found, for example, and we will produce instances in viewing the progress of Romance in particular countries, that the earliest productions of this sort, known to exist, are short narrations or ballads, which were probably sung on solemn or festival occasions, recording the deeds and praises of some famed champion of the tribe and country, or perhaps

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the history of some remarkable victory or signal defeat, calculated to interest the audience by the associations which the song awakens. These poems, of which very few can now be supposed to exist, are not without flashes of genius, but brief, rude, and often obscure, from real antiquity or affected sublimity of diction. The song on the battle of Brunanburgh, preserved in the Saxon Chronicle, is a genuine and curious example of this aboriginal style of poetry.

Even at this early period,* there may be observed a distinction betwixt what may be called the *Temporal* and *Spiritual* Romances; the first destined to the celebration of worldly glory,—the second to recording the deaths of martyrs and the miracles of saints; both which themes unquestionably met with an almost equally favourable reception from their hearers. But although most nations possess, in their early species of literature, specimens of both kinds of Romance, the proportion of each, as was naturally to have been expected, differs according as the genius of the people amongst whom they occur leaned towards devotion or military enterprise. Thus, of the Saxon specimens of poetry, which manuscripts still afford us, a very large proportion is devotional, amongst which are several examples of the Spiritual Romance, but very few indeed of those respecting warfare or chivalry. On the other hand, the Norman language, though rich in examples of both kinds of Romances, is particularly abundant in that which relates to battle and warlike adventure. The Christian Saxons had become comparatively pacific, while the Normans were certainly accounted the most martial people in Europe.

However different the Spiritual Romance may be from the temporal in scope and tendency, the nature of the two compositions did not otherwise greatly differ. The structure of verse and style of composition was the same; and the induction, even when the most serious subject was undertaken, exactly resembled that with which minstrels introduced their idle tales, and often contained allusions to them. Warton quotes a poem on the Passions, which begins,

> "I hereth one lutele tale, that Ich eu wille telle,
> As wi vyndeth hit invrite in the godspelle,
> Nus hit nouht of Charlemeyne ne of the Duspere,
> Ac of Criste's thruurynge," &c.

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* The religious Romances of *Jehosaphat* and *Barlaam* were composed by John of Damascus in the eighth century. ["The history of *Jehosaphat* and *Barlaam*, which was written to inspire a taste for the ascetic virtues, seems to have been the origin of Spiritual romance. It is true, that in the first ages of the Church, many fictitious gospels were composed, full of improbable fables; but as they contained opinions in contradiction to what was deemed the orthodox faith, they were discountenanced by the fathers of the church, and soon fell into disrepute. On the other hand, the history of *Jehosaphat* and *Barlaam*, which was more sound in its doctrines, passed at an early period into the west of Europe, and through the medium of the old Latin translation, which was a common manuscript, and was even printed so early as the year 1470, it became a very general favourite."—DUNLOP, vol. iii., p. 5.]

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The Temporal Romances, on the other hand, often commenced by such invocations of the Deity, as would only have been in place when a much more solemn subject was to be agitated. The exordium of the Romance of *Ferumbras* may serve as an example of a custom almost universal :

> "God in glorye of mightis moost
> That all things made in sapience.
> By virtue of Word and Holy Gooste,
> Giving to men great excellence," &c.

The distresses and dangers which the knight endured for the sake of obtaining earthly fame and his mistress's favour, the saint or martyr was exposed to for the purpose of securing his rank in heaven, and the favour of some beloved and peculiar patron saint. If the earthly champion is in peril from monsters, dragons, and enchantments, the spiritual hero is represented as liable to the constant assaults of the whole invisible world, headed by the ancient dragon himself. If the knight is succoured at meed by some favouring fairy or protecting genius, the saint is under the protection not only of the whole heavenly host, but of some one divine patron or patroness who is his especial auxiliary. Lastly, the conclusion of the Romance, which usually assigns to the champion a fair realm, an abundant succession, and a train of happy years, consigns to the martyr his fane and altar upon earth, and in heaven his seat among saints and angels, and his share in a blessed eternity. It remains but to say, that the style and language of these two classes do not greatly differ, and that the composers of both employ the same structure of rhythm and of language, and draw their ideas and their incidents from similar sources; so that, having noticed the existence of the Spiritual Romance, it is unnecessary for the present to prosecute this subject farther.

Another early and natural division of these works of fiction seems to have arranged them into Serious and Comical. The former were by far the most numerous, and examples of the latter are in most countries comparatively rare. Such a class, however, existed as proper Romances, even if we hold the Comic Romance distinct from the "Contes and Fabliaux" of the French, and from such jocular English narratives as the "Wife Lapt in Moril's Skin," "The Friar and the Boy," and similar humorous tales : of which the reader will find many examples in Ritson's "Ancient English Poetry," and in other collections. The scene of these *gestes* being laid in low, or at least in ordinary life, they approach in their nature more nearly to the class of novels, and may perhaps be considered as the earliest specimens of that kind of composition. But the proper Comic Romance was that in which the high terms and knightly adventures of chivalry were burlesqued, by ascribing them to clowns, or others of a low and mean degree. Such compositions formed, as it were, a parody on the Serious Romance, to

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which they bore the same proportion as the antimasque, studiously filled with grotesque, absurd, and extravagant characters, "entering," as the stage direction usually informs us, "to a confused music," bore to the masque itself, where all was dignified, noble, stately, and harmonious.

An excellent example of the Comic Romance is the "Tournament of Tottenham," printed in Percy's "Reliques," in which a number of clowns are introduced practising one of those warlike games, which were the exclusive prerogative of the warlike and noble. They are represented making vows to the swan, the peacock, and the ladies; riding a tilt on their clumsy cart horses, and encountering each other with plough-shares, and flails; while their defensive armour consisted of great wooden bowls and troughs, by way of helmets and cuirasses. The learned editor seems to have thought this singular composition was, like Don Quixote, with which he compares it, a premeditated effort of satire, written to expose the grave and fantastic manners of the Serious Romance. This is considering the matter too deeply, and ascribing to the author of the "Tournament of Tottenham," a more critical purpose than he was probably capable of conceiving. It is more natural to suppose that his only ambition was to raise a laugh, by ascribing to the vulgar the manners and exercises of the noble and valiant; as in the well-known farce of "High Life Below Stairs," the ridicule is not directed, against the manners described but against the menials who affect those that are only befitting their superiors.

The "Hunting of the Hare," published in the collection formed by the late industrious and accurate Mr Weber, is a comic Romance of the same order. A yeoman informs the inhabitants of a country hamlet that he has found a hare sitting, and enquires if there is any gentleman near who keeps greyhounds, for the purpose of coursing her. The villain to whom he communicates this information replies, there is no need of sending for a gentleman's assistance, and proceeds to enumerate the catalogue of ban-dogs, which are the property of himself and the other clowns of the village:

"Hob Andrew Y thynke on now,
He has a dogge wyll take a sow,
And bryng hur to the cowtte:
Ther is no thyng he wyll forsake,
Ye schall se hym this hare take,
And gnaw ate hur throwtte.

"Parkyn the potter, hase iij that wyll not fayll;
Short schonkes and neuer a tayll:
No kalfe so greyt, as Y wene,
So has Dykon and Jac Gryme,
So has yonge Raynall and Sym,
And all the schall hom sene."

When the chase is assembled, the yeoman puts up the hare, who with little difficulty makes her escape from the mongrel mastiffs, and breaks

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a ring which had been formed by the peasants, armed with their great clubs and bats. Great is the terror of the individual over whom she ran in her retreat and who expected fully that she would have torn his throat out. The inexperienced curs and mastiffs, instead of pursuing the game, commence a battle royal amongst themselves,—their masters take part in the fray, and beat each other soundly. In short, the hunting of the hare, scarce less doleful than that of Cheviot, concludes like the latter, with the women of the village coming to carry off the wounded and slain.

It can hardly be supposed the satire is directed against the sport of hunting itself; since the whole ridicule arises out of the want of the necessary knowledge of its rules, incident to the ignorance and inexperience of the clowns, who undertook to practise an art peculiar to gentlemen.

The ancient poetry of Scotland furnishes several examples of this ludicrous style of romantic composition; as the "Tournament at the Drum," and the "Justing of Watson and Barbour," by Sir David Lindsay. It is probable that these mock encounters were sometimes acted in earnest; as least King James I. is accused of witnessing such practical jests; "sometimes presenting David Droman and Archie Armstrong, the King's fool, on the back of other fools, to tilt at one another till they fell together by the ears."—(Sir Anthony Weldon's "Court of King James."

In hastily noticing the various divisions of the Romance, we have in some degree delayed our promised account of its rise and progress; an enquiry which we mean chiefly to confine to the Romance of the middle ages. It is indeed true that this species of composition is common to almost all nations, and that even if we deem the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" compositions too dignified by the strain of poetry in which they are composed to bear the name of Metrical Romances; yet we have the Pastoral Romance of "Daphnis and Cloe," and the Historical Romance of "Theagenes and Chariclea," which are sufficiently accurate specimens of that style of composition. The "Milesian Fables" and the Romances of Antonius Diogenes, described by Photius, could they be recovered, would also be found to belong to the same class. It is impossible to avoid noticing that the Sybarites, whose luxurious habits seem to have been intellectual, as well as sensual, were peculiarly addicted to the perusal of the Milesian Fables; from which we may conclude that the narratives were not of that severe kind which inspired high thoughts and martial virtues. But there would be little advantage derived from extending our researches into the ages of classical antiquity respecting a class of compositions, which, though they existed then, as in almost every stage of society, were neither so numerous nor of such high repute as to constitute any considerable portion of that literature.

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Want of space also may entitle us to dismiss the consideration of the Oriental Romances, unless in so far as in the course of the middle ages they came to furnish materials for enlarging and varying the character of the Romances of knight-errantry. That they existed early, and were highly esteemed both among the Persians and Arabians, has never been disputed; and the most interesting light has been lately thrown on the subject by the publication of "Antar," one of the most ancient, as well as most rational, if we may use the phrase, of the Oriental fictions.* The Persian Romance of the "Sha-Nameh" is well known to Europeans by name, and by copious extracts; and the love-tale of "Méjnoun and Leilah" is also familiar to our ears, if not to our recollections. Many of the fictions in the extraordinary collection of the "Arabian Tales," that of Codadad and his brethren, for example, approach strictly to the character of Romances of Chivalry; although in general they must be allowed to exceed the more tame northern fictions in dauntless vivacity of invention, and in their more strong tendency to the marvellous. Several specimens of the Comic Romance are also to be found mingled with those which are serious; and we have the best and most positive authority that the recital of these seductive fictions is at this moment an amusement as fascinating and general among the people of the East, as the perusal of printed Romances and novels among the European public. But a minute investigation into this particular species of Romance would lead us from our present field, already sufficiently extensive for the limits to which our plan confines it.

The European Romance, wherever it arises, and in whatever country it begins to be cultivated, had its origin in some part of the real or fabulous history of that country; and of this we will produce, in the sequel, abundant proofs. But the simple tale of tradition had not passed through many mouths, ere some one, to indulge his own propensity for the wonderful, or to secure by novelty the attention of his audience, augments the meagre chronicle with his own apocryphal inventions. Skirmishes are elevated into great battles; the champion of a remote age is exaggerated into a sort of demi-god; and the enemies whom he encountered and subdued are multiplied in number, and magnified in strength, in order to add dignity to his success against them. Chanted to rhythmical numbers, the songs which celebrate the early valour of the fathers of the tribe becomes its war-cry in battle, and men march to conflict hymning the praises and the deeds of some real or supposed precursor who had marshalled their fathers in the path of victory. No reader can have forgotten, that when the decisive battle of Hastings commenced, a Norman minstrel, Taillefer,

* [*Antar*, a Bedoueen Romance, translated from the Arabic, by Terrick Hamilton, Esq., 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1819.]

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advanced on horseback before the invading host, and gave the signal for onset, by singing the "Song of Roland," that renowned nephew of Charlemagne, of whom Romance speaks so much, and history so little; and whose fall, with the chivalry of Charles the Great in the pass of Roncesvalles, has given rise to such clouds of romantic fiction, that its very name has been for ever associated with it. The remarkable passage has been often quoted from the "Brut of Wace," an Anglo-Norman metrical chronicle.

"Taillefer, qui moult bien chantout
Sur un cheval gi tost alont,
Devant le Duc alont chantant
De Karlemaigne et de Rollant,
Et d'Oliver et des vassals,
Qui morurent en Rencevals."

Which may be thus rendered:

"Taillefer, who sung both well and loud,
Came mounted on a courser proud;
Before the Duke the minstrel sprung,
And loud of Charles and Roland sung,
Of Oliver and champions mo,
Who died at fatal Roncevaux."

This champion possessed the sleight-of-hand of the juggler, as well as the art of the minstrel. He tossed up his sword in the air, and caught it again as he galloped to the charge, and showed other feats of dexterity. Taillefer slew two Saxon warriors of distinction, and was himself killed by a third. Ritson, with less than his usual severe accuracy, supposed that Taillefer sung some part of a long metrical Romance upon Roland and his history; but the words *chanson*, *cantilena*, and *song*, by which the composition is usually described, seems rather to apply to a brief ballad or national song; which is also more consonant with our ideas of the time and place where it was chanted.

But neither with these romantic and metrical chronicles did the mind long remain satisfied. More details were demanded, and were liberally added by the invention of those who undertook to cater for the public taste in such matters. The same names of kings and champions, which had first caught the national ear, were still retained, in order to secure attention; and the same assertions of authenticity, and affected references to real history, were stoutly made, both in the commencement and in the course of the narrative. Each nation, as will presently be seen, came at length to adopt to itself a cycle of heroes like those of the *Iliad*; a sort of common property to all minstrels who chose to make use of them, under the condition always that the general character ascribed to each individual hero was preserved with some degree of consistency. Thus, in the Romances of "The Round Table," Gawain is usually represented as courteous; Kay as rude and boastful; Mordred as treacherous; and Sir Launcelot as a true though

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a sinful lover, and in all other respects a model of Chivalry. Amid the Paladins of Charlemagne, whose cycle may be considered as peculiarly the property of French in opposition to Norman-Anglo Romance, Gan, or Ganelon of Mayence, is always represented as a faithless traitor, engaged in intrigues for the destruction of Christianity; Roland as brave, unsuspicious, devotedly loyal, and somewhat simple in his disposition; Renaud, or Rinaldo, who possessed the frontier fortress, is painted with all the properties of a borderer, valiant, alert, ingenious, rapacious, and unscrupulous.* The same conventional distinctions may be traced in the history of the Nibelung, a composition of Scandinavian origin, which has supplied matter for so many Teutonic Romances. Meisteir Hildebrand, Etzel, Theodorick, and the champion Hogan, as well as Crimhilda and the females introduced, have the same individuality of character, which is ascribed, in Homer's immortal writings, to the wise Ulysses, the brave but relentless Achilles, his more gentle friend Patroclus, Sarpedon the favourite of the gods, and Hector the protector of mankind. It was not permitted to the invention of a Greek poet to make Ajax a

* [With regard to historical traditions, Charlemagne was considered principally, nay almost solely, as a religious conqueror; and the fame of all his other exploits merged in the warlike missions which he undertook for the purpose of converting the heathen to the Christian faith. In those days the defeat of his army at Roncesvalles created a greater sensation in the world than the destruction of the French army in Russia, did in ours; because Charlemagne and his heroes were deemed invincible, and it was thought that angels led them on; the uninformed and illiterate nations of Europe could neither separate truth from falsehood, nor rouse themselves from their state of stupid wonder by learning to attribute human events to natural causes. A few judicious writers endeavoured yet in vain to dispel this mental darkness. They had not the power of dispersing their works amongst the multitude, even sovereigns could not read; and it is said that even Charlemagne himself was unable to write his name. Great events became known to the public chiefly by oral communication; whilst the task of committing them to writing devolved wholly upon the clergy, and it was their interest to bring religion into action on every occasion. When Charlemagne fought for the propagation of the faith, his victories were attributed to the co-operation of the celestial hierarchy; and when he was defeated in the Spanish passes, the credit of his defeat was given to Belzebub and Satan. The preachers acted exactly the part of story-tellers, as it is now sustained by the Turkish dervises; and whenever they wrote on the subject, they converted the life of Charlemagne into a tissue of legends and miracles. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the church began to recover its learning and dignity; at that period legendary lore became the property of the story-tellers by profession. The marvellous tales which had once been repeated in the temples were retailed by the roadside. They quoted as their authority, a chronicle ascribed to Archbishop Turpin, but which he certainly never wrote. Pope Calixtus the Second, declared this chronicle to be authentic. Perhaps he was influenced by the advantages which resulted to the Papal See, by encouraging the growth of every species of credulity. The highest sanction was thus given to a collection of all the lies and absurdities concerning the court of Charlemagne and his exploits, which had ever been sung, or preached, or written. It may be easily conceived that these tales bear no resemblance to the truth, except that here and there an historical name may be discovered amongst the heroes. It has been justly observed by M. Merivale, that there is only one authentic document of the middle ages in which we find any mention of Orlando, the Roland of the French, and in this he appears as Ruitlandus, Governor of the Marches of Brittany; yet this obscure chieftain is the Achilles of romantic poetry. Dante himself, in spite of his historical accuracy, has adopted some fabulous traditions relating to this hero, and to the battle of Roncesvalles.

" Dapo la dolorosa rotta, quando
Carlomagno perdè la santa gesta,
Non sonò si terribilmente Orlando!"

Quarterly Review, vol. xxi., (1819).]

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dwarf, or Teucer a giant, Thersites a hero, or Diomedes a coward; and it seems to have been under similar restrictions respecting consistency, that the ancient romancers exercised their ingenuity upon the materials supplied them by their predecessors. But, in other respects, the whole store of romantic history and tradition was free to all as a joint stock in trade, on which each had a right to draw as suited his particular purposes. He was at liberty not only to select a hero out of known and established names which had been the theme of others, but to imagine a new personage of his own pure fancy, and combine him with the heroes of Arthur's Table or Charlemagne's Court, in the way which best suited his fancy. He was permitted to excite new wars against those bulwarks of Christendom, invade them with fresh and innumerable hosts of Saracens, reduce them to the last extremity, drive them from their thrones, and lead them into captivity, and again to relieve their persons, and restore their sovereignty, by events and agents totally unknown in their former story.

In the characters thus assigned to the individual personages of romantic fiction, it is possible there might be some slight foundation in remote tradition, as there were also probably some real grounds for the existence of such persons, and perhaps for a very few of the leading circumstances attributed to them. But these realities only exist as the few grains of wheat in the bushel of chaff, incapable of being winnowed out, or cleared from the mass of fiction with which each new romancer had in his turn overwhelmed them. So that Romance, though certainly deriving its first original from the pure font of History, is supplied, during the course of a very few generations, with so many tributes from the Imagination, that at length the very name comes to be used to distinguish works of pure fiction.

When so popular a department of poetry has attained this decided character, it becomes time to enquire who were the composers of these numerous, lengthened, and once admired narratives which are called Metrical Romances, and from whence they drew their authority. Both these subjects of discussion have been the source of great controversy among antiquaries; a class of men who, be it said with their forgiveness, are apt to be both positive and polemical upon the very points which are least susceptible of proof, and which are least valuable if the truth could be ascertained; and which, therefore, we would gladly have seen handled with more diffidence, and better temper, in proportion to their uncertainty.

The late venerable Dr Percy, Bishop of Dromore, led the way unwarily to this dire controversy, by ascribing the composition of our ancient heroic songs and metrical legends, in rather too liberal language, to the minstrels, that class of men by whom they were generally recited. This excellent person, to whose memory the lovers of our

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ancient lyre must always remain so deeply indebted, did not, on publishing his work nearly fifty years ago, see the rigid necessity of observing the utmost and most accurate precision either in his transcripts or his definitions. The study which he wished to introduce was a new one—it was his object to place it before the public in an engaging and interesting form; and, in consideration of his having obtained this important point, we ought to make every allowance, not only for slight inaccuracies, but for some hasty conclusions, and even exaggerations, with which he was induced to garnish his labour of love. He defined the minstrels, to whose labours he chiefly ascribed the metrical compositions on which he desired to fix the attention of the public, as "an order of men in the middle ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sung to the harp verses composed by themselves or others."* In a very learned and elegant essay upon the text thus announced, the Reverend Prelate in a great measure supported the definition which he had laid down; although it may be thought that, in the first editions at least, he has been anxious to view the profession of the minstrels on their fairest and most brilliant side; and to assign to them a higher station in society than a general review of all the passages connected with them will permit us to give to a class of persons, who either lived a vagrant life, dependent on the precarious taste of the public for a hard-earned maintenance, or, at best, were retained as a part of the menial retinue of some haughty baron, and in a great measure identified with his musical band.

The late acute, industrious, and ingenious Mr Joseph Ritson, whose severe accuracy was connected with an unhappy eagerness and irritability of temper, took advantage of the exaggerations occasionally to be found in the Bishop's "Account of Ancient Minstrelsy," and assailed him with terms which are any thing but courteous. Without finding an excuse, either in the novelty of the studies in which Percy had led the way, or in the vivacity of imagination which he did not himself share, he proceeded to arraign each trivial inaccuracy as a gross fraud, and every deduction which he considered to be erroneous a wilful untruth, fit to be stigmatized with the broadest appellation by which falsehood can be distinguished. Yet there is so little room for this extreme loss of temper, that, upon a recent perusal of both those ingenious essays, we were surprised to find that the reverend Editor of the "Reliques," and the accurate Antiquary, have differed so very little, as, in essential facts, they appear to have done. Quotations are, indeed, made by both with no sparing hand; and hot arguments, and, on one side at least, hard words, are unsparingly employed; while, as is said to happen in theological polemics, the contest grows warmer,

* "Essay on Ancient Minstrels in England," prefixed to the first volume of Bishop Percy's "Reliques."

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in proportion as the ground concerning which it is carried on is narrower and more insignificant. But notwithstanding all this ardour of controversy, their systems in reality do not essentially differ.

Ritson is chiefly offended at the sweeping conclusion, in which Percy states the minstrels as subsisting by the arts of poetry and music, and reciting to the harp verses composed by themselves and others. He shows very successfully that this definition is considerably too extensive, and that the term minstrel comprehended, of old, not merely those who recited to the harp or other instrument romances and ballads, but others who were distinguished by their skill in instrumental music only; and moreover, that jugglers, sleight-of-hand performers, dancers, tumblers, and such like subordinate artists, who were introduced to help away the tedious hours in an ancient feudal castle, were also comprehended under the general term of minstrel. But although he distinctly proves that Percy's definition applied only to one class of the persons termed minstrels, those namely who sung or recited verses, and in many cases of their own composition; the bishop's position remains unassailable, in so far as relates to one general class, and those the most distinguished during the middle ages. All minstrels did not use the harp, and recite or compose romantic poetry; but it cannot be denied that such was the occupation of the most eminent of the order. This Ritson has rather admitted than denied; and the number of quotations which his industry has brought together, rendered such an admission inevitable.

Indeed, the slightest acquaintance with ancient Romances of the metrical class shows us that they were composed for the express purpose of being recited, or more properly, chanted, to some simple tune or cadence for the amusement of a large audience. Our ancestors, as they were circumscribed in knowledge, were also more limited in conversational powers than their enlightened descendants; and it seems probable, that, in their public festivals, there was great advantage found in the presence of a minstrel, who should recite some popular composition on their favourite subjects of love and war, to prevent those pauses of discourse which sometimes fall heavily on a company, even of the present accomplished age, and to supply an agreeable train of ideas to those guests who had few of their own. It is, therefore, almost constantly insinuated, that the Romance was to be chanted or recited to a large and festive society, and in some part or other of the piece, generally at the opening, there is a request of attention on the part of the performer; and hence, the perpetual "Lythe and listen, lordings free," which in those, or equivalent words, forms the introduction to so many Romances. As for example, in the old poem of *Guy* and *Colbrand*, the minstrel speaks of his own occupation:

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"When meat and drink is great plentye,
Then lords and ladyes still will be,
And sit and solace lythe.
Then it is time for mee to speake,
Of kern knights and kempes greate,
Such carping for to kythe."

Chaucer, also, in his Ryme of Sir Thopas, assigns to the minstrels of his hero's household the same duty of reciting Romances of spiritual or secular heroes, for the good knight's pastime while arming for battle:

"Do cum," he sayd, "my minestrales,
And jestours for to tellen tales
Anon in min arming,
Of romaunces that ben reales,
Of popes and of cardinales,
And eke of love-longing."

Not to multiply quotations, we will only add one of some importance which must have escaped Ritson's researches; for his editorial integrity was such, as rendered him incapable of suppressing evidence on either side of the question. In the old Romance or legend of *True Thomas and the Queen of Elfland*, Thomas the Rhymer, himself a minstrel, is gifted by the Queen of the Faery with the faculties of music and song. The answer of Thomas is not only conclusive as to the minstrel's custom of recitation, but shows that it was esteemed the highest branch of his profession, and superior as such to mere instrumental music:

"To harp and carp, Thomas, wheresoever ye gon,
Thomas take the these with the"——
"Harping," he said, "ken I non,
For tong is chefe of Mynstralse." *

We, therefore, arrive at the legitimate conclusion, that although under the general term minstrels, were comprehended many who probably entertained the public only with instrumental performances, with ribald tales, with jugglery, or farcical representations, yet one class amongst them, and that a numerous one, made poetical recitations their chief if not their exclusive occupation. The memory of these men was, in the general case, the depository of the pieces which they recited; and hence, although a number of their Romances still survive, very many more have doubtless fallen into oblivion.

That the minstrels were also the authors of many of these poems, and that they altered and enlarged others, is a matter which can scarce be doubted. When it is proved that they were the ordinary reciters of them. It was as natural for a minstrel to become a poet or composer of Romances, as for a player to be a dramatic author, or a musician a composer of music. Whatever individual among a class, whose trade it was to recite poetry, felt the least degree of poetical enthusiasm in a

* Jamieson's Popular Ballads, vol. ii., p. 27.

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profession so peculiarly calculated to inspire it, must, from that very impulse, have become an original author, or translator at least: thus giving novelty to his recitations, and acquiring additional profit and fame. Bishop Percy, therefore, states the case fairly in the following passage:—"It can hardly be expected, that we should be able to produce regular and unbroken annals of the minstrel art and its professors, or have sufficient information, whether every minstrel or bard composed himself, or only repeated, the songs he chanted. Some probably did the one, and some the other; and it would have been wonderful indeed, if men, whose peculiar profession it was, and who devoted their time and talent to entertain their hearers with poetical compositions, were peculiarly deprived of all poetical genius themselves, and had been under a physical incapacity of composing those common popular rhymes, which were the usual subjects of their recitation."* While, however, we acquiesce in the proposition, that the minstrels composed many, perhaps the greater part, of the metrical Romances which they sung, it is evident they were frequently assisted in the task by others, who, though not belonging to this profession, were prompted by leisure and inclination to enter upon the literary or poetical department as amateurs. These very often belonged to the clerical profession, amongst whom relaxation of discipline abundance of spare time, and impatience of the routine of ceremonious duties, often led individuals into worse occupations than the listening to or composing metrical Romances. It was in vain that both the poems and the minstrels who recited them were, by statute, debarred from entering the more rigid monasteries. Both found their way frequently to the refectory, and were made more welcome than brethren of their own profession; as we may learn from a memorable *Gest*, in which two poor travelling priests, who had been received into a monastery with acclamation, under the mistaken idea of their being minstrels, are turned out in disgrace, when it is discovered that they were indeed capable of furnishing spiritual instruction, but understood none of the entertaining arts with which the hospitality of their hosts might have been repaid by itinerant bards.

Nay, besides a truant disposition to a forbidden task, many of the grave authors may have alleged, in their own defence, that the connexion between history and Romance was not in their day entirely dissolved. Some eminent men exercised themselves in both kinds of composition; as, for example, Maitre Wace, a canon of Caen, in Nor-

* Essay on the Ancient Minstrels, p. 30.—Another authority of ancient date, the Chronicle of Bertrand Guesclin, distinctly attributes the most renowned Romances to the composition of the minstrels by whom they were sung. As the passage will be afterwards more fully quoted, we must here only say, that after enumerating Arthur, Lancelot, Godfrey, Roland, and other champions, he sums up his account of them as being the heroes,

"De quoi cils minestriers font les nobles romans."

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mandy, who, besides the metrical chronicle of *La Brut*, containing the earliest history of England, and other historical legends, wrote in 1155, the "Roman de Chevalier de Lyon," probably the same translated under the title of *Ywain and Gawain*. Lambert li Cors, and Benoit de Saint-Maur, seem both to have been of the clerical order; and, perhaps, Chrétien de Troyes, a most voluminous author of Romance, was of the same profession. Indeed, the extreme length of many Romances being much greater than any minstrel could undertake to sing at one or even many sittings, may induce us to refer them to men of a more sedentary occupation than those wandering poets. The religious Romances were, in all probability, the works of such churchmen as might wish to reconcile an agreeable occupation with their religious profession. All which circumstances must be received as exceptions from the general proposition, that the Romances in metre were the composition of the minstrels by whom they were recited or sung, though they must still leave Percy's proposition to a certain extent unimpeached.

To explain the history of Romance, it is necessary to digress a little farther concerning the condition of the minstrels by whom these compositions were often made, and, generally speaking, preserved and recited. And here it must be confessed, that the venerable Prelate has, perhaps, suffered his love of antiquity, and his desire to ennoble the productions of the middle ages, a little to overcolour the importance and respectability of the minstrel tribe; although his opponent Ritson has, on the other hand, seized on all circumstances and inferences which could be adduced to prove the degradation of the minstrel character, without attending to the particulars by which these depreciating circumstances were qualified. In fact, neither of these excellent antiquaries has cast a general or philosophic glance on the necessary condition of a set of men, who were by profession the instruments of the pleasure of others during a period of society such as was presented in the middle ages.

In a very early period of civilisation, ere the division of ranks has been generally adopted, and while each tribe may be yet considered as one great family, and the nation as a union of such independent tribes, the poetical art, so nearly allied to that of oratory or persuasion, is found to ascertain to its professors a very high rank. Poets are, then, the historians and often the priests of the society. Their command of language, then in its infancy, excites not merely pleasure, but enthusiasm and admiration. When separated into a distinct class, as was the case with the Celtic Bards, and, perhaps, with the Skalds of Scandinavia, they rank high in the scale of society, and we not only find kings and nobles listening to them with admiration, but emulous of their art, and desirous to be enrolled among their numbers.

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Several of the most renowned northern kings and champions, valued themselves as much upon their powers of poetry as on their martial exploits; and of the Welsh princes, the Irish kings, and the Highland chiefs of Scotland, very many practised the arts of poetry and music. Llywarch Hen was a prince of the Cymraig,—Brian Boromhe, a harper and a musician,—and, without resorting to the questionable authenticity of Ossian, several instances of the same kind might be produced in the Highlands.

But, in process of time, when the classes of society come to assume their usual gradation with respect to each other, the rank of professional poets is uniformly found to sink gradually in the scale, along with that of all others whose trade it is to contribute to mere amusement. The professional poet, like the player or the musician, becomes the companion and soother only of idle and convivial hours; his presence would be unbecoming on occasions of gravity and importance; and his arts is accounted at best an amusing but useless luxury. Although the intellectual pleasure derived from poetry, or from the exhibition of the drama, be of a different and much higher class than that derived from the accordance of sounds, or from the exhibition of feats of dexterity, still it will be found, that the opinions and often the laws of society, while individuals of these classes are cherished and held in the highest estimation, have degraded the professions themselves among its idle, dissolute, and useless appendages. Although it may be accounted ungrateful in mankind thus to reward the instruments of their highest enjoyments, yet some justification is usually to be drawn from the manners of the classes who were thus lowered in public opinion. It must be remembered, that, as professors of this joyous science, as it was called, the minstrels stood in direct opposition to the more severe part of the Catholic, and to the monks in particular, whose vows bound them to practise virtues of the ascetic order, and to look upon every thing as profane which was connected with mere worldly pleasure. The manners of the minstrels themselves gave but too much room for clerical censure. They were the usual assistants at scenes, not merely of conviviality, but of license; and, as the companions and encouragers of revelling and excess, they became contemptible in the eyes, not only of the aged and the serious, but of the libertine himself, when his debeauch palled on his recollection. The minstrels, no doubt, like their brethren of the stage, sought an apology in the corrupted taste and manners of their audience, with which they were obliged to comply, under the true but melancholy condition, that

——"they who live to please must please to live."*

* [Johnson's Prologue at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, 1747.]

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But this very necessity, rendered more degrading by their increasing reputation, only accelerated the total downfall of their order, and the general discredit and neglect into which they had fallen. The statute of the 39th of Queen Elizabeth, passed at the close of the sixteenth century, ranks those dishonoured sons of song among rogues and vagabonds, and appoints them to be punished as such; and the occupation, though a vestige of it was long retained in the habits of travelling ballad-singers and musicians, sunk into total neglect and contempt. Of this we shall have to speak hereafter; our business being at present with those Romances, which while still in the zenith of their reputation, were the means by which the minstrels, at least the better and higher class among them, recommended themselves to the favour of their noble patrons, and of the audiences whom they addressed.

It may be presumed, that although the class of minstrels, like all who merely depend upon gratifying the public, carried in their very occupation the evils which first infected, and finally altogether depraved, their reputation; yet, in the earlier ages, their duties were more honourably estimated, and some attempts were made to introduce into their motley body the character of a regular establishment, subjected to discipline and subordination. Several individuals, both of France and England, bore the title of King of Minstrels, and were invested probably with some authority over the others. The Serjeant of Minstrels is also mentioned; and Edward IV. seems to have attempted to form a Guild or exclusive Corporation of Minstrels. John of Gaunt, at an earlier period, established (between jest and earnest, perhaps) a Court Baron of Minstrels, to be held at Tilbury. There is no reason, however, to suppose, that the influence of their establishments went far in restraining the license of a body of artists so unruly as well as numerous.

It is not, indeed, surprising that individuals, whose talents in the arts of music, or of the stage, rise to the highest order, should, in a special degree, attain the regard and affection of the powerful, acquire wealth, and rise to consideration; for, in such professions, very high prizes are assigned only to preeminent excellence; while ordinary or inferior practisers of the same art may be said to draw in the lottery something worse than a mere blank. In the useful arts, a great equality subsists among the members, and it is wealth alone which distinguishes a tradesman or a mechanic from the brethren of his guild; in other points their respectability is equal. The worst weaver in the craft is still a weaver, and the best, to all but those who buy his web, is little more—as men they are entirely on a level. In what are called the fine arts, it is different; for excellence leads to the highest points of consideration; mediocrity, and marked inferiority, are the object of neglect and utter contempt. Garrick, in his chariot, and whose company was

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courted for his wit and talent, was, after all, by profession, the same with the unfortunate stroller, whom the British laws, condemn as a vagabond, and to whose dead body other countries refuse even the last rites of Christianity. In the same manner it is easy to suppose, that when, in compliance with the taste of their age, monarchs entertained their domestic minstrels,* those persons might be admitted to the most flattering intimacy with their royal masters; sleep within the royal chamber,† amass considerable fortunes, found hospitals, ‡ and receive rewards singularly over-proportioned to the perquisites of the graver professions;§ and even practise, in company with their royal masters, the pleasing arts of poetry and music, which all are so desirous of attaining;** whilst, at the same time, those who ranked lower in the same profession were struggling with difficulty to gain a precarious subsistence, and many, of a rank still more subordinate, were incurring all the disgrace usually attached to a vagabond life, and a dubious character. In the fine arts, we repeat excellence is demanded, and mere mediocrity is held contemptible; and, while the favour with which the former is loaded, sometimes seems disproportioned to the utility of the art itself, nothing can exceed the scorn poured out on those who expose themselves by undertaking arts which they are unable to practice with success; and it follows, that as excellence can only be the property of a few individuals, the profession in general must be regarded as a degraded one, though these gifted persons are allowed to pass as eminent exceptions to the general rule. Self-conceit, however, love of an idle life, and a variety of combined motives, never fail to recruit the lower orders of such idle professions with individuals, by whose performances, and often by their private characters, the art they have rashly adopted is discredited, without any corresponding advantage to themselves. It is not, therefore, surprising, that while such distinguished examples of the contrary appeared amongst individuals, the whole body of minstrels, with the Romances which they composed and sung, should be reprobated by graver historians in such severe terms as often occur in the monkish chronicles of the day.

Respecting the style of their composition, Ducange informs us, that

* Berdic (*Regis Joculator*), the jongleur or minstrel of William the Conqueror, had, as appears from the Domesday record, three vills and five caracates of land in Gloucestershire without rent. Henry I. had a minstrel called Galfrid who received an annuity from the Abbey of Hide.

† A minstrel of Edward I., during that prince's expedition to the Holy Land, slept within his tent, and came to his assistance when an attempt was made to assassinate him.

‡ The Priory and Hospital of St Bartholomew, in London, was founded in the reign of Henry I. by Royer, or Raher, a minstrel of that prince.

§ In 1441, the monks of Maxlock, near Coventry, paid a donation of four shillings to the minstrels of Lord Clinton for songs, harping, and other exhibitions, while, to a doctor who preached before the community in the same year, they assigned only sixpence.

** The noted anecdote of Blondel and his royal master, Richard Cœur de Lion, will occur to every reader.

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the minstrels sometimes devoted their strains to flatter the great, and sing the praises of those Princes by whom they were protected; while he owns, at the same time, that they often recommended to their hearers the path of virtue and nobleness, and pointed out the pursuits by which the heroes of Romance had rendered themselves renowned in song.* He quotes from the Romance of *Bertrand Guesclin*, the injunction on those who would rise to fame in arms to copy the valiant acts of the Paladins of Charles, and the Knights of the Round Table, narrated in Romances; and it cannot be denied, that those high tales, in which the virtues of generosity, bravery, devotion to his mistress, and zeal for the Catholic religion, were carried to the greatest height of romantic perfection in the character of the hero, united with the scenes passing around them, were of the utmost importance in affecting the character of the age. The fabulous knights of Romance were so completely identified with those of real history, that graver historians quote the actions of the former in illustration of, and as a corollary to, the real events which they narrate.† The virtues recommended in Romance were, however, only of that overstrained and extravagant cast which consisted with the spirit of chivalry. Great bodily strength, and perfection in all martial exercises, was the universal accomplishment inalienable from the character of the hero, and which each romancer had it in his power to confer. It was also easily in the composer's power to devise dangers, and to free his hero from them by the exertion of valour equally extravagant. But it was more difficult to frame a story which should illustrate the manners as well as the feats of Chivalry; or to devise the means of evincing that devotion to duty, and that disinterested desire to sacrifice all to faith and honour;—that noble spirit of achievement which laboured for others

* Ministelli dicti præsertim Scurræ, mimi, joculatores, quos etiamnum vulgo *Menestreux* vel *Menestriers*, appellamus.—Porro ejusmodi scurrarum erat Principes non suis duntaxat ludicris oblectare, sed et eorum aures variis avorum, adeoque ipsorum Principum laudibus, non sine assentatione, cum cantilenis et musicis instrumentis, demulcere.—Interdum etiam virorum insignium et heroum gesta, aut explicata et jucunda narratione commemorabant, aut suavi vocis inflectione, fidibusque decantabant, quo sic dominorum, cæterorumque qui his intererant ludicris, nobilium animos ad virtutem capessendam et summorum virorum imitationem accenderent: quod fuit olim apud Gallos Bardorum ministerium, ut auctor est Tacitus. Neque enim alios a *Ministellis*, veterum Gallorum *Bardos* fuisse pluribus probat Henricus Valesius ad 15. Ammiani.—*Chronicon* Bertrandi Guesclini:

> "Qui veut avoir renom des bons et des vaillans
> Ill doit aler souvent à la pluie et au champ,
> Et estre en la bataille, ainsy que fu Rollans,
> Les quatre fils Haimon et Charlon li plus grans,
> Li Dus Lions de Bourges, et Guion de Connans,
> Perceval li Galois, Lancelot et Tristans,
> Alexandres, Artus, Godefroy li sachans,
> De quoy cils Menestriers font les nobles Romans."

† Barbour, the Scottish historian, censures a Highland chief, when, in commending the prowess of Bruce in battle, he likened him to the Celtic hero, Fin Mac Coul, and says, he might in more mannerly fashion have compared him to Gaudifer, a champion celebrated in the *Romance of Alexander*.

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more than itself—which form, perhaps, the fairest side of the system under which the noble youths of the middle ages were trained up. The sentiments of Chivalry, as we have explained in our article on that subject, were founded on the most pure and honourable principles, but unfortunately carried into hyperbole and extravagance; until the religion of its professors approached to fanaticism, their valour to frenzy, their ideas of honour to absurdity, their spirit of enterprise to extravagance, and their respect for the female sex to a sort of idolatry. All those extravagant feelings, which really existed in the society of the middle ages, were magnified and exaggerated by the writers and reciters of Romance; and these, given as resemblances of actual manners, became, in their turn, the glass by which the youth of the age dressed themselves; while the spirit of Chivalry and of Romance thus gradually threw light upon and enhanced each other.

The Romances, therefore, exhibited the same system of manners which existed in the nobles of the age. The character of a true son of chivalry was raised to such a pitch of ideal and impossible perfection, that those who emulated such renown were usually contented to stop far short of the mark. The most adventurous and unshaken valour, a mind capable of the highest flights of romantic generosity, a heart which was devoted to the will of some fair idol, on whom his deeds were to reflect glory, and whose love was to reward all his toils, —these were attributes which all aspired to exhibit who sought to rank high in the annals of chivalry; and such were the virtues which the minstrels celebrated. But, like the temper of a tamed lion, the fierce and dissolute spirit of the age often showed itself through the fair varnish of this artificial system of manners. The valour of the hero was often stained by acts of cruelty, or freaks of rash desperation; his courtesy and munificence became solemn foppery and wild profusion; his love to his lady often demanded and received a requital inconsistent with the honour of the object; and those who affected to found their attachment on the purest and most delicate metaphysical principles, carried on their actual intercourse with a license altogether inconsistent with their sublime pretensions. Such were the real manners of the middle ages, and we find them so depicted in these ancient legends.

So high was the national excitation in consequence of the romantic atmosphere in which they seemed to breathe, that the knights and squires of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries imitated the wildest and most extravagant emprises of the heroes of Romance; and, like them, took on themselves the most extraordinary adventures, to show their own gallantry, and do most honour to the ladies of their hearts. The females of rank, erected into a species of goddesses in public, and often degraded as much below their proper dignity in more private intercourse, equalled in their extravagances the youth of the other sex.

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A singular picture is given by Knyghton of the damsels-errant who attended upon the solemn festivals of chivalry, in quest, it may reasonably be supposed, of such adventures as are very likely to be met with by such females as think proper to seek them. "These tournaments are attended by many ladies of the first rank and greatest beauty, but not always of the most untainted reputation. These ladies are dressed in party-coloured tunics, one-half of one colour, and the other half of another; their lirripipes, or tippets, are very short; their caps remarkably little, and wrapt about their heads with cords; their girdles and pouches are ornamented with gold and silver; and they wear short swords, called *daggers*, before them, a little below their navels; they are mounted on the finest horses, with the richest furniture. Thus equipped, they ride from place to place in quest of tournaments, by which they dissipate their fortunes, and sometimes ruin their reputation."—(Knyghton, quoted in Henry's *History*, vol. viii., p. 402.)

The minstrels, or those who aided them in the composition of the Romances, which it was their profession to recite, roused to rivalry by the unceasing demand for their compositions, endeavoured emulously to render them more attractive by subjects of new and varied interest, or by marvellous incidents which their predecessors were strangers to. Much labour has been bestowed, somewhat unprofitably, in endeavouring to ascertain the sources from which they drew the embellishments of their tales, when the hearers began to be tired of the unvaried recital of battle and tournament which had satisfied the simplicity of a former age. Percy has contended for the Northern *Sagas* as the unquestionable origin of the Romance of the middle ages; Warton conceived that the *Oriental fables*, borrowed by those minstrels who visited Spain, or who in great numbers attended the crusades, gave the principal distinctive colouring to those remarkable compositions; and a later system, patronised by later authors, has derived them, in a great measure, from the *Fragments of Classical Superstition*, which continued to be preserved after the fall of the Roman Empire. All those systems seem to be inaccurate, in so far as they have been adopted, exclusively of each other, and of the general proposition, That fables of a nature similar to the Romances of Chivalry, modified according to manners and the state of society, must necessarily be invented in every part of the world, for the same reason that grass grows upon the surface of the soil in every climate and in every country. "In reality," says Mr Southey, who has treated this subject with his usual ability, "mythological and romantic tales are current among all savages of whom we have any full account: for man has his intellectual as well as his bodily appetites, and these things are the food of his imagination and faith. They are found wherever there is language and discourse of reason, in other words, wherever

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there is man. And in similar stages of civilisation, or states of society, the fictions of different people will bear a corresponding resemblance, notwithstanding the difference of time and scene."*

To this it may be added, that the usual appearances and productions of nature offer to the fancy, in every part of the world, the same means of diversifying fictitious narrative by the introduction of prodigies. If in any Romance we encounter the description of an elephant, we may reasonably conclude that a phenomenon, unknown in Europe, must have been borrowed from the East; but whoever has seen a serpent and a bird, may easily aggravate the terrors of the former by conferring on a fictitious monster the wings of the latter; and whoever has seen or heard of a wolf, or lion, and an eagle, may, by a similar exertion of invention, imagine a griffin or hippogriff. It is imputing great poverty to the human imagination, to suppose that the *speciosa miracula*, which are found to exist in different parts of the world, must necessarily be derived from some common source; and perhaps we should not err more grossly in supposing, that the various kinds of boats, skiffs, and rafts, upon which men have dared the ocean on so many various shores, have been all originally derived from the vessel of the Argonauts.

On the other hand, there are various romantic incidents and inventions of a nature so peculiar that we may boldly, and at once, refer them to some particular and special origin. The tale of *Flora and Blanchefleur*, for example, could only be invented in the East, where the scene is laid, and the manners of which are observed with some accuracy. That of *Orfeo and Herodiis*, on the contrary, is the classical history of Orpheus and Eurydice, with the Gothic machinery of the Elves or Fairies, substituted for the infernal regions. But notwithstanding these and many other instances, in which the subjects or leading incidents of Romance can be distinctly traced to British or Armorican traditions, to the tales and history of Classic Antiquity, to the wild fables and rich imagery of Arabia, or to those darker and sterner themes which were first treated of by the Skalds of the north, it would be assuming greatly too much upon such grounds, to ascribe the derivation of romantic fiction, exclusively to any one of these sources. In fact, the foundation of these fables lies deep in human nature, and the superstructures have been imitated from various authorities by those who, living by the pleasure which their lays of chivalry afforded to their audience, were especially anxious to recommend them by novelty of every kind; and were undoubtedly highly gratified when the report of travellers, or pilgrims, or perhaps their own intercourse with minstrels of other nations, enabled them to vary their usual narrations

* Preface to Southey's edition of the *Morte D'Arthur*, vol. ii., Lond. 1817.

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with circumstances yet unheard in bower and hall. Romance, therefore, was like a compound metal, derived from various mines, and in the different specimens of which one metal or other was alternately predominant; and viewed in this light, the ingenious theories of those learned antiquaries, who have endeavoured to seek the origin of this style of fiction in one of these sources alone, to the exclusion of all others, seem as vain as that of travellers affecting to trace the proper head of the Nile to various different springs, all of which are allowed to be accessary to form the full majesty of his current.

As the fashion of all things passes away, the Metrical Romances began gradually to decline in public estimation, probably on account of the depreciated character of the minstrels by whom they were recited. Tradition, says Ritson, is an alchymy, which converts gold into lead; and there is little doubt, that, in passing from mouth to mouth, and from age to age, the most approved Metrical Romances became gradually corrupted by the defect of memory of some reciters and the interpolations of others; since few comparatively can be supposed to have had recourse to the manuscripts in which some have been preserved. Neither were the reciters in the latter, as in the former times, supplied with new productions of interest and merit. The composition of the Metrical Romance was gradually abandoned to persons of an inferior class. The art of stringing together in loose verse a number of unconnected adventures, was too easy not to be practised by many who only succeeded to such a degree as was discreditable to the art, by showing that mere mediocrity was sufficient to exercise it. And the licentious character, as well as the great number of those who, under the various names of glee-men, minstrels, and the like, traversed the country, and subsisted by this idle trade, brought themselves and their occupation into still greater contempt and disregard. With them, long recitations formerly made at the tables of the great, were gradually banished into more vulgar society.*

But though the form of those narratives underwent a change of fashion, the appetite for the fictions themselves continued as ardent as ever; and the Prose Romances which succeeded, and finally superseded those composed in verse, had a large and permanent share of popularity. This was, no doubt, in a great degree owing to the important invention of printing, which has so much contributed to alter the destinies

* ["His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime;
A wandering harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear."
Lay of the Last Minstrel.]

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of the world. The Metrical Romances, though in some instances sent to the press, were not very fit to be published in this form. The dull amplifications which passed well enough in the course of a half-heard recitation, became intolerable when subjected to the eye; and the public taste gradually growing more fastidious as the language became more copious, and the system of manners more complicated, graces of style and variety of sentiment were demanded instead of a naked and unadorned tale of wonders. The authors of the Prose Romance endeavoured, to the best of their skill, to satisfy this newly awakened and more refined taste. They used, indeed, the same sources of romantic history which had been resorted to by their metrical predecessors; and Arthur, Charlemagne, and all their chivalry, were as much celebrated in prose as ever they had been in poetic narrative. But the new candidates for public favour pretended to have recourse to sources of authentic information, to which their metrical predecessors had no access. They refer almost always to Latin and sometimes to Greek originals, which certainly had no existence; and there is little doubt that the venerable names of the alleged authors are invented, as well as the supposed originals from which they are said to have translated their narratives. The following account of the discovery of "La tres élégante délicieuse melliflue et très plaisante Hystoire du très noble Roy Perceforest" (printed at Paris in 1528 by Galliot du Pré),* may serve to show that modern authors were not the first who invented the popular mode of introducing their works to the world as the contents of a newly-discovered manuscript. In the abridgement to which we are limited, we can give but a faint picture of the minuteness with which the author announces his pretended discovery, and which forms an admirable example of the lie with a circumstance. In the year 1286, Count William of Hainault had, it is averred, crossed the seas in order to be present at the nuptials of Edward, and in the course of a tour through Britain, was hospitably entertained at an abbey situated on the banks of the Humber, and termed, it seems, Burtimer, because founded by a certain Burtimericus, a monarch of whom our annals are silent, but who had gained, in that place, a victory over the heathens of Germany. Here a cabinet, which was enclosed in a private recess, had been lately discovered within the massive walls of an ancient tower, and was found to contain a Grecian manuscript, along with a royal crown. The

* ["*Perceforest*—which comprehends the fabulous history of Britain, previous to the age of Arthur. It is the longest and best known romance of the class to which it belongs, and is the work which St Palaye, and similar writers, have chiefly selected for illustrations and proofs of the manners of the times, and the institutions of chivalry.

"It is strange that *Perceforest*, which sets all chronology, geography, and probability at defiance, more boldly than almost any other romance, should begin with a profound, and by no means absurd, investigation concerning the topography of Britain, and the earliest ages of its history. Julius Cæsar, Pliny, Bede, and Solinus, are cited with the utmost ostentation of learning:—The author, however, soon enters on the regions of fiction."—DUNLOP, vol. i., p. 266.]

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abbot had sent the latter to King Edward, and the Count of Hainault with difficulty obtained possession of the manuscript. He had it rendered from Greek into Latin by a monk of the abbey of Saint Landelain, and from that language it is said to have been translated into French by the author, who gives it to the world in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and for the edification of nobleness and chivalry.

By such details, the authors of the Prose Romances endeavoured to obtain for their works a credit for authenticity which had been denied to the rhythmical legends. But in this particular they did great injustice to their contemned predecessors, whose reputations they murdered in order to rob them with impunity. Whatever fragments or shadowings of true history may yet remain hidden under the mass of accumulated fable, which had been heaped on them during successive ages, must undoubtedly be sought in the Metrical Romances; and according to the view of the subject which we have already given, the more the works approach in point of antiquity to the period where the story is laid, the more are we likely to find those historical traditions in something approaching to an authentic state. But those who wrote under the imaginary names af Rusticien de Puise, Robert de Borron, and the like, usually seized upon the subject of some old minstrel; and recomposing the whole narrative after their own fashion, with additional characters and adventures, totally obliterated in that operation any shades which remained of the first, and probably authentic, tradition, which was the original source of the elaborate fiction. Amplification was especially employed by the prose romancers, who, having once got hold of a subject, seem never to have parted with it until their power of invention was completely exhausted. The Metrical Romances, in some instances, indeed, ran to great length, but were much exceeded in that particular by the folios which were written on the same or similar topics by their prose successors. Probably the latter judiciously reflected, that a book which addresses itself only to the eyes, may be laid aside when it becomes tiresome to the reader; whereas it may not always have been so easy to stop the minstrel in the full career of his metrical declamation.

Who, then, the reader may be disposed to enquire, can have been the real authors of those prolix works, who shrouding themselves under borrowed names, derived no renown from their labours, if successful, and who, certainly, in the infant state of the press, were not rewarded with any emolument? This question cannot, perhaps, be very satisfactorily answered; but we may reasonably suspect that the long hours of leisure which the cloister permitted to its votaries, were often passed away in this manner; and the conjecture is rendered more probable, when it is observed that matters are introduced into those works which have an especial connexion with sacred history,

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and with the traditions of the church. Thus, in the curious Romance of "Huon de Bourdeaux,"* a sort of second part is added to that delightful history, in which the hero visits the terrestrial paradise, encounters the first murderer Cain, in the performance of his penance, with more matter to the same purpose, not likely to occur to the imagination of a layman; besides that the laity of the period were, in general, too busy and too ignorant to engage in literary tasks of any kind. The mystical portion of the Romance of the "Round Table" seems derived from the same source. It may also be mentioned, that the audacious and sometimes blasphemous assertions which claimed for these fictions the credit due even to the inspired writings themselves, were likely to originate amongst Roman Catholic churchmen who were but too familiar with such forgeries for the purpose of authenticating the legends of their superstition. One almost incredible instance of this impious species of imposture occurs in the history of the "Saint Graal," which curious mixture of mysticism and chivalry is ascribed by the unfearing and unblushing writer to the Second Person of the Trinity.

Churchmen, however, were by no means the only authors of these legends, although the *Sires Clercs*, as they were sometimes termed, who were accounted the chronicles of the times in which they lived, were usually in orders; and although it appears that it was upon them that the commands of the sovereigns whom they served often imposed the task of producing new Romances, under the usual disguise of ancient chronicles translated from the learned languages, or otherwise collected from the ruins of antiquity. As education became improved, and knowledge began to be more generally diffused, individuals among the laity, and those of no mean rank, began to feel the necessity, as it may be called, of putting into a permanent form the "thick-coming fancies," which gleam along the imagination of men of genius. Sir Thomas Malony, who compiled the "Morte d'Arthur" from French originals, was a person of honour and worship; and Lord Berners, the excellent translator of Froissart, and author of a Romance called "The Chevalier de la Cygne," is an illustrious example that a nobleman of high estimation did not think his time misemployed on this species of composition. Some literary fame must therefore have attended these efforts; and perhaps less eminent authors might, in the later ages, receive some pecuniary advantages. The translator of "Perceforest," formerly mentioned, who appears to have been an

* ["*Huon de Bordeaux*, though a romance of considerable antiquity, is not supposed to be anterior to the invention of printing, as there are no manuscripts of it extant. The oldest edition is one in folio, without date, and the second is in quarto, 1516. The English translation, executed by Lord Berners in the reign of Henry VIII., has gone through three editions, and it has lately formed the subject of the finest poem in the German language." —[Wieland's *Oberon*]—DUNLOP, vol. i., p. 336.]

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Englishman or Fleming, in his address to the warlike and invincible nobility of France, holds the language of a professional author, who expected some advantage besides that of pleasing those whom he addressed; and who expresses proportional gratitude for the favourable reception of his former feeble attempts to please them. It is possible, therefore, that the publishers, these lions of literature, had begun already to admit the authors into some share of their earnings. Other printers, like the venerable Caxton,* compiled themselves, or translated from other languages, the Romances which they sent to the press; thus uniting in their own persons the three separate departments of author, printer, and publisher.

The Prose Romance did not, in the general conduct of the story, where digressions are heaped on digressions, without the least respect to the principal narrative, greatly differ from that of their metrical predecessors, being, to the full, as tedious and inartificial; nay, more so, in proportion as the new Romances were longer than the old. In the transference from verse to prose, and the amplification which the scenes underwent in the process, many strong, forcible, and energetic touches of the original author have been weakened, or altogether lost; and the reader misses with regret some of the redeeming bursts of rude poetry which, in the Metrical Romance, make amends for many hundred lines of bald and rude versification. But, on the other hand, the Prose Romances were written for a more advanced stage of society, and by authors whose language was much more copious, and who certainly belonged to a more educated class than the ancient minstrels. Men were no longer satisfied with hearing of hard battles and direful wounds; they demanded, at the hand of those who professed to entertain them, some insight into nature, or at least into manners; some description of external scenery, and a greater regard to probability both in respect of the characters which are introduced, and the events which are narrated. These new demands the Prose Romances endeavoured to supply to the best of their power. There was some attention shown to relieve their story, by the introduction of new characters, and to illustrate these personages by characteristic dialogue. The lovers conversed with each other in the terms of metaphysical gallantry, which were used in real life; and, from being a mere rhapsody of warlike feats, the Romance began to assume the nobler and more artificial form of a picture of manners. It is in the prose

* [William Caxton, the earliest English printer, was born in 1412, and died in 1492. The title of the first book he printed,—being also the first book printed in the English language, runs: "The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye, composed and drawen out of diuerce bookes of Latyn into Frensshe, by the Ryght venerable persone and worshipful man, Raoul le Feure, &c.; and translated and drawn out of Frensshe into Englisshe, by William Caxton, mercer, of the cyte of London, at the comaudemet of the ryght hye myghty and vertuose Pryncesse, hys redoubted Lady Margareta, &c., Duchess of Bourgoyne, &c.—Cologne, 1471."]

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folios of "Lancelot du Lac," "Perceforest," and others, that antiquaries find recorded the most exact accounts of fights, tournaments, feasts, and other magnificent displays of chivalric splendour; and as they descend into more minute description than the historians of the time thought worthy of their pains, they are a mine from which the painful student may extract much valuable information. This, however, is not the full extent of their merit. These ancient books, amid many pages of dull repetition and uninteresting dialect, and notwithstanding the languor of an inartificial, protracted, and confused story, exhibit from time to time passages of deep interest, and situations of much novelty, as well as specimens of spirited and masculine writing. The general reader, who dreads the labour of winnowing out these valuable passages from the sterile chaff through which they are scattered, will receive an excellent idea of the beauties and defects of the Romance from Tressan's "Corps d'Extraits de Romans de Chevalerie," from Mr Ellis's "Specimens of Early English Romances," and from Mr Dunlop's "History of Fiction."

These works continued to furnish the amusement of the most polished courts in Europe so long as the manners and habits of Chivalry continued to animate them. Even the sagacious Catherine of Medicis considered the Romance of "Perceforest" as the work best qualified to form the manners and amuse the leisure of a young prince; since she impressed on Charles IX. the necessity of studying it with attention. But by degrees the progress of new opinions in religion, the promulgation of a stricter code of morality, together with the important and animating discussions which began to be carried on by means of the press, diverted the public attention from these antiquated legends. The Protestants of England, and the Huguenots of France, were rigorous in their censure of books of chivalry, in proportion as they had been patronised formerly under the Catholic system; perhaps because they helped to arrest men's thoughts from more serious subjects of occupation. The learned Ascham thus inveighs against the Romance of "Morte d'Arthur," and at the same time acquaints us with its having passed out of fashion:

"In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all *Englande*, fewe bookes were read in our tongue, savying certain bookes of chevalrie, as they said for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks, or wanton chanons. As for example, "La Morte d'Arthur," the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall poyntes, in open manslaughter, and bold bawdrye: in which booke they are counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adultries by sutlest shiftes; as Sir *Launcelotte*, with the wife of King *Arthur* his master; Sir *Tristram*, with the wife of King *Marke* his uncle; Sir *Lamerocke*, with the wife of King *Lote*, that was his own aunt This is good stuffe for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at: yet I know, when God's Bible was banished the court, and "La Morte d'Arthur" received into the prince's chamber." *

* Works of Roger Ascham, p. 254. Fourth edition.

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The brave and religious La Noue is not more favourable to the perusal of Romances than the learned Ascham; attributing to the public taste for these compositions the decay of morality among the French nobility.

"The ancient fables whose relikes doe yet remaine, namely, "Lancelot of the Lake," "Perceforest," "Tristran," "Giron the Courteous," and such others, doe beare witness of this olde vanitie; herewith were men fed for the space of 500 yeeres, untill our language growing more polished, and our mindes more ticklish, they were driven to invent some nouelties wherewith to delight us. Thus came ye bookes of "Amadis" into light among us in this last age. But to say ye truth, *Spaine* bred thee, and *France* new clothed thee in gay garments. In ye daies of *Henrie the Second* did they beare chiefest sway, and I think if any man would then have reproved thee he should have bene spit at, because they were of themselves playfellowes and maintainers to a great sort of persons; whereof some, after they had learned to amize in speech, their teeth watered, so desirous were they even to taste of some small morsels of the delicacies therein most livelie and naturally represented." *

The gallant Maréchal proceeds at considerable length to refute the arguments of those who contended, that these books were intended as a spur to the practice of arms and honourable exercises amongst youth, and labours hard to show that they teach dishonest practices both in love and in arms. It is impossible to suppress a smile when we find such an author as La Noue denouncing the introduction of spells, witchcrafts, and enchantments into these volumes, not because such themes are absurd and nonsensical, but because the representing such beneficent enchanters as Alquife and Urgunda, is, in fact, a vindication of those who traffic with the powers of darkness; and because those who love to read about sorceries and enchantments become, by degrees, familiarized with those devilish mysteries, and may at length be induced to have recourse to them in good earnest.

The Romances of Chivalry did not, however, sink into disrepute under the stern rebuke of religious puritans or severe moralists, but became gradually neglected as the customs of chivalry itself fell into disregard; when of course the books which breathed its spirit, and were written under its influence, ceased to produce any impression on the public mind, and, superseded by better models of composition, and overwhelmed with the ridicule of Cervantes, sunk by degrees into utter contempt and oblivion.

Other works of amusement, of the same general class, succeeded the proper Romance of Chivalry. Of these we shall take some notice hereafter; since we must here close our general view of the history of Romance, and proceed briefly to give some account of those peculiar to the various European nations.

II. We can here but briefly touch upon a subject of great interest and curiosity, the peculiar character and tone, namely, which the Ro-

* The Politicke and Militaire Discourses of the Lord de la Noue, pp. 87, 88. Quarto, Lond. 1587.

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mance of Chivalry received from the manners and early history of the nations among whom it is found to exist; and the corresponding question, in what degree each appears to have borrowed from other countries the themes of their own minstrels, or to have made use of materials common to the whole.

Scandinavia, as was to be expected, may be safely considered as the richest country in Europe in ancient tales corresponding with the character of Romance; sometimes composed entirely in poetry or rhythm, sometimes in prose, and much more frequently in a mixture of prose, narrative, and lyrical effusions. Their well-known Skalds, or bards, held a high rank in their courts and councils. The character of a good poet was scarce second to that of a gallant leader, and many of the most celebrated champions ambitiously endeavoured to unite both in their own persons. Their earlier sagas, or tales, approach to the credit of real history, and were unquestionably meant as such, though, as usual at an early period, debased by the intermixture of those *speciosa miracula*, which the love of the wonderful early introduces into the annals of an infant country. There are, however, very many of the sagas indeed by far the greater number of those now known to exist, which must be considered as falling rather under the class of fictitious than of real narratives; and which, therefore, belong to our present subject of enquiry. The "Omeyinger Saga," the "Heimskringla," the "Saga" of Olaf Triggwason, the "Eyrbiggia Saga," and several others, may be considered as historical; whilst the numerous narratives referring to the history of the Nibilungen and Volsungen are as imaginary as the Romances which treat of King Arthur and of Charlemagne. These singular compositions, short, abrupt, and concise in expression, full of bold and even extravagant metaphor, exhibiting many passages of forceful and rapid description, hold a character of their own; and while they remind us of the indomitable courage and patient endurance of the hardy Scandinavians, at once the honour and the terror of Europe, rise far above the tedious and creeping style which characterised the minstrel efforts of their successors, whether in France or England. In the pine forests also, and the frozen mountains of the north, there were nursed, amid the relics of expiring Paganism, many traditions of a character more wild and terrible than the fables of classical superstition; and these the gloomy imaginations of the skalds failed not to transfer to their romantic tales. The late spirit of enquiry which has been so widely spread through Germany, has already begun to throw much light on this neglected storehouse of romantic lore, which is worthy of much more attention than has yet been bestowed upon it in Britain. It must, however, be remarked, that although the north possesses champions and Romances of its own, unknown to southern song, yet, in a later

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age, the inhabitants of these countries borrowed from the French minstrels some of their most popular subjects; and hence we find sagas on the subject of Sir Tristrem, Sir Percival, Sir Ywain, and others, the well-known themes of French and English Romance. These, however, must necessarily be considered later in date, as well as far inferior in interest, to the sagas of genuine northern birth. Mr Ritson has indeed quoted their existence as depreciating the pretensions of the northern nations to the possession of poems of high antiquity of their own native growth. Had he been acquainted with the "Norman-Kiempe-Datur," a large folio, printed at Stockholm in 1737, he would have been satisfied, that out of the numerous collection of legends respecting the achievements of Gothic champions, far the greater part are of genuine Norse origin; and although having many features in common with the Romances of southern chivalry, are, in the other marked particulars, distinctly divided from that class of fictitious composition.

The country of Germany, lying contiguous to France, and constantly engaged in friendly and hostile intercourse with that great seat of romantic fiction, became, of course, an early partaker in the stores which it afforded. The minnesingers of the Holy Empire were a race no less cherished than the troubadours of Provence, or the minstrels of Normandy; and no less active in availing themselves of their indigenous traditions, or importing those of other countries, in order to add to their stock of romantic fiction. Godfred of Strasburgh composed many thousand lines upon the popular subject of Sir Tristrem; and others have been equally copious, both as translators and as original authors, upon various subjects connected with French Romance; but Germany possessed materials, partly borrowed from Scandinavia, partly peculiar to her own traditional history, as well as to that of the Roman empire, which they applied to the construction of a cycle of heroes as famous in Teutonic song as those of Arthur and Charlemagne in France and Britain.

As in all other cases of the kind, a real conqueror, the fame of whose exploits survived in tradition, was adopted as the central object, around whom were to be assembled a set of champions, and with whose history was to be interwoven the various feats of courage which they performed, and the adventures which they underwent. Theodoric, King of the Goths, called in these romantic legends, Diderick of Bern (*i. e.* Verona), was selected for this purpose by the German minnesingers. Amongst the principal personages introduced are Ezzel, King of the Huns, who is no other than the celebrated Attila; and Gunter, King of Burgundy, who is identified with a Guntachar of history, who really held that kingdom. The good knight Wolfram de Eschenbach seems to have been the first who assembled the scattered traditions and minstrel tales concerning these sovereigns into one large volume of German verse, entitled "Helden-Buch," or the Book of Heroes. In

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this the author has availed himself of the unlimited license of a romancer; and has connected with the history of Diderick and his chivalry a number of detached legends, which had certainly a separate and independent existence.—Such is the tale of "Sigurd the Horny," which has the appearance of having originally been a Norse Saga. An analysis of this singular piece was published by Mr Weber, in a work entitled "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, from the earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances;" and the subject has been fully illustrated by the publications of the learned Von der Hagen in Germany, and those of the Honourable William Herbert.

It is here only necessary to say, that Theodorick, like Charlemagne and Arthur, is considered in the Romance as a monarch more celebrated for the valorous achievements of the brotherhood of chivalry whom he has drawn around him than for his own, though neither deficient in strength nor courage. His principal followers had each their discriminatory and peculiar attributes. Meister Hildebrand, the Nestor of the band, is, like the Maugis of Charlemagne's heroes, a magician as well as a champion. Hogan, or Hagan, begot betwixt a mortal and a sea-goblin, is the fierce Achilles of the confederation. It is the uniform custom of the romancers to conclude by a general and overwhelming catastrophe, which destroys the whole ring of chivalry whose feats they had commemorated. The ruin which Roncesvalles brought to the Paladins of Charlemagne, and the fatal battle of Camlan to the Knights of the Round Table, fell upon the warriors of Diderick through the revengeful treachery of Crimhilda, the wife of Ezzel; who, in revenge for the death of her first husband, and in her inordinate desire to possess the treasures of the Niflunga or Burgundians, brought destruction on all those celebrated champions. Mr Weber observes, that these German fictions differ from the Romances of French Chivalry, in the greater ferocity and less refinement of sentiment ascribed to the heroes; and also in their employing to a great extent the machinery of the Duergar, or Dwarfs, a subterranean people to whom the "Helden-Buch" ascribes such strength and subtility, as well as profound skill in the magic art; and who seem, to a certain extent, the predecessors of the European fairy. The same excellent authority affords us another curious Romance of German origin, entitled Duke Ernest of Bavaria, which appears deeply tinged with Oriental learning and imagination. The hero, at no greater distance than the Isle of Crete, has the good fortune, such at least he must have esteemed it, in his capacity of a knight-errant, to meet with a people having necks and heads like storks. He is in danger of being shipwrecked on a mountain of adamant—is carried away by a roc, and meets with sundry other adventures, which remind us of those of the celebrated Sinbad.

Italy, so long the seat of classical learning, and where that learning,

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was first revived, seems never to have strongly embraced the taste for the Gothic Romance. They received, indeed, the forms and institutions of chivalry; but the Italians seem to have been in a considerable degree strangers to its spirit, and not to have become deeply enamoured of its literature. There is an old romance of Chivalry proper to Italy, called "Guerino the Wretched," but we doubt if even this be of indigenous growth. Indeed, when they did adopt from the French the fashionable tales of Charlemagne and his Paladins, they did not attract the attention of the classical Italians, until Boiardo, Berni, Pulci, and, above all, the divine Ariosto, condescended to use them as the basis of their well-known romantic poems; and thus the fictitious narratives originally composed in metre, and after re-written in prose, were anew decorated with the honours of verse. The romantic poets of Italy did not even disdain to imitate the rambling, diffuse, and episodical style proper to the old Romance; and Ariosto, in particular, although he torments the reader's attention by digressing from one adventure to another, delights us, upon frequent perusals, by the extreme ingenuity with which he gathers up the broken ends of his narrative, and finally weaves them all handsomely together in the same piece. But the merits and faults of romantic poetry form themselves the fruitful subject of a long essay. We here only notice the origin of those celebrated works, as a species of composition arising out of the old Romance, though surpassing it in regularity, as well as in all the beauties of style and diction.

With Spain the idea of Romance was particularly connected; and the associations which are formed upon perusing the immortal work of Cervantes, induce us for a long time to believe that the country of Don Quixote must be the very cradle of romantic fiction. Yet, if we speak of priority of date, Spain was among the last nations in Europe with whom Romance became popular. It was not indeed possible that, among a people speaking so noble and poetical a language, engaged in constant wars, which called forth at once their courage and their genius, there should not exist many historical and romantic ballads descriptive of their rencounters with the Moors. But their native poets seem to have been too much engaged with the events of their own age, or of that which had just preceded them, to permit of their seeking subjects in the regions of pure fiction; and we have not heard of a Spanish Metrical Romance, unless the poems describing the adventures of the Cid should be supposed to have any affinity to that class of composition. The Peninsula, however, though late in adopting the prevailing taste for romantic fiction, gave origin to one particular class, which was at least as popular as any which had preceded it. "Amadis de Gaul," the production, it would seem, of Vasco de Lobeira, a Portuguese knight, who lived in the fourteenth century,

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gave a new turn to the tales of chivalry; and threw into the shade the French Prose Romances, which, until the appearance of this distinguished work, had been the most popular in Europe.

The author of "Amadis," in order, perhaps, to facilitate the other changes which he introduced, and to avoid rushing against preconceived ideas of events or character, laid aside the worn-out features of Arthur and Charlemagne, and imagined to himself a new dynasty both of sovereigns and of heroes, to whom he ascribed a style of manners much more refined, and sentiments much more artificial, than had occurred to the authors of "Perceval" or "Perceforest." Lobeira had also taste enough to perceive, that some unity of design would be a great improvement on the old Romance, where one adventure is strung to another with little connexion from the beginning to the end of the volume; which thus concluded, not because the plot was winded up, but because the author's invention, or the printer's patience, was exhausted. In the work of the Portuguese author, on the contrary, he proposes a certain end, to advance or retard which all the incidents of the work have direct reference. This is the marriage of Amadis with Oriana, against which a thousand difficulties are raised by rivals, giants, sorcerers, and all the race of evil powers unfavourable to chivalry; whilst these obstacles are removed by the valour of the hero, and constancy of the heroine, succoured on their part by those friendly sages, and blameless sorceresses, whose intervention gave so much alarm to the tender-conscienced De la Noue. Lobeira also displayed considerable attention to the pleasure which arises from the contrast of character; and to relieve that of Amadis, who is the very essence of chivalrous constancy, he has introduced Don Galaor, his brother, a gay libertine in love, whose adventures form a contrast with those of his more serious relative. Above all, the "Amadis" displays an attention to the style and conversation of the piece, which, although its effects are now exaggerated and ridiculous, was doubtless at the time considered as the pitch of elegance; and here were, for the first time, introduced those hyperbolical compliments, and that inflated and complicated structure of language, the sense of which walks as in a masquerade.

The "Amadis" at first consisted only of four books, and in that limited shape may be considered as a very well-conducted story; but additions were speedily made which extended the number to twenty-four; containing the history of Amadis subsequent to his obtaining possession of Oriana, and down to his death, as also of his numerous descendants. The theme was not yet exhausted; for, as the ancient romancers, when they commenced a new work, chose for their hero some newly-invented Paladin of Charlemagne, or knight of King Arthur, so did their successors adopt a new descendant of the family of Amadis,

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whose genealogy was thus multiplied to a prodigious degree. For an account of "Esplandian," "Florimond of Greece," "Palmerin of England," and the other Romances of this class, the reader must be referred to the valuable labours of Mr Southey, who has abridged both "Amadis" and "Palmerin" with the most accurate attention to the style and manners of the original. The books of "Amadis" became so very popular as to supersede the elder Romances almost entirely, even at the court of France, where according to La Noue, already quoted, they were introduced about the reign of Henry II. It was against the extravagance of these fictions, in character and its style, that the satire of Cervantes was chiefly directed; and almost the library of Don Quixote belongs to this class of Romances, which, no doubt, his adventures contributed much to put out of fashion.

In every point of view, France must be considered as the country in which Chivalry and Romance flourished in the highest perfection; and the originals of almost all the early Romances, whether in prose or verse, whether relating to the history of Arthur or of Charlemagne, are to be found in the French language; and other countries possess only translations from thence. This will not be so surprising when it is recollected, that these earlier Romances were written, not only for the use of the French, but of the English themselves, amongst whom French was the prevailing language during the reigns of the Anglo-Norman monarchs. Indeed, it has been ingeniously supposed, and not without much apparent probability, that the fame of Arthur was taken by the French minstrels for the foundation of their stories in honour of the English kings, who reigned over the supposed dominions of that British hero; while, on the other hand, the minstrels who repaired to the court of France, celebrated the prowess of Charlemagne and his twelve peers as a subject more gratifying to those who sat upon his throne. It is, perhaps, some objection to this ingenious theory, that, as we have already seen, the battle of Hastings was opened by a minstrel who sung the war-song of Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne; so that the Norman duke brought with him to England the tales that are supposed, at a much later date, to have been revived to soothe the national pride of the French minstrels.

How the French minstrels came originally by the traditional relics concerning Arthur and Merlin, on which they wrought so long and so largely, must, we fear, always remain uncertain. From the Saxons, we may conclude that they had them not; for the Saxons were the very enemies against whom Arthur employed his good sword Excalibar; that is to say, if there was such a man, or such a weapon. We know, indeed, that the British, like all the branches of the Celtic race, were much attached to poetry and music, which the numerous relics of ancient poetry in Wales, Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland,

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sufficiently evince. Arthur, a name famous among them, with some traditions concerning the sage Merlin, may have floated either in Armorica, or among the half-British of the borders of Scotland, and of Cumberland; and, thus preserved, may have reached the ear of the Norman minstrels, either in their newly-conquered dominions, or through their neighbours of Brittany. A theme of this sort once discovered, and found acceptable to the public ear, gave rise, of course, to a thousand imitations; and gradually drew around it a cloud of fiction which, embellished by such poetry as the minstrels could produce, arranged itself by degrees into a system of fabulous history, as the congregated vapours touched by the setting sun, assume the form of battlements and towers. We know that the history of Sir Tristrem, first versified by Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune, was derived from Welsh traditions, though told by a Saxon poet. In fact, it may be easily supposed, that the romancers of that early period were more eager to acquire popular subjects than delicately scrupulous of borrowing from their neighbours; and when the foundation-stone was once laid, each subsequent minstrel brought his contribution to the building. The idea of an association of knights assembled around one mighty sovereign, was so flattering to all the ruling princes of Europe, that almost all of them endeavoured to put themselves at the head of some similar institution, and the various orders of Chivalry are to be traced to this origin. The historical foundation of this huge superstructure is almost imperceptible. Mr Turner has shown that the evidence rather inclines to prove the actual existence of king Arthur; and the names of Gawain, his nephew, and of Geneura, his faithful spouse, of Mordred, and Merlin, were preserved by Welsh tradition. To the same source may be referred the loves of Tristrem and Ysolde, which, although a separate story, has become, in the later Romances, amalgamated with that of Arthur. But there can be little doubt that all beyond the bare names of the heroes owes its existence to the imagination of the romancers.

It might be thought that the Romances referring to the feats of Charlemagne ought to contain more historical truth than those concerning Arthur; since the former relate to a well-known monarch and conqueror, the latter to a personage of a very doubtful and shadowy existence. But the Romances concerning both are equally fabulous. Charles had, indeed, an officer, perhaps a kinsman, named Roland, who was slain with other nobles in the field of Roncesvalles, fighting, not against the Saracens or Spaniards, but against the Gascons. This is the only point upon which the real history of Charlemagne coincides with that invented for him by romancers. Roland was Prefet of Bretagne, and his memory was long preserved in the war-song which bore his name. A fabulous chronicler, calling himself Turpin, com-

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piled, in or about the eleventh century, a romantic history of Charlemagne; but it may be doubted whether, in some instances, he has not availed himself of the fictions already devised by the early romancers, while to those who succeeded them his annals afforded matter for new figments. The personal character of Charlemagne has suffered considerably in the hands of the romantic authors, although they exaggerated his power and his victories. He is represented as fond of flattery, irritable in his temper, ungrateful for the services rendered him by his most worthy Paladins, and a perpetual dupe to the treacherous artifices of Count Gan, or Ganelon, of Mayence; a renegade to whom the romancers impute the defeat at Roncesvalles, and all the other misfortunes of the reign of Charles. This unfavourable view of the Prince, although it may bear some features of royalty, neither resembles the real character of the conqueror of the Saxons and Lombards, nor can be easily reconciled with the idea, that he was introduced to flatter the personal vanity of the Princes of the Valois race, by a portrait of their great predecessor.

The circumstance, that Roland was a lieutenant of Brittany, and the certainty that Marie borrowed from that country the incidents out of which she composed her lays, seems to fortify the theory, that the French minstrels obtained from that country much of their most valuable materials; and that, after all that has been said and supposed, the history of Arthur probably reached them through the same channel.

The Latin writers of the middle ages afforded the French romancers the themes of those metrical legends which they have composed on subjects of classical fame.

The honour of the prose Romances of Chivalry, exclusive always of "Amadis," belongs entirely to the French, and the curious volumes which are now the object of so much research amongst collectors, are almost universally printed at Paris.

England, so often conquered, yet fated to receive an accession of strength from each new subjugation, cannot boast much of ancient literature of any kind; and, in the department of which we treat, was totally inferior to France. The Saxons had, no doubt, Romances (taking the word in its general acceptation); and Mr Turner, to whose researches we are so much indebted, has given us the abridgement of one entitled "Caedmon," in which the hero, whose adventures are told much after the manner of the ancient Norse Sagas, encounters, defeats, and finally slays an evil being called Grendel, who, except in his being subject to death, seems a creature of a supernatural description.* But the literature of the Saxons was destroyed by the success

* The English public are now made more fully acquainted with this ancient process, by the ample and more interesting analysis, furnished by Mr Conybeare.

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of William the Conqueror, and the Norman knights and barons, among whom England was in a great measure divided, sought amusement, not in the lays of the vanquished, but in those composed in their own language. In this point of view, England, as a country, may lay claim to many of the French Romances, which were written, indeed, in that language, but for the benefit of the court and nobles of England, by whom French was still spoken. When the two languages began to assimilate together, and to form the mixed dialect termed the Anglo-Norman, we have good authority for saying that it was easily applied to the purpose of romantic fiction, and recited in the presence of the nobility.

Robert de la Brunne, who composed his "History of England" about this time, has this remarkable passage, which we give, along with the commentary of the Editor of "Sir Tristrem," as it is peculiarly illustrative of the subject we are enquiring into.

"Als thai haf wryten and sayd
Haf I alle in myn Inglis layd,
In simple speche as I couthe,
That is lightest in manne's mouthe.
I made noght for no disours,
Ne for no seggours, no harpours,
Bot for the luf of symple men,
That strange Inglis cannot ken;
For many it ere that strange Inglis,
In ryme wate never what it is;
And bot thai wist what it mente,
Ellis methought it were alle schente.
I made it not for to be praysed,
Bot at the lewed men were aysed.
If it were made in ryme couwee,
Or in strangere, or enterlacé,
That rede Inglis it ere inowe
That couthe not have coppled a kowe.
That outher in cowee or in baston,
Sum suld haf ben fordon;
So that fele men that it herde
Suld not witte howe that it ferde.
I see in song, in sedgeying tale,
Of Erceldoune and of Kendale,
Non thaim sayis as thai thaim wroght,
And in ther saying it semes noght,
That may thou here in Sir Tristrem,
Over gestes it has the steem,
Over all that is or was,
If men it sayd as made Thomas;
Bot I here it no man so say,
That of some copple som is away.
So thare fayre saying here beforne,
Is thare travaile nere forlorne;
Thai sayd it for pride and nobleye,
That were not suylke as thei.*
And alle that thai willed overwhere,
Alle that ilke will now forfare.

* [The editor of Warton's "History of English Poetry" (Mr Price) observes that this line is wrongly quoted: It ought to stand

"That non were suilk as they;"

and he interprets "pride and nobleye" dignity and loftiness of expression.]

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Thai sayd it in so quaint Inglis,
That many wate not what it is.
Therfore heuyed wele the more
In strange ryme to travayle sore;
And my wit was oure thynne
So strange speche to travayle in;
And forsoth I couth noght
So strange Inglis as thai wroght.
And mea besoght me many a tyme
To turne it bot in light ryme.
Thai seyd if I in strange ryme it tarn,
To here it many on suld skorne;
For in it ere names fulle selcouthe,
That ere not used sow in mouthe.
And therfore, for the commonalté,
That blythely wald listen to me,
On light lange I it began,
For luf of the lewed man.

"This passage requires some commentary, as the sense has been generally mistaken. Robert de Brunne does not mean, as has been supposed, that the minstrels who repeated Thomas's Romance of "Sir Tristrem," disguised the meaning by putting it into *quainte Inglis;* but, on the contrary, that Kendal and Thomas of Erceldoune did themselves use such '*quainte Inglis*' that those who repeated the story were unable to understand it, or to make it intelligible to their hearers. Above all, he complains, that by writing an intricate and complicated stanza, as '*ryme eowee, strangere,*' or '*entrelacé,*' it was difficult for the *disours* to recollect the poem; and of "Sir Tristrem," in particular, he avers, that he never heard a perfect recital, because of some one '*copple*' or stanza, a part was always omitted. Hence he argues at length, that he himself, writing not for the minstrel or harper, nor to acquire personal fame, but solely to instruct the ignorant in the history of their country, does well in choosing a simple structure of verse, which they can retain correctly on their memory, and a style which is popular and easily understood. Besides which, he hints at the ridicule he might draw on his poem, should he introduce the uncouth names of his personages into a courtly or refined strain of verse. They were

'Great names, but hard in verse to stand.'

While he arrogates praise to himself for his choice, he excuses Thomas of Erceldoune and Kendal for using a more ambitious and ornate kind of poetry. 'They wrote,' he says, 'for pride (fame) and for nobles, not such as these my ignorant hearers.'" *

If the editor of "Sir Tristrem" be correct in his commentary, there existed in the time of Thomas de Brunne minstrels or poets who composed English poetry to be recited in the presence of the great, and who, for that purpose, used a singularly difficult stanza, which was very apt to be mutilated in recitation. "Sir Tristrem," even as it now exists, shows likewise that considerable art was resorted to in constructing the stanza, and has, from beginning to end, a concise, quaint, abstract turn of expression, more like the Saxon poetry than the simple, bald, and diffuse details of the French minstrel. Besides "Sir Tristrem," there remain, we conceive, at least two other examples of "gestes written in quainte Inglis," composed, namely, according to fixed and complicated rules of verse, and with much attention to the language, though the effect produced is far from pleasing. They are both of Scottish origin, which may be explained, by recollecting that in the Saxon provinces of Scotland, as well as at the court, Norman was never generally used; and therefore it is probable that the English language was more cultivated in that country at an early period

* "Sir Tristrem," Introduction, [See Editor's prefatory notice, new edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works.]

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than in England itself, where, among the higher classes, it was for a long time superseded by that of the French conquerors. These Romances, entitled "Sir Gawain," and "Sir Gologras," and "Sir Galeran of Galloway," have all the appearance of being original compositions, and display considerable poetical effort. But the uncouth use of words dragged in for the sake of alliteration, and, used in secondary and oblique meanings, renders them extremely harsh in construction, as well as obscure in meaning.

In England it would seem that the difficulties pointed out by De la Brunne early threw out of fashion this ornate kind of composition; and the English minstrels had no readier resource than translating from the French, who supplied their language at the same time with the phrases of chivalry which did not exist in English. These compositions presented many facilities to the minstrel. He could, if possessed of the slightest invention, add to them at pleasure, and they might as easily be abridged, when memory failed, or occasion required. Accordingly, translations from the French fill up the list of English Romance. They are generally written in short lines rhyming together; though often, by way of variety, the third and sixth lines are made to rhyme together, and the poem is thus divided into stanzas of three couplets each. In almost all of these legends, reference is made to "the Romance," that is, some composition in the French language, as to the original authority. Nay, which is very singular, tales where the subjects appear to be of English growth, seem to have yet existed in French ere they were translated into the language of the country to which the heroes belonged. This seems to have been the case with "Hornchild," with "Guy of Warwick," with "Bevis of Hampton," all of which appear to belong originally to England; yet are their earliest histories found in the French language, or at least the vernacular versions refer to such for their authority. Even the Romance of "Richard," England's own Cœur de Lion, has perpetual references to the French original from which it was translated. It must naturally be supposed that these translations were inferior to the originals; and whether it was owing to this cause, or that the composition of these rhymes was attended with too much facility, and so fell into the hands of very inferior composers, or that they were composed for the ruder and more illiterate part of the nation, it is certain, and is proved by the highest authority, that of Chaucer himself, that even in his time these rhyming Romances had fallen into great contempt. The "Rime of Sir Thopas," which that poet introduces as a parody, undoubtedly, of the rhythmical Romances of the age, is interrupted by mine host Harry Bailly with the strongest and most energetic expressions of total and absolute contempt. But though the minstrels were censured by De la Brunne for lack of skill and memory, and the poems which they re-

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cited were branded as "drafty rhymings," by the far more formidable sentence of Chaucer, their acceptation with the public in general must have been favourable, since, besides many unpublished volumes, the two publications of Ritson and Weber bear evidence of their popularity. Some original compositions doubtless occur among so many translations, but they are not numerous, and few have been preserved. The very curious poem of "Sir Eger and Sir Greme," which seems of Scottish origin, has no French original; nor has any been discovered either of the "Squire of Low degree, Sir Eglamour, Sir Pleindamour," or some others. But the French derivation of the two last names renders it probable that such may exist.

The minstrels and their compositions seem to have fallen into utter contempt about the time of Henry VIII. There is a piteous picture of their condition in the person of Richard Sheale, which it is impossible to read without compassion, if we consider that he was the preserver at least, if not the author, of the celebrated heroic ballad of "Chevy Chace," at which Sir Philip Sydney's heart was wont to beat as at the sound of a trumpet. This luckless minstrel had been robbed on Dunsmore Heath, and, shame to tell, he was unable to persuade the public that a son of the muses had ever been possessed of the twenty pounds which he averred he had lost on the occasion. The account he gives of the effect upon his spirits is melancholy, and yet ridiculous enough.

"After my robbery my memory was so decayde,
That I colde neather syne nor talke, my wytts wer so dismayde.
My audacitie was gone, and all my myrry tawk,
Ther ys sum heare have sene me as myrry as a hawke;
But nowe I am so trublyde with phansis in my mynde,
That I cannot play the myrry knave, according to my kynd.
Yet to tak thought, I perseve, ys not the next waye
To bring me out of det, my creditors to paye.
I may well say that I hade but evil hape,
For to lose about threscore pounds at a clape.
The losse of my mony did not greve me so sore,
But the talke of the pyple dyde greve me moch mor.
Sum sayde I was not robde, I was but a lyeng knave,
Yt was not possyble for a mynstrell so much mony to have;
In dede, to say the truthe, that ys ryght well knowene,
That I never had so moche mony of myn owene,
But I had frendds in London, whos namys I can declare,
That at all tyms wolde lende me cc.lds. worth of ware,
And sum agayn such frendship I founde,
That thei wold lend me in mony nyn or ten pownde.
The occasion why I cam in det I shall make relacion,
My wyff in dede ys a sylk woman be her occupacion,
And lynen cloths most chefly was her greatyste trayd,
And at faris and merkytts she solde sale-ware that she made:
As shertts, smockys, partlytts, hede clothes, and othar thinggs,
As sylk thredd, and eggyngs, skirrts, bandds, and strings."

From *The Chant* of Richard Sheale,
British Bibliographer, No. xiii., p. 101.

Elsewhere, Sheale hints that he had trusted to his harp, and to the well-known poverty attached to those who used that instrument, to

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bear him safe through Dunsmore Heath. From this time, the poor degraded minstrels seem literally to have merited the character imposed on them by the satirist Dr Bull, and quoted with such glee by Ritson, whose enmity against Dr Percy seems to have extended itself against the race.

"When Jesus went to Jairus' house,
(Whose daughter was about to dye,)
He turn'd the minstrels out of doors,
Among the rascal company:
Beggars they are with one consent,
And rogues, by Act of Parliament."

At length the order of English minstrels was formally put down by the act 39th of Queen Elizabeth, classing them with sturdy beggars and vagabonds; in which disgraceful fellowship they only existed in the capacity of fiddlers, who accompanied their instrument with their voice. Such a character is introduced in the play of "Monsieur Thomas," as the "poor fiddler who says his songs." Such, too, was Sheale, already mentioned: the "Minstrel's Farewell," by this unlucky child of the Muses, intimates the degraded character of his profession, the professors of which now sung for their victuals.

"Now for the good chear that ye have had heare,
I gyve you hartte thanks, with bowyng off my shanks.
Desyryng you be petycyon to graunte me suche commission,
Becaus my name ys Sheale, that bothe by meat and meale
To you I may resorte, sum tyme to mye comforte.
For I perseive here at all tymes is good chere,
Both ale, wyne, and beere, as hit dothe nowe apere.
I perseve wythoute fable, ye kepe a good table,
Sum tyme I wyll be your gueste, or els I were a beaste,
Knowynge off your myndе, yff I wolde not be so kyndе,
Sumtyme to tast youre cuppe, and wyth you dyne and suppe.
I can be contente, yf hit be out of Lente,
A peace of byffe to take mye honger to aslake:
Bothe mutton and veile ys goode for Rycharde Sheale."

British Bibliographer, No. xiii., p. 105.

The Metrical Romances which they recited also fell into disrepute, though some of the more popular, sadly abridged and adulterated, continued to be published in *chap books*, as they are called. About fifty or sixty years since, a person acquired the nickname of *Rosewal and Lilian* from singing that Romance about the streets of Edinburgh, which is probably the very last instance of the proper minstrel craft.

If the Metrical Romances of England can boast of few original compositions, they can show yet fewer examples of the Prose Romance. Sir Thomas Malory, indeed, compiled, from various French authorities, his celebrated "Morte d'Arthur," indisputably the best Prose Romance the language can boast. There is also "Arthur of Little Britain;" and the Lord Berners compiled the Romance of the "Knight of the Swan." The books of "Amadis" were likewise translated into English; but it may be doubted whether the country in general

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ever took that deep interest in the perusal of these records of love and honour with which they were greeted in France. Their number was fewer; and the attention paid to them in a country where great political questions began to be agitated, was much less than when the feudal system still continued in its full vigour.

III. We should now say something on those various kinds of romantic fictions which succeeded to the Romance of Chivalry. But we can only notice briefly works which have long slumbered in oblivion, and which certainly are not worthy to have their slumbers disturbed.

Even in the time of Cervantes, the Pastoral Romance, founded upon the "Diana" of George of Monté Mayor, was prevailing to such an extent as made it worthy of his satire. It was, indeed, a system still more remote from common sense and reality than that of chivalry itself. For the maxims of chivalry, high-strained and absurd as they are, did actually influence living beings, and even the fate of kingdoms. If "Amadis de Gaule" was a fiction, the Chevalier Bayard was a real person. But the existence of an Arcadia, a pastoral region in which a certain fantastic sort of personages, desperately in love, and thinking of nothing else but their mistresses, played upon pipes, and wrote sonnets from morning to night, yet were supposed all the while to be tending their flocks, was too monstrously absurd to be long credited or tolerated.

A numerous, and once most popular, class of fictions, was that entitled the "Heroic Romance of the Seventeenth Century."

If the ancient "Romance of Chivalry" has a right to be called the parent of those select and beautiful fictions which the genius of the Italian poets has enriched with such peculiar charms, another of its direct descendants, "The Heroic Romance of the Seventeenth Century," is, with few exceptions, the most dull and tedious species of composition that ever obtained temporary popularity. The old Romance of Heliodorus, entitled "Theagenes and Chariclea," supplied, perhaps, the earliest model of this style of composition; but it was from the Romances of Chivalry that it derives its most peculiar characteristics. A man of a fantastic imagination, Honoré d'Urfé, led the way in this style of composition. Being willing to record certain love intrigues of a complicated nature which had taken place in his own family, and amongst his friends, he imagined to himself a species of Arcadia on the banks of the Lignon, inhabited by swains and shepherdesses, who live for love and for love alone. There are two principal stories, said to represent the family history of D'Urfé and his brother, with about thirty episodes, in which the gallantries and intrigues of Henry IV.'s court are presented under borrowed names. Considered by itself, this is but an example of the Pastoral Romance; but it was

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so popular, that three celebrated French authors, Gomberville, Calprenède, and Madame Scuderi, seized the pen, and composed in emulation many interminable folios of Heroic Romance. In these insipid performances, a conventional character, and a set of family manners and features, are ascribed to the heroes and heroines, although selected from distant ages and various quarters of the world. The heroines are, without exception, models of beauty and perfection; and so well persuaded of it themselves, that to approach them with the most humble declaration of love was a crime sufficient to deserve the penalty of banishment from their presence; and it is well if the doom were softened to the audacious lover, by permission, or command to live, without which, absence and death were to be accounted synonymous. On the other hand, the heroes, whatever kingdoms they have to govern, or other earthly duties to perform, live through these folios for love alone; and the most extraordinary revolutions which can agitate the world are ascribed to the charms of a Mandane or a Statira acting upon the crazy understanding of their lovers. Nothing can be so uninteresting as the frigid extravagance with which these lovers express their passion; or, in their own phrase, nothing can be more freezing than their flames, more creeping than their flights of love. Yet the line of metaphysical gallantry which they exhibited had its date, and a long one, both in France and England. They remained the favourite amusement of Louis XIV.'s court, although assailed by the satire of Boileau. In England they continued to be read by our grandmothers during the Augustan age of English, and while Addison was amusing the world with his wit, and Pope by his poetry, the ladies were reading "Clelia," "Cleopatra," and the "Grand Cyrus." The fashion did not decay till about the reign of George I.; and even more lately, Mrs Lennox, patronised by Dr Johnson, wrote a very good imitation of Cervantes, entitled, "The Female Quixote," which had those works for its basis. They are now totally forgotten.

The Modern Romance, so ennobled by the productions of so many master hands, would require a long disquisition. But we can here only name that style of composition in which De Foe rendered fiction more impressive than truth itself, and Swift could render plausible even the grossest impossibilities.*

* There was the less occasion to continue and complete this Essay, as the author has, in the lives of the British Novelists, expressed the opinions he entertains upon the subject of Modern Romance, and its connexion with the elder fictions by which it was preceded. 1824. [See vol. iii.]

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AN

ESSAY

ON

THE DRAMA.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

[1819.]

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S.T.C. lect. on dramatick. Poes. Essay on the progress of the drama.

Parke Murr,
Schlegel lect.
Philemon Holland;
Eichenberg
Müller
Burney Trans. by Dr Schumm, vols II.
Percy Engl. Stage
Madame de Staël

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Jan. 1853.

AN

ESSAY ON THE DRAMA.

A DRAMA (we adopt Dr Johnson's definition, with some little extension) is a poem of fictitious composition in dialogue, in which the action is not related but represented.

A disposition to this fascinating amusement, considered in its rudest state, seems to be inherent in human nature. It is the earliest sport of children, to take upon themselves some fictitious character, and sustain it to the best of their skill, by such appropriate gestures and language, as their youthful fancies suggest, and such dress and decoration as circumstances place within their reach. The infancy of nations is as prone to this pastime as that of individuals. When the horde emerges out of a nearly brutal state, so far as to have holidays, public sports, and general rejoicings, the pageant of their imaginary deities, or of their fabulous ancestors, is usually introduced as the most pleasing and interesting part of the show. But however general the predisposition to the assumption of fictitious character may be, there is an immeasurable distance betwixt the rude games in which it first displays itself, and that polished amusement which is numbered among the fine arts, which poetry, music, and painting, have vied to adorn, to whose service genius has devoted her most sublime efforts, while philosophy has stooped from her loftier task, to regulate the progress of the action, and give probability to the representation and personification of the scene.

The history of Greece—of that wonderful country, whose days of glory have left such a never-dying blaze of radiance behind them—the history of Greece affords us the means of correctly tracing the polished and regulated Drama, the subject of severe rule, and the vehicle for expressing the noblest poetry, from amusements as rude in their outline, as the mimic sports of children or of savages. The history of the Grecian stage is that of the dramatic art in general. They transferred the Drama, with their other literature, to the victorious Romans, with whom it rather existed as a foreign than flourished as a native art. Like the other fine arts, the stage sunk under the decay of the empire, and its fall was accelerated by the introduction of the Christian religion. In the middle ages dramatic representation revived, in the shape of

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The Drama Essay in S.T.C. 1811. on Sketch
Coleridge Lect. I. 145.

the homely Mysteries and Moralities of our forefathers. The revival of letters threw light upon the scenic art, by making us acquainted with the pitch of perfection to which it had been carried by the genius of Greece. With this period commences the history of the modern stage, properly so called. Some general observations on the Drama, and the state in which it now exists in Britain, will form a natural conclusion to the present Article.

The account which we have of the origin of Grecian theatrical representations, describes them as the fantastic orgies of shepherds and peasants, who solemnized the rites of Bacchus by the sacrifice of a goat, by tumultuous dances, and by a sort of masquerade, in which the actors were disguised like the ancient *Morrice-dancers* of England, or the *Guisards* of Scotland, who have not as yet totally disused similar revels. Instead of masks, their faces were stained with the lees of wine, and the songs and jests corresponded in coarseness to the character of the satyrs and fawns, which they were supposed to assume in honour of their patron Bacchus. Music, however, always formed a part of this rude festivity, and to this was sometimes added the recitations of an individual performer, who, possessed of more voice or talent than his companions, was able to entertain an audience for a few minutes by his own unaided exertions.

Out of such rude materials, Thespis is supposed to have been the first who framed something like an approach to a more regular entertainment. The actors under this, the first of theatrical managers, instead of running about wild among the audience, were exalted upon a cart, or upon a scaffold formed of boards laid upon trestles. In modern phrase, they were exalted from mere mummers into a company of mountebanks. In these improvements Thespis is supposed to have had the aid of one Susarion, whose efforts were more particularly directed to the comic Drama. But their fortunes have been unequal; for while the name of Thespis is still united with every thing dramatic, that of Susarion has fallen into oblivion, and is only known to antiquaries.

The Drama in Greece, as afterwards in Britain, had scarce begun to develope itself from barbarism, ere, with the most rapid strides, it advanced towards perfection. Thespis and Susarion flourished about four hundred and forty or fifty years before the Christian era. The battle of Marathon was fought in the year 490 before Christ; and it was upon Æschylus, one of the Athenian generals on that memorable occasion, that Greece conferred the honoured title of the Father of Tragedy. We must necessarily judge of his efforts, by that which he did, not by that which he left undone; and if some of his regulations may sound strange in modern ears, it is but just to compare the state in which he found the Drama, with that in which he left it.

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Æschylus was the first who, availing himself of the invention of a stage by Thespis, introduced upon the boards a plurality of actors at the same time, and converted into action and dialogue, accompanied or relieved at intervals by the musical performance of the Chorus, the dull monologue of the Thespian orator. It was Æschylus, also, who introduced the deceptions of scenery; stationary, indeed, and therefore very different from the decorations of our stage, but still giving a reality to the whole performance, which could not fail to afford pleasure to those who beheld, for the first time, an effort to surround the player, while invested with his theatrical character, with scenery which might add to the illusions of the representation. This was not all: A theatre, at first of wood, but afterwards of stone, circumscribed, while it accommodated, the spectators, and reduced a casual and disorderly mob to the quality and civilisation of a regular and attentive audience.

The most remarkable effect of the tragedy of Æschylus, was the introduction of the Chorus in a new character, which continued long to give a peculiar tone to the Grecian Drama, and still makes the broad and striking difference betwixt that original theatre, and those which have since arisen in modern nations.

The Chorus, who sung hymns in favour of Bacchus,—the musical part, in short, of the entertainment—remained in the days of Thespis, exactly such as it had been in the rude village gambols which he had improved, the principal part of the dramatic performance. The intervention of monologue, or recitation, was merely a relief to the musicians, and a variety to the audience. Æschylus, while he assigned a part of superior consequence to the actor in his improved dialogue, new-modelled the Chorus, which custom still enjoined as a necessary and indispensable branch of the entertainment. They were no longer a body of vocal musicians, whose strains were as independent of what was spoken by the personages of the Drama, as those of our modern orchestra when performing betwixt the acts; the Chorus assumed from this time a different and complicated character, which, as we have already hinted, forms a marked peculiarity in the Grecian Drama, distinguishing it from the theatrical compositions of modern Europe.

The Chorus, according to this new model, was composed of a certain set of persons, priests, captive virgins, matrons or others, usually of a solemn and sacred character, the contemporaries of the heroes who appeared on the stage, who remained upon the scene to celebrate in hymns set to music the events which had befallen the active persons of the Drama; to afford them alternately their advice or their sympathy; and, at least, to moralize, in lyrical poetry, on the feelings to which their history and adventures, their passions and sufferings, gave rise. The Chorus might be considered as, in some degree, the representatives

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of the audience, or rather of the public, on whose great stage those events happen in reality, which are represented in the mimicry of the Drama. In the strains of the Chorus, the actual audience had those feelings suggested to them, as if by reflection in a mirror, which the events of the scene ought to produce in their own bosom; they had at once before them the action of the piece, and the effect of action upon a chosen band of persons, who, like themselves, were passive spectators, whose dignified strains pointed out the moral reflections to which the subject naturally gave rise. The Chorus were led or directed by a single person of their number, termed the Coryphæus, who frequently spoke or sung alone. They were occasionally divided into two bands, who addressed and replied to each other. But they always preserved the character proper to them, of spectators, rather than agents in the Drama.

The number of the Chorus varied at different periods, often extending to fifty persons, and sometimes restricted to half that number; and it is evident that the presence of so many persons on the scene officiating as no part of the *dramatis personæ*, but rather as contemporary spectators, involved many inconveniences and inconsistencies. That which the hero, however agitated by passion, must naturally have suppressed within his own breast, or uttered in soliloquy, was thus necessarily committed to the confidence of fifty people, less or more. And when a deed of violence was to be acted, the helpless Chorus, instead of interfering to prevent the atrocity to which the perpetrator had made them privy, could only, by the rules of the theatre, exhaust their sorrow and surprise in dithyrambics. This was well ridiculed by Bentley, in his farce called "The Wishes," in one part of which strange performance he introduced a Chorus after the manner of the ancient Greeks, who are informed by one of the *dramatis personæ*, that a madman with a firebrand has just entered the vaults beneath the place which they occupy, and which contain a magazine of gunpowder. The Chorus, instead of stirring from the dangerous vicinity, immediately commence a long complaint of the hardship of their fate, exclaiming pathetically, "O, unhappy madman—or rather unhappy we, the victims of this madman's fury—or thrice, thrice unhappy the friends of the madman, who did not secure him, and restrain him from the perpetration of such deeds of frenzy—or three and four times hapless the keeper of the magazine, who forgot the keys in the door," etc. etc. etc.*

The real Choruses of the ancients, of whose apathy and passive observation of the enormities which pass on the stage, the above is a caricature, afford some instances not much less ridiculous. But still the union which Æschylus accomplished betwixt the didactic hymns of the Chorus, and the events which were passing upon the stage, was a most

* The author never read "The Wishes," and quotes from the information of a friend.

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important improvement upon the earlier Drama. By this means, the two unconnected branches of the old Bacchanalian revels were combined together; and we ought rather to be surprised that Æschylus ventured, while accomplishing such a union, to render the hymns sung by the Chorus subordinate to the action or dialogue, than that he did not take the bolder measure of altogether discarding that which, before his time, was reckoned the principal object of a religious entertainment.

The new theatre and stage of Athens was reared, as we have seen, under the inspection of Æschylus. He also introduced dresses in character for his principal actors, to which were added embellishments of a kind which mark the wide distinction betwixt the ancient and modern stage. The personal disguise which had formerly been attained by staining the actor's face, was now, by what doubtless was considered as a high exertion of ingenuity, accomplished by the use of a mask, so painted as to represent the personage whom he represented. To augment the apparent awkwardness of this contrivance, the mouth of these masks were frequently fashioned like the extremity of a trumpet, which, if it aided the actor's voice to reach the extremity of the huge circuit to which he addressed himself, must still have made a ridiculous appearance upon the stage, had not the habits and expectations of the spectators been in a different tone from those of a modern audience. The use of the *cothurnus*, or buskin, which was contrived so as to give to the performer additional and unnatural stature, would have fallen under the same censure. But the ancient and modern theatres may be said to resemble each other only in name, as will appear from the following account of the Grecian stage, abridged from the best antiquaries.

The theatres of the Greeks were immensely large in comparison to ours; and the audience sat upon rows of benches, rising above each other in due gradation. In form they resembled a horse-shoe. The stage occupied a platform, which closed in the flat end of the building, and was raised so high as to be on a level with the lowest row of benches. The central part of the theatre, or what we call the *pit*, instead of being filled with spectators, according to modern custom, was left for the occasional occupation of the Chorus, during those parts of their duty which did not require them to be nearer to the stage. This space was called the ORCHESTRA, and corresponded in some measure with the open space which, in the modern equestrian amphitheatres, is interposed betwixt the audience and the stage, for the display of feats of horsemanship. The delusion of the scene being thus removed to a considerable distance from the eye of the spectator, was heightened, and many of the objections offered to the use of the mask and the buskin were lessened, or totally removed. When the Chorus did not occupy the orchestra, they ranged themselves beside the THYMELE, a sort of altar, surrounded with steps, placed in front of their stage

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Orchestra. From this, as a post of observation, they watched the progress of the Drama, and to this point the actors turned themselves when addressing them. The solemn hymns and mystic dances of the Chorus, performed during their retreat into the orchestra, formed a sort of interludes, or interruptions of the action, similar in effect to the modern division into acts. But properly speaking, there was no interruption of the representation from beginning to end. The piece was not, indeed, constantly progressive, but the illusion of the scene was always before the audience, either by means of the actors themselves, or of the Chorus. And the musical recitation and character of the dances traced by the Chorus in their interludes, were always in correspondence with the character of the piece, grave, majestic, and melancholy, in tragedy; gay and lively, in comedy; and during the representation of satirical pieces, wild, extravagant, and bordering on buffoonery. The number of these interludes, or interruptions of the action, seems to have varied from three to six, or even more, at the pleasure of the author. The music was simple and inartificial, although it seems to have produced powerful effects on the audience. Two flute-players performed a prelude to the choral hymns, or directed the movement of the dances; which, in tragedy, were a solemn, slow, modulated succession of movements, very little resembling any thing termed dancing among the moderns.

The stage itself was well contrived for the purposes of the Greek Drama. The front was called the LOGEUM, and occupied the full width of the flat termination of the theatre, contracted, however, at each extremity, by a wall, which served to conceal the machinery necessary for the piece. The stage narrowed as it retired backwards, and the space so restricted in breadth was called the PROSCENIUM. It was terminated by a flat decoration, on which was represented the front of a temple, palace, or whatever else the poet had chosen for his scene. Suitable decorations appeared on the wings, as in our theatres. There were several entrances, both by the back scene and in front. These were not used indiscriminately, but so as to indicate the story of the piece, and render it more clear to apprehension. Thus, the persons of the Drama, who were supposed to belong to the palace or temple in the flat scene, entered from the side or the main door, as befitted their supposed rank; those who were inhabitants of the place represented, entered through a door placed at the side of the Logeum, while those supposed to come from a distance were seen to traverse the Orchestra, and to ascend the stage by a stair of communication, so that the audience were made spectators, as it were, of his journey. The Proscenium was screened by a curtain, which was withdrawn when the piece commenced. The decorations could be in some degree altered, so as to change the scene; though this, we apprehend, was seldom practised.

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But machinery for the ascent of phantoms, the descent of deities, and similar exhibitions, were as much in fashion among the Greeks as on our own modern stage; with better reason, indeed, for we shall presently see that the themes which they held most proper to the stage, called frequently for the assistance of these mechanical contrivances.

On the dress and costume of their personages, the Greeks bestowed much trouble and expense. It was their object to disguise, as much as possible, the mortal actor who was to represent a divinity or a hero; and while they hid his face, and augmented his height, they failed not to assign him a masque and dress in exact conformity to the popular idea of the character represented; so that, seen across the orchestra, he might appear the exact resemblance of Hercules or of Agamemnon.

The Grecians, but in particular the Athenians, became most passionately attached to the fascinating and splendid amusement which Æschylus thus regulated, which Sophocles and Euripides improved, and which all three, with other dramatists of inferior talents, animated by the full vigour of their genius. The delightful climate of Greece permitted the spectators to remain in the open air (for there was no roof to their huge theatres) for whole days, during which several plays, high monuments of poetical talent, were successively performed before them. The enthusiasm of their attention may be judged of by what happened during the representation of a piece written by Hegemon. It was while the Athenians were thus engaged, that there suddenly arrived the astounding intelligence of the total defeat of their army before Syracuse. The theatre was filled with the relations of those who had fallen; there was scarce a spectator who, besides sorrowing as a patriot, was not called to mourn a friend or relative. But, spreading their mantles before their faces, they commanded the representation to proceed, and, thus veiled, continued to give it their attention to the conclusion. National pride, doubtless, had its share in this singular conduct, as well as fondness for the dramatic art. Another instance is given of the nature and acuteness of their feelings, when the assembly of the people amerced Phrynicus with a fine of a thousand drachmæ, because, in a comedy founded upon the siege of Miletos, he had agitated their feelings to excess, in painting an incident which Athens lamented as a misfortune dishonourable to her arms and her councils.

The price of admission was at first one *drachma;* but Pericles, desirous of propitiating the ordinary class of citizens, caused the entrance-money to be lowered to two *oboli*, so that the meanest Athenian had the ready means of indulging in this luxurious mental banquet. As it became difficult to support the expense of the stage, for which such cheap terms of admission could form no adequate fund, the same statesman, by an indulgence yet more perilous, caused the deficiency to be supplied from the treasure destined to sustain the

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expense of the war. It is a sufficient proof of the devotion of the Athenians to the stage, that not even the eloquence of Demosthenes could tempt them to forego this pernicious system. He touched upon the evil in two of his orations; but the Athenians were resolved not to forego the benefits of an abuse which they were aware could not be justified; —they passed a law making it death to allude to that article of reformation.

It must not be forgotten, that the Grecian audience enjoyed the exercise of critical authority as well as of classical amusement at their theatre. They applauded and censured as at the present day, by clapping hands and hissing. Their suffrage, at those tragedies acted upon the solemn feasts of Bacchus, adjudged a laurel crown to the most successful dramatic author. This faculty was frequently abused; but the public, on sober reflection, seldom failed to be ashamed of such acts of injustice, and faithful, upon the whole, to the rules of criticism, evinced a fineness and correctness of judgment, which never descended to the populace of any other nation.

To this general account of the Grecian stage, it is proper to add some remarks on those peculiar circumstances, from which it derives a tone and character so different from that of the modern Drama—circumstances affecting at once its style of action, mode of decoration, and general effect on the feelings of the spectators.

The Grecian Drama, it must be remembered, derived its origin from a religious ceremony, and, amid all its refinement, never lost its devotional character, unless it shall be judged to have done so in the department of satirical comedy.

When the audience was assembled, they underwent a religious lustration, and the archons, or chief magistrates, paid their public adoration to Bacchus, still regarded as the patron of the theatrical art, and whose altar was always placed in the theatre.

The subject of the Drama was frequently religious. In tragedy, especially, Sophocles and Euripides, as well as Æschylus, selected their subjects from the exploits of the deities themselves, or of the demi-gods and heroes whom Greece accounted to draw an immediate descent from the denizens of Olympus, and to whom she paid nearly equal reverence. The object of the tragic poets was less to amuse and interest their audience by the history of the human heart, or soften them by the details of domestic distress, than to elevate them into a sense of devotion or submission, or to astound and terrify them by the history and actions of a race of beings before whom ordinary mortality dwindled into pigmy size. This the ancient dramatists dared to attempt; and, what may appear still more astonishing to the mere English reader, this they appear in a great measure to have performed. Effects were produced upon their audience which we can only attribute

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to the awful impression communicated by the recollection, that the performance was in its origin a religious ceremony, and conveying an idea of the immediate presence of the Divinity. The emotions excited by the apparition of the Eumenides, or Furies, in Æschylus's tragedy of that name, so appalled the audience, the females are said to have lost the fruit of their womb, and children to have actually expired in convulsions of terror. These effects may have been exaggerated: but that considerable inconveniences occurred from the extreme horror with which this tragedy impressed the spectators, is evident from a decree of the magistrates, limiting the number of the Chorus, in order to prevent in future such tragical consequences. It is plain, that the feeling by which such impressions arose, must have been something very different from what the spectacle of the scene alone could possibly have produced. The mere sight of actors disguised in masks, suited to express the terrific yet sublime features of an antique Medusa, with her hair entwined with serpents; the wild and dishevelled appearance, the sable and bloody garments, the blazing torches, the whole apparatus, in short, or properties as they are technically called, with which the classic fancy of Æschylus could invest those terrific personages; nay more, even the appropriate terrors of language and violence of gesture with which they were bodied forth, must still have fallen far short of the point which the poet certainly attained, had it not been for the intimate and solemn conviction of his audience that they were in the performance of an act of devotion, and, to a certain degree, in the presence of the deities themselves. It was this conviction, and the solemn and susceptible temper to which it exalted the minds of a large assembly, which prepared them to receive the electic shock produced by the visible representation of those terrible beings, to whom, whether as personifying the stings and terrors of an awakened conscience, or as mysterious and infernal divinities, the survivors of an elder race of deities, whose presence was supposed to strike awe even into Jove himself, the ancients ascribed the task of pursuing and punishing atrocious guilt.

It was in consistency with this connexion betwixt the Drama and religion of Greece, that the principal Grecian tragedians thought themselves entitled to produce upon the stage the most sacred events of their mythological history. It might have been thought that, in doing so, they injured the effect of their fable and action, since suspense and uncertainty, so essential to the interest of a play, could not be supposed to exist where the immortal gods, beings controlling all others, and themselves uncontrolled, were selected as the agents in the piece. But it must be remembered, that the synod of Olympus, from Jove downwards, were themselves but limitary deities, possessing, indeed, a certain influence upon human affairs, but unable to stem or divert the tide

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of fate or destiny, upon whose dark bosom, according to the Grecian creed, gods as well as men were embarked, and both sweeping downwards to some distant, yet inevitable termination of the present system of the universe, which should annihilate at once the race of divinity and of mortality. This awful catastrophe is hinted at not very obscurely by Prometheus, who, when chained to his rock, exults, in his prophetic view, in the destruction of his oppressor Jupiter; and so far did Æschylus, in particular, carry the introduction of religious topics into Drama, that he escaped with some difficulty from an accusation of having betrayed the Eleusinian mysteries.

Where the subject of the Drama was not actually taken from mythological history, and when the gods themselves did not enter upon the scene, the Grecian stage was, as we have already hinted, usually trod by beings scarcely less awful to the imagination of the audience; the heroes, namely, of their old traditional history, to whom they attributed an immediate descent from their deities,—a frame of body and mind surpassing humanity, and after death an exaltation into the rank of demigods.

It must be added, that, even when the action was laid among a less dignified set of personages, still the altar was present on the stage; incense frequently smoked; and frequent prayers and obtestations of the deity reminded the audience that the sports of the ancient theatre had their origin in religious observances. It is scarce necessary to state how widely the classical Drama, in this respect, differs in principle from that of the modern, which pretends to be nothing more than an elegant branch of the fine arts, whose end is attained when it supplies an evening's amusement, whose lessons are only of a moral description, and which is so far from possessing a religious character, that it has, with difficulty, escaped condemnation as a profane, dissolute and antichristian pastime. From this distinction of principle there flows a difference of practical results, serving to account for many circumstances which might otherwise seem embarrassing.

The ancients, we have seen, endeavoured by every means in their power, including the use of masks and of buskins, to disguise the person of the actor; and at the expense of sacrificing the expression of his countenance, and the grace, or at least the ease of his form, they removed from the observation of the audience, every association which could betray the person of an individual player, under the garb of the deity or hero he was designed to represent. To have done otherwise would have been held indecorous, if not profane. It follows, that as the object of the Athenian and of the modern auditor in attending the theatre was perfectly different, the pleasure which each derived from the representation had a distinct source. Thus, for example, the Englishman's desire to see a particular character is intimately connected with the idea

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of the actor by whom it was performed. He does not wish to see Hamlet in the abstract, so much as to see how Kemble performs that character, and to compare him perhaps with his own recollections of Garrick in the same part. He comes prepared to study each variation of the actor's countenance, each change in his accentuation and deportment; to note with critical accuracy the points which discriminate his mode of acting from that of others; and to compare the whole with his own abstract of the character. The pleasure arising from this species of critical investigation and contrast is so intimately allied with our ideas of theatrical amusement, that we can scarce admit the possibility of deriving much satisfaction from a representation sustained by an actor, whose personal appearance and peculiar expression of features should be concealed from us, however splendid his declamation, or however appropriate his gesture and action. But this mode of considering the Drama, and the delight which we derive from it, would have appeared to the Greeks a foolish and profane refinement, not very different in point of taste from the expedient of Snug the joiner, who intimated his identity by letting his natural visage be seen, under the mask of the lion which he represented. It was with the direct purpose of concealing the features of the individual actor, as tending to destroy the effect of his theatrical disguise, that the mask and buskin were first invented, and afterwards retained in use. The figure was otherwise so dressed as to represent the Deity or demigod, according to the statue best known, and adored with most devotion by the Grecian public. The mask was, by artists who were eminent in the plastic art, so formed as to perfect the resemblance. Theseus, or Hercules, stood before the audience, in the very form with which painters and statuaries had taught them to invest the hero, and there was certainly thus gained a more complete scenic deception, than could have been obtained in our present mode. It was aided by the distance interposed betwixt the audience and the stage; but, above all, by the influence of enthusiasm acting upon the congregated thousands, whose imaginations, equally lively and susceptible, were prompt to receive the impressions which the noble verse of their authors conveyed to their ears, and the living personification of their gods and demigods placed before their eyes.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that while these observations plead an apology, arising out of custom and manners, for the mask and the buskin of the ancients, they leave where it stood before every objection to those awkward and unseemly disguises, considered in themselves, and without reference to the peculiar purpose and tendency of the ancient theatre. In fact, the exquisite pleasure derived from watching the eloquence of feature, and eye, which we admire in an accomplished actor, was not, as some have supposed, sacrificed by the ancients for the assumption of these disguises. They never did, and,

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according to the plan of their theatres, never could, possess that source of enjoyment. The circuit of the theatre was immense, and the eyes of the thousands whom it contained were so far removed from the stage, that, far from being able to enjoy the minute play of the actor's features, the mask and buskin were necessary to give distinction to his figure, and to convey all which the ancients expected to see, his general resemblance, namely, to the character he represented.

The Grecian style of acting, so far as it has been described to us, corresponded to the other circumstances of the representation. It affected gravity and sublimity of movement and of declamation. Rapidity of motion, and vivacity of action, seem to have been reserved for occasions of particular emotion; and that delicacy of by-play, as well as all the aid which look and slight gesture bring so happily to the aid of an impassioned dialogue, were foreign to their system. The actors, therefore, had an easier task than on the modern stage, since it is much more easy to preserve a tone of high and dignified declamation, than to follow out the whirlwind and tempest of passion, in which it is demanded of the performer to be energetic without bombast, and natural without vulgarity.

The Grecian actors held a high rank in the republic, and those esteemed in the profession were richly recompensed. Their art was the more dignified, because the poets themselves usually represented the principal character in their own pieces,—a circumstance which corroborates what we have already stated concerning the comparative inferiority of talents required in a Grecian actor, who was only expected to move with grace and declaim with truth and justice. His disguise hid all personal imperfections, and thus a Grecian poet might aspire to become an actor, without that extraordinary and unlikely union of moral and physical powers, which would be necessary to qualify a modern dramatist to mount the stage in person, and excel at once as a poet and as an actor.*

It is no part of our present object to enter into any minute examination of the comparative merits of the three great tragedians of Athens, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Never, perhaps, did there arise, within so short a space, such a succession of brilliant talents. Sophocles might, indeed, be said to be the contemporary of both his rivals, for his youthful emulation was excited by the success of Æschylus, and

* [It seems reasonable to expect that a great dramatic poet should without difficulty become a great actor; that he who can feel could express; that he who can excite passion should exhibit with great readiness its external modes; but since experience has fully proved, that of those powers, whatever be their affinity, one may be possessed in a great degree by him who has very little of the other; it must be allowed that they depend upon different faculties, or on different use of the same faculty; that the actor must have a pliancy of mien, a flexibility of countenance, and a variety of tones which the poet may easily be supposed to want; or that the attention of the poet and the player has been differently employed; the one has been considering thought, and the other action; one has watched the heart, and the other contemplated the face.—JOHNSON.]

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the eminence of his latter years was disturbed by the rivalry of Euripides, whom, however, he survived. To Æschylus, who led the van in dramatic enterprise, as he did in the field of Marathon, the sanction of antiquity has ascribed unrivalled power over the realms of astonishment and terror. At his summons, the mysterious and tremendous volume of destiny, in which are inscribed the doom of gods and men, seemed to display its leaves of iron before the appalled spectators; the more than mortal voices of Deities, Titans, and departed Heroes, were heard in awful conference; heaven bowed, and its divinities descended; earth yawned, and gave up the pale spectres of the dead; and the yet more undefined and grisly forms of those infernal deities who struck horror into the gods themselves. All this could only be dared and done by a poet of the highest order, confident, during that early age of enthusiasm, that he addressed an audience prompt to kindle at the heroic scene which he placed before them. It followed almost naturally from his character, that the dramas of Æschylus, though full of terrible interest, should be deficient in grace and softness, that his sublime conciseness should deviate sometimes into harshness and obscurity; that, finding it impossible to sustain himself at the height to which he had ascended, he should sometimes drop, "fluttering his pinions vain," into great inequalities of composition; and, finally that his plots should appear rude and inartificial, contrasted with those of his successors in the dramatic art. Still, however, Æschylus led not only the way in the noble career of the Grecian drama, but outstripped, in point of sublimity at least, those by whom he was followed.

Sophocles, who obtained from his countrymen the title of the *Bee* of Attica, rivalled Æschylus when in the possession of the stage, and obtained the first prize. His success occasioned the veteran's retreat to Sicily, where he died, commanding that his epitaph should make mention of his share in the victory of Marathon, but should contain no allusion to his dramatic excellencies. His more fortunate rival judiciously avoided the dizzy and terrific path which Æschylus had trod with so firm and daring a step. It was the object of Sophocles to move sorrow and compassion, rather than to excite indignation and terror. He studied the progress of action with more attention than Æschylus, and excelled in that modulation of the story by which interest is excited at the beginning of a drama, maintained in its progress, and gratified at its conclusion. His subjects are also of a nature more melancholy and less sublime than those of his predecessors. He loved to paint heroes rather in their forlorn than in their triumphant fortunes, aware that the contrast offered new sources of the pathetic to the author. Sophocles was the most fortunate of the Greek tragedians. He attained the age of ninety-one years; and in his eightieth, to vindicate himself from a charge of mental imbecility, he read to the Judges his "Œdi-

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pus Coloneus," the most beautiful, at least the most perfect, of his tragedies. He survived Euripides, his most formidable rival, of whom, also, we must speak a few words.

It is observed by Schlegel, that the tone of the tragedies of Euripides approaches more nearly to modern taste than to the stern simplicity of his predecessors. The passion of love predominates in his pieces, and he is the first tragedian who paid tribute to that sentiment which has been too exclusively made the moving cause of interest on the modern stage,—the first who sacrificed to

"Cupid, king of gods and men."

The dramatic use of this passion has been purified in modern times, by the introduction of that tone of feeling, which, since the age of Chivalry, has been a principal ingredient in heroic affection. This was unknown to the ancients, in whose society females, generally speaking, held a low and degraded place, from which few individuals emerged, unless those who aspired to the talents and virtues proper to the masculine sex. Women were not forbidden to become competitors for the laurel or oaken crown offered to genius and to patriotism; but antiquity held out no myrtle wreath, as a prize for the domestic virtues peculiar to the female character. Love, therefore, in Euripides, does not always breathe purity of sentiment, but is stained with the mixture of violent and degrading passions. This, however, was the fault of the age, rather than of the poet, although he is generally represented as an enemy of the female sex; and his death was ascribed to a judgment of Venus.

"When blood-hounds met him by the way,
And monsters made the bard their prey."

This great dramatist was less successful than Sophocles in the construction of his plots; and, instead of the happy expedients by which his predecessor introduces us to the business of the drama, he had too often recourse to the mediation of a prologue, who came forth to explain, in detail, the previous history necessary to understand the piece.

Euripides is also accused of having degraded the character of his personages, by admitting more alloy of human weakness, folly, and vice, than was consistent with the high qualities of the heroic age. Æschylus, it was said, transported his audience into a new and more sublime race of beings; Sophocles painted mankind as they ought to be, and Euripides as they actually are. Yet the variety of character introduced by the latter tragedian, and the interest of his tragedies must always attract the modern reader, coloured as they are by a tone of sentiment, and by his knowledge of the business, rules, and habits, of actual life, to which his predecessors, living as they did, in an ima-

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ginary and heroical world of their own, appear to have been strangers. And although the judgment of the ancients assigned the preeminence in tragedy to Æschylus or Sophocles, yet Euripides has been found more popular with posterity than either of his two great predecessors.

The division betwixt tragedy and comedy, for both sprung from the same common origin, the feasts, namely, in honour of Bacchus, and the disguises adopted by his worshippers, seems to have taken place gradually until the jests and frolics, which made a principal part of these revels, were found misplaced when introduced with graver matter, and were made by Susarion, perhaps, the subject of a separate province of the Drama. The Grecian comedy was divided into the ancient, the middle, and the modern, style of composition.

The ancient and original comedy was of a kind which may, at first sight, appear to derogate from the religious purposes which we have pointed out as the foundation of the Drama. The writings under this head frequently turn upon parodies, in which the persons and adventures of those gods and heroes who were the sublime subjects of the tragic Drama, are introduced for the purpose of buffoon-sport, and ridicule, as in Carey's modern farces of "Midas" and the "Golden Pippin." Hercules appears in one of these pieces astonishing his host by an extravagant appetite, which the cook in vain attempts to satiate, by placing before him, in succession, all the various dishes which the ancient kitchen afforded. In another comedy, Bacchus (in whose honour the solemnity was instituted) is brought in only in order to ridicule his extreme cowardice.

At other times, allowing a grotesque fancy its wildest range, the early comic authors introduced upon the stage animals, and even inanimate things, as part of their *dramatis personæ*, and embodied forth on the stage, the fantastic imaginations of Lucian in his "True History." The golden age was represented in the same ridiculous and bizarre mode of description as the "Pays de la Cocagne" of the French minstrels, or the popular ideas of "Lubberland" in England: and the poets furnished kingdoms of birds and worlds in the moon.

Had the only charm of these entertainments consisted in the fantastic display with which the eyes of the spectators were regaled at the expense of the over-excited imagination of the poet, they would soon have fallen into disuse; for the Athenians were too acute and judicious critics, to have been long gratified with mere extravagance. But these grotesque scenes were made the medium for throwing the most bold and daring ridicule upon the measures of the state, upon the opinions of individuals, and upon the religion of the country.

This propensity to turn into ridicule that which is most serious and sacred, had probably its origin in the rude gambols of the silvan deities

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who accompanied Bacchus, and to whose petulant and lively demeanour rude jest was a natural accompaniment. The audience, at least the more ignorant part of them, saw these parodies with pleasure, which equalled the awe they felt at the performance of the tragedies, whose most solemn subjects were thus burlesqued; nor do they appear to have been checked by any sense that their mirth was profane. In fact, when the religion of a nation comes to consist chiefly in the practice of a few unmeaning ceremonies, it is often found that the populace, with whatever inconsistency, assume the liberty of profaning them by grotesque parodies, without losing their reverence for the superstitions which they thus vilify. Customs of a like tendency were common in the middle ages. The festival of the Ass in France, of the Boy-Bishop in England, of the Abbot of Unreason in Scotland,* and many other popular practices of the same kind, exhibited in countries yet Catholic, daring parodies of the most sacred services and ceremonies of the Roman Church. And as these were practised openly, and under authority, without being supposed to shake the people's attachment to the rites which they thus ridiculed, we cannot wonder that similar profanities were well received among the Pagans, whose religion sat very loosely upon them, and who professed no fixed or necessary articles of faith.

It is probable, that, had the old Grecian comedy continued to direct its shafts of ridicule only against the inhabitants of Olympus, it would not have attracted the coercion of the magistracy. But its kingdom was far more extensive, and the poets claiming the privilege of laying their opinions on public affairs before the people in this shape, Cratinus, Eupolis, and particularly Aristophanes, a daring, powerful, and apparently unprincipled writer, converted comedy into an engine for assailing the credit and character of private individuals, as well as the persons and political measures of those who administered the state. The doctrine of philosophy, the power of the magistrate, the genius of the poet, the rites proper to the Deity, were alternately made the subject of the most uncompromising and severe satire. It was soon discovered, that the more directly personal the assault could be made, and the more revered or exalted the personage, the greater was the malignant satisfaction of the audience, who loved to see wisdom, authority, and religious reverence, brought down to their own level, and made subjects of ridicule by the powers of the merciless satirist. The use of the mask enabled Aristophanes to render his satire yet more pointedly personal; for, by forming it so as to imitate, probably with some absurd exaggeration, the features of the object of his ridicule, and by imitating the dress and manner of the original, the player stepped upon

* [See these Saturnalia described in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*,—of the Abbot of Unreason at greater length, and with more of graphic illustration, in the romance of *The Abbot*.]

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the stage, a walking and speaking caricature of the hero of the night, and was usually placed in some ludicrous position, amidst the fanciful and whimsical chimeras with which the scene was peopled.

In this manner, Aristophanes ridiculed with equal freedom Socrates, the wisest of the Athenians, and Cleon, the demagogue, when at the height of his power. As no one durst perform the latter part, for fear of giving offence to one so powerful, the author acted Cleon himself, with his face smeared with the lees of wine. Like the satire of Rabelais, the political and personal invective of Aristophanes was mingled with a plentiful allowance of scurril and indecent jests, which were calculated to ensure a favourable reception from the bulk of the people. He resembles Rabelais, also, in the wild and fanciful fictions which he assumes as the vehicle of his satire; and his comedy of The Birds may even have given hints to Swift, when, in order to contrast the order of existing institutions with those of a Utopian and fantastic fairy land, he carries Gulliver among giants and pigmies. Yet though his indecency, and the offensive and indiscriminate scurrility of his satire, deserve censure; though he merits the blame of the wise for his attack upon Socrates, and of the learned for his repeated and envenomed assaults on Euripides, Aristophanes has nevertheless added one deathless name to the deathless period in which he flourished; and, from the the richness of his fancy, and gaiety of his tone, has deserved the title of the Father of Comedy.* When the style of his sarcasm possessed the rareness of novelty, it was considered of so much importance to the state, that a crown of olive was voted to the poet, as one who had taught Athens the defects of her public men. But unless angels were to write satires, ridicule cannot be considered as the test of truth. The temptation to be witty is just so much the more resistless, that the author knows he will get no thanks for suppressing the jest which rises to his pen. As the public becomes used to his new and piquant fare, fresh characters must be sacrificed for its gratification.

* [However vulgar and even corrupted Aristophanes may have been in his personal inclinations, and however much some of his jokes may have violated the laws of morality and taste, we cannot deny to him, both in the general plan and execution of his poems, the praise of care and the masterly hand of a finished artist. His language is extremely elegant. It displays the purest Atticism, and he accommodates it with the greatest dexterity to every tone, from the most familiar dialogue up to the high elevation of the dithyrambic ode. We cannot doubt that he would have been equally successful in grave poetry when we see the wanton luxuriance with which he sometimes lavishes it for the purpose of immediately destroying the impression. The elegant choice of the language which he generally uses is the more attractive from the contrast occasionally displayed by him; for he not only indulges at times in the rudest expressions of the people, in foreign dialects, and even in the mutilated articulation of the Greek in the mouths of barbarians, but he extends the same arbitrary power, which he exercised over nature and human affairs, to language itself, and by composition, allusion to names of persons, or imitation of particular sounds, produces words of the most singular description. The structure of his versification is not less artificial than that of the tragedian's. He uses the same forms, but differently modified,—his object is ease and variety instead of gravity and dignity, but, amid all this apparent irregularity, he still adheres with great accuracy to the laws of metrical composition.—SCHLEGEL.]

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Recrimination adds commonly to the contest, and those who were at first ridiculed out of mere wantonness of wit, are soon persecuted for resenting the ill usage; until literature resembles an actual personal conflict, where the victory is borne away by the stongest and most savage, who deals the most desperate wounds with the least sympathy for the feeling of his adversary.

The ancient comedy was of a character too licentious to be long tolerated. Two or three decrees having been in vain passed, in order to protect the citizens against libels of this poignant description, the ancient comedy was finally prescribed by that oligarchy, which assumed the sway over Athens, upon the downfall of the popular government towards the end of the Peloponnesian war. By order of these rulers, Anaxander, an actor, was punished capitally, for parodying a line of Euripides, so as to infer a slight of the government. He was starved to death, to which, as an appropriate punishment, the public has since his time often indirectly condemned both actors and dramatists. Aristophanes, who was still alive, bowed to the storm, and relinquished the critical and satirical scourge, which he had hitherto exercised in the combined capacity of satirst, reformer, and reviewer, and the use of the Chorus was prohibited to comic authors, as it seems to have been in their stanzas chiefly that the offensive satire was invested. To this edict Horace alludes in the well-known lines:

> "Successit vetus his comedia, non sine multa
> Laude sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
> Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta: Chorusque
> Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi."*

In the middle comedy, Thalia and her votaries seemed to have retraced their steps, and, avoiding personal satire, resorted once more to general subjects of burlesque raillery. We learn from history, real or fabulous, or from the works of the elder poets, that these plays had the fanciful wildness without the personal satire of the ancient comedy, for the authors were obliged to take care that there was no "offence" in their pleasantry. At most, they only ventured to touch on matters of instant interest in the way of innuendo, under feigned titles and oblique hints, and had no longer the audacity to join men's vices or follies to their names. Aristophanes recast several of his pieces in this manner. But the same food, without the poignant seasoning to which the audience had been accustomed, palled on their taste, and this cast of pieces soon gave place to that which the ancient called the New Comedy, so successfully cultivated by Menander and others.

* The ancient comedy next play'd its part,
Well famed, at first, for spirit and for art;
But liberty o'erleaping decent awe,
Satiric rage required restraint from law.
The edict spoke,—dishonour'd silence bound
The Chorus, and forbade their ancient right to wound.

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Notwithstanding what modern critics have said to the contrary, and particularly the ingenious Schlegel, the new tone which comedy thus assumed, seems more congenial to true taste as well as to public decorum, and even to the peace and security of the community, than that of Aristophanes, whose satiric wit, like a furious bull, charged upon his countrymen without respect or distinction, and tossed and gored whatever he met with in his way.

The new comedy had for its object the ludicrous incidents of private life,—*celebrare domestica facta*, says Horace,—to detail those foibles, follies, and whimsical accidents, which are circumstances material and serious to the agents themselves, but, as very usually happens on the stage of the world, matters only of ludicrous interest to the on-lookers. The new comedy admitted also many incidents of a character not purely ludicrous, and some which, calling forth pathetic emotion, approached more nearly to the character of tragedy than had been admitted in the ancient comedies of Aristophanes, and in this rather resembled what the French have called *Tragédie bourgeoise*. It is scarce necessary to remark, that the line cannot be always distinctly drawn betwixt the subjects which excite mirth and those which call forth sympathy. It often happens that the same incident is at once affecting and ludicrous, or admits of being presented alternately in either point of view. In a Drama, also, which treats of the faults and lighter vices, as well as of the follies of mankind, it is natural that the author should sometimes assume the high tone of the moralist. In these cases, to use the language of Horace, comedy exalts her voice, and the offended father, the pantaloon of the piece, swells into sublimity of language. A pleasant species of composition was thus attained, in which wit and humour were relieved by touches both of sentiment and moral instruction. The new comedy, taken in this enlarged point of view, formed the introduction to the Modern Drama; but it was neither so comprehensive in its plan, nor so various in character and interest.

The form which the Greeks, and in imitation of them the Romans, adopted, for embodying their comic effusions, was neither extended nor artificial. To avoid the charge of assaulting, or perhaps the temptation to attack private persons, the actors in their drama were rather painted as personifications of particular classes of society, than living individual characters. The list of these personages was sufficiently meagre. The principal character, upon whose devices and ingenuity the whole plot usually turns, is the Geta of the piece, a witty, roguish, insinuating, and malignant slave, the confident of a wild and extravagant son, whom he aids in his pious endeavours to cheat a suspicious, severe, and griping father. When to these three are added, a wily courtezan, a procuress, a stolen virgin, who is generally a mute or nearly such, we have all the stock-characters which are proper to the classic co-

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medy. Upon this limited scale of notes the ancients rung their changes, relieving them occasionally, however, by the introduction of a boastful soldier, a boorish clown, or a mild and good-natured old man, to contrast with the irascible Chremes of the piece, the more ordinary representative of old age.

The plot is in general as simple as the cast of the characters. A father loses his child, who falls into the hands of a procuress or slave-merchant. The efforts of the youth, who falls in love with this captive, to ransom her from her captivity, are seconded by the slave, who aids him in the various devices necessary to extort from his father the funds necessary for the purchase, and their tricks form the principal part of the intrigue. When it is necessary that the play shall close, the discovery of the girl's birth takes place, and the young couple are married. The plots are, indeed, sometimes extended or enlarged by additional circumstances, but very seldom by any novelty of character or variety of general form.

It is a necessary consequence, that the ancient comic authors were confined within a very narrow compass. The vast and inexhaustible variety of knavery, folly, affectation, humour, etc. etc., as mingled with each other, or as modified by difference of age, sex, temper, education, profession, and habit of body, are all within the royalty of the modern comic dramatist, and he may summon them up under what limitations, and in what circumstances he pleases, to play their parts in his piece. The ancients were much more limited in their circle of materials, and, perhaps, we must look for the ruling cause, once more, in the great size of their theatres, and to the use of the mask; which, though it easily presented the general or generic character of the personage introduced, was incapable of the endless variety which can be given to ridicule of a more minute, refined, and personal kind, by the flexible organs of a modern actor.

But besides this powerful reason for refraining from any attempt to draw characters distinguished by peculiar habits, there is much reason to think that the mode of life pursued by the ancient Athenians was unfavourable to the formation of whimsical, original, or eccentric characters. Citizens of the same state, they lived in the habits of familiar intercourse with each other, and the differences of ranks did not make the same distinction in taste and manners as in modern Europe. The occupation, also, of Grecian citizens had a uniform and national character. They were all public men, and had a common interest in the management of the state; and it probably followed, that, in men whose thoughts and pursuits were all bent the same way, the same general similitary of manners might be found to exist, which is remarked in those who follow the same profession. The differences of youth and age, of riches and poverty, of good or bad temper, etc.,

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must have been much modified in Attica, where all free citizens were, to a certain degree, on a level,—discussed the same topics of state, and gave their votes in the same popular assemblies,—enjoyed without restriction the same public amusements,—and where the same general cast of manners might descend to the lowest of the citizens, for the very reason that even a poor herb-woman understood the delicacy of the Attic dialect so perfectly, as to distinguish a stranger by the first words he addressed to her.

The Chorus, silenced, as we have seen, owing to the license of the old comedy, made no appendage to that which was substituted in its place. The exhibition of the Grecian comedy did not, in other respects, in so far as we know, materially differ from that of the tragedy. Instead of the choral interludes, the representation was now divided, by intervals of cessation, into acts, as upon the modern stage. And the number *five* seems to have been fixed upon as the most convenient and best adapted for the purposes of representation. The plot, as we have seen, and the distinct and discriminated specification of character, were, in either case, subordinate considerations to the force of style and composition. It follows, of consequence, that we can better understand and enjoy the tragedies than the comedies of the ancients. The circumstances which excite sublime or terrific sensations are the same, notwithstanding the difference of age, country, and language. But comic humour is of a character much more evanescent. The force of wit depends almost entirely upon time, circumstance, and manners; in so much, that a jest which raises inextinguishable laughter in a particular class of society, appears flat or disgusting if uttered in another. It is, therefore, no wonder that the ancient comedy, turning upon manners so far removed from our own time, should appear to us rather dull and inartificial. The nature of the intercourse between the sexes in classic times was also unfavourable for comedy. The coquette, the fine lady, the romp, all those various shades of the female character which occupy so many pleasant scenes on the modern stage, were totally unknown to ancient manners. The wife of the ancient comedy was a mere household drudge, the vassal, not the companion, of an imperious husband. The young woman whose beauty is the acting motive of the intrigue, never evinces the slightest intellectual property of any kind. And the only female character admitting of some vivacity, is that of the courtezan, whose wit as well as her charms appear to have been professional.

After subtracting the large field afforded by female art or caprice, female wit, or folly, or affection, the realm of the ancient comedy will appear much circumscribed; and we have yet to estimate a large deduction to be made on account of the rust of antiquity, and the total change of religion and manners. It is no wonder, therefore, that the

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wit of Plautus and Terence should come forth diminished in weight and substance, after having been subjected to the alembic of modern criticism. That which survives the investigation, however, is of a solid and valuable character. If these Dramas do not entertain us with a display of the specific varieties of character, they often convey maxims evincing a deep knowledge of human passion and feeling; and are so admirably adapted to express, in few and pithy words, truths which it is important to remember, that even the Apostle Paul himself has not disdained to quote a passage from a Grecian dramatist.* The situation, also, of their personages is often truly comic; and the modern writers who have borrowed their ideas, and arranged them according to the taste of their own age, have often been indebted to the ancients for the principal part of their success.

Having dwelt thus long upon the Grecian Drama, we are entitled to treat with conciseness that of Rome, which, like the other fine arts, that people, whose national disposition was much more martial than literary, copied from their more ingenious neighbours.

The Romans were not, indeed, without a sort of rude dramatic representation of their own, of the same nature with that which, as we have already noticed, usually rises in an early period of society. These were called "Fabulæ Atellanæ;" farces, for such they were, which took their name from *Atella*, a town belonging to the Osci in Italy. They were performed by the Roman youth, who used to attack each other with satirical couplets during the intervals of some rude game in which they seem to have represented the characters of fabulous antiquity. But 361 years before the Christian era, the Romans, in the time of a great pestilence, as we learn from Livy, introduced a more regular species of theatrical entertainment, in order to propitiate the deities by a solemn exhibition of public games; after which, what had hitherto been matter of mere frolic and amusement, assumed, according to the historian, the appearance of a professional art; and the Roman youth, who had hitherto appeared as amateur performers, gave up the stage to regular actors.

These plays continued, however, to be of a very rude structure, until the Grecian stage was transplanted to Rome. Livius Andronicus, by birth a Grecian, led the way in this improvement, and is accounted her first dramatist.

Seneca, the philosopher, is the only Roman tragedian whose works have reached our time. His tragedies afford no very favourable specimen of Roman art. They are in the false taste which succeeded the age of Augustus, and debased the style of composition in that of Nero;

* [The maxim "Evil communications corrupt good manners," I Cor. xv. 33., is said to be from Menander.]

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bombastic, tedious, and pedantic; treating, indeed, of Grecian subjects, but not with Grecian art.

By a singular contrast, although we have lost the more valuable tragedies of Rome, we have been compelled to judge of the new Greek comedy, through the medium of the Latin translations. Of Menander we have but few fragments, and our examples of his Drama are derived exclusively from Plautus and Terence. Of these, the former appears the more original, the latter the more elegant author. The comedies of Plautus are much more connected with manners,—much more full of what may be termed drollery and comic situation,—and are believed to exhibit a greater portion of Roman character. The Romans indeed, had two species of comedy, the *Palliata*, where the scene and dress were Grecian; the *Togata* where both were Roman. But besides this distinction, even the *Mantled*, or Grecian comedy, might be more or less of a Roman cast; and Plautus is supposed to have infused a much stronger national tone into his plays than can be traced in those of Terence. They are also of a ruder cast, and more extravagant, retaining, perhaps, a large portion of the rough horse-play peculiar to the *Fabulæ Atellanæ*. Terence, on the contrary, is elegant, refined, and sententious; decorous and regular in the construction of his plots; exhibiting more of wit in his dialogue, than of comic force in his situations; grave often and moral; sometimes even pathetic; and furnishing, upon the whole, the most perfect specimens of the Grecian comedy, both in action and character.

The alterations which the Romans made in the practice of the theatrical art do not seem to have been of great consequence. One circumstance, however, deserves notice. The orchestra, or, as we should say, the pit of the theatre, was no longer left vacant for the occasional occupation of the Chorus, but was filled with the senators, knights, and other more respectable citizens. The stage was thus brought more near to the eye of the higher class of the audience. It would also seem that the theatres were smaller, for we read of two so constructed, that each turned upon a pivot, so that, when placed back to back, they were separate theatres, yet were capable of being wheeled round, with all the audience, so as to bring their oblong ends together, then forming a single amphitheatre, in which the games of the circus succeeded to dramatic representation. It is not easy to conceive the existence of such a machinery; but the story, at any rate, seems to show, that their theatres must have been greatly smaller than those of Greece, to admit the supposition of such an evolution as being in any degree practicable. This diminution in the size of the house, and the occupation of the orchestra by the most dignified part of the audience, may have afforded a reason why masks were, at least occasionally, disused on the Roman stage. That they were sometimes disused is certain; for Cicero

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mentions Roscius Gallus as using a mask to conceal a deformity arising from the inequality of his eyes, which implies plainly that other comedians played with their faces disclosed. It is therefore probable, that the imperfections of the mask were felt, so soon as the distance was diminished between the performer and the spectators; and we may hazard a conjecture that this disguise was first laid aside in the smaller theatres.

But the principal change introduced by the Romans into the Drama, and which continues to affect it in every country of Europe, respected the *status* or rank of the actors in society. We have seen that Athens, enthusiastic in her attachment to the fine arts, held no circumstances degrading which were connected with them. Æschylus and Sophocles were soldiers and statesmen, yet lost nothing in the opinion of their countrymen, by appearing on the public stage. Euripides, who was also a person of consequence, proved that "love esteems no office mean;" for he danced in a female disguise in his own Drama, and that not as the Princess Nauticlea, but as one of her handmaidens, or, in modern phrase, as a *figurante*. The Grecians, therefore, attached no dishonour to the person of the actor, nor esteemed that he who contributed to giving the amusement of the theatre, was at all degraded beneath those who received it. It was otherwise in Rome. The contempt which the Romans entertained for players might be founded partly upon their confounding this elegant amusement with the games of the Circus and amphitheatre, performed by gladiators and slaves, the meanest, in short, of mankind. Hence, to use the words of St Augustin, "the ancient Romans, accounting the art of stage-playing and the whole scene infamous, ordained that this sort of men should not only want the honour of other citizens, but also be disfranchised and thrust out of their tribe, by a legal and disgraceful censure, which the censors were to execute; because they would not suffer their vulgar sort of people, much less their senators, to be defamed, disgraced, or defiled with stage-players;" which act of theirs he styles "an excellent true Roman prudence, to be enumerated among the Roman's praises."

Accordingly, an edict of the prætor stigmatized as infamous all who appeared on the stage, either to speak or act; but it is remarkable that from this general proscription the Roman youth were excepted; and they continued to enact the *Fabulæ Atellanæ*, namely, the farces or drolleries of ancient Italian origin, without incurring any stigma. This exception seems to indicate, that the edict originated in the national pride of the Romans, and their contempt for Grecian literature, and for foreigners of every description. Under any other view it is impossible they should have preferred the actors in these coarse farces, who, by the by, are supposed to have been the originals of no less persons than

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Harlequin and Punchinello, to those who possessed taste and talents sufficient to execute the masterly scenes borrowed from the Grecian Drama.

Injustice, however,—and we call that law unjust which devotes to general infamy any profession of which it nevertheless tolerates the practice,—is usually inconsistent. Several individual play-actors in Rome rose to high public esteem, and to the enjoyment of great wealth. Roscius was the friend and companion of Piso and of Sylla, and, what was still more to his credit, of Cicero himself, who thus eulogises the scenic art, while commemorating the merits of his deceased friend :—"Quis nostrum tam animo agresti ac duro fuit, ut Roscii morte nuper non commoveretur; qui quum esset senex mortuus, tamen, propter excellentem artem ac venustatem, videbatur omnino mori non debuisse?"*

Paris, another Roman actor, reached a height of celebrity as distinguished as Roscius, and exercised, as many of his profession have since done, an arbitrary authority over the unfortunate dramatic authors. It is recorded by the satirist, that Statius the epic poet might have starved, had he not given up to this favourite of the public, upon his own terms doubtless, the manuscript of an unacted performance. Paris was put to death by Domitian out of jealousy.

If the actors rose to be persons of importance in Rome, the dramatic critics were not less so. They had formed a code of laws for the regulation of dramatic authors, to which the great names of Aristôtle and Horace both contributed their authority. But these will be more properly treated of when we come to mention the adoption of the ancient regulations by the French stage.

Having thus gone hastily through some account of the ancient stage, from its rise in Greece to its transportation to Rome, we have only to notice the circumstances under which it expired.

Christianity from its first origin was inimical to the institution of the stage. The Fathers of the Church inveigh against the profaneness and immodesty of the theatre. In the treatise of Tertullian, "De Spectaculis," he has written expressly upon the subject. The various authorities on this head have been collected and quoted by the enemies of the stage, from Prynne down to Collier. It ought, however, to be noticed, that their exprobration of the theatre is founded, first, upon its origin, as connected with heathen superstition; and secondly, on the beastly and abominable license practised in the pantomimes, which, although they made no part of the regular Drama, were presented

* ["Is there any one so rude and callous as not to have grieved, the other day, for the death of Roscius; who died old, indeed, but in the possession of such powers in his art, that one might be pardoned for thinking he should never die?"]

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nevertheless in the same place, and before the same audience. "We avoid your shows and games," says Tertullian, "because we doubt the warrant of their origin. They savour of superstition and idolatry, and we dislike the entertainment, as abhorring the heathen religion on which it is founded." In another place he observes, the temples were united to theatres, in order that superstition might patronise debauchery, and that they were dedicated to Bacchus and to Venus, the confederate deities of lust and intemperance.

It was not only the connexion of the theatre with heathen superstition, that offended the primitive church; but also the profligacy of some of the entertainments which were exhibited. There cannot be much objected to the regular Roman Dramas in this particular, since even Mr Collier allows them to be more decorous than the British stage of his own time; but, as we have already hinted, in the "Ludi Scenici," the intrigues of the gods and the heroes were represented upon the stage with the utmost grossness. These obscene and scandalous performances thus far coincided with the Drama, that they were acted in the same theatres, and in honour of the same deities, and both were subjected to the same sweeping condemnation. They were not, however, absolutely or formally abolished, even when Christianity became the religion of the state. Tertullian and St Austin both speak of the scenic representations of their own day, under the distinct characters of tragedy and comedy; and although condemned by the church, and abhorred by the more strict Christians, there is little doubt that the ancient theatre continued to exist, until it was buried under the ruins of the Roman Empire.

Compare Chapters in Hallam Lit. XV. XVI. XVII. Conclusion.

MODERN DRAMA.

The same propensity to fictitious personification, which we have remarked as common to all countries, introduced, during the dark ages, a rude species of Drama into most of the nations of Europe. Like the first effort of the ancients in that art, it had its foundation in religion; with this great difference, that as the rites of Bacchus before, and even after the improvements introduced by Thespis, were well enough suited to the worship of such a deity, the religious Dramas, mysteries, or whatever other name they assumed, were often so unworthy of the Christian religion on which they were founded, that their being tolerated can be attributed only to the gross ignorance of the laity, and the cunning of the Catholic priesthood, who used them, with other idle and sometimes indecorous solemnities, as one means of amusing the people's minds, and detaining them in contented bondage to their spiritual superiors.

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In the Empire of the East, religious exhibitions of a theatrical character appear to have been instituted about the year 990, by Theophylact, patriarch of Constantinople, with the intention (Warton surmises) of weaning the minds of the people from the Pagan revels, by substituting Christian spectacles, partaking of the same spirit of license. His contemporaries give him little credit for his good intentions. "Theophylact," says Cedrenus, as translated by Warton, "introduced the practice, which prevails to this day, of scandalizing God and the memory of his saints, on the most splendid and popular festivals, by indecent and ridiculous songs, and enormous shoutings, even in the midst of those sacred hymns which we ought to offer to divine grace for the salvation of our souls. But he having collected a company of base fellows, and placing over them one Euthynicus surnamed Casnes, whom he also appointed the superintendent of his church, admitted into the sacred service diabolical dances, exclamations of ribaldry, and ballads borrowed from the streets and brothels."—The irregularities of the Greek clergy, who, on certain holidays, personated feigned characters, and entered even the choir in masquerade, are elsewhere mentioned. (Warton's "History of English Poetry," vol. ii., p. 370.) These passages do not prove that actual mysteries or sacred Dramas were enacted on such occasions; but probably the indecent revels alluded to bore the same relation to such representations, as the original rites of Bacchus to the more refined exhibitions of Thespis and Susarion.

There has been some dispute among theatrical antiquaries, in which country of Europe dramatic representations of a religious kind first appeared. The liberal and ingenious editor* of the "Chester Mysteries" has well remarked (in his introduction to that curious and beautiful volume), that a difficulty must always attend the enquiry, from the doubts that exist, whether the earliest recorded performances of each country were merely pantomimes, or were accompanied with dialogue.

The practice of processions and pageants with music, in which characters, chiefly of sacred writ, were presented before the public, is so immediately connected with that of speaking exhibitions, that it is difficult to discriminate the one from the other.

We are tempted to look first to Italy; as it is natural that the tragic art should have revived in that country in which it was last exercised, and where traditions, and perhaps some faint traces, of its existence were still preserved.

"The first speaking sacred Dramas," says Mr Walker, "was 'Della Passione di nostro Signore Gesu Christo,' by Giuliano Dati,

* [The author's friend, James H. Markland, Esq. of the Temple.]

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Bishop of San Leo, who flourished about the year 1445." (Walker's "Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy," p. 6.) This elegant author does, indeed, show that Italian scholars, and particularly Mussato, the Paduan historian, had composed two Latin Dramas upon something like the classical model, about the year 1300. Yet, although his play upon the tyranny and death of Ezzlino obtained him both reputation and honour, it does not appear to have been composed for representation on the stage, but rather to have been a dramatic poem, since the progress of the piece is often interrupted by the poet speaking in his own person.

The French Drama is traced by M. Le Grand as high as the thirteenth century; and he has produced one curious example of a pastoral, entitled, "Un Jeu." He mentions also a farce, two devotional pieces, and two moralities, to each of which he ascribes the same title. It may be suspected, that these are only dialogues recited by the travelling minstrels and troubadours; such as Petrarch acknowledges having sometimes composed for the benefit of the strolling musicians. Such were probably the spectacles exhibited by Philip the Fair in 1313, in celebration of the honour of knighthood conferred on his children. Riccoboni, anxious for the honour of Italy, denies to these amusements the character of a legitimate Drama; with what justice we have no information that can enable us to decide.

Amidst this uncertainty, it is not unpleasant to record the fair claim which Britain possesses to be one of the earliest, if not the very first nation in which dramatic representation seems to have been revived. The "Chester Mysteries," called the *Whitsun Plays*, appear to have been performed during the mayoralty of John Arneway, who filled that office in Chester from 1268 to 1276. The very curious specimen of these Mysteries, which has been of late printed for private distribution by Mr Markland of the Temple, furnishes us with the banns, or proclamation, containing the history and character of the pageants which it announces.

"Reverende lordes and ladyes all,
That at this tyme here assembled bee,
By this messuage understande you shall,
That sometymes there was mayor of this citie,
Sir John Arnway, Knyghte, who most worthilye
Contented himselfe to sett out an playe
The devise of one Dane Randal, moonke of Chester Abbey.

"This moonke, moonke-like in scriptures well seene,
In storyes travelled with the best sorte;
In pagentes set fourth, apparently to all eyne,
The Olde and Newe Testament with livelye comforte;
Intermynglinge therewith, onely to make sporte,
Some things not warranted by any writt,
Which to gladd the hearers he woulde men to take yt.

"This matter he abrevited into playes twenty-foure,
And every playe of the matter gave but a taste,
Leavinge for better learninge circumstances to accomplishe,

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For his proceedinges maye appeare to be in haste:
Yet all together unprofitable his labour he did not waste,
For at this daye, and ever, he deserveth the fame
Which all moonkes deserve professinge that name.

"This worthy Knyghte Arnway, then mayor of this citie,
This order toke, as declare to you I shall,
That by twentye-fower occupations, artes, craftes, or misteries,
These pagentes shoulde be played after breeffe rehearsall;
For every pagente a cariage to be provyded withall,
In which sorte we purpose this Whitsontyde,
Our pagentes into three partes to devyde.
1. Now yon worshippful TANNERS that of custome olde
The fall of Lucifer did set out,
Some writers awarraunte your matter, therefore be bouldе
Lustelye to playe the same to all the rowtte:
And yf any thereof stand in any doubte,
Your author his author hath, your shewe let bee,
Good speech, fyne players, with apparill comelye."
(*Chester Mysteries.*)

Such were the celebrated "Mysteries of Chester." To Mr Markland's extracts from them is prefixed a curious dissertation upon their age and author; and the subject has received yet further and most interesting illustration from a learned antiquarian dissertation on the subject by Thomas Sharpe, Esq., published at Coventry, in 1825. They were so highly popular as to be ranked in the estimation of the vulgar with the ballads of Robin Hood; for a character in one of the old moralities is introduced as boasting,

"I can rhimes of Robin Hood, and Randal of Chester,
But of our Lord and our Lady I can nought at all."

The poetical value of these Mysteries is never considerable, though they are to be found among the dramatic antiquities of all parts of Europe. It was, however, soon discovered that the purity of the Christian religion was inconsistent with these rude games, in which passages from Scripture were profanely and indecently mingled with human inventions of a very rude, and sometimes an indecorous character. To the Mysteries, therefore, succeeded the Moralities, a species of dramatic exercise, which involved more art and ingenuity, and was besides much more proper for a public amusement, than the imitations or rather parodies of Sacred History, which had hitherto entertained the public.

These Moralities bear some analogy to the old or original comedy of the ancients. They were often founded upon allegorical subjects, and almost always bore a close and poignant allusion to the incidents of the day. Public reformation was their avowed object, and, of course, satire was frequently the implement which they employed. Dr Percy, however, remarks that they were of two characters, serious and ludicrous; the one approaching to the tragedy, the other to the comedy

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of classical times; so that they brought taste as it were to the threshold of the real Drama. The difference betwixt the Catholic and reformed religion was fiercely disputed in some of these Dramas; and in Scotland, in particular, a mortal blow was aimed at the superstitions of the Roman Church, by the celebrated Sir David Lindsay, in a play or Morality acted in 1539, and entitled "The Satire of the Three Estates."* The objects of this Drama were entirely political, although it is mixed with some comic scenes, and introduced by an interlude, in coarseness altogether unmatched. The spirit of Aristophanes, in all its good and evil, seems to have actuated the Scottish King-at-arms. It is a singular proof of the liberty allowed to such representations at the period, that James V. and his queen repeatedly witnessed a piece, in which the corruptions of the existing government and religion were treated with such satirical severity. The play, as acted, seems to have differed in some respect from the state in which it exists in manuscript.

In a letter to the Lord Privy Seal of England, dated 26th January, 1540, SIR WILLIAM EURE (ENVOY FROM HENRY VIII.) gives the following account of the play, as it had then been performed:

"In the feast of Ephiphanie at Lightgowe, before the king, queene, and the whole counsaile, spirituall and temporall.—In the firste entres come in SOLACE (whose parte was but to make mery, sing ballets with his fellowes, and drink at the interluydes of the play), whoe showed firste to all the audience the play to be played. Next come in a king, who passed to his throne, having nae speche to thende of the play, and then to ratify and approve, as in Parliament, all things done by the rest of the players, which represented THE THREE ESTATES. With him came his cortiers, PLACEBO, PICTHANK, and FLATTERYE, and sic alike gard; one swering he was the lustiest, starkeste, best proportionit, and most valyeant man that ever was; ane other swore he was the beste with longbowe, crosse bowe, and culverin, and so fourth. Thairafter there come a man armed in harneys, with a swerde drawn in his hande, a BUSHOP, a BURGES-MAN, and EXPERIENCE, clede like a DOCTOR: who set them all down on the deis under the KING. After them come a POOR MAN, who did go up and down the scaffolde, making a hevie complainte that he was hereyet, throw the courtiers taking his fewe in one place, and his tackes in another; wherthrough he had sceyled his house, his wife and childrene beggyng thair brede, and so of many thousands in Scotland; saying thair was no remedy to be gotten, as he was neither acquainted with controller nor treasurer. And then he looked to the King, and said he was not King in Scotland, for there was ane other King in Scotland that hanged JOHNE ARMSTRANG, with his fellowes, SYM THE LAIRD, and mony other mae; but he had lefte ane thing undone. Then he made a long narracione of the oppression of the poor, by the taking of the corse-presaunte beists, and of the herrying of poor men by the consistorye lawe, and of many other abusions of the SPIRITUALITIE and Church. Then the BUSHOP raise and rebuked him. Then the MAN OF ARMES alledged the contraire, and commanded the poor man to go on. The poor man proceeds with a long list of the bushop's evil practices, the vices of cloisters, &c. This proved by EXPERIENCE, who, from a New Testament, shows the office of a bushop. The MAN OF ARMES and the BURGES approve of all that was said against the clergy, and alledge the expediency of a reform, with the consent of Parliament. The BUSHOP dissents. The MAN OF ARMES and the BURGES said they were two, and he but one, wherefore their voice should have most effect. Thereafter the King, in the play, ratified, approved, and confirmed all that was rehersed."

The other nations of Europe, as well as England, had their Mysteries and Moralities. In France, Boileau, following Menestrier,

* [Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaits, made in commendation of Vertew and Vituperation of Vyce. Edinb. Robert Charteris, 1602 and 1604, Printed in various editions of Sir David Lindsay's Works, and contained in the learned and accurate edition, with Life of the Author, Annotations, and Glossary. By George Chalmers, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 1806.]

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imputes the introduction of these spectacles to travelling bands of pilgrims.

> Chez nos devots ayeux, le théâtre abhorré
> Fut long-temps dans la France un plaisir ignoré:
> Des pélerins, dit-on, une troupe grossière
> En public à Paris y monta la première:
> Et sottement zélée, en sa simplicité
> Joua les saints, la Vierge, et Dieu par piété
> *L'Art Poétique*, Chant iii.

In Spain the "Autos Sacramentales," which are analogous to the Mysteries of the middle ages, are still presented without shocking a nation whose zeal is stronger than their taste; and, it is believed, such rude and wild plays, founded on Scripture, are also occasionally acted in Flanders. In the "History of the Council of Constance," we find that Mysteries were introduced into Germany by the English, about 1417, and were first performed to welcome the Emperor Sigismund, on his return from England; and, from the choice of the subjects, we should almost suppose, that they had transferred to that country the "Chester Mysteries" themselves. "Les Anglois," says the historian, "se signalèrent entre les autres par un spectacle nouveau, ou au moins inusité jusques alors en Allemagne. Ce fut une comédie sacrée que les Evêques Anglois firent représenter, devant l'Empereur, le Dimanche 13 de Janvier, sur le Massacre des Innocens." Hist. du Concile de Constance, par l'Enfant, lib. v.) The character of these rude dramatic essays renders them rather subjects for the antiquary, than a part of a history of the regular dramatic art.

We may also pass over, with brief notice, the Latin plays which, upon the revival of letters, many of the learned composed, in express imitation of the ancient Grecian and Roman productions. We have mentioned those of Mussato, who was followed by the more celebrated Cararo, in the path which he had opened to fame. In other countries the same example was followed. These learned prolusions, however, were only addressed to persons of letters, then a very circumscribed circle, and, when acted at all, were presented at universities or courts on solemn public occasions. They form no step in the history of the Drama, unless that, by familiarising the learned with the form and rules of the ancient classical Drama, they gradually paved the way for the adoption of similar regulations into the revived vernacular Drama, which, adopted by Italy and France, and rejected by Britain, Spain, and other countries, has formed a frequent subject of debate amongst dramatic critics.

While the learned laboured to revive the Classical Drama in all its purity, the public at large, to which the treasures of the learned languages were as a fountain sealed, became addicted to a species of representation which properly neither fell under the denomination of comedy or tragedy, but was named History or Historical Drama. Charles Vera

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who, about 1492, composed a Drama of this sort, in Latin, upon the expulsion of the Moors from Granada, claims, for this production, a total emancipation from the rules of dramatic criticism.

> Requirat autem nullus hic comediæ
> Leges ut observantur aut tragediæ;
> Agenda nempe est HISTORIA, non fabula.

"Let none expect that in this piece the rules of comedy or of tragedy should be observed; we mean to act a history, not a fable." From this expression it would seem, that, in Historical Drama, the author did not think himself entitled to compress or alter the incidents as when the plot was fabulous, but was bound, to a certain extent, to conform to the actual course of events. In these histories, the subject often comprehended the life and death of a monarch, or some other period of history, containing several years of actual time, which, nevertheless, were made to pass before the eyes of the audience during the two or three hours usually allotted for the action of a play. It is not to be supposed that, with so fair a field open before them, and the applause of the audience for their reward, the authors of these histories should long have confined themselves to the matter-of-fact contained in records. They speedily innovated or added to their dramatic chronicles, without regard to the real history. To those who plead for stage-plays, that they elucidate and explain many dark and obscure histories, and fix the facts firmly in the minds of the audience, of which they had otherwise but an imperfect apprehension, the stern Prynne replies with great scorn, "that play-poets do not explain but sophisticate and deform good histories, with many false varnishes and playhouse feoleries;" and that "the histories are more accurately to be learned in the original authors who record them, than in derivative playhouse pamphlets, which corrupt them." Prynne's *Histrio-Mastix*, p. 940.

The dramatic chronicles, therefore, were a field in which the genius of the poet laboured to supply by character, sentiment, and incident, the meagre detail of the historian. They became so popular in England, that, during the short interval betwixt the revival of the stage and the appearance of Shakespeare, the most part of the English monarchs had lived and died upon the stage; and it is well-known, that almost all his historical plays were new written by him, upon the plan of old dramatic chronicles which already existed.

But the miscellaneous audience which crowded to the vernacular theatre at its revival in Europe, were of that rank and intellect which is apt to become tired of a serious subject, and to demand that a lamentable tragedy should be intermingled with very pleasant mirth. The poets, obliged to cater for all tastes, seldom failed to insert the humours of some comic character, that the low or grotesque scenes in which he was engaged, might serve as a relief to the graver passages of the

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Drama, and gratify the taste of those spectators who, like Christophero Sly, tired until the fool came on the stage again. Hence Sir Philip Sidney's censure on these dramatists, "how all their plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings with clowns; not because the matter so carrieth it, but to thrust in the clown, by head and shoulders, to play a part in magestical matters, with neither decency nor discretion, so that neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulness, is by their mongrel tragic-comedy attained." (Defence of Poesie, Sidney's Arcadia, edit. 1627, p. 563.) "If we mark them well," he concludes, "funerals and hornpipes seldom match daintily together."

The historical plays led naturally into another class, which may be called Romantic Dramas, founded upon popular poems or fictitious narratives, as the former were on real history. Some of these were borrowed from foreign nations, ready dramatised to the hand of the borrower; others were founded on the plots which occurred in the almost innumerable novels and romances which we had made our own by translation. "I may boldly say it," says Gosson, a recreant playwright who attacked his former profession, "because I have seen it, that the "Palace of Pleasure," the "Golden Asse," the "Ethiopian History," "Amadis of France," the "Round Table," "Bawdie Comedies in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish," have been thoroughly ransacked to furnish the playhouse in London. But it was not to be supposed that the authors would confine themselves to stricter rules in pieces founded upon Italian and Spanish novels, or upon romances of chivalry, than they had acted upon in the histories. Every circumstance which tended to loosen the reins of theatrical discipline, in the one case, existed in the other; and, accordingly, comedies of intrigue, and tragedies of action and show, everywhere superseded, at least in popular estimation, the severe and simple model of the Classical Drama.

It happened that in England and Spain, in particular, the species of composition which was independent of critical regulation was supported by the most brilliant display of genius. Lopez de Vega and Calderon rushed on the stage with their hasty and high-coloured, but glowing productions, fresh from the mint of imagination, and scorning that the cold art of criticism should weigh them in her balance. The taste of the Spaniards has been proverbially inclined to the wild, the romantic, and the chivalrous; and the audience of their bards would not have parted with one striking scene, however inartificially introduced, to have gained for their favourites the praise of Aristotle and all his commentators. Lopez de Vega himself was not ignorant of critical rules; but he pleads the taste of his countrymen as an apology for

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neglecting those restrictions which he had observed in his earlier studies.

> "Yet true it is I too have written plays,
> The wiser few, who judge with skill, might praise;
> But when I see how show and nonsense draws
> The crowd's, and, more than all, the fair's applause;
> Who still are forward with indulgent rage
> To sanction every monster of the stage;
> I, doom'd to write the public taste to hit,
> Resume the barbarous dress 'twas vain to quit;
> I lock up every rule before I write,
> Plautus and Terence banish from my sight,
> Lest rage should teach these injured wits to join,
> And their dumb books cry shame on works like mine.
> To vulgar standards, then, I frame my play,
> Writing at ease; for, since the public pay,
> 'Tis just, methinks, we by their compass steer,
> And write the nonsense that they love to hear."
>
> LORD HOLLAND'S *Life of Lope de Vega*, p. 103.

The Spanish comedies of intrigue also went astray, as far as their romantic tragedies, from the classical path. In fact, these new representations were infinitely more captivating from their vivacity, novelty, and, above all, from their reflecting the actual spirit of the time, and holding the mirror up to nature, than the cold imitations which the learned wrote in emulation of the Classic Drama. The one class are existing and living pictures of the times in which the authors lived; the others, the cold resurrection of the lifeless corpses which had long slumbered in the tomb of antiquity. The spirit of Chivalry, which so long lingered in Spain, breathes through the wild and often extravagant genius of her poets. The hero is brave and loyal, and true to his mistress:

> A knight of love, who never broke a vow.

Lovers of this description, in whose mind the sexual passion is sublimated into high and romantic feeling, make a noble contrast with the coarse and licentious Greek and Roman, whose passion turns only on the difficulty of purchasing his mistress's person, but who never conceives the slightest apprehension concerning the state of her affections.

That the crowd might have their loud laugh, a *graziοso*, or clown, usually a servant of the hero, is in the Spanish Drama uniformly introduced to make sport. Like Kemp or Tarleton, famous in the clown's part before the time of Shakspeare, this personage was permitted to fill up his part with extemporary jesting, not only on the performers, but with the audience. This irregularity, with others, seems to have been borrowed by the English stage from that of Spain, and is the license which Hamlet condemns in his instructions to the players: "And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the

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meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered;—that's villanous; and shows the most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

The bald simplicity of the ancient plots was, in like manner, contrasted to disadvantage with the intricacies, involutions, suspense, and bustle of Spanish intrigue upon the stage. Hence the boast of one of their poets, thus translated by Lord Holland:

> "Invention, interest, sprightly turns in plays,
> Say what they will, are Spain's peculiar praise;
> Hers are the plots which strict attention seize,
> Full of intrigue, and yet disclosed with ease.
> Hence acts and scenes her fertile stage affords,
> Unknown, unrivall'd, on the foreign boards."
>
> *Life of Lope de Vega*, p. 106.

While we admire the richness of fancy displayed in the Spanish pieces, it is impossible, in an age of refinement, to avoid being shocked by their wilful and extravagant neglect of every thing which can add probability to the action of their Drama. But the apology for this license is well pleaded by Lord Holland.

"Without dwelling on the expulsion of the Chorus (a most uncatural and inconvenient machine), the moderns, by admitting a complication of plot, have introduced a greater variety of incidents and character. The province of invention is enlarged; new passions, or at least new forms of the same passions, are brought within the scope of dramatic poetry. Fresh sources of interest are opened, and additional powers of imagination called into activity. Can we then deny what extends its jurisdiction, and enhances its interest, to be an improvement in an art whose professed object is to stir the passions by the imitation of human actions? In saying this, I do not mean to justify the breach of decorum, the neglect of probability, the anachronisms and other extravagances of the founders of the modern theatre. Because the first disciples of the school were not models of perfection, it does not follow that the fundamental maxims were defective. The rudeness of their workmanship is no proof of the inferiority of the material; nor does the want of skill deprive them of the merit of having discovered the mine. The faults objected to them form no necessary part of the system they introduced. Their followers in every country have either completely corrected or gradually reformed such abuses. Those who bow not implicitly to the authority of Aristotle, yet avoid such violent outrages as are common in our early plays. And those who pique themselves on the strict observance of his laws, betray, in the conduct, the sentiments, the characters, and the dialogue of their pieces (especially of their comedies), more resemblance to the modern than the ancient theatre; their code may be Grecian, but their manners, in spite of themselves, are Spanish, English, or French. They may renounce their pedigree, and even change their dress, but they cannot divest their features of a certain family-likeness to their poetical progenitors."

In France the irregularities of the revived Drama were of a lower complexion; for, until her stage was refined by Corneille, and brought under its present strict *régime*, it was adorned by but little talent; a circumstance which, amongst others, may account for the ease with which she subjected herself to critical rules, and assumed the yoke of Aristotle. Until she submitted to the Grecian forms and restrictions, there is but little interesting in the history of her stage.

England adopted the historical and romantic Drama with ardour, and in a state scarce more limited by rules than that of Spain herself. Her writers seem early to have ransacked Spanish literature; for the union of the countries during the short reign of Mary, nay even their

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wars under Elizabeth and Philip, made them acquainted with each other. The Spaniards had the start in the revival of the Drama. "Ferrex and Porrex," our earliest tragedy, was first presented in 1561; and, "Gammer Gurton's Needle," our first comedy, in 1575; whereas Lopez de Vega (who was not by any means the earliest Spanish dramatist) died in 1562, leaving the stage stocked with his innumerable productions, to which his contemporaries had not failed to add their share. Thus, so soon as the stage of Britain was so far advanced as to be in a capacity of borrowing, that of Spain offered a fund to which her authors could have recourse; and, in fact, the Spanish Drama continued to be a mine in which the British poets collected materials, often without acknowledgment, during all the earlier part of her dramatic history. From this source, as well as from the partialities of the audience, arose that early attempt at show and spectacle, at combats and marvellous incidents, which, though with very poor means of representation, our early dramatic poets loved to produce at the Bull or the Fortune playhouses. The extravagance of their plots, and the poor efforts by which they endeavoured to represent show and procession, did not escape the censure of Sir Philip Sydney, who, leaning to the critical reformation which was already taking place in Italy, would gladly have seen our stage reduced to a more classical model.

"It is faultie," says that gallant knight, "both in place and time, the two necessarie companions of all corporall actions. For the stage should alway present but one place; and the uttermost time presupposed in it should bee, both by Aristotle's precept, and common reason, but one day; there are both many dayes and many places inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorbodukе*, how much more is all the rest? where you shall have *Asia* of the one side, and *Affricke* of the other, and so many other under kingdomes, that the plair when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where hee is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walke to gather flowers, and then wee must beleeve the stage to be a garden. By and by wee heare newes of shipwrecke in the same place, then wee are to blame if we accept it not for a rocke. Upon the backe of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, two armies flie in, represented with some five or six swordes and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now of time they are much more liberall; for ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love. After many traverses shee is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres space; which how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine, and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in *Italy* will not err in.'

Italy, referred to by Sir Philip Sidney, as the cradle of the reformed Drama, had had her own age of liberty and confusion; her mysteries, her moralities, her historical, and her romantic Dramas. But the taste for the ancient and classical stage was still rooted in the country where it had flourished, and Trissino is acknowledged as the father of the regular Drama. The *Sophonisba* of this learned prelate is praised by Voltaire as the first regular tragedy which Europe had seen after so many ages of barbarism. Pope has added his tribute.

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When learning, after the long Gothic night,
Fair o'er the western world renew'd its light,
With arts arising, Sophonisba rose,
The tragic muse returning wept her woes;
With her the Italian scene first learn'd to glow,
And the first tears for her were taught to flow."

This tragedy was represented at Rome in the year 1515. The Greek model is severely observed, and the author has encumbered his scene with a Chorus. It has some poetic beauties, and is well calculated to recommend the new or rather revived system on which it was written. "La Rosmonda" of Ruçelleri was written about the same time with "Sophonisba;" and, after these pieces, tragi-comedies, histories, and romantic Dramas were discarded, and succeeded by tragedies upon a regular classical model; written in verse, having five acts, and generally a Chorus.

Notwithstanding their rigorous attention to the ancient model, the modern tragic poets of Italy have not been very successful in arresting the attention of their countrymen. They are praised rather than followed; and the stern and unbending composition of Alfieri, while it has given a tone of rude and stoical dignity to his Dramas, has failed in rendering them attractive. They frequently please in the closet; but the audience of modern day requires to be kept awake by something more active, more bustling, more deeply interesting, than the lessons of the schools; and a poet of high fancy has written in some measure in vain, because he has mistaken the spirit of his age. The tragic actors also, whatever excellence they may attain to in their art, do not attract the same consideration, attention, and respect, as in France or England; and they who are the direct authors of a pleasure so nearly connected with our noblest and best feelings, occupy a rank subordinate to the performers at the opera.

It is only as a modification of the Drama, that we here propose to touch upon that entertainment of Italian growth, but known by importation in every civilized kingdom of Europe. These kingdoms have often rivalled each other in the rewards held forth to musical performers, and encouraged their merit by a degree of profusion, which has had the effect of rendering the professors petulant, capricious, and unmanageable. Their high emoluments are not granted, or their caprices submitted to, without a degree of pleasure in some degree corresponding to the expense and the sufferance; and it is in vain for the admirers of the legitimate Drama to pretend that such is not obtained. Voltaire has with more justice confessed, that probably the best imitation of the ancient stage was to be found in the Italian tragic opera. The recitative resembled the musical declamation of the Athenians, and the choruses, which are frequently introduced, when properly com-

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bined with the subject, approach to those of the Greeks, as forming a contrast, by the airs which they execute, to the recitative, or modulated dialogue of the scene. Voltaire instances the tragic operas of Metastasio in particular, as approaching in beauty of diction, and truth of sentiment, near to the ancient simplicity; and finds an apology even for the detached airs (so fatal to probability), in the beauty of the poetry and the perfection of the music. And although, as a critic and man of cultivated taste, this author prefers the regular, noble, and severe beauties of the classic stage, to the effeminate and meretricious charms of the opera, still he concludes, that, with all its defects, the sort of enchantment which results from the brilliant intermixture of scenery, chorus, dancing, music, dress, and decoration, subjects even the genius of criticism; and that the most sublime tragedy, and most artful comedy, will not be so frequently revisited by the same individual as an indifferent opera. We may add the experience of London to the testimony of this great critic; and, indeed, were it possible that actors could frequently be procured, possessed of the powers of action and of voice, which were united in Grassini, it would be impossible to deny to the opera the praise of being an amusement as exquisite in point of taste, as fascinating from show and music. But as the musical parts of the entertainment are predominant, every thing else has been too often sacrificed to the caprice of a composer, wholly ignorant in every art save his own; and the mean and paltry dialogue, which is used as a vehicle for the music, is become proverbial to express nonsense and inanity.

The Italian comedy, as well as their tragedy, boasts its regular descent from classical times. Like the comedy of Menander, it introduces *dramatis personæ*, whose characters are never varied, and some of whom are supposed to be directly descended from the ancient *Mimi* of the Atellanian fables. Such an origin is claimed for the celebrated Harlequin, and for the no less renowned Puncinello, our English Punch, both of whom retain the character of jesters, cowards, wags, and buffoons, proper to the *Sannio* of the Romans. It is believed in these worthies, that they existed before the time of Plautus, and continued to play their frolics during the middle ages, when the legitimate Drama was unknown. For the former fact, sculpture, as well as tradition, is appealed to by Italian antiquaries, who have discovered the representation of these grotesque characters upon the Etruscan vases. In support of the latter averment, the grave authority of Saint Thomas Aquinas is appealed to, who, we rejoice to find, thought Harlequin and Punch no unlawful company in fitting time and place.*

* "Sport is necessary to the usual intercourse of human life; and whatever things are so necessary, have their lawful uses, and therefore, the occupation of stage-players intended

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"Ludus," says that eminent person, with more consideration for human infirmity than some saints of our own day, "est necessarius ad conversationem vitæ humanæ : ad omnia autem quæ sunt utilia conversationi humanæ deputari possunt aliqua officia licita : et ideò etiam officium histrionum quod ordinatur ad solatium hominibus exhibendum, non est secundum se illicitum, nec sunt histriones in statu peccati, dummodo moderatè ludo utantur, id est, non utendo aliquibus illicitis verbis vel factis, ad ludum, et non adhibendo ludum negotiis et temporibus indebitis, unde illi qui moderate eis subveniunt, non peccant, sed juste faciunt mercedem ministerii eorum eis tribuendo. Et licet D. August. *super. Joan.* dicit quod donare res suas histrionibus vitium est immane, hoc intelligi debet de illis qui dant histrionibus qui in ludo utuntur illicitis, vel de illis qui superflue sua in tales consumunt, non de illis histrionibus qui moderate ludo utuntur."

Saint Anthony gives his sanction to Saint Thomas on this point: "Histrionalis ars, quia deservit humanæ recreationi, quæ necessaria est vitæ hominis secundum D. Thomam, de se non est illica, et de illa arte vivere non est prohibitum."* (S. Antonius in 3 part. suæ Summæ, tit. iii., cap. 4.) Saint Anthony, indeed, adds the reasonable restriction that no clergyman should play Harlequin, and that Punch should not exhibit in the church.

Under this venerable authority, these Mimi went on and flourished. Other characters enlarged their little Drama. The personages appeared in masks. "Each of these," says Mr. Walker, "was originally intended as a kind of characteristic representation of some particular Italian district or town. Thus *Pantalone* was a Venetian merchant; *Dottore*, a Bolognese physician; *Spaviento*, a Neapolitan braggadocio; *Pullicinella*, a wag of Apulia; *Giangurgolo* and *Coviello*, two clowns of Calabria; *Gelsomino*, a Roman beau; *Beltrame*, a Milanese simpleton; *Brighella*, a Ferrarese pimp; and *Arlecchino*, a blundering servant of Bergamo. Each of these personages was clad in a peculiar dress; each had his peculiar mask; and each spoke the dialect of the place he represented. Besides these, and a few other such personages, of which at least four were introduced in each play, there were the *Amorosos* or *Innamoratos;* that is, some men and women who acted

for the solacement of mankind, is not in itself unlawful, nor are the actors in a state of sin, providing that they use their sport with moderation; that is, not using any unlawful words or actions in their diversion, and not producing their sport in unlawful times and circumstances. Hence, it follows that those who support them do not commit sin, but act honestly in paying them the reward of their service. And, although Saint Augustus hath said, in his Commentary on Saint John, that it is a great sin to give one's effects to stage-players, yet I understand it to be said exclusively of those who bestow their bounty on such actors as use unlawful expressions or actions in exercising their art, or of such as wantonly waste their substance on such expenditure; but not to be spoken of moderate rewards given to actors who exercise their art with propriety."

* The art of stage-playing, according to Saint Thomas, is not in itself unlawful, nor is it forbidden to live thereby, seeing that it tends to human recreation, which is necessary to human life.

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serious parts, with Smeraldina, Colombina, Spilletta, and other females, who played the parts of servettas or waiting-maids. All these spoke Tuscan or Roman, and wore no masks." (*Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy*, p. 249.)

The pieces acted by this class of actors were called *Commedia dell' arte*, and were congenial to the taste of the Italians, with whom gesticulation and buffoonery are natural attributes. Their Drama was of the most simple kind. Each of the actors was already possessed of his dramatic character, which was as inalienable as his dress, was master of the dialect he was to use, and had his imagination and memory stored with all the characteristic jest, or *lazzi* as they were termed, peculiar to the personage he represented. All that the author had to do was to invent the skeleton of a plot, which should bring his characters into dramatic situation with respect to each other. The dialogue suited to the occasion was invented by the players, just as ours invest their parts with the proper gestures and actions. This skeleton had the name of *scenario*, and the precise action as well as the dialogue was filled up by the performers, either impromptu, or in consequence of previous arrangement and premeditation. This species of comedy was extremely popular, especially among the lower class of spectators. It was often adopted as an amusement in good society, and by men of genius; and Flamineo de la Scala has left about fifty such *scenarios* adapted for representation. The fashion even found its way into England, and probably the part of Master Punch, who first appeared in the character of the *Vice* of the English morality, was trusted to the improvisatory talents of the actor. Mr. D'Israeli, a curious as well as elegant investigator of ancient literature, has shown, that at least one scheme of a *Commedia dell' arte* has been preserved to us. It is published in the *Variorum* edition of Shakspeare, but remains unexplained by the commentators. Such comedies, it is evident, could require no higher merit in the composer than the imagining and sketching a few comic situations; the dialogue and diction was all intrusted to the players.

The Italians, however, became early possessed of a regular comedy, which engrossed the admiration of the more cultivated class of society. Bibbiena's comedy, entitled "La Calandra," is composed in imitation of the Dramas of Terence and Plautus. It was first acted in 1490. "La Calandra" is remarkable not only for being the first Italian comedy, but also for the perfection of scenic decoration with which it was accompanied in the representation. It was followed by the productions of Ariosto and Trissino, and other authors in the same line. But it appears from the efforts used to support this style of Drama, that it did not take kindly root in the soil, and lacked that popularity which alone can nurse it freely. Various societies were formed under the

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whimsical titles of *Gli Intronati*, *Gli Insensati*, and so forth, for the express purpose of bringing forward the regular Drama; exertions which would certainly have been unnecessary, had the legitimate stage received that support and encouragement which arises from general popularity.

Goldoni, in a later age, at once indulged his own fanciful genius and his natural indolence, by renouncing the classical rules, and endeavouring to throw into the old and native Italian *Mascherata* the variety and attributes of the proper comedy. He adopted Harlequin and the rest of his merry troop in the characters which they held, and endeavoured to enlist them in the more regular service of the Drama; just as free corps and partisans are sometimes new-modelled into battalions of the line. This ingenious and lively writer retained all the license of the *Commedia dell' arte*, and all the immunities which it claimed from regular and classical rules, but instead of trusting to the extempore jests and grotesque wit of the persons whom he introduced, he engaged them in dialogues, as well as plots, of his own invention, which often display much humour and even pathos. It required, however, the richness of a fancy like Goldoni's to extract novelty and interest from a dramatic system in which so many of the actors held a fixed and prescriptive character, hardly admitting of being varied. Accordingly, we do not find that the Italian stage is at present in a more flourishing condition than that of other modern nations.

The revival of the regular Drama in France was attended with important consequences, owing to the nature of her government, the general use of her language throughout Europe, and the influence which, from her situation, she must necessarily hold over other nations. It is the boast of Paris that the regular classical Drama, banished from every other stage, found a safe and honourable refuge on her own. Yet France has reluctantly confessed that she also had her hour of barbarism. Her earlier Drama was borrowed, like that of other countries, from Spain, who, during the whole of the sixteenth and great part of the seventeenth century, held such a formidable predominance in the European republic. While the classical stage was reviving in Italy, and the historical and romantic Drama was flourishing in Spain, France was torn to pieces by civil discord. The first French tragedy composed upon a regular plan was that of "Mairet," imitated from the "Sophonisba" of Trissino; and Riccoboni boasts with justice, that whoever shall compare the Italian tragedy of the sixteenth century with that of the French of the same period, will find the latter extravagant and irregular, and the former already possessed of gravity, dignity, and regularity. The French, like the English, date the excellence of their stage from one great author; and

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the illustrious name of Pierre Corneille affords to their dramatic history the mighty landmark which Shakspeare gives to our own.

Cardinal Richelieu, who had succeeded in establishing upon a broad basis the absolute power of the French monarch, was not insensible to the graces and ornaments which the throne derived from being surrounded by the Muses. He was himself fond of poetry, and even a competitor for the honours of the buskin. He placed himself at the head of five dramatic writers, to whom, on that account, the public gave the title of "Les Cinq Auteurs." All these are deservedly forgotten excepting Corneille, of whose successful talent the Cardinal had the meanness to evince no ordinary degree of jealousy. The malevolence of that minister was carried so far, that he employed the French Academy, whose complaisance must be recorded to their shame, to criticise severely the "Cid," the first, and perhaps the finest, of Corneille's tragedies. Scuderi, a favourite of the Cardinal, buoyed by Richelieu's favour, was able for some time to balance Corneille in the opinion of the public; but his name is now scarcely known by any other circumstance than his imprudent and audacious rivalry. This great man was not only surrounded by the worst possible models, but unfortunately the authors of these models were also favourites of the public, and of the all-powerful Cardinal; yet Corneille vanquished the taste of his age, the competition of his rivals, and the envy of Richelieu.*

* [The cardinal was one of those ambitious men who foolishly attempt to rival every kind of genius, and seeing himself constantly disappointed, he envied, with all the venom of rancour, those talents which are so frequently the *all* that men of genius possess.

He was jealous of Balzac's splendid reputation, and offered the elder Heinsius ten thousand crowns to write a criticism which should ridicule his elaborate compositions. This Heinsius refused, because Salmasius threatened to revenge Balzac on his "Herodes Infanticida."

He attempted to rival the reputation of Corneille's "Cid," by opposing to it one of the most ridiculous dramatic productions. It was the allegorical tragedy called "Europe," in which the *minister* had congregated the four quarters of the world! Much political matter was thrown together, divided into scenes and acts. There are appended to it keys of the *dramatis personæ* and of the allegories.

When he first sent it anonymously to the French Academy it was reprobated. He then tore it in a rage, and scattered it about his study. Towards evening, like another Medea lamenting over the members of her own children, he and his secretary passed the night in uniting the scattered limbs. He then ventured to avow himself; and having pretended to correct this incorrigible tragedy, the submissive Academy retracted their censures; but the public pronounced its melancholy fate on its first representation. This lamentable tragedy was intended to thwart Corneille's "Cid." Enraged at its success, Richelieu even commanded the Academy to publish a severe *critique* of it, well known in French literature. Boileau on this occasion has these well-turned verses:—

> "En vain contre le Cid un ministre se ligue;
> Tout Paris pour *Chimène* a les yeux de *Rodrigue*."
>
> To oppose the Cid, in vain the statesman tries;
> All Paris for *Chimène* has Roderick's eyes.

It is said that in consequence of the fall of this tragedy, the French custom is derived of securing a number of friends to applaud their pieces at their first representation. I find the following droll anecdote concerning this droll tragedy in Beauchamp's "Recherches sur le Théâtre."—See D'ISRAELI, *Curiosities of Literature.*]

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Corneille, like his predecessors, and like Rotrou in particular, borrowed liberally from the Spanish theatre; but his own taste, regulated probably upon his situation, dictated an adherence to the classical model. The French stage arose, it must be remembered, under the protection of an absolute monarch, for whose amusement the poet laboured, and in whose presence the Drama was performed. It followed as a natural consequence, that a more strict etiquette was exacted upon the scene than had hitherto been supposed applicable to a merely popular amusement. A departure from regularity in tragedy was no longer a bold flight. A violation of decorum in comedy was no longer a broad jest. When the audience was dignified by the presence of the monarch, the former became an impertinence, and the latter a gross and indecent insult. The muse of comedy was therefore bound over for her good behaviour; and even her grave sister was laid under such rules and restrictions as should ensure the decorum and dignity of her scene.

It was at this period that those classical fetters which are framed on the three unities were fashioned into form, and imposed on the French Drama. These are acknowledged by Corneille, in his "Essay upon Dramatic Poetry," in the following short but emphatic sentence:—"Il faut observer les unités d'action, de lieu et de jour: personne n'en doute." The rule, as thus emphatically admitted by the fiery Corneille, was equally binding upon the elegant Racine, and has fettered the French stage until the present day. "La Motte," says Voltaire, "a man of wit and talent, but attached to paradoxes, has written in our time against the doctrine of the Unities, but that literary heresy had no success."

Upon these rules, adopted by the very first writer of eminence for the French stage, and subscribed to by all succeeding dramatists, depends the principal and long-disputed difference betwixt the Drama of France and those countries in which her laws of taste have been received; and the stages of Spain, England, and modern Germany, where those critical maxims have been controverted. In other words, the unities proper to the Classical Drama have been found inapplicable to plays of a historical or romantic plan. It is, therefore, necessary to examine with accuracy the essence and effect of those laws, so often disputed with more obstinacy than liberality.

The arbitrary forms to which the French thus subjected their theatre are, in their general purport, founded on good and sound rules of the critical art. But, considered literally, the interpretation put upon those unities by the French critics must necessarily lay the dramatic author under restraints equally severe and unnecessary, without affording any corresponding addition to the value of his work. The pedantry by which they are enforced, reminds one of the extreme,

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minute, rigorous, and punctilious discipline, to which some regiments have been subjected by a pedantic commanding officer, which seldom fails to lower the spirit, and destroy the temper of the soldier, without being of the slightest service to him in the moment of danger or the day of battle.

The first dramatic unity is that of Action; and, rightly understood, it is by far the most important. A whole, says Aristotle, is that which has a beginning, middle, and end. In short, one strong concentrated interest, upon which all subordinate incidents depend, and to which they contribute, must pervade the piece. It must open with the commencement of the play, evolve itself, and be progressive with its progress,—must be perpetually in sight and never stationary, until at length it arrives at a catastrophe, by which it is ended and extinguished. In this rule, abstractedly considered, there is nothing but what is consistent with good sense and sound criticism. The period allowed for dramatic representation is not long, and will not admit of the episodical ornaments which may be happily introduced into epic poetry. And as the restlessness or impatience of a theatrical audience is always one of its marked characteristics, it has been observed, that neither the most animated description, nor the most beautiful poetry, can ever reconcile the spectators to those inartificial scenes in which the plot or action of the piece stands still, that the performers may say fine things. The introduction of an interest, separate and distinct from the main action of the play, has a still worse effect; it diminishes the effect of the whole, and divides the attention of the audience; as a pack of hounds, when in full pursuit, are impeded and puzzled by starting a fresh object of chase.

Yet even this rule must be liberally considered, if we would allow dramatic authors that fair room and exercise for their talents, which gives rise to the noblest display of genius in the art. Modern dramatists are no longer, it must be remembered, limited to the simple and severe uniformity of the ancient Drama, which fixed on one single event as its object,—made it the subject of the moral reflections of the Chorus,—managed it by the intervention of three, or at most five persons, and consequently presented a picture so limited in size and subject, that there was no difficulty in avoiding the intermixture of a foreign interest. The modern taste has opened the stage to a wider range of topics, which are, at the same time, more complicated in detail, depending on the agency of a variety of performers, and on the result of a succession of events. Such Dramas have indeed a unity of action peculiar to themselves, which should predominate over and absorb every other. But although, like the oak, it should uplift itself, over all the neighbouring underwood, its dignity is not injured by the presence and vicinity of that which it overshadows. On the contrary,

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a succession of events tending to the same end, if they do not divert the attention from the principal interest, cannot fail, by their variety and succession, to keep it fixed upon the business of the scene.

To take an example. In the tragedy of "Macbeth," a chain of varied and important events is introduced, any one link of which might be hammered out into a Drama, on the severe and simple model of the Drama of ancient Greece. There is the murder of Duncan,—that of Banquo,—and the dethronement and death of the tyrant; all which are events complete of themselves, independents of each other, and yet included within one tragedy of five acts. But, nevertheless, this is never felt as a deficiency in the performance. It is to the character of Macbeth, to his ambition, guilt, remorse, and final punishment, that the mind attaches itself during the whole play; and thus the succession of various incidents, unconnected excepting by the relation they bear to the principal personage, far from distracting the attention of the audience, continues to sharpen and irritate curiosity till the curtain drops over the fallen tyrant. This is not, indeed, a unity of action according to the rule of Aristotle, or the observance of the French theatre; but, in a higher point of view, it has all the advantage which could possibly be derived from the severest adherence to the precept of Aristotle, with this additional merit, that the interest never stagnates in declamation or is suspended by unnecessary dialogue.

It would in fact be easy to show, that the unity of action, in its strict sense, may frequently be an unnatural as well as a cumbrous restraint on the genius of the poet. In the course of nature, an insulated action seldom exists, of a nature proper to transfer to the stage. If, indeed, the play is founded on some single mythological fable, or if the scene is laid in some early stage of society, when man as yet remained separated from his kind, and connected only with his petty tribe or family, the subject of a plot may be chosen where the agency of a very few persons, and these naturally connected together, may, without foreign or extraneous assistance, afford matter for a tragedy. But, in the actual course of the peopled world, men are so crowded together, and their movements depend so much upon impulses foreign to themselves, that the action must often appear multiplied and complicated, and all that the author can do is, to preserve the interest uniform and undivided. Its progress may be likened to that of a brook through beautiful scenery. A judicious improver of the landscape would be certainly desirous to make its course visible, but not to cut off its beautiful undulations, or to compel it into a straight channel. He would follow the course of nature, and neither affect to conceal the smaller rills by which the stream was fed, nor bring them so much in view as to deprive the principal object of its consequence. We admit the difficulty inseparable from the dramatic art, and must grant, that the

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author runs some risk of losing sight of the main interest of the piece, by dwelling upon the subordinate accessories; but we contend, that the attention of the audience is still more likely to be fatigued by a bald and simple plot, to which, during the course of five acts, there must belong much speaking and little progress. And, in point of common sense and common feeling, that piece must always present unity of action which has unity of interest and feeling; which fixes the mind of the audience upon one train of thought and passion, to which every occurrence in the Drama verges; and which is consummated and wound up by the final catastrophe.

The second dramatic unity is that of Time, about which the critics of various nations have disagreed. If taken in its strict and proper sense, it means that the time occupied by the representation, should not exceed that supposed to be consumed in the action represented. But even Aristotle extends the duration of the action to one revolution of the sun, and Corneille extends it to thirty hours, which is, to the actual period of representation, as ten to one. Boileau, a supereminent authority, thus lays down the rule for the unities of time and place:

> "Que le lieu de la scène y soit fixé et marqué.
> Un rimeur sans péril, delà les Pyrénées,
> Sur la scène en un jour renferme des années;
> Là souvent le héros d'un spectacle grossier,
> Enfant au premier acte, est barbon au dernier;
> Mais nous, que la Raison à ses règles engage,
> Nous voulons qu'avec art l'action se ménage;
> Qu'en un lieu, qu'en un jour, un seul fait accompli,
> Tienne jusqu'à la fin le théâtre rempli."

It has been triumphantly remarked, that in thus yielding up the strict letter of the precept—in allowing the three hours employed in acting a play to be multiplied into twenty-four or thirty—the critics have retained a great proportion of the inconvenience of this famous rule, while they sacrified its principle, and any advantage attached to its observance. The only benefit supposed to be attached to this unity is that of probability. We shall not at present enquire whether this is worth preserving, at the cost of imposing heavy restrictions on dramatic genius. But granting the affirmative, probability is as much violated by compressing the events of twenty-four hours into a period of only three, as if the author had exercised the still greater license of the English and Spanish theatres. There is no charm in the revolution of the sun, which circumscribes within that particular period the events of a Drama. When the magic circle drawn around the author by the actual date of representation is once obliterated, the argument grounded upon probability falls; and he may extend his narrative unconfined by any rule, except what may be considered as resolving itself into the unity of action. A week, a month, a year, years—may be included in the course of the Drama, provided always the poet has power

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so to rivet the attention of the audience on the passing scene, that the lapse of time shall pass unregarded. There must be none of those marked pauses which force upon the spectator's attention the breach of this unity. Still less ought the judicious dramatist to permit his piece to embrace such a space of time, as shall necessarily produce the change on the persons of the characters ridiculed by Boileau. The extravagant conduct of the plot in the *Winter's Tale* has gone far to depreciate that Drama, which, in passages of detached beauty, is inferior to none of Shakspeare's in the opinion of the best judges. It might perhaps be improved in acting, by performing the three first acts as a play, and the fourth and fifth as an afterpiece. Yet, even as it is now acted, who is it that, notwithstanding the cold objection arising out of the breach of unity, witnesses, without delight, the exquisite contrast betwixt the court and the hamlet, the fascinating and simple elegance of Perdita, or the witty rogueries of Autolycus? The poet is too powerful for the critic, and we lose the exercise of our judgment in the warmth of our admiration.

S.T.C. Table Talk 40.

The faults of Shakspeare, or of his age, we do not, however, recommend to the modern dramatist, whose modesty will certainly place him in his own estimation far beneath that powerful magician, whose art could fascinate us even by means of deformity itself. But if, for his own sake, the author ought to avoid such gross violations of dramatic rule, the public, for theirs, ought not to tie him down to such severe limitations as must cramp, at least, if they do not destroy, his power of affording them pleasure. If the whole five acts are to be compressed within the space of twenty-four hours, the events must, in the general case, be either so much crowded upon each other as to defeat the very probability which it is the purpose of this law to preserve; or, many of them, being supposed to have happened before the commencement of the piece, must be detailed in narrative, which never fails to have a bad effect on the stage.

The same objections apply to the rigid enforcement of the third unity, that of Place; and, indeed, the French authors have used respecting it the license of relaxing, in practice, the severity of their theory. They have frequently infringed the rule which they affirm to be inviolable; and their flexible creed permits the place to be changed, provided the audience are not transported out of the city where the scene is laid. This mitigation of doctrine, like that granted in the unity of time, is a virtual resignation of the principle contended for. Let us examine, however, upon what that principle is founded.

The rule, which prohibits the shifting the scene during the period of performance, was borrowed by the French from the ancients, without considering the peculiar circumstances in which it arose. First, We have seen already that, during the ancient Drama, there was no

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division into acts, and that the action was only suspended during the songs of the Chorus, who themselves represented a certain class of personages connected with the scene. The stage, therefore, was always filled; and a supposed change of place would have implied the violent improbability, that the whole Chorus were transported, while in the sight of the spectators, and employed in the discharge of their parts, to the new scene of action. Secondly, There is evidence that in the "Eumenides" of Æschylus, and the "Ajax" of Sophocles, the scene is actually changed in defiance of the presence of the Chorus; and a much greater violation of probability is incurred than could have taken place in a modern theatre, where, before every change of scene, the stage is emptied of the performers. Thirdly, The ancients were less hardly pressed by this rule than the modern writers. From the dimensions of their theatres, and the size of their stages, the place of action was considerably larger, and might be held to include a wider extent than ours. The climate of Greece admitted of many things being transacted with propriety in the open air; and, finally, they had a contrivance for displaying the interior of a house or temple to the audience, which, if not an actual change of scene, was adapted to the same purpose.

If this long litigated question, therefore, is to be disposed of by precedent, we have shown that the rule of the ancients was neither absolute, nor did the circumstances of their stage correspond with those of ours; to which it may be added, that the simple and inartificial structure of their plots seldom required a change of scene. But surely, it is of less consequence merely to ascertain what was the practice of the ancients; than to consider how far such practice is founded upon truth, good taste, and general effect. Granting, therefore, that the supposed illusion, which transports the spectator to the actual scene of action, really exists, let us enquire whether, in sacrificing the privilege of an occasional change of scene, we do not run the risk of shocking the spectator, and disturbing his delightful dreams, by other absurdities and improbabilities, attendant necessarily on a scrupulous adherence to this restriction.

If the action is always to pass in the scene, some place of general resort must be adopted, a hall, ante-room or the like. It can seldom be so fortunately selected but that much must be necessarily discussed there, which, in order to preserve any appearance of probability, should be transacted elsewhere; that many persons must be introduced, whose presence in that particular place must appear unnatural; and that much must be done there, which the very circumstances of the piece render totally absurd. Dennis has applied these observations with great force, and at the same time with great bitterness, in his critique upon "Cato," which Johnson has quoted at length in his "Life of Addison." The scene, it must be remembered, is laid, during

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the whole Drama, with scrupulous attention to the classical rule, in the great hall of Cato's palace at Utica. Here the conspirators lay their plots, the lovers carry on their intrigues; and yet Sempronius, with great inconsistency, disguises himself as Juba, to obtain entrance into this vestibule, which was common to all. Here Cato retires to moralize, and chides his son for interrupting him, and, although he goes out to stab himself, it is to this place that he is brought back to die. All this affords a striking proof how genius and taste can be fettered and embarrassed by a too pedantic observance of rules. Let no one suppose that the inconveniences arising from the rigid observance of the unity of place, occur in the tragedy of "Cato" alone; they might, in that case, be attributed to the inexperience or want of skill in the author. The tragedies of Corneille and Racine afford examples enough that the authors found themselves compelled to violate the rules of probability and common sense, in order to adhere to those of Aristotle. In the tragedy of "Cinna," for example, the scene is laid in the emperor's cabinet; and, in that very cabinet, compelled, doubtless, by the laws of unity, Amelia shouts forth aloud her resolution to assassinate the Emperor. It is there, too, that Maximus and Cinna confide to each other all the secrets of their conspiracy; and it is there where, to render the impropriety more glaring, Cinna suddenly reflects upon the rashness of his own conduct:—

"Amis, dans ce palais on peut nous écouter;
Et nous parlons peut-être avec trop d'imprudence
Dans un lieu si mal propre à notre confidence."

It would be an invidious, but no difficultt ask, to show that several of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the French Drama are liable to similar objections; and that the awkward dilemmas in which the unity of place involves them, are far more likely to destroy the illusion of the performance, than the mere change of scene would have done. But we refer the reader to the "Dramaturgie" of Lessing upon this curious topic.

The main question yet remains behind, namely, whether such an illusion is actually produced in the minds of the audience by the best acted play, as induces them to suppose themselves witnessing a reality; —an illusion, in short, so complete, as to suffer interruption from the occasional extension of time, or change of place, in the course of the piece? We do not hesitate to say, that no such impression was ever produced on a sane understanding; and that the Parisian critic, in whose presence the unities are never violated, no more mistakes Talma for Nero, than a London citizen identifies Kemble with Coriolanus, or Kean with Richard III. The ancients, from the distance of the stage, and their mode of dressing and disguising their characters, might certainly approach a step nearer to reality; and, producing on their stage the very images of the deities they worshipped, speaking the language

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which they accounted proper to them, it is probable that, to minds capable of high excitation, there might be a shade of this illusion in their representations. The solemn distance of the stage, the continuous and uninterrupted action, kept the attention of the Greeks at once more closely rivetted, and more abstracted from surrounding circumstances. But, in the modern theatre, the rapid succession of intervals for reflection; the well-known features of the actors; the language which they speak, differing frequently from that which belongs to the age and country where the scene is laid—interrupt, at every turn, every approximation to the fantastic vision of reality into which those writers who insist upon the strict observance of the unities, suppose the audience to be lulled. To use the nervous words of Johnson, "it is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited." There is a conventional treaty between the author and the audience, that, upon certain suppositions being granted by the latter, his powers of imagination shall be exerted for the amusement of the spectators. The postulates which are demanded, even upon the French theatre, and under the strictest model, are of no ordinary magnitude. Although the stage is lighted with lamps, the spectator must say with the subjugated Catherine,

"I grant it is the sun that shines so bright."

The painted canvass must pass for a landscape; the well-known faces of the performers for those of ancient Greeks, or Romans, or Saracens, and the present time for many ages distant. He that submits to such a convention ought not scrupulously to limit his own enjoyment. That which is supposed Rome in one act, may, in the next, be fancied Paris; and as for time, it is, to use the words of Dr Johnson, "of all modes of existence, most obsequious to imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and, therefore, willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation."

If dramatic representation does not produce the impression of reality, in what, it may be asked, consists its power? We reply, that its effects are produced by the powerful emotions which it excites in the minds of the spectators. The professors of every fine art operate their impressions in the same manner, though they address themselves to different organs. The painter exhibits his scene to the eye; the orator pours his thunder upon the ear; the poet awakens the imagination of his reader by written description; but each has the same motive, the hope, namely, of exciting in the reader, hearer, or spectator, a tone of feeling similar to that which existed in his own bosom, ere it was bodied forth by his pencil, tongue, or pen. It is the artist's object, in short,

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to tune the reader's imagination to the same pitch with his own; and to communicate, as well as colours and words can do, the same sublime sensation which had dictated his own compositions. The tragedian attempts to attain this object still more forcibly, because his art combines those of the poet, orator, and artist, by storming, as it were, the imagination at once through the eye and the ear. Undoubtedly, a Drama with such advantages, and with those of dresses and costume, approaches more nearly to actual reality; and, therefore, has a better chance of attaining its object, especially when addressing the sluggish and inert fancies of the multitude; although it may remain a doubtful question, whether, with all these means and appliances, minds of a high poetic temperature may not receive a more lively impression from the solitary perusal, than from the representation, of one of Shakspeare's plays. But, to the most ignorant spectator, however unaccustomed to the trick of the scene, the excitement which his fancy receives, falls materially short of actual mental delusion. Even the sapient Partridge himself never thought of being startled at the apparition of the King of Denmark, which he knew to be only a man in a strange dress; it was the terror so admirably expressed by Garrick, which communicated itself to his feelings, and made him reverse the case of the fiends, and tremble without believing. In truth, the effects produced upon this imaginary character, as described by an excellent judge of human nature, exhibit, probably, the highest point of illusion to which theatrical exhibition can conduct a rational being. In an agony of terror which made his knees knock against each other, he never forgets that he is only witnessing a play. The presence of Mrs Millar and his master assures him against the reality of the apparition, yet he is no more able to subdue his terrors by this comfortable reflection, than we have been to check our tears, although well aware that the Belvidera, with whose sorrows we sympathized, was no other than our own inimitable Mrs Siddons. With all our passions, and all our sympathies, we are still conscious of the ideal character of that which excites them; and it is probably this very consciousness of the unreality of the scene, that refines our sorrows into a melancholy, yet delicious emotion, and extracts from it that bitterness necessarily connected with a display of similar misery in actual life.

If, therefore, no illusion subsists of a character to be affected by a change of scene, or by the prolongation of the time beyond the rules of Aristotle, the very foundation of these unities is undermined; but, at the same time, every judicious author will use liberty with prudence.

If we are inclined to ascend to the origin of these celebrated rules, we ought not to be satisfied with the *ipse dixit* of a Grecian critic, who wrote so many centuries ago, and whose works have reference to a state of dramatic composition which has now no existence. Upon the

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revival of letters, indeed, the authority of Aristotle was considered as omnipotent; but even Boileau remonstrated against his authority when weighed with that of reason and common sense.

> "Un pédant enivré de sa vaine science,
> Tout hérissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
> Et qui de mille auteurs retenus mot pour mot,
> Dans la tête entassés, n'a souvent fait qu'un sot,
> Croit qu'un livre fait tout, et que sans Aristote
> La raison ne voit goutte et le bon sens radote."

The opinions of Aristotle must be judged of according to the opportunities and authorities which lay open before him; and from the high critical judgment he has displayed, we can scarce err in supposing he would have drawn different results, in different circumstances. Dr Drake, whose industry and taste have concentrated so much curious information respecting Shakspeare and his age, has quoted upon this topic a striking passage from Mr Morgan's "Essay on the Character of Falstaff."

Speaking, says Dr Drake, of the magic influence which our poet almost invariably exerts over his auditors, Mr Morgan remarks, that

"On such an occasion, a fellow like *Rymer*,* waking from his trance, shall lift up his constable's staff, and charge this great magician, this daring *practiser of arts inhibited* in the name of Aristotle, to surrender; whilst Aristotle himself, disowning his wretched officer, would fall prostrate at his feet and acknowledge his supremacy.—O supreme of dramatic excellence! (might he say) not to me be imputed the insolence of fools. The bards of *Greece* were confined within the narrow circle of the Chorus, and hence they found themselves constrained to practise, for the most part, the precision, and copy the details of nature. I followed them, and knew not that a larger circle might be drawn, and the drama extended to the whole reach of human genius. Convinced, I see that a more compendious *nature* may be obtained: a nature of *effects* only, to which neither the relation of place, or continuity of time, are always essential. Nature, condescending to the faculties and apprehensions of man, has drawn through human life a regular chain of visible causes and effects: but Poetry delights in surprise, conceals her steps, seises at once upon the heart, and obtains the sublime of things without betraying the rounds of her ascent. True poetry is *magic not nature*; an effect from causes hidden or unknown. To the magician I prescribed no laws; his law and his power are one; his power is his law. If his end is obtained, who shall question his course? Means, whether apparent or hidden, are justified in poesy by success; but then most perfect and most admirable when most concealed.

"Yes, continues Mr Morgan, whatever may be the neglect of some, or the censure of others, there are those who firmly believe, that this wild, this uncultivated *barbarian*, as he has been called, has not yet obtained one half of his fame; and who trust that some new Stagyrite will arise, who, instead of pecking at the surface of things, will enter into the inward soul of his compositions, and expel, by the force of congenial feelings, those foreign impurities which have stained and disgraced his page. And as to those *spots* which still remain, they may perhaps become invisible, to those who shall seek them through the medium of his beauties, instead of looking for those beauties, as is too frequently done, through the smoke of some real or imputed obscurity. When the hand of time shall have brushed off his present editors and commentators, and when the very name of Voltaire, and even the memory of the language in which he has written, shall be no more, the Apalachian mountains, the banks of the Ohio, and the plains of Sciola, shall resound with the accents of this *barbarian*. In his native tongue he shall roll the genuine passions of nature; nor shall the griefs of *Lear* be alleviated, or the charms and wit of *Rosalind* be abated by *time*." †

In adopting the views of those authors who have pleaded for the liberty of the poet, it is not our intention to deny, that great advantages

* Rymer was a calumniator of Shakspeare.

† "Shakspeare and his Times," by Nathan Drake, M. D. p. 553, 554, vol. ii.

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may be obtained by the observance of the unities; not considering them as in themselves essential to the play; but only as points upon which the credibility and intelligibility of the action in some sort depend. We acknowledge, for example, that the author would be deficient in dramatic art, who should divide the interest of his piece into two or more separate plots, instead of combining it in one progressive action. We confess, moreover, that the writer, who more violently extends the time, or more frequently changes the place of representation, than can be justified by the necessity of the story, and vindicated by his exertion of dramatic force, acts unwisely, in so far as he is likely to embarrass a great part of the audience, who, from imperfect hearing or slowness of comprehension, may find it difficult to apprehend the plot of his play. The latitude which we are disposed to grant, is regulated by the circumstances of the case, the interest of the plot, and, above all, the talents of the author. He that despises the praise of regularity which is attainable by study, cannot reckon on the indulgence of the audience, unless on the condition of indemnifying them by force of genius. If a definitive rule were to be adopted, we should say, that it would certainly be judicious to place any change of place or extension of time at the beginning of a new act; as the falling of the curtain and cessation of the action have prepared the audience to set off, as it were, upon a new score. But we consider the whole of these points of propriety as secondary to the real purposes of the Drama, and not as limitary of that gifted genius, who can, in the whirlwind of his scene, bear the imagination of his audience along with him over the boundaries of place,

"While panting Time toils after him in vain."

But it is not upon the observance of the unities alone that the French found their pretensions to a classical theatre. They boast also to have discarded that intermixture of tragic and comic scenes, which was anciently universal upon the Spanish and English stages.

If it had been only understood by this reformation, that the French condemned and renounced that species of tragi-comedy, which comprehended two distinct plots, the one of a serious, the other of a humorous character, and these two totally unconnected, we give them full credit for their restriction. Dryden, in the "Spanish Friar," and other pieces; and Southern, both in "Oroonoko" and "Isabella," as well as many other authors of their age, have in this particular transgressed unpardonably the unity of action. For, in the cases we have quoted, the combination of the two plots is so slight, that the serious and comic scenes, separated, might each furnish forth a separate Drama; so that the audience appear to be listening not to one play only, but to two dramatic actions independent of each other, although

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contained in the same piece. So far, therefore, we heartily agree in the rule which excludes such an unhappy interchange of inconsistent scenes, moving upon opposite principles and interests.

When, however, the French critics carry this rule further, and proscribe the appearance of comic or inferior characters, however intimately connected with the tragic plot, we would observe, in the first place, that they run the risk of diminishing the reality of the scene; and secondly, that they exclude a class of circumstances essential to its beauty.

On the first point it must be observed, that the rule which imposes upon valets and subordinate personages the necessity of talking as harmonious verse and as elegant poetry as their masters, entirely ruins the probability of the action. Where all is elegant, nothing can be sublime; where all is ornamented, nothing can be impressive; where all is tuned to the same smooth *falsetto* of sentiment, much or all may be ingenious, but nothing can be natural or real. By such an assimilation of manners and language, we stamp fiction on the very front of our dramatic representation. The touches of nature which Shakspeare has exhibited in his lower and gayer characters, like the chastened background of a landscape, increase the effect of the principal group. The light and fanciful humour of Mercutio serves, for example, to enhance and illustrate the romantic and passionate character of Romeo. Even the doating fondness and silly peevishness of the Nurse tend to relieve the soft and affectionate character of Juliet, and to place her before the audience in a point of view, which those who have seen Miss O'Neil perform Juliet in the fifth scene of the second act, know how to appreciate. A contrast is effected, which a French author dared not attempt; but of which every bosom at once acknowledges the power and the truth. Let us suppose, that the gay and gallant Mercutio had as little character as the walking confident of a French hero, who echoes the hexameters of his friend in hexameters of a lower level; or let us suppose the nurse of Juliet to be a gentle Nora, as sublime in white linen as her principal in white satin; and let the reader judge whether the piece would gain in dignity or decorum, anything proportioned to what it must lose in truth and interest. The audience at once sympathises with the friendship of Romeo and Mercutio, rendered more natural, and more interesting, by the very contrast of their characters; and each spectator feels as a passion, not as a matter of reflection, that desire of vengeance which impels Romeo against Tybalt; for we acknowledge as an amiable and interesting individual the friend whom he has lost by the sword of the Capulet. Even the anilities of the Nurse give a reality to the piece, which, whatever French critics may pretend, is much more seriously disturbed by inconsistency of manners, than by breach of their dramatic unities.

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"God forbid," says Mr Puff, in the "Critic," "that, in a free country, all the fine words in the language should be engrossed by the higher characters of the piece." The French critics did not carry their ideas of equality quite so far; but they tuned the notes of their subalterns just one pitch lower than those of their principal characters, so that their language, similar in style, but lower in sentiment and diction, presents still that subordinate resemblance and correspondence to that of their superiors, which the worsted lace upon the livery of a servant bears to the embroidery upon the coat of his master.

It is not to mere expression which these remarks are confined; for if we consult the course of human life, we shall find that mirth and sorrow, and events which cause both, are more nearly allied than perhaps it is altogether pleasing to allow. Considered relatively to a spectator, an incident may often excite a mingled emotion, partaking at once of that which is moving, and that which is ludicrous; and there is no reader who has not, at some period of his life, met with events at which he hesitated whether to laugh or to cry. It remains to be proved, why scenes of this dubious, yet interesting description, should be excluded from the legitimate Drama, while their force is acknowledged in that of human life. We acknowledge the difficulty of bringing them upon the scene with their full and corresponding effect. It was, perhaps, under this persuasion, that the Fool, whose wild jests were too much the result of habit and practice to be subdued even by the terrors of the storm, has been banished from the terrific scene of King Lear. But, in yielding to this difficulty, the terrible contrast has been thus destroyed, in which Shakspeare exhibited the half-perceptions of the natural Fool, as contrasted with the assumed insanity of Edgar, and the real madness of the old King. They who prefer to this living variety of emotion, the cold uniformity of a French scene of passion, must be numbered among those who read for the pleasure of criticism, and without hope of partaking the enthusiasm of the poet.

While we differ from French criticism respecting the right to demand an accurate compliance with the unities, and decline to censure that casual intermixture of comic character which gives at once reality and variety to the Drama, we are no less disposed to condemn the impertinent love-scenes, which these authors have, as a matter of etiquette, introduced into all their tragedies, however alien from the passion on which they are grounded. The French Drama assumed its present form under the auspices of Louis XIV., who aimed at combining all the characters of a hero of romance. The same spirit which inspired the dull monotony of the endless *folios* of Scuderie and Calprenede, seemed to dictate to Corneille, and even to Racine, those scenes of frigid metaphysical passion which encumber their best plays. We do not dispute the deep interest which attaches to the passion of love, so

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congenial to the human breast, when it forms the ground-work of the play; but it is intolerably nauseous to find a dull love tale mingled as an indispensable ingredient in every dramatic plot, however inconsistent with the rest of the piece. The *Amoureux* and *Amoureuse* of the piece come regularly forth to recite their commonplaces of gallantry, in language as cold as it is exaggerated, and as inconsistent with passion and feeling as with propriety and common sense. Even the horrid tale of Œdipus has the misplaced garnishment of a love intrigue between Theseus, brought there for no other purpose, and a certain Dircé, whom, in the midst of the pestilence, he thus gallantly compliments:

"Quelque ravage affreux qu'étale ici la peste,
L'absence aux vrais amans est encore plus funeste."

The predominance of a passion which expresses itself so absurdly, is all that the French have condescended to adopt from the age of chivalry, so rich in more dramatic stores; and they have borrowed it in all its pedantry, and without its tenderness and fire. Riccoboni has probably alleged the true reason for the introduction of these heavy scenes of love intrigue, which is, that at little expense of labour to the author, they fill up three quarters of the action of his play. We quote from the French version, as that immediately before us, and most generally intelligible:

"Par example, ôtons de NICOMEDE les dix scènes de LAODICE; de L'ŒDIPE, les dix scènes de DIRCÉ: de POLIEUCTE, les scènes d'amour de SÉVERE; de la PHEDRE de Monsieur Racine, les six scènes d'ARICIE,—et nous verrons que non seulement l'action ne sera point interrompue, mais qu'elle en sera plus vive; en sorte, que l'on verra manifestement, que ces scènes de tendresses n'ont servi qu'à ralentir l'action de la pièce, à la refroidir, et à rendre les héros moins grands. Si, après ces deux meilleures tragédies de la France, on examine toutes les autres, on connaîtra bien mieux cette vérité. Lor-que l'amour fait le sujet de la tragédie, ce sentiment, si intéressant par lui-même, occupe la scène avec raison; j'aime l'amour de PHEDRE, mais de PHEDRE seule."

Under this thraldom, the fetters of the French stage long laboured, notwithstanding the noble example of "Athalie," the chef-d'œuvre of Racine. By the example of Voltaire, in one or two of his best pieces, they have of late ventured occasionally to discard their uninteresting Cupid, whose appearance on the stage as a matter of course and of ceremony, produced as little effect as when his altar and godhead are depicted on the semicircle of a fan.

We have already observed, that the refined, artificial, and affected character of the French tragedy, arose from its immediate connexion with the pleasures and with the presence of an absolute sovereign. From the same circumstance, however, the French stage derived several advantages. A degree of discipline, unknown in other theatres, was early introduced among the French actors; and those of a subordinate rank, who, on the English stage, sometimes exhibit intolerable, contemptuous, and wilful negligence, become compelled, on that

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of France, to pay the same attention to their parts as their superiors, and to exert what limited talents they possess in the subordinate parts to which they are adapted. The effect of this common diligence upon the scene, is a general harmony and correspondence in its parts, which never fails to strike a stranger with admiration.

The Royal protection, also, early produced on the Parisian stage, an improved and splendid style of scenery, decoration, and accompaniments. The scenes and machinery which they borrowed from Italy, they improved with their usual alert ingenuity. They were still further improved under the auspices of Voltaire, the first who had the merit of introducing natural and correct costume. Before his time the actors, whether Romans or Scythians, appeared in the full dress of the French court; and Augustus himself was represented in a huge full-bottomed wig, surmounted by a crown of laurel. The strict national costume introduced by Voltaire is now observed. That author has also the merit of excluding the idle crowd of courtiers and men of fashion, who thronged the stage during the time of representation, and formed a sort of semicircle round the actors, leaving them thus but a few yards of an area free for performance, and disconcerting at once the performers and the audience, by the whimsical intermixture of players and spectators. The nerves of those pedants who contended most strenuously for the illusion of the scene, and who objected against its being interrupted by an occasional breach of the dramatic unities, do not appear to have suffered from the singular presence of this Chorus.

It was not decoration and splendour alone which the French stage owed to Louis XIV. Its principal obligation was for that patronage which called forth in its service the talents of Corneille and Racine, the Homer and Virgil of the French Drama. However constrained by pedantic rules; however withheld from using that infinite variety of materials, which national and individual character presented to them; however frequently compelled by system to adopt a pompous, solemn, and declamatory style of dialogue*—these distinguished authors still

* [Eloquence may and ought to have a place in tragedy, but in so far as it appears with somewhat of an artificial method and preparation, it can only be in character when the speaker is sufficiently master of himself; for overpowering passion, an unconscious and involuntary eloquence is alone suitable. The truly inspired orator will forget himself in the object which occupies him. We call it rhetoric when he thinks more of himself, and the art in which he flatters himself he has obtained a mastery, than of his subject. Rhetoric, and rhetoric in a court dress, prevails but too much in many French tragedies, especially in those of Corneille, instead of the suggestions of a noble, but simple and artless nature; Racine and Voltaire, however, have approximated much nearer to the true conception of a mind carried away by its sufferings. Wherever the tragic hero is able to express his pain in antithesis and ingenious allusions, we may safely dispense with our pity. This sort of conventional dignity is, as it were, a coat of mail, to prevent the blow from reaching the inward parts. On account of their retaining this festal pomp in situations where the most complete self forgetfulness would be natural, Schiller has wittily enough compared the heroes in French tragedy to the kings in old copper-plates, who lie in bed with mantle, crown, and sceptre.—SCHLEGEL.]

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remain the proudest boast of the classical age of France, and a high honour to the European republic of letters. It seems probable that Corneille, if left to the exercise of his own judgment, would have approximated more to the romantic Drama. The "Cid" possesses many of the charms of that species of composition. In the character of Don Gourmas, he has drawn a national portrait of the Spanish nobility, for which very excellence he was subjected to the censure of the Academy, his national court of criticism. In a general point of view, he seems to have been ambitious of overawing his audience by a display of the proud, the severe, the ambitious, and the terrible. Tyrants and conquerors have never sat to a painter of greater skill; and the romantic tone of feeling which he adopts in his more perfect characters is allied to that of chivalry. But Corneille was deficient in tenderness, in dramatic art, and in the power of moving the passions. His fame, too, was injured by the multiplicity of his efforts to extend it. Critics of his own nation have numbered about twenty of his Dramas, which have little to recommend them; and no foreign reader is very likely, to verify or refute the censure, since he must previously read them to an end.

Racine, who began to write when the classical fetters were clinched and riveted upon the French Drama, did not make that effort of struggling with his chains, which we observe in the elder dramatist; he was strong where Corneille evinced weakness, and weak in the points where his predecessor showed vigour. Racine delineated the passion of love with truth, softness, and fidelity; and his scenes of this sort form the strongest possible contrast with those in which he, as well as Corneille sacrificed to the dull Cupid of metaphysical romance. In refinement and harmony of versification, Racine has hitherto been unequalled; and his "Athalie" is, perhaps, likely to be generally acknowledged as the most finished production of the French Drama.

Subsequent dramatists, down to the time of Voltaire, were contented with imitating the works of these two great models; until the active and ingenious spirit of that celebrated author seems tacitly to have meditated farther experimental alterations than he thought it prudent to defend or to avow. His extreme vivacity and acute intellect were mingled, as is not unfrequent in such temperaments, with a certain nervous timidity, which prevented him from attempting open and bold innovation, even where he felt compliance with existing rules most inconvenient and dispiriting. He borrowed, therefore, liberally from Shakspeare, whose irregularities were the frequent object of his ridicule; and he did not hesitate tacitly to infringe the dramatic unities in his plays, while in his criticism he holds them up as altogether inviolable. While he altered the costume of the stage, and brought it nearer to that of national truth, he made one or two irresolute steps

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towards the introduction of national character. If we were, indeed, to believe the admirers of Corneille, little remained to be done in this department; he had already, it is said, taught his Romans to speak as Romans, and his Greeks as Greeks; but of such national discrimination foreigners are unable to perceive a trace. His heroes, one and all, talk like men of no peculiar character or distinct age and nation; but, like the other heroes of the French dramatic school, are "all honourable men;" who speak in high, grave, buskined rhymes, where an artificial brilliancy of language, richness of metaphor, and grandeur of sentiment, are substituted for that concise and energetic tone of dialogue, which shows at once the national and individual character of the personage who uses it. In "Mahomet," "Alzire," and one or two other pieces, Voltaire has attempted some discrimination of national character; the ground-work, however, is still French; and under every disguise, whether of the turban of the Ottoman, the feathery crown of the savage, or the silk tunic of the Chinese, the character of that singular people can be easily recognised. Voltaire probably saw the deficiency of the national Drama with his usual acuteness; but, like the ancient philosophers, he contentedly joined in the idolatry which he despised.

It seems, indeed, extremely doubtful, whether the French tragedy can ever be brought many steps nearer to nature. That nation is so unfortunate as to have no poetical language; so that some degree of unnatural exaltation of sentiment is almost necessary to sustain the tone of tragedy at a pitch higher than that of ordinary life. The people are passionately fond of ridicule; their authors are equally afraid of incurring it: they are aware, like their late ruler, that there is but one step betwixt the sublime and the ridiculous; and they are afraid to aim at the former, lest their attempt falling short, should expose them to derision. They cannot reckon on the mercy or enthusiasm of their audience; and while they banish combats and deaths, and even violent action of any kind from the stage, this seems chiefly on account of the manifest risk, that a people more alive to the ludicrous than the lofty, might laugh when they should applaud. The drunken and dizzy fury with which Richard, as personated by Kean, continues to make the motion of striking after he has lost his weapon, would be caviare to the Parisian parterre. Men must compound with their poets and actors, and pardon something like extravagance, on the score of enthusiasm. But if they are nationally dead to that enthusiasm, they resemble a deaf man listening to eloquence, who is more likely to be moved to laughter by the gestures of the orator, than to catch fire at his passionate declamation.

Above all, the French people are wedded to their own opinions. Each Parisian is, or supposes himself, master of the rules of the cri-

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tical art; and whatever limitations it imposes on the author, the spectators receive some indemnification from the pleasure of sitting in judgment upon him. To require from a dancer to exhibit his agility without touching any of the lines of a diagram chalked on the floor, would deprive the performance of much ease, strength, and grace; but still the spectator of such a species of dance, might feel a certain interest in watching the dexterity with which the artist avoided treading on the interdicted limits, and a certain pride in detecting occasional infringements. In the same manner, the French critic obtains a triumph from watching the transgressions of the dramatic poet against the laws of Aristotle; equal, perhaps, to the more legitimate pleasure he might have derived from the unfettered exercise of his talents. Upon the whole, the French tragedy, though its regulations seem to us founded in pedantry, and its sentiments to belong to a state of false and artificial refinement, contains, nevertheless, passages of such perfect poetry and exquisite moral beauty, that to hear them declaimed with the art of Talma, cannot but afford a very high pitch of intellectual gratification.

The French comedy assumed a regular shape about the same period with the tragedy; and Molière was in his department what Corneille and Racine were in theirs; an original author, approached in excellence by none of those that succeeded him. The form which he assumed for a model was that of the comedy of Menander; and he has copied pretty closely some pieces from the Latin stage. Molière was endowed by nature with a rich fund of comic humour, which is nowhere more apparent than in those light pieces that are written upon the plan of the Italian masked comedy. In these he has introduced the jealous old Pantaloon; the knavish and mischievous Servant, and some of its other characters. In his regular comedy he soared to a higher pitch. Before his time the art sought its resources in the multiplicity and bustle of intrigue, escape, and disguise,—or at best, in a comic dialogue, approaching to mere buffoonery. Molière's satire aimed at a nobler prey; he studied mankind for the purpose of attacking those follies of social life which are best exposed by ridicule. The aim of few satirists has been so legitimate, or pursued with such success. Female vanity, learned pedantry, unreasonable jealousy, the doating and disgraceful passions of old men, avarice, coquetry, slander, the quacks who disgrace medicine, and the knaves who prostitute the profession of the law, were the marks at which his shafts were directed.

Molière's more regular comedies are limited by the law of unities, and finished with great diligence. It is true, the author found it sometimes necessary tacitly to elude the unity of place, which he durst not openly violate; but, in general, he sacrifices probability to system. In the "Ecole des Femmes," Arnolph brings his wife into the street, out

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of the room in which his jealousy has imprisoned her, in order to lecture her upon the circumspection due to her character; which absurdity he is guilty of, that the scene may not be shifted from the open space before his door to her apartment. In general, however, it may be noticed, that the critical unities impose much less hardship upon the comic than upon the tragic poet. It is much more easy to reconcile the incidents of private life to the unities of time and place, than to compress within their limits the extensive and prolonged transactions which comprehend the revolution of kingdoms and the fate of monarchs What influence, however, these rules do possess, must operate to cramp and embarrass the comic as well as the tragic writers; to violate and disunite those very probabilities which they affect to maintain; and to occasion a thousand real absurdities rather than grant a conventional license, which seems essential to the freedom of the Drama.

The later comic authors of France seem to have abandoned the track pointed out by Molière, as if in despair of approaching his excellence. Their comedy, compared with that of other nations, and of their great predecessor, is cramped, and tame, and limited. In this department, as in tragedy, the stage has experienced the inconvenience arising from the influence of the Court. The varied and unbounded field of comic humour which the passions and peculiarities of the lower orders present, was prohibited, as containing subjects of exhibition too low and vulgar for a monarch and his courtiers; and thus the natural, fresh, and varied character of comedy was flung aside, while the heartless vices and polished follies of the great world were substituted in its place. Schlegel has well observed, that the object of French comedy "is no longer life, but society; that perpetual negociation between conflicting vanities which never ends in a sincere treaty of peace. The embroidered dress, the hat under the arm, and the sword by the side, essentially belong to them; and the whole of the characterisation is limited to the folly of the men and the coquetry of the women."

It is scarce in nature that a laughter-loving people should have remained satisfied with an amusement so dull and insipid as their regular comedy. A few years preceding the Revolution, and while the causes of that event were in full fermentation, the "Marriage of Figaro" appeared on the stage. It is a comedy of intrigue; and the dialogue is blended with traits of general and political satire, as well as with a tone of licentiousness, which was till then a stranger to the French stage. It was received with a degree of enthusiastic and frantic popularity which nothing but its novelty could have occasioned, for there is little real merit in the composition. Frederick of Prussia, and other admirers of the old theatrical school, were greatly scandalized at so daring an innovation on the regular French comedy. The circumstances

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which followed have prevented Beaumarchais' example from being imitated; and the laughers have consoled themselves with inferior departments of the Drama. Accordingly we find the blank supplied by farces, comic operas, and dramatic varieties, in which plots of a light, flimsy, and grotesque character are borne out by the comic humour of the author and comic skill of the actor. Brunet, a comedian of extraordinary powers in this cast of interludes, has at times presumed so far upon his popularity as to season his farce with political allusions. It will scarce be believed that he aimed several shafts at Napoleon when in the height of his power. The boldness, as well as the wit of the actor, secured him the applause of the audience; and such a hold had Brunet of their affections, that an imprisonment of a few hours was the greatest punishment which Bonaparte ventured to inflict upon him. But whatever be the attachment shown to the art in general, the French, like ourselves, rest the character of their theatre chiefly upon the ancient specimens of the Drama: and the regular tragedy, as well as comedy, seems declining in that kingdom.

As the Drama of France was formed under the patronage of the monarch, and bears the strongest proofs of its courtly origin, that of England, which was encouraged by the people at large, retains equally unequivocal marks of its popular descent. Its history must naturally draw to some length, as being that part of our essay likely to be most interesting to the reader. In part, however, we have paved the way for it by the details common to the rise of dramatic art in the other nations of Europe. We shall distinguish the English Drama as divided into four periods, premising that this is merely a general and not a precise division. The taste which governed each period, and the examples on which it is grounded, will usually be found to have dawned in the period preceding that in which it was received and established.

I. From the revival of the theatre until the great Civil War.

II. From the Restoration to the reign of Queen Anne.

III. From the earlier part of the last century down to the present reign.

IV. The present state of the British Drama.

I. The Drama of England commenced, as we have already observed, upon the Spanish model. "Ferrex and Porrex" was the first composition approaching to a regular tragedy; and it was acted before Queen Elizabeth, upon the 18th of January, 1561, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple. It partakes rather of the character of a historical than of a classical Drama; although more nearly allied to the latter class, than the chronicle plays which afterwards took possession of the

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stage. We have already recorded Sir Philip Sidney's commendation of this play, which he calls by the name of "Gorboduc," from one of the principal characters. Acted by a learned body, and written in great part by Lord Sackville, the principal author of the "Mirror for Magistrates," the first of English tragedies assumed in some degree the honours of the learned buskin; but although a Chorus was presented according to the classical model, the play was free from the observance of the unities; and contains many irregularities severely condemned by the regular critics.

English comedy, considered as a regular composition, is said to have commenced with "Gammer Gurton's Needle." This "right pithy, pleasant, and merry comedy," was the supposed composition of John Still, Master of Arts, and afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. It was acted in Christ-Church College, Cambridge, 1575. It is a piece of low humour; the whole jest turning upon the loss and recovery of the needle with which Gammer Gurton was to repair the breeches of her man Hodge; but in point of manners, it is a great curiosity, as the *curta suppellex* of our ancestors is scarcely anywhere so well described. The popular characters also, the Sturdy Beggar, the Clown, the Country Vicar, and the Shrew, of the sixteenth century, are drawn in colours taken from the life. The unity of time, place, and action, are observed through the play, with an accuracy of which France might be jealous. The time, is a few hours—the place, the open square of the village before Gammer Gurton's door—the action, the loss of the needle—and this, followed by the search for and final recovery of that necessary implement, is intermixed with no other thwarting or subordinate interest, but is progressive from the commencement to the conclusion.

It is remarkable, that the earliest English tragedy and comedy are both works of considerable merit; that each partakes of the distinct character of its class; that the tragedy is without any intermixture of comedy; the comedy without any intermixture of tragedy.

These models were followed by a variety of others, in which no such distinctions were observed. Numerous theatres sprung up in different parts of the metropolis, opened upon speculation by distinct troops of performers. Their number shows how much they interested public curiosity; for men never struggle for a share in a losing profession. They acted under licenses, which appear to have been granted for the purpose of police alone, not of exclusive privilege or monopoly; since London contained, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, no fewer than fourteen distinct companies of players, with very considerable privileges and remunerations. See Drake's "Shakspeare and his Times," vol. ii., p. 205.

The public, therefore, in the widest sense of the word, was at once

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arbiter and patron of the Drama. The companies of players who traversed the country might indeed assume the name of some peer or baron, for the sake of introduction or protection; but those of the metropolis do not, at this early period of our dramatic history, appear to have rested in any considerable degree upon learned or aristocratic privilege. The license was obtained from the crown, but their success depended upon the voice of the people; and the pieces which they brought forward, were, of course, adapted to popular taste. It followed necessarily that histories and romantic Dramas were the favourites of the period. A general audience in an unlearned age requires rather amusement than conformity to rules, and is more displeased with a tiresome uniformity than shocked with the breach of all the unities. The players and dramatists, before the rise of Shakspeare, followed, of consequence, the taste of the public; and dealt in the surprising, elevating, and often bombastic incidents of tragedy, as well as in the low humour and grotesque situations of the comic scene. Where these singly were found to lack attraction, they mingled them together, and dashed their tragic plot with an under-intrigue of the lowest buffoonery, without any respect to state or congruity.

The clown was no stranger to the stage; he interfered, without ceremony, in the most heart-rending scenes, to the scandal of the more learned spectators.

> "Now lest such frightful shows of fortune's fall,
> And bloody tyrant's rage should chance appall
> The death-struck audience, 'midst the silent rout,
> Comes leaping in a self misformed lout,
> And laughs and grins, and frames his mimic face,
> And jostles straight into the prince's place;
> Then doth the theatre echo all aloud,
> With gladsome noise of that applauding crowd,
> A goodly hotchpotch, where vile russettings
> Are matched with monarchs and with mighty kings."

An ancient stage-trick, illustrative of the mixture of tragic and comic action in Shakspeare's time, was long preserved in the theatre. Henry IV. holding council before the battle of Shrewsbury, was always represented as seated on a drum; and when he rose and came forward to address his nobles, the place was occupied by Falstaff; a practical jest which seldom failed to produce a laugh from the galleries. The taste and judgment of the author himself were very different. During the whole scene, Falstaff gives only once, and under irresistible temptation, the rein to his petulant wit, and it is instantly checked by the prince; to whom, by the way, and not to the king, his words ought to be addressed.

The English stage might be considered equally without rule and without model when Shakspeare arose. The effect of the genius of an individual upon the taste of a nation is mighty; but that genius, in its turn, is formed according to the opinions prevalent at the period when

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it comes into existence. Such was the case with Shakspeare. Had he received an education more extensive, and possessed a taste refined by the classical models, it is probable that he also, in admiration of the ancient Drama, might have mistaken the form for the essence, and subscribed to those rules which had produced such masterpieces of art. Fortunately for the full exertion of a genius, as comprehensive and versatile as intense and powerful, Shakspeare had no access to any models of which the commanding merit might have controlled and limited his own exertions. He followed the path which a nameless crowd of obscure writers had trodden before him; but he moved in it with the grace and majestic step of a being of a superior order; and vindicated for ever the British theatre from a pedantic restriction to classical rule. Nothing went before Shakspeare which in any respect was fit to fix and stamp the character of a national Drama; and certainly no one will succeed him capable of establishing, by mere authority, a form more restricted than that which Shakspeare used.

Such is the action of existing circumstances upon genius, and the reaction of genius upon future circumstances. Shakspeare and Corneille was each the leading spirit of his age; and the difference between them is well marked by the editor of the latter: "Corneille est inégal comme Shakspeare, et plein de génie comme lui; mais le génie de Corneille était à celui de Shakspeare ce qu'un *seigneur* est à l'égard d'un *homme du peuple* né avec le même esprit que lui." This distinction is strictly accurate, and contains a compliment to the English author which, assuredly, the critic did not intend to make. Corneille wrote as a courtier, circumscribed within the imaginary rules and ceremonies of a court, as a chicken is by a circle of chalk drawn round it. Shakspeare, composing for the amusement of the public alone, had within his province, not only the inexhaustible field of actual life, but the whole ideal world of fancy and superstition;—more favourable to the display of poetical genius than even existing realities. Under the circumstances of Corneille, Shakspeare must have been restricted to the same dull, regular, and unvaried system. He must have written, not according to the dictates of his own genius, but in conformity to the mandate of some *Intendant des menus plaisirs;* or of some minister of state, who, like Cardinal Richelieu, thought he could write a tragedy because he could govern a kingdom. It is not equally clear to what height Corneille might have ascended, had he enjoyed the national immunities of Shakspeare. Each pitched down a land-mark in his art. The circle of Shakspeare was so extensive, that it is with advantage liable to many restrictions; that of Corneille included a narrow limit, which his successors have deemed it unlawful to enlarge.

It is not our intention, within the narrow space to which our essay

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is necessarily limited, to enlarge upon the character and writings of Shakspeare. We can only notice his performances as events in the history of the theatre—of a gigantic character, indeed, so far as its dignity, elevation, and importance are considered; but, in respect of the mere practice of the Drama, rather fixing and sanctioning, than altering or reforming, those rules and forms which he found already established. This we know for certain, that those historical plays or chronicles, in which Shakspeare's muse has thrown a never-fading light upon the history of his country, did, almost every one of them, exist before him in the rude shape of dry dialogue and pitiful buffoonery, stitched into scenes by the elder play-wrights of the stage. His romantic Dramas exhibit the same contempt of regularity which was manifested by Marlow, and other writers; for where there was abuse or extreme license upon the stage, the example of Shakspeare may be often quoted as its sanction, never as tending to reform it. In these particulars the practice of our immortal bard was contrasted with that of Ben Jonson, a severe and somewhat pedantic scholar;—a man whose mind was coarse, though possessing both strength and elevation, and whose acute perception of comic humour was tinctured with vulgarity.

Jonson's tragic strength consists in a sublime, and sometimes harsh, expression of moral sentiment; but displays little of tumultuous and ardent passion, still less of tenderness or delicacy, although there are passages in which he seems adequate to expressing them. He laboured in the mine of the classics, but overloaded himself with the ore, which he could not, or would not, refine. His "Cataline" and "Sejanus" are laboured translations from Cicero, Sallust, and Tacitus, which his own age did not endure, and which no succeeding generation will be probably much tempted to revive. With the stern superiority of learning over ignorance, he asserted himself a better judge of his own productions, than the public which condemned him, and haughtily claimed the laurel which the general suffrage often withheld; but the world has as yet shown no disposition to reverse the opinion of their predecessors.

In comedy, Jonson made some efforts partaking of the character of the older comedy of the Grecians. In his "Tale of a Tub," he follows the path of Aristophanes, and lets his wit run into low buffoonery, that he might bring upon the stage Inigo Jones, his personal enemy. In "Cynthia's Revells," and "The Staple of News," we find him introducing the dull personification of abstract passions and qualities, and turning legitimate comedy into an allegorical mask. What interest can the reader have in such characters as the three Penny boys, and their transactions with the Lady Pecunia? Some of Jonson's more legitimate comedies may be also taxed here with filthiness of language;

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of which disgusting attribute his works exhibit more instances, than those of any English writer of eminence, excepting Swift. Let us, however, be just to a master-spirit of his age. The comic force of Jonson was strong, marked, and peculiar; and he excelled even Shakspeare himself in drawing that class of truly English characters, remarkable for peculiarity of *humour*;—that is, for some mode of thought, speech, and behaviour, superinduced upon the natural disposition, by profession, education, or fantastical affectation of singularity. In blazoning these forth with their natural attributes and appropriate language, Ben Jonson has never been excelled; and his works everywhere exhibit a consistent and manly moral, resulting naturally from the events of the scene.

It must also be remembered, that, although it was Jonson's fate to be eclipsed by the superior genius, energy, and taste of Shakspeare, yet those advantages which enabled him to maintain an honourable though an unsuccessful struggle, were of high advantage to the Drama. Jonson was the first who showed, by example, the infinite superiority of a well-conceived plot, all the parts of which bore upon each other, and forwarded an interesting conclusion, over a tissue of detached scenes, following without necessary connexion or increase of interest. The plot of "The Fox" is admirably conceived; and that of "The Alchymist," though faulty in the conclusion, is nearly equal to it. In the two comedies of "Every man in his Humour," and "Every Man out of his Humour," the plot deserves much less praise, and is deficient at once in interest and unity of action; but in that of "The Silent Woman," nothing can exceed the art with which the circumstance upon which the conclusion turns, is, until the very last scene, concealed from the knowledge of the reader, while he is tempted to suppose it constantly within his reach. In a word, Jonson is distinguished by his strength and stature, even in those days when there were giants in the land; and affords a model of a close, animated, and characteristic style of comedy, abounding in moral satire, and distinguished at once by force and art, which was afterwards more cultivated by English dramatists, than the lighter, more wild, and more fanciful department in which Shakspeare moved, beyond the reach of emulation.

The general opinion of critics has assigned genius as the characteristic of Shakspeare, and art as the appropriate excellence of Jonson; not, surely, that Jonson was deficient in genius, but that art was the principal characteristic of his laborious scenes. We learn from his own confession, and from the panegyrics of his friends, as well as the the taunts of his enemies, that he was a slow composer: The natural result of laborious care is jealousy of fame; for that which we do with labour, we value highly when achieved. Shakspeare, on the other hand, appears to have composed rapidly and carelessly; and, some-

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times, even without considering, while writing the earlier acts, how the catastrophe was to be huddled up, in that which was to conclude the piece. We may fairly conclude him to have been indifferent about fame, who would take so little pains to win it. Much, perhaps, might have been achieved by the union of these opposed qualities, and by blending the art of Jonson with the fiery invention and fluent expression of his great contemporary. But such a union of opposite excellences in the same author was hardly to be expected; nor, perhaps, would the result have proved altogether so favourable, as might at first view be conceived. We should have had more perfect specimens of the art; but they must have been much fewer in number; and posterity would certainly have been deprived of that rich luxuriance of dramatic excellences and poetic beauties, which, like wild-flowers upon a common field, lie scattered profusely among the unacted plays of Shakspeare.

Although incalculably superior to his contemporaries, Shakspeare had successful imitators, and the art of Jonson was not unrivalled. Massinger appears to have studied the works of both, with the intention of uniting their excellences. He knew the strength of plot; and although his plays are altogether irregular, yet he well understood the advantage of a strong and defined interest; and in unravelling the intricacy of his intrigues, he often displays the management of a master. Art, therefore, not perhaps in its technical, but in its most valuable sense, was Massinger's as well as Jonson's; and, in point of composition, many passages of his plays are not unworthy of Shakspeare. Were we to distinguish Massinger's peculiar excellence, we should name that first of dramatic attributes, a full conception of character, a strength in bringing out, and consistency in adhering to it. He does not, indeed, always introduce his personages to the audience, in their own proper character; it dawns forth gradually in the progress of the piece, as in the hypocritical Luke, or in the heroic Marullo. But, upon looking back, we are always surprised and delighted to trace from the very beginning, intimation of what the personage is to prove, as the play advances. There is often a harshness of outline, however, in the characters of this dramatist, which prevents their approaching to the natural and easy portraits bequeathed us by Shakspeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher, men of remarkable talent, seemed to have followed Shakspeare's mode of composition, rather than Jonson's and thus to have altogether neglected that art which Jonson taught, and which Massinger in some sort practised. They may, indeed, be rather said to have taken for their model the boundless license of the Spanish stage, from which many of their pieces are expressly and avowedly derived. The acts of their plays are so detached from each other, in substance and consistency, that the plot scarce can be said to hang

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together at all, or to have, in any sense of the word, a beginning, progress, and conclusion. It seems as if the play began, because the curtain rose, and ended because it fell; the author, in the meantime, exerting his genius for the amusement of the spectators, pretty much in the same manner as in the *Scenario* of the Italians, by the actors filling up, with their extempore wit, the scenes chalked out for them. To compensate for this excess of irregularity, the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher have still a high poetical value. If character be sometimes violated, probability discarded, and the interest of the plot neglected, the reader is, on the other hand, often gratified by the most beautiful description, the most tender and passionate dialogue; a display of brilliant wit and gaiety, or a feast of comic humour. These attributes had so much effect on the public, that, during the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, many of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays had possession of the stage, while those of Shakspeare were laid upon the shelf.

Shirley, Ford, Webster, Decker, and others, added performances to the early treasures of the English Drama, which abound with valuable passages. There never, probably, rushed into the lists of literary composition together, a band more distinguished for talent. If the early Drama be inartificial and unequal, no nation, at least, can show so many detached scenes, and even acts, of high poetical merit. One powerful cause seems to have produced an effect so marked and distinguished; to wit, the universal favour of a theatrical public, which daily and nightly thronged the numerous theatres then open in the city of London.

In considering this circumstance, it must above all be remembered, that these numerous audiences crowded, not to feast their eyes upon show and scenery, but to see and hear the literary production of the evening. The scenes which the stage exhibited, were probably of the most paltry description. Some rude helps to the imagination of the audience might be used, by introducing the gate of a castle or two; —the monument of the Capulets, by sinking a trap-door, or by thrusting in a bed. The good-natured audience readily received these hints, with that conventional allowance, which Sir Philip Sidney had ridiculed, and which Shakspeare himself has alluded to, when he appeals from the poverty of theatrical representation to the excited imagination of his audience.

> ——————"Can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
> Within this wooden O, the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?
> O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
> Attest, in little place, a million;
> And let us, ciphers to this great account,
> On your imaginary forces work;

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> Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
> Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
> Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
> The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder;
> Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
> Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth.
> For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
> Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
> Turning the accomplishment of many years
> Into an hour-glass."——
>
> *Chorus to K. Henry V.*

Such were the allowances demanded by Shakspeare and his contemporaries from the public of their day, in consideration of the imperfect means and appliances of their theatrical machinery. Yet the deficiency of scenery and show, which, when existing in its utmost splendour, divides the interest of the piece in the mind of the ignorant, and rarely affords much pleasure to a spectator of taste, may have been rather an advantage to the infant Drama. The spectators, having nothing to withdraw their attention from the immediate business of the piece, gave it their full and uninterrupted attention. And here it may not be premature to enquire into the characteristical difference between the audiences of the present day, and of those earlier theatrical ages, when the Drama boasted not only the names of Shakspeare, of Massinger, of Jonson, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Shirley, of Ford; but others of subordinate degree, the meanest of whom shows occasionally more fire than warms whole reams of modern plays. This will probably be found to rest on the varied and contrasted feelings with which the audience of ancient and that of modern days attend the progress of the scene.

Nothing, indeed, is more certain, than that the general cast of theatrical composition must receive its principal bent and colouring from the taste of the audience:

> "The Drama's laws, the Drama's patrons give;
> For those who live to please, must please to live."
>
> JOHNSON'S *Prologue*, 1747.

But though this be an undeniable, and in some respects a melancholy truth, it is not less certain, that genius, labouring in behalf of the public, possesses the power of re-action, and of influencing, in its turn, that taste to which it is in some respects obliged to conform; while, on the other hand, the play-wright, who aims only to catch the passing plaudit and the profit of a season, by adddressing himself exclusively to the ruling predilections of the audience, degrades the public taste still farther, by the gross food which he ministers to it; unless it shall be supposed that he may contribute involuntarily to rouse it from its degeneracy, by cramming it even to satiety and loathing. This action, therefore, and re-action, of the taste of the age on dramatic writing, and *vice versa*, must both be kept in view, when treating of the difference betwixt the days of Shakspeare and our own.

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Perhaps it is the leading distinction betwixt ancient and modern audiences, that the former came to listen, and to admire; to fling the reins of their imaginations into the hands of the author and actors, and to be pleased, like the reader to whom Sterne longed to do homage, "they knew not why, and cared not wherefore." The novelty of dramatic entertainments (for there elapsed only about twenty years betwixt the date of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," accounted the earliest English play, and the rise of Shakspeare) must have had its natural effect upon the audience. The sun of Shakspeare arose almost without a single gleam of intervening twilight; and it was no wonder that the audience, introduced to this enchanting and seductive art at once, under such an effulgence of excellence, should have been more disposed to wonder than to criticise; to admire—or rather to adore—than to measure the height, or ascertain the course, of the luminary which diffused such glory around him. The great number of theatres in London, and the profusion of varied talent which was dedicated to this service, attest the eagerness of the public to enjoy the entertainments of the scene. The ruder amusements of the age lost their attractions; and the royal bear-ward of Queen Elizabeth lodged a formal complaint at the feet of her majesty, that the play-houses had seduced the audience from his periodical bear-baitings! This fact is worth a thousand conjectures; and we can hardly doubt, that the converts, transported by their improving taste from the bear-garden to the theatre, must, generally speaking, have felt their rude minds subdued and led captive by the superior intelligence, which not only placed on the stage at pleasure all ranks, all ages, all tempers, all passions of mere humanity, but extended its powers beyond the bounds of time and space, and seemed to render visible to mortal eyes the secrets of the invisible world. We may, perhaps, form the best guess of the feelings of Shakspeare's contemporary audience, by recollecting the emotions of any rural friend of rough, but sound sense, and ardent feelings, whom we have had the good fortune to conduct to a theatre for the first time in his life. It may be well imagined, that such a spectator thinks little of the three dramatic unities, of which Aristotle says so little, and his commentators and followers talk so much; and that the poet and the performers have that enviable influence over his imagination, which transports him from place to place at pleasure; crowds years into the course of hours, and interests him in the business of each scene, however disconnected from the others. His eyes are riveted to the stage, his ears drink in the accents of the speakers, and he experiences in his mature age, what we have all felt in childhood—a sort of doubt whether the beings and business of the scene be real or fictitious. In this state of delightful fascination, Shakspeare and the gigantic dramatic champions of his age, found the British public at large; and how they availed

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themselves of the advantages which so favourable a temper afforded them, their works will show so long as the language of Britain continues to be read.* It is true, that the enthusiastic glow of the public admiration, like the rays of a tropical sun darted upon a rich soil, called up in profusion weeds as well as flowers; and that, spoiled in some degree by the indulgent acceptation which attended their efforts, even our most admired writers of Elizabeth's age not unfrequently exceeded the bounds of critical nicety, and even of common taste and decorum. But these eccentricities were atoned for by a thousand beauties, to which, fettered by the laws of the classic Drama, the authors would hardly have aspired, or, aspiring, would hardly have attained. All of us know and feel how much the exercise of our powers, especially those which rest on keen feelings and self-confidence, is dependent upon a favourable reception from those for whom they are put in action. Every one has observed how a cold brow can damp the brilliancy of wit, and fetter the flow of eloquence; and how both are induced to send forth sallies corresponding in strength and fire, upon being received by the kindred enthusiasm of those whom they have addressed. And thus, if we owe to the indiscriminate admiration with which the Drama was at first received, the irregularities of the authors by whom it was practised, we also stand indebted to it, in all probability, for many of its beauties, which became of rare occurrence, when, by a natural, and indeed a necessary change, satiated admiration began to give way to other feelings.

When a child is tired of playing with a new toy, its next delight is to examine how it is constructed; and, in like manner, so soon as the first burst of public admiration is over with respect to any new mode of composition, the next impulse prompts us to analyse and to criticise what was at first the subject of vague and indiscriminate wonder. In the first instance, the toy is generally broken to pieces; in the other, while the imagination of the authors is subjected to the rigid laws of criticism, the public generally lose in genius what they may gain in point of taste. The author who must calculate upon severe criticism, turns his thoughts more to avoid faults than to attain excellence; as he

* ["There is only one other peculiarity which we shall notice in these ancient dramas; and that is, the singular, though very beautiful, style in which the greater part of them are composed,—a style which we think must have been felt as peculiar by all who peruse them, though it is by no means easy to describe in what its peculiarity consists. It is not for the most part a lofty or sonorous style,—nor is it finical or affected,—or strained, quaint, or pedantic,—but it is, at the same time, a style full of of turn and contrivance,—with some little degree of constraint and involution,—very often characterised by a studied briefness and simplicity of diction, yet relieved by a certain indirect, and figurative cast of expression,—and almost always coloured with a modest tinge of ingenuity, and fashioned, rather too visibly, upon a particular model of elegance and purity. In scenes of powerful passion, this sort of artificial prettiness is commonly shaken off; and in Shakspeare, it disappears under all his forms of animation: But it sticks closer to most of his contemporaries. In Massinger (who has no passion), it is almost always discernible; and, in Ford, it gives a peculiar tone to almost all the estimable parts of his productions."—JEFFREY.]

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who is afraid to stumble must avoid rapid motion. The same process takes place in all the fine arts: their first productions are distinguished by boldness and irregularity; those which succeed by a better and more correct taste, but also by inferior and less original genius.

The original school founded by Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, continued by Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley, Ford, and others, whose compositions are distinguished by irregularity as well as genius, was closed by the breaking out of the great civil war in 1642. The stage had been the constant object of reprobation and abhorrence on the part of the Puritans, and its professors had no favour to expect at their hands if victorious. We read, therefore, with interest, but without surprise, that almost all the actors took up arms in behalf of their old master King Charles, in whose service most of them perished. Robinson, a principal actor at the Blackfriars, was killed by Harrison in cold blood, and under the application of a text of scripture,—"Cursed is he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently." A few survivors endeavoured occasionally to practise their art in secrecy and obscurity, but were so frequently discovered, plundered, and stripped by the soldiers, that "Enter the red-coat, Exit hat and cloak," was too frequent a stage direction. Sir William Davenant endeavoured to evade the severe zealots of the time by representing a sort of opera, said to have been the first Drama in which movable scenery was introduced upon the stage. Even the cavaliers of the more grave sort disapproved of the revival of these festive entertainments during the unstable and melancholy period of the interregnum. "I went," says the excellent Evelyn, in his "Diary," 5th May, 1658, "to see a new opera after the Italian way; in recitation, music, and scenes, much inferior to the Italian composure and magnificence; but it was prodigious that in such a time of public consternation, such a variety should be kept up or permitted, and being engaged with company, could not decently resist the going to see it, though my heart smote me for it." Davenant's theatrical enterprise, abhorred by the fanaticism of the one party, and ill adapted to the dejected circumstances of the other, was not probably very successful.

II. With royalty, the stage revived in England. But the theatres in the capital were limited to two, a restriction which has never since been extended. This was probably by the advice of Clarendon, who endeavoured, though vainly, to stem at all points the flood of idle gaiety and dissipation which broke in after the restoration. The example of France might reconcile Charles to this exertion of royal authority. With this restoration of the Drama, as well as of the crown, commences the second part of English dramatic history.

Charles II. had been accustomed to enjoy the foreign stage during

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his exile, and had taste enough to relish its beauties. It is probable, however, that his judgment was formed upon the French model, for few of the historical or romantic Dramas were revived at the Restoration. So early as 26th November, 1662, the "Diary" of Evelyn contains this entry: "I saw Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, played, but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty has been so long abroad." Dryden, Howard, and others, who obtained possession of the stage, introduced what was for some time called Heroic Plays, written in couplets, and turning upon the passions of love and honour. In the dialogue, these pieces resembled that of the French stage, where the actors declaim alternately in the best language, and in the finest thoughts, which the poet can supply; but without much trace of natural passion or propriety of character. But though French in dialogue and sentiment, the heroic plays were English in noise and bustle, and the lack of truth and nature was supplied by trumpets and tempests, victories, and processions. An entertainment of a character so forced and unnatural, was obviously of foreign growth, and flowed from the court. Dryden himself has assured us, "that the favour which heroic plays had acquired upon the stage, was entirely owing to the countenance which they had received at court; and that the most eminent persons for wit and humour in the royal circle had so far honoured them, that they judged no way so fit as verse to entertain a noble audience, or express a noble passion." In these pieces the unities were not observed: but in place of the classical restrictions, there were introduced certain romantic whimsical limitations of the dramatic art, which, had they been adopted, must soon have destroyed all its powers of pleasing. The characters were avowedly formed upon the model of the French romance, where honour was a sort of insane gasconading extravagance, and who seem to have made a vow never to speak or think of any thing but love; and that in language sometimes ingeniously metaphysical, sometimes puerile to silliness, sometimes mad even to raving, but always absurd, unnatural, and extravagant. In point of system it was stated, that a heroic play should be an imitation of a heroic poem. The laws of such compositions did not, it was said, dispense with those of the elder Drama, but exalted them, and obliged the poet to draw all things as far above the ordinary proportion of the stage, as the stage itself is beyond the common words and actions of human life. The effects which a heroic play, constructed upon such an overstrained model, produced, is well described by Mrs Evelyn, wife of the author of that name already quoted, in a letter to *Mr Bohun*, written in 1671: "Since my last to you I have seen the "Siege of Grenada," a play so full of ideas, that the most refined romance I ever read is not to compare with it. Love is made so pure, and valour so nice, that one would imagine it designed for a

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Utopia rather than our stage. I do not quarrel with the poet, but admire one born in the decline of morality should be able to feign such exact virtue; and as poetic fiction has been instructive in former ages, I wish this the same event in ours. As to the strict law of comedy I dare not pretend to judge. Some think the division of the story not so well as if it could all have been comprehended in the day of action. Truth of history, exactness of time, possibilities of adventures, are niceties which the ancient critics might require, but those who have outdone them in fine notions may be allowed the liberty to express them their own way, and the present world is so enlightened that the old dramatique must bear no sway. This account perhaps is not enough to do *Mr Driden* right, yet is as much as you can expect from the leisure of one who has the care of a nursery." (See Evelyn's Works.) This ingenious lady felt what, overawed by the fashion of the moment, she has intimated rather than expressed; namely, that the Heroic Drama, notwithstanding the fine poetry of which it may be made the vehicle, was overstrained, fantastical, and unnatural.*

In comedy, also, there was evinced, subsequent to the Restoration, a kindred desire of shining in dialogue, rather than attempting the humorous delineation of character of which Shakspeare, Jonson, and the earlier school, had set the example. The comic author no longer wrote to move the hearty laugh of a popular assembly, but to please a fashionable circle, "the men of wit and pleasure about town;" with whom wit and raillery is always more prevailing than humour. As in tragedy, therefore, the authors exhausted trope and figure, and reduced to logic the language of heroic passion; so in comedy, a succession of smart jests, which never served to advance the action of the piece, or display the character of the speaker, were bandied to and fro upon the stage.

Satire is the appropriate corrective of extravagance in composition, and "The Rehearsal" of the Duke of Buckingham, though it can scarcely be termed a work of uncommon power, had yet the effect of holding up to public ridicule, the marked and obvious absurdities of the revived Drama in both its branches. After the appearance of this satire, a taste too extravagant for long endurance was banished from the theatre; both tragedy and comedy retraced their steps, and approached more nearly to the field of human action, passion, and suffering; and down to the Revolution, a more natural style of Drama occupied the stage. It was supported by men of the highest genius; who, but for one great leading error, might perhaps have succeeded in giving to the art its truest and most energetic character. The talents of Otway, in his scenes of passionate affection, rival, at least, and

* [See more on the subject of Heroic Plays, *ante*, vol. i. of the present series, *Life of Dryden*, pp. 30 and 51.]

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sometimes excel, those of Shakspeare. More tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia, than for those of Juliet and Desdemona. The introduction of actresses upon the stage was scarce known before the Restoration, and it furnished the poets of the latter period with appropriate representatives for their female characters. This more happy degree of personification, as it greatly increased the perfection of the scene, must have animated, in proportion, the genius of the author. A marked improvement, therefore, may be traced in love scenes, and, indeed, in all those wherein female characters are introduced; that which was to be spoken by a fitting representative was, of course, written with more care, as it was acted with greater effect. This was an advantage, and a great one, possessed by the theatre succeeding the Restoration. Great force and vigour marked the dramatic compositions of this age. They were not, indeed, equal to those of Shakspeare, either in point of the talent called forth, or the quantity of original poetry given to the public; but Otway, and even Lee, notwithstanding his bombastic rant, possessed considerable knowledge of dramatic art and of stage-effect. Several plays of this period have kept possession of the stage; less, perhaps, on account of intrinsic merits, than because some of the broad errors of the earlier age had been removed, and a little more art had been introduced in the combination of the scenes, and disentanglement of the plot. The voice of criticism was frequently heard; the dramatic rules of the ancients were known and quoted; and though not recognised in their full extent, had nevertheless some influence in regulating the action of the Drama.

In one heinous article, however, the poets of this age sinned at once against virtue, good taste, and decorum; and endangered, by the most profligate and shameless indecency, the cause of morality, which has been often considered as nearly allied with that of the legitimate Drama. In the first period of the British stage, the actors were men of decent character, and often acquired considerable independence. The women's parts were acted by boys. Hence, although there were too many instances of low and licentious dialogue, there were few of that abominable species which addresses itself not to the fancy but to the passions; and is seductive, instead of being ludicrous. Had Charles II. borrowed from the French monarchy the severe etiquette of their court, when he introduced into England something resembling the style of their plays, he would have asserted what was due to his own dignity, and the cause of sound morals and good manners, by prohibiting this vulgar and degrading license, which in itself was insulting to the presence of a king. It was, however, this prince's lot, in the regulation of his amusements, as well as in his state government, to neglect self-respectability. In his exile, he had been "many,

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scandalous, and poor;" had been habituated to share familiarly coarse jests and loose pleasures with his dissolute companions; and, unfortunately, he saw no reason for disusing the license to which he had accustomed himself, when it was equally destructive to his own character and to decorum. What had been merely coarse was, under his influence, rendered vicious and systematic impurity. Scenes, both passionate and humorous, were written in such a style, as if the author had studied, whether the grave seduction of the heroic, or the broad infamy of the comic scenes, should contain the grossest insult to public decency. The female performers were of a character proper to utter whatever ribaldry the poet chose to put into their mouths; and, as they practised what they taught, the King himself, and the leading courtiers, formed connexions which gave the actresses a right to be saucy in their presence, and to reckon upon their countenance when practising in public the effrontery which marked their intercourse in private life. How much this shocked the real friends of Charles, is shown by its effects upon Evelyn, whose invaluable "Diary" we have already quoted:—"This night was acted my Lord Broghill's tragedy, called 'Mustapha,' before their Majesties at court, at which I was present; though very seldom now going to the public theatres, for many reasons, as they are now abused to an atheistical liberty. Foul and indecent women now, and never till now, are permitted to appear and act, who, inflaming several young noblemen and gallants, became their misses and some their wives—witness the Earl of Oxford, Sir R. Howard, P. Rupert, the Earl of Dorset, and another greater person than any of them, who fell into their snares, to the reproach of their noble families, and ruin of both body and soul." He elsewhere repeatedly expresses his grief and disgust at the pollution and degeneracy of the stage. (Evelyn's Works, vol. i., p. 392.) In a letter to Lord Cornbury (son of the great Clarendon) he thus expresses himself:—"In the town of London, there are more wretched and indecent plays permitted, than in all the world besides;" and adds, shortly after, "If my Lord Chancellor would but be instrumental in reforming this one exorbitancy, it would gain both the King and his Lordship multitudes of blessings. You know, my Lord, that I (who have written plays, and am a scurvy poet, too, sometimes) am far from Puritanisme; but I would have no reproach left our adversaries, in a theme which may so conveniently be reformed. Plays are now with us become a licentious exercise, and a vice, and neede severe censors, that should look as well to their morality, as to their lines and numbers."—And, at the hazard of multiplying quotations, we cannot suppress the following,—1st March, 1671:—"I walked with him (the King) through St James's Park, to the garden, where I both heard and saw a very familiar discourse betwixt —— (*i. e.* the King) and Mrs Nelly (Gwyn),

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as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her terrace at the top of the wall, and —— (the King) standing in the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene."

The foul stain, so justly censured by a judge so competent, and so moderate as Evelyn, was like that of the leprosy in the Levitical Law, which sunk into and pervaded the very walls of the mansion; it became the leading characteristic of the English theatre, of its authors, and of its players. It was, however, especially in comedy that this vice was most manifest; and, to say truth, were not the eyes of antiquaries, like the ears of confessors, free from being sullied by the impurities subjected to them, the comedies of this period, as well as the comic scenes introduced to relieve the tragedies, are fitter for a brothel, than for the library of a man of letters.

It is a pity that we are under the necessity of drawing the character of the Drama, at this age, from a feature so coarse and disgusting. Unquestionably, as the art in other respects made progress, it might, but for this circumstance, have reached an uncommon pitch of perfection. The comedies of Congreve contain probably more wit than was ever before embodied upon the stage; each word was a jest, and yet so characteristic, that the repartee of the servant is distinguished from that of the master; the jest of the coxcomb from that of the humorist or fine gentleman of the piece. Had not Sheridan lived in our own time, we could not have conceived the possibility of rivalling the comedies of Congreve. This distinguished author understood the laws of composition, and combined his intrigue with a degree of skill unusual on the British stage. Nor was he without his rivals, even where his eminence was most acknowledged. Vanburgh and Farquhar, inferior to Congreve in real wit, and falling into the next period, were, perhaps, his equals in the composition of acting plays. Like other powerful stimulants, the use of wit has its bounds, which Congreve is supposed sometimes to have exceeded. His dialogue keeps the attention too much upon the stretch, and, however delightful in the closet, fatigues the mind during the action. When you are perpetually conscious that you lose something by the slightest interruption of your attention, whether by accident or absence of mind, it is a state of excitement too vivid and too constant to be altogether pleasant; and we feel it possible, that we might sometimes wish to exchange a companion of such brilliant powers, for one who would afford us more repose and relaxation.

The light, lively, but somewhat more meagre dialogue of the later dramatists of the period, and of that which succeeded, was found sufficient to interest, yet was not so powerful as to fatigue, the audience. Vanburgh and Farquhar seem to have written more from the portraits of ordinary life; Congreve from the force of his own conception.

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The former, therefore, drew the characters of men and women as they found them; selected, united, and heightened for the purpose of effect; but without being enriched with any brilliancy foreign to their nature. But all the personages of Congreve have a glimpse of his own fire, and of his own acuteness. He could not entirely lay aside his quick powers of perception and reply, even when he painted a clown or a coxcomb; and all that can be objected, saving in a moral sense, to this great author, is, his having been too prodigal of his wit; a faculty used by most of his successors with rigid economy.

That personification of fantasy or whim, called characters of humour, which Ben Jonson introduced, was revived during this period. Shadwell, now an obscure name, endeavoured to found himself a reputation, by affecting to maintain the old school, and espousing the cause of Ben Jonson against Dryden and other innovators.* But although there was considerable force of humour in some of his forgotten plays, it was Wycherly upon whom fell the burden of upholding the standard of the Jonsonian school. "The Plain Dealer" is, indeed, imitated from Molière; but the principal character has more the force of a real portrait, and is better contrasted with the perverse, bustling, masculine, pettifogging, and litigious character of Widow Blackackre, than Alceste is with any of the characters in "The Misanthrope." The other plays of this author are marked by the same strong and forcible painting, which approaches more to the satire of Jonson, than to the ease of Vanburgh, the gaiety of Farquhar, or the wit of Congreve. Joining, however, the various merits of these authors, as belonging to this period, they form a galaxy of comic talent, scarcely to be matched in any other age or country; and which is only obscured by those foul and impure mists, which their pens, like the raven wings of Sycorax, had brushed from fen and bog.

Morals repeatedly insulted, long demanded an avenger; and he arose in the person of Jeremy Collier. It is no disgrace to the memory of this virtuous and well-meaning man, that, to use the lawyer's phrase, he pleaded his cause too high; summoned, unnecessarily, to his aid the artillery with which the Christian fathers had fulminated against the Heathen Drama; and, pushing his arguments to extremity, directed it as well against the use as the abuse of the stage. Those who attempted to reply to him, availed themselves, indeed, of the weak parts of his arguments; but upon the main points of impeachment, the poets stood self-convinced. Dryden made a manly and liberal submission, though not without some reflections upon the rudeness of his antagonist's attacks:

* [See Dryden's controversy with Shadwell, *ante*, vol. i., *Life of Dryden*, p. 115, &c.]

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"I shall say the less of Mr Collier, because in many things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which can be truly accused of obscenity, profaneness, or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that, in many places, he has perverted my meaning by his glosses, and interpreted my words into blasphemy and bawdry, of which they were not guilty; besides, that he is too much given to horse-play in his raillery, and comes to battle like a dictator from the plough. I will not say, 'The zeal of God's house has eaten him up;' but I am sure, it has devoured some part of his good manners and civility." *

Congreve, less prudent, made an angry and petulant defence, yet tacitly admitted the charge brought against him, by retrenching, in the future editions of his plays, passages of grossness and profaneness, which the restless antiquary still detects in the early copies. And, on the whole, Collier's satire was attended with such salutary effects, that men started at the mass of impudence and filth, which had been gradually accumulated in the theatre, during the last reigns; and if the Augean stable was not sufficiently cleansed, the stream of public opinion was fairly directed against its conglomerated impurities. Since that period, indecency, that easy substitute for wit and pleasantry, has been gradually banished from the Drama, where the conversation is now (according to Sheridan at least) always moral, if not entertaining.

During the second period of the British Drama, great improvement was made in point of art. The principles of dramatic composition were more completely understood, and the poets themselves had written so much upon the subject, that, as Dryden somewhere complains, they had taught their audience the art of criticising their performances. They did not, however, so far surrender the liberties and immunities of their predecessors, as to receive laws from the French critics. The rules of the unities were no farther adopted by Otway, Congreve, and the writers of their time, than their immediate purpose admitted. It was allowed, on all hands, that unnecessary and gross irregularities were to be avoided, but no precise rule was adopted; poets argued upon the subject according to caprice, and acted according to convenience. Gross and palpable extensions of time, and frequent changes of place, were avoided; and, unless in tragi-comedies, authors studied to combine the intrigue of their play into one distinct and progressive action. The genius by which this art was supported, was neither so general nor so profuse as that which decorated the preceding period. It was enough, however, to support the honour of the Drama; and if the second period has produced fewer masterpieces of talent, it has exhibited more plays capable of being acted.

III. In the third period of dramatic history, the critics began to

* [See Dryden's controversy with Collier, *ante*, vol. i., *Life of Dryden*, p. 186, &c.]

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obtain an authority for which they had long struggled, and which might have proved fatal to the liberties of the stage. It is the great danger of criticism, when laying down abstract rules without reference to any example, that these regulations can only apply to the form, and never to the essence of the Drama. They may assume, that the plot must be formed on a certain model, but they cannot teach the spirit which is to animate its progress. They cannot show how a passion should be painted, but they can tell to a moment when the curtain should be dropped. The misfortune is, that, while treating of these subordinate considerations, critics exalt them to an undue importance, in their own minds and that of their scholars. What they carve out for their pupils is a mere dissection of a lifeless form; the genius which animated it escapes, as the principle of life glided from the scalpel of those anatomists who sought to detect it in the earlier days of that art. Rymer had, as early as 1688, discovered that our poetry of the last age was as rude as its architecture. "One cause thereof," he continues, "might be, that Aristotle's" "Treatise of Poetry" has been so little studied amongst us; it was, perhaps, commented upon by all the great men in "Italy, before we well knew (on this side of the Alps) that there was such a book in being." Accordingly, Rymer endeavours to establish what he calls the Rule of Reason over Fancy, in the contrivance and economy of a play. "Those who object to this subjugation," he observes, "are mere fanatics in poetry, and will never be saved by their good works." The species of reason, however, to which Rymer appeals, resembles, in its occult nature, that which lies hidden in the depths of the municipal law, and which is better known to the common class of mankind under the name of Authority. Because Aristotle assigns Pity and Terror as the objects of tragedy, Rymer resumes the proposition, that no other source of passion can be legitimate. To this he adds some arbitrary rules, of which it would be difficult to discover the *rationale*. It was the opinion, we are told, of the ancients, "that Comedy (whose province was humour and ridiculous matter only) was to represent worse than the truth, History to describe the truth, but Tragedy was to invent things better than the truth. Like good painters, they must design their images like the life, but yet better and more beautiful than the life. The malefactor of tragedy must be a better sort of malefactor than those that live in the present age: for an obdurate, impudent, and impenitent malefactor, can neither move compassion nor terror, nor be of any imaginable use in tragedy." It would be difficult to account for these definitions upon any logical principle, and impossible for an admirer of the Drama to assent to a rule which would exclude from the stage Iago and Richard III. It is equally difficult to account for the *rationale* of the following dogmata: "If I mistake not, in poetry

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no woman is to kill a man, except her quality gives her the advantage above him; nor is a servant to kill his master; nor a private man, much less a subject, to kill a king, nor on the contrary. Poetical decency will not suffer death to be dealt to each other by such persons, whom the laws of duel allow not to enter the lists together." (Rymer's View of the Tragedies of the Last Age.) Though for these, and similar critical conceits, it would be difficult to find any just principle, nevertheless, Rymer, Dennis, and other critics, who, mixing observations founded on sound judgment and taste, with others which rested merely upon dauntless assertion, or upon the opinions of Aristotle, began thereby to extend their authority, and produce a more than salutary influence upon the Drama. It is true, that both of the aristarchs whom we have named were so ill advised as themselves to attempt to write plays, and thereby most effectually proved, that it was possible for a Drama to be extremely regular, and, at the same time, intolerably dull. Gradually, however, their precepts, in despite of their example, gained influence over the stage. They laid down rules in which the audience were taught to regard the trade of a connoisseur as easy and soon learned; and the same quantity of technical jargon which, in the present day, constitutes a judge of painting, was, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, sufficient to elevate a Templar into a dramatic critic. The court of criticism, though self-constituted, was sufficiently formidable, since they possessed the power of executing their own decrees. Many authors made their submission; and, amongst others, Congreve humbled himself in the "Mourning Bride," and Addison, with anxious and constitutional timidity, sacrificed to the unities in his celebrated tragedy of "Cato." Being in form and essence rather a French than an English play, it is one of the few English tragedies which foreigners have admired. It was translated into Italian, and admired as a perfect model by Riccoboni, although his taste condemns the silly love intrigue. Its success was contagious. Southerne and Rowe may be considered as belonging to the same school; although the former admired Shakspeare, and the latter formed himself, in some degree, on the model of Otway. Translations of French tragedies became every day more frequent; and their diction and style of dialogue was imitated upon the British stage. The language of tragedy no longer expressed human passion, or intimated what the persons of the Drama actually felt, but described and debated, alternately, what they ought to feel; and sounding sentences, and long similes, exhibiting an active fancy and a cold imagination, supplied at once the place of force and of pathos.

The line between comedy and tragedy was now strictly drawn. The latter was no longer permitted to show that strain of heroic humour which exhibits itself in the character of Falconbridge, Hotspur, and

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Henry V., as well as Mercutio. All was to be cold and solemn, and in the same key of dull, grave state. Neither was comedy relieved by the touches of pathetic tenderness, and even sublimity, which are to be found in the romantic plays of the earlier period. To compensate the audience for the want of this beautiful variety of passion and feeling, Southerne, as Otway had done before him, usually introduces a few scenes of an under-plot, containing the most wretched and indecent farce, which was so slightly and awkwardly dovetailed into the original tragedy, that they have since been cancelled as impertinent intrusions, without being so much as missed. Young, Thomson, and others, who followed the same wordy and declamatory system of composition, contributed rather to sink than to exalt the character of the stage. The two first were both men of excellent genius, as their other writings have sufficiently testified; but, as dramatists, they wrought upon a false model, and their productions are of little value.

It is a remarkable instance of the decay of dramatic art at this period, that several of the principal authors of the time felt themselves at liberty to write imitations of old plays belonging to the original school, by way of adapting them to the taste of their own age. "The Fair Penitent" of Rowe is well known as a poor imitation of Massinger's "Fatal Dowry." It does not greatly excel the original in the management and conduct of the piece; and, in every thing else, falls as far beneath it as the baldest translation can sink below the most spirited original.

It would appear that the players of this period had adopted a mode of acting correspondent to the poetical taste of the time. Declamation seems to have been more in fashion in the school of Booth and Betterton than that vivacity of action which exhibits at once, with word, eye, and gesture, the immediate passion which it is the actor's part to express. "I cannot help," says Cibber, "in regard to truth, remembering the rude and riotous havoc we made of all the late dramatic honours of the theatre! all became at once the spoil of ignorance and self-conceit! Shakspeare was defaced and tortured in every signal character; Hamlet and Othello lost, in one hour, all their good sense, their dignity, and fame; Brutus and Cassius became noisy blusterers, with bold unmeaning eyes, mistaken sentiments, and turgid elocution!"—(Cibber's Memoirs.)

A singular attempt to deviate from the prevailing taste in tragedy was made by Lillo, with the highly laudable purpose of enlarging the sphere of dramatic utility. He conceived that plays founded upon incidents of private life, might carry more immediate conviction to the mind of the hearers, and be the means of stifling more vices in the bud, than those founded on the more remote and grander events of history. Accordingly, he formed his plots from domestic crimes, and his characters never rose above the ranks of middle life. Lillo had many

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requisites for a tragedian; he understood, either from innate taste, or critical study, the advantage to be derived from a consistent fable; and, in the tragedy of the "Fatal Curiosity," he has left the model of a plot, in which, without the help of any exterior circumstances, a train of events operating upon the characters of the dramatic persons, produce a conclusion at once the most dramatic and the most horrible that the imagination can conceive. Neither does it appear that, as a poet, Lillo was at all inferior to others of his age. He possessed a beautiful fancy; and much of his dialogue is as forcible expressed as it is well conceived. On some occasions, however, he sinks below his subject; and on others, he appears to be dragged down to the nether sphere in which it is laid, and to become cold and creeping, as if depressed with the consciousness that he was writing upon a mean subject. In "George Barnwell" his apprentice-hero never rises above an idle and profligate lad; Milwood's attractions are not beyond those of a very vulgar woman of the town; Thoroughgood, as his name expresses, is very worthy and very tiresome; and there is, positively, nothing to redeem the piece, excepting the interest arising from a tale of horror, and the supposed usefulness of the moral. The "Fatal Curiosity" is a play of a very different cast, and such as might have shaken the Grecian stage, even during the reign of terror. But the powers of the poet prove unequal to the concluding horrors of his scene. Old Wilmot's character, as the needy man who had known better days, exhibits a mind naturally good, but prepared for acting evil, even by the evil which he has himself suffered, and opens in a manner which excites the highest interest and expectation. But Lillo was unable to sustain the character to the close. After discovering himself to be the murderer of his son, the old man falls into the common cant of the theatre; he talks about computing sands, increasing the noise of thunder, adding water to the sea, and fire to Etna, by way of describing the excess of his horror and remorse; and becomes as dully desperate, or as desperately dull, as any other despairing hero in the last scene of a fifth act.

Husband v. VI.

Husband v. I.

During this third period of the Drama, Comedy underwent several changes. The department called genteel comedy, where the persons as well as the foibles ridiculed were derived chiefly from high life, assumed a separate and distinct existence from that which ransacked human nature at large for its subject. Like the tragedy of the period, this particular species of comedy was borrowed from the French. It was pleasing to the higher classes, because it lay within their own immediate circle, and turned upon the topics of gallantry, persiflage, affectation, and raillery. It was agreeable to the general audience, who imagined they were thereby admitted into the presence of their betters, and enjoyed their amusement at their expense. The "Careless Husband" of Cibber, is, perhaps, the best English play on this

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model. The general fault to which they are all liable, is their tendency to lower the tone of moral feeling; and to familiarize men, in the middling, with the cold, heartless, and selfish system of profligate gallantry practised among the higher ranks. We are inclined to believe, that in a moral point of view, genteel comedy, as it has been usually written, is more prejudicial to public morals than plays, the tendency of which seems at first more grossly vicious. It is not so probable that the "Beggar's Opera" has sent any one from the two shilling gallery to the highway, as that a youth entering upon the world, and hesitating between good and evil, may be determined to the worse course, by the gay and seductive example of Lovemore or Sir Charles Easy. At any rate, the tenderness with which vices are shaded off into foibles, familiarizes them to the mind of the hearer, and gives a false colouring to these crimes which should be placed before the mind in their native deformity. But the heaviness of this class of plays, and the difficulty of finding adequate representatives for those characters which are really well drawn, are powerful antidotes to the evil which we complain of. That which is dully written and awkwardly performed, will not find many imitators.

The genteel comedy, being a plant of foreign growth, never obtained exclusive possession of the English stage, any more than court dresses have been adopted in our private societies. The comedy of intrigue, borrowed, perhaps, originally from the Spaniards, continued to be written and acted with success. Many of Cibber's pieces, of Centlivre's and others, still retain their place on the stage. This is a species of comedy easily written, and seen with pleasure, though consisting chiefly of bustle and complicated incident; and requiring much co-operation of the dress-maker, scene-painter, and carpenter. After all the bustle, however, of surprise, and disguise, and squabble; after every trick is exhausted, and every stratagem played off, the writer too often finds himself in a labyrinth, from which a natural mode of extrication seems altogether impossible. Hence the intrigue is huddled up at random; and the persons of the Drama seem, as if by common consent, to abandon their dramatic character before throwing off their stage-dresses. The miser becomes generous; the peevish cynic good-humoured; the libertine virtuous; the coquette is reformed; the debauchee is reclaimed; all vices natural and habitual are abandoned by those most habitually addicted to them:—a marvellous reformation, which is brought about entirely from the consideration that the play must now be concluded. It was when pressed by this difficulty, that Fielding is said to have damned all fifth acts.

The eighteenth century, besides genteel comedy, and comedy of intrigue, gave rise to a new species of dramatic amusement. The

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Italian opera had been introduced into this country at a great expense, and to the prejudice, as it was supposed, of the legitimate Drama. Gay, in aiming at nothing beyond a parody of this fashionable entertainment, making it the vehicle of some political satire against Sir Robert Walpole's administration, unwittingly laid the foundation of the English Opera. The popularity of his piece was unequalled; partly owing to its peculiar humour, partly to its novelty, partly to the success of the popular airs, which everybody heard with delight, and partly to political motives. The moral tendency of "The Beggar's Opera" has been much questioned; although, in all probability, the number of highwaymen is not more increased by the example of Macheath, than that of murderers is diminished by the catastrophe of George Barnwell. Many years ago, however, an unhappy person, rather from a perverted and misplaced ambition, than from the usual motives of want and desperation, chose, though in easy circumstances, and most respectably connected, to place himself at the head of a band of thieves and housebreakers, whose depredations he directed and shared. On the night on which they committed the crime for which he suffered, and when they were equipped for the expedition, he sung to his accomplices the chorus of "The Beggar's Opera,"—"Let us take the road." But his confederates, professional thieves, and who pursued, from habit and education, the desperate practices which Mr B——adopted from an adventurous spirit of profligate Quixotry, knew nothing at all of Gay, or "The Beggar's Opera;" and in their several confessions and testimonies, only remembered something of a *flash-song*, about "turning lead to gold." This curious circumstance, while it tends to show that the Drama may affect the weak part of a mind, predisposed to evil by a diseased imagination, proves the general truth of what Johnson asserts in "The Life of Gay," that "highwaymen and housebreakers seldom mingle in any elegant diversions; nor is it possible for any one to imagine, that he may rob with safety, because he sees Macheath reprieved on the stage."

This play is now chiefly remarkable, as having given rise to the English opera. In this pleasing entertainment, it is understood that the plot may be light and the characters superficial, provided that the music be good and adapted to the situation, the scenes lively and possessed of comic force. Notwithstanding the subordinate nature of this species of composition, it approaches, perhaps, more closely to the ancient Grecian Drama than any thing which retains possession of our stage. The subjects, indeed, are as totally different as the sublime from the light and the trivial. But, in the mixture of poetry and music, and in the frequent introduction of singing-characters unconnected with the business of the piece, and therefore

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somewhat allied to the Chorus, the English Opera has some general points of resemblance with the Grecian tragedy, This species of dramatic writing was successfully practised by Bickerstaff, and has been honoured by the labours of Sheridan.

IV. With the fourth era of our dramatic history commenced a return to a better taste, introduced by the celebrated David Garrick. The imitations of French tragedy, and the tiresome uniformity of genteel comedy, were ill adapted to the display of his inimitable talent. And thus, if the last generation reaped many hours of high enjoyment from the performances of this great actor, the present is indebted to him for having led back the public taste to the Dramas of Shakspeare.

The plays of this great author had been altogether forgotten, or so much marred and disguised by interpolations and alterations, that he seems to have arisen on the British stage with the dignity of an antique statue disencumbered from the rubbish in which it had been enveloped since the decay of the art. But although Garrick showed the world how the characters of Shakspeare might be acted, and so far paved the way for a future regeneration of the stage, no kindred spirit arose to imitate his tone of composition. His supremacy was universally acknowledged; but it seemed as if he was regarded as an object of adoration, not of imitation; and that authors were as much interdicted the treading his tragic path, as the entering his magic circle. It was not sufficiently remembered that the faults of Shakspeare, or rather of his age, are those into which no modern dramatist is likely to fall; and that he learned his beauties in the school of nature, which is ever open to all who profess the fine arts. Shakspeare may, indeed, be inimitable, but there are inferior degrees of excellence, which talent and study cannot fail to attain; and the statuary were much to blame who, in despair of modelling a Venus like that of Phidias, should set himself to imitate a Chinese doll. Yet such was the conduct of the dramatists of Britain long after the supremacy of Shakspeare had been acknowledged. He reigned a Grecian prince over Persian slaves; and they who adored him did not dare attempt to use his language. The tragic muse appeared to linger behind the taste of the age, and still used the constrained and mincing measure which she had been taught in the French school. Hughes, Cumberland, and other men of talent, appeared in her service; but their model remained as imperfect as ever; and it was not till our own time that any bold efforts were made to restore to tragedy that truth and passion, without which, declamation is only rant and impertinence. Horace Walpole, however, showed what might be done by adopting a more manly and vigorous style of composition; and Home displayed the success of a more natural current of passion. The former choosing a theme not only totally

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unfit for representation, but from which the mind shrinks in private study, treated it as a man of genius, free from the trammels of habit and of pedantry. His characters in "The Mysterious Mother" do not belong to general classes, but have bold, true, and individual features; and the language approaches that of the first age of the English Drama. The "Douglas" of Home is not recommended by this species of merit. In diction and character it does not rise above other productions of the period. But the interest turns upon a passion which finds a response in every bosom; for those who are too old for love, and too young for ambition, are all alike awake to the warmth and purity of maternal and filial affection. The scene of the recognition of Douglas's birth possesses a power over the affections, which, when supported by adequate representation, is scarce equalled in the circle of our Drama. It is remarkable that the ingenious author was so partial to this theatrical situation, as to introduce it in several of his other tragedies.

The comedy of the fourth period is chiefly remarkable for exhibiting "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal." Critics prefer the latter; while the general audience reap, perhaps, more pleasure from the former; the pleasantry being of a more general cast, the incidents more complicated and varied, and the whole plot more interesting. In both these plays the gentlemanlike ease of Farquhar is united with the wit of Congreve. Indeed the wit of Sheridan, though equally brilliant with that of his celebrated predecessor, flows so easily, and is so happily elicited by the tone of the dialogue, that in admiring its sparkles, we never once observe the stroke of the flint which produces them. Wit and pleasantry seemed to be the natural atmosphere of this extraordinary man, whose history was at once so brilliant and so melancholy. Goldsmith was, perhaps, in relation to Sheridan, what Vanburgh was to Congreve. His comedies turn on an extravagance of intrigue and disguise, and so far belong to the Spanish school. But the ease of his humorous dialogue, and the droll, yet true conception of the characters, made sufficient amends for an occasional stretch in point of probability. If all who draw on the spectators for indulgence, were equally prepared to compensate by a corresponding degree of pleasure, they would have little occasion to complain. The elder Colman's "Jealous Wife," and some of his smaller pieces, are worthy, and it is no ordinary compliment, of being placed beside these masterpieces. We dare not rank Cumberland so high, although two or three of his numerous efforts retain possession of the stage. "The Wheel of Fortune" was certainly one of the best acting plays of its time; but it was perhaps chiefly on account of the admirable representative which the principal character found in Mr John Kemble.*

The plays of Foote, the modern Aristophanes, who ventured, by his

* [See note, *ante*, vol. iii., *Memoir of Cumberland*, p. 114.]

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powers of mimicking the mind as well as the external habits; to bring living persons on the stage, belong to this period, and make a remarkable part of its dramatic history. But we need not dwell upon it. Foote was an unprincipled satirist; and while he affected to be the terror of vice and folly, was only anxious to extort forbearance-money from the timid, or to fill his theatre at the indiscriminate expense of friends and enemies, virtuous or vicious, who presented foibles capable of being turned into ridicule. It is a just punishment of this course of writing, that Foote's plays, though abounding in comic and humorous dialogue, have died with the parties whom he ridiculed. When they lost the zest of personality, their popularity, in spite of much intrinsic merit, fell into utter decay.

Meantime dramatic composition of the higher class seemed declining. Garrick, in our fathers' time, Mrs Siddons in ours, could neither of them extract from their literary admirers any spark of congenial fire. No part written for either of these astonishing performers has survived the transient popularity which their talents could give to almost any thing. The truth seems to be, that the French model had been wrought upon till it was altogether worn out; and a new impulse from some other quarter—a fresh turning up of the soil, and awakening of its latent energies by a new mode of culture, was become absolutely necessary to the renovation of our dramatic literature. England was destined to receive this impulse from Germany, where literature was in the first luxuriant glow of vegetation, with all its crop of flowers and weeds rushing up together. There was good and evil in the importation derived from this superabundant source. But the evil was of a nature so contrary to that which had long palsied our dramatic literature, that, like the hot poison mingling with the cold, it may in the issue bring us nearer to a state of health.

The affectation of Frederick II. of Prussia, and of other German princes, for a time suppressed the native literature, and borrowed their men of letters from France, as well as their hair-dressers,—their Dramas as well as their dressed dishes.* The continental courts.

* ["The pitiful condition of the theatre in Germany at the end of the seventeenth and during the first third part of the eighteenth century, wherever there was any other stage than that of puppet-shows and mountebanks, exactly corresponded to that of the other departments of our literature. We have a standard for this wretchedness, when we consider that Gottsched could pass for the restorer of our literature; Gottsched, whose writings resemble a watery beverage, such as was then usually recommended to patients in a state of convalescence, from an idea that they could bear nothing stronger, by which means their stomachs became still more enfeebled.—Gottsched, among his other labours, composed a great deal for the theatre; connected with a certain Madam Neuder, who was at the head of a company of players in Leipsic, he discarded Punch (Hanswurst), and they buried him solemnly with great triumph. I am willing to believe that the parts of Punch, of which we may even yet form a judgment from puppet-shows, were not always ingeniously filled up extemporarily, and that many flat things might occasionally be uttered by him; but still Punch had undoubtedly more sense in his little finger, than Gottsched in his whole body. Punch, as an allegorical personage, is immortal; and however strong the belief of his burial may be, yet he pops unexpectedly upon us, in some grave office-bearer or other, almost every day."—SCHLEGEL]

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therefore, had no share in forming the national Drama. To the highest circle in every nation, that of France will be most acceptable, not only on account of its strict propriety and conformity to *les convenances*, but also as securing them against the risk of hearing bold and offensive truths uttered in the presence of the sovereign and the subject. But the bold, frank, cordial, and rough character of the German people at large, did not relish the style of the French tragedies translated for their stage; and this cannot be wondered at, when the wide difference between the nations is considered.

The national character of the Germans is diametrically opposite to that of the French. The latter are light almost to frivolity, quick in seeing points of ridicule, slowly awakened to those of feeling. The Germans are of an abstracted, grave, and somewhat heavy temper; less alive to the ridiculous, more easily moved by an appeal to the passions. That which moves a Frenchman to laughter, affects a German with sorrow or indignation; and in that which touches the German as a source of the sublime or pathetic, the quick-witted Frenchman sees only subject of laughter. In their theatres the Frenchman comes to judge, to exercise his critical faculties, and to apply the rules which he has learned, fundamentally or by rote, to the performance of the night. A German, on the contrary, expects to receive that violent excitation which is most pleasing to his imaginative and somewhat phlegmatic character. While the Frenchman judges of the form and shape of the play, the observance of the unities, and the *dénouement* of the plot, the German demands the powerful contrast of character and passion,—the sublime in tragedy and the grotesque in comedy. The former may be called the formalist of dramatic criticism, keeping his eye chiefly on its exterior shape and regular form; the latter is the fanatic, who, disregarding forms, requires a deep and powerful tone of passion and of sentiment, and is often content to surrender his feelings to inadequate motives.

From the different temper of the nations, the merits and faults of their national theatres became diametrically opposed to each other. The French author is obliged to confine himself, as we have already observed, within the circle long since described by Aristotle. He must attend to all the decorum of the scene, and conform to every regulation, whether rational or arbitrary, which has been entailed on the stage since the days of Corneille. He must never so far yield to feeling as to lose sight of grace and dignity. He must never venture so far in quest of the sublime, as to run the risk of moving the risible faculties of an audience, so much alive to the ludicrous, that they will often find or make it in what is to others the source of the grand or the terrible The Germans, on the contrary, have never subjected their poets to any arbitrary forms. The division of the empire into

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so many independent states, has prevented the ascendency of any general system of criticism; and their national literature was not much cultivated, until the time when such authority had become generally unpopular. Lessing had attacked the whole French theatrical system in his "Dramaturgie," with the most bitter raillery. Schiller brought forward his splendid Dramas of Romance and of History. Goethe crowded the stage with the heroes of ancient German chivalry. No means of exciting emotion were condemned as irregular, providing emotion were actually excited. And there can be no doubt that the license thus given to the poet,—the willingness with which the audience submitted to the most extravagant postulates on their part, left them at liberty to exert the full efforts of their genius.

Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe became at once the fathers and the masters of the German theatre; and it must be objected to these great men, that, in the abundance of their dramatic talent, they sometimes forgot that their pieces, in order to be acted, must be adapted to the capabilities of a theatre; and thus wrote plays altogether incapable of being represented. Their writings, although affording many high examples of poetry and passion, are marked with faults which the exaggeration of their followers has often carried into total extravagance. The plays of Chivalry and of History were followed by an inundation of imitations, in which, according to Schlegel, "there was nothing historical but the names and external circumstances; nothing chivalrous but the helmets, bucklers, and swords; and nothing of old German honesty but the supposed rudeness. The sentiments were as modern as they were vulgar; from chivalry pieces, they were converted into cavalry plays, which certainly deserve to be acted by horses rather than men." (Schlegel, On the Drama.)

It is not the extravagance of the apparatus alone, but exaggeration of character and sentiment, which have been justly ascribed as faults to the German school. The authors appear to have introduced too harshly, brilliant lights and deep shadows; the tumid is too often substituted for the sublime; and faculties and dispositions the most opposed to each other, are sometimes described as existing in the same person.

In German comedy the same faults predominate to a greater degree. The pathetic comedy, which might be rather called domestic tragedy, became, unfortunately, very popular in Germany; and found a champion in Kotzebue, who carried its conquests over all the Continent. The most obvious fault of this species of composition is, the demoralizing falsehood of the pictures which it offers to us. The vicious are frequently presented as objects less of censure than of sympathy; sometimes they are selected as objects of imitation and praise. There is an affectation of attributing noble and virtuous sentiments to the persons least qualified by habit or education to entertain

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them; and of describing the higher and better educated classes, as uniformly deficient in those feelings of liberality, generosity, and honour, which may be considered as proper to their situation in life. This contrast may be true in particular instances, and, being used sparingly, might afford a good moral lesson; but in spite of truth and probability it has been assumed, upon all occasions, by these authors, as the ground-work of a sort of intellectual jacobinism; consisting, as Mr Coleridge has well expressed it, "in the confusion and subversion of the natural order of things, their causes and their effects; in the excitement of surprise, by representing the qualities of liberality, refined feeling, and a nice sense of honour in persons and in classes of life where experience teaches us least to expect them; and in rewarding with all the sympathies that are the dues of virtue, those criminals, whom law, reason, and religion have excommunicated from our esteem."

The German taste was introduced upon the English theatre within these twenty years. But the better productions of her stage have never been made known to us; for, by some unfortunate chance, the wretched pieces of Kotzebue have found a readier acceptance, or more willing translators, than the sublimity of Goethe, the romantic strength of Schiller, or the deep tragic pathos of Lessing. They have tended, however (wretched as the model is), to introduce on our stage a degree of sentiment, and awaken among the audience a strain of sensibility, to which before we were strangers.

George Colman's comedy of "John Bull," is by far the best effort of our late comic Drama. The scenes of broad humour are executed in the best possible taste; and the whimsical, yet native characters reflect the manners of real life. The sentimental parts, although one of them includes a finely wrought-up scene of paternal distress, partake of the *falsetto* of German pathos. But the piece is both humorous and affecting; and we readily excuse its obvious imperfections, in consideration of its exciting our laughter and our tears.

While the British stage received a new impulse from a country whose literature had hitherto scarce been known to exist, she was enriched by productions of the richest native genius. A retired female,* thinking and writing in solitude, presented to her countrymen the means of regaining the true and manly tone of national tragedy. She has traced its foundation to that strong instinctive and sympathetic curiosity, which tempts men to look into the bosoms of their fellow-creatures, and to seek, in the distresses or emotions of others, the parallel of their own passions. She has built on the foundations which she laid bare, and illustrated her precepts by examples, which will

* [Joanna Baillie.]

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long be an honour to the age in which they were produced, and admired;—yet its disgrace, when it is considered that they have been barred their legitimate sphere of influence upon the public taste.

Besides this gifted person, the names of Coleridge, of Maturin, and other men of talents, throng upon our recollection; and there is one who, to judge from the dramatic sketch he has given us in "Manfred," must be considered as a match for Æschylus, even in his sublimest moods of horror. It is no part of our plan, however, to enter upon the criticism of our contemporaries. Suffice it to say, that the age has no reason to apprehend any decay of dramatic talent.

Neither can our actors be supposed inadequate to the representation of such pieces of dramatic art, as we judge our authors capable of producing. We have lost Mrs Siddons* and John Kemble, but we still possess Kean, Young, † and Miss O'Neil; ‡ and the stage has to boast other tragic performers of merit. In comedy, perhaps, it was never more strong. In point of scenery and decoration, our theatres are so amply provided, that they may rather seem to exceed than to fall short of what is required to form a classical exhibition.

Where, then, are we to look for that unfortunate counterbalance, which confessedly depresses the national Drama in despite of the advantages we have enumerated? We apprehend it will be found in the monopoly possessed by two large establishments, which, unhappily for the progress of national taste, and, it is said, without any equivalent advantage to the proprietors, now enjoy the exclusive privilege of dramatic representation. It must be distinctly understood, that we attribute these disadvantages to the *system* itself, and by no means charge them upon those who have the administration of either theatre. The proprietors have a right to enjoy what the law invests in them; and the managers have probably discharged their duty to the public as honourably as circumstances would admit of; but the system has led into errors which affect public taste, and even public morals. We shall briefly consider it as it influences, *1st*, the mode of representation;

* [At the Theatrical Fund dinner in February, 1827, Sir Walter Scott said, that "if any thing could reconcile him to old age, it was the reflection that he had seen the rising as well as the setting sun of Mrs Siddons. He remembered well their breakfasting near to the theatre—waiting the whole day—the crushing at the doors at six o'clock—and their going in and counting their fingers till seven o'clock. But the very first step—the very first word that she uttered, was sufficient to overpay him for all his labours. The house was literally electrified; and it was only from witnessing the effects of her genius, that he could guess to what a pitch theatrical excellence could be carried. Those young gentlemen who have only seen the setting sun of this distinguished performer, beautiful and serene as that was, must give us old fellows, who have seen its rise and its meridian, leave to hold our heads a little higher."]

† [John Philip Kemble died at Lausanne, 26th February, 1823. Mrs Siddons died in London, 8th June, 1831. We have now (1834) lost the other two also. Charles Young, full of honours and with faculties unimpaired, took leave of the British stage, 30th May, 1832, and Kean died 15th May, 1833.

‡ Since the publication of the work in which this essay originally appeared, Miss O'Neil has exchanged the honours of public, for the happiness of private life; having been married for some years to Mr Wrixon Becher, M.P.

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2dly, the theatrical authors and performers; and, *3dly*, the quality and composition of the audience.

The *first* inconvenience arises from the great size of the theatres, which has rendered them unfit for the legitimate purposes of the Drama. The persons of the performers are, in these huge circles, so much diminished, that nothing short of the mask and buskin could render them distinctly visible to the audience. Show and machinery have, therefore, usurped the place of tragic poetry; and the author is compelled to address himself to the eyes, not to the understanding or feelings of the spectators. This is of itself a gross error. Every thing beyond correct costume and theatrical decorum is foreign to the legitimate purposes of the Drama, as tending to divide the attention of the audience; and the rivalry of the scene-painter and the carpenter cannot be very flattering to any author or actor of genius. Besides, all attempts at decoration, beyond what the decorum of the piece requires, must end in paltry puppet-show exhibition. The talents of the scene-painter and mechanist cannot, owing to the very nature of the stage, make battle, sieges, etc. any thing but objects of ridicule. Thus we have enlarged our theatres, so as to destroy the effect of acting, without carrying to any perfection that of pantomime and dumb show.

Secondly, The monopoly of the two large theatres has operated unfavourably both upon theatrical writers and performers. The former have been, in many instances, if not absolutely excluded from the scene, yet deterred from approaching it, in the same manner as men avoid attempting to pass through a narrow wicket, which is perpetually thronged by an importunate crowd. Allowing the managers of these two theatres, judging in the first and in the last resort, to be possessed of the full discrimination necessary to a task so difficult—supposing them to be at all times alike free from partiality and from prejudice—still the number of plays thrust upon their hands must prevent their doing equal justice to all; and must frequently deter a man of real talents, either from pride or modesty, from entering a competition, clogged with delay, solicitation, and other circumstances, "haud subeunda ingenio suo." It is unnecessary to add, that increasing the number of theatres and diminishing their size, would naturally tend to excite a competition among the managers, whose interest it is to make experiments on the public taste; and that this would infallibly secure any piece, of reasonable promise, a fair opportunity of being represented. It is by such a competition that genius is discovered; it is thus that horticulturists raise whole beds of common flowers, for the chance of finding among them one of those rare varieties which are the boast of their art.

The exclusive privilege of the regular London theatres is equally, or in a greater degree, detrimental to the performer; for it is with difficulty that he fights his way to a London engagement, and when once

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received, he is too often retained for the mere purpose of being laid aside, or *shelfed*, as it is technically called—rendered, that is, a weekly burden upon the pay-list of the theatre, without being produced above four or five times in the season to exhibit his talents. Into this system the managers are forced from the necessity of their situation, which compels them to enlist in their service every performer who seems to possess buds of genius, although it ends in their being so crowded together that they have no room to blossom. In fact, many a man of talent thus brought from the active exercise of a profession, in which excellence can only arise from practice, to be paid for remaining obscure and inactive in London and supported by what seems little short of eleemosynary bounty, either becomes careless of his business or disgusted with it; and, in either case, stagnates in that mediocrity to which want of exercise alone will often condemn natural genius.

Thirdly, and especially, the magnitude of these theatres has occasioned them to be destined to company so scandalous, that persons not very nice in their taste of society, must yet exclaim against the abuse as a national nuisance. We are aware of the impossibility of excluding a certain description of females from public places in a corrupted metropolis like London; but in theatres of moderate size, frequented by the better class, these unfortunate persons would feel themselves compelled to wear a mask at least of decency. In the present theatres of London, the best part of the house is openly and avowedly set off for their reception; and no part of it which is open to the public at large is free from their intrusion, or at least from the open display of the disgusting improprieties to which their neighbourhood gives rise. And these houses, raised at an immense expense, are so ingeniously misconstructed, that, in the private boxes, you see too little of the play, and, in the public boxes, greatly too much of a certain description of the company. No man of delicacy would wish the female part of his family to be exposed to such scenes; no man of delicacy would wish to put youth, of the male sex, in the way of such temptation. This evil, if not altogether arising from the large size of the theatres, has been so incalculably increased by it, that, unless in the case of strong attraction upon the stage, prostitutes and their admirers usually form the principal part of the audience. We censure, and with justice, the corruption of morals in Paris. But in no public place in that metropolis is vice permitted to bear so open and audacious a front as in the theatres of London. Barefaced infamy is in foreign cities never permitted to insult decency. Those who seek it must go to the haunts to which its open disclosure is limited. In London, if we would enjoy our most classical public amusement, we are braved by gross vice on the very threshold.

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We notice these evils without pretending to point out the remedy. If, however, it were possible so to arrange the interests concerned, that the patents of the present theatres should cover four, or even six, of smaller size, we conceive that more good actors would be found, and more good plays written; and, as a necessary consequence, that good society would attend the theatre in sufficient numbers to enforce respect to decency. The access to the stage would be rendered easy to both authors and actors; and although this might give scope to some rant, and false taste, it could not fail to call forth much excellence, that must otherwise remain latent or repressed. The theatres would be relieved of the heavy expense at present incurred, in paying performers who do not play; and in maintaining, as both Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden do at present, three theatrical corps, for the separate purposes of tragedy, comedy, and musical pieces; only one of which can be productive labourers on the same evening, though all must be supported and paid. According to our more thrifty plan, each of these companies would be earning at the same time the fruits of their professional industry, and a due profit to the house they belong to. The hours of representation, in one or more of these theatres, might be rendered more convenient to those in high life, while the middling classes might enjoy a rational and classical entertainment after the business of the day.

Such an arrangement might, indeed, be objected to, by those who entertain a holy horror at the very name of a theatre; and who imagine impiety and blasphemy are inseparable from the Drama. We have no room left to argue with such persons; or we might endeavour to prove that the dramatic art is in itself as capable of being directed either to right or wrong purposes as the art of printing. It is true, that even after a play has been formed upon the most virtuous model, the man who is engaged in the duties of religion will be better employed than he who is seated in a theatre, and listening to the performance. To those abstracted and enrapt spirits, who feel, or suppose they feel, themselves capable of remaining constantly involved in heavenly thoughts, any sublunary amusement may justly seem frivolous. But the mass of mankind are not so framed. The Supreme Being, who claimed the seventh day as his own, allotted the other six days of the week for purposes merely human. When the necessity of daily labour is removed, and the call of social duty fulfilled, that of moderate and timely amusement claims its place, as a want inherent in our nature. To relieve this want, and fill up the mental vacancy, games are devised, books are written, music is composed, spectacles and plays are invented and exhibited. And if these last have a moral and virtuous tendency; if the sentiments expressed are calculated to rouse our love of what is

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noble, and our contempt of what is base or mean; if they unite hundreds in a sympathetic admiration of virtue, abhorrence of vice, or derision of folly; it will remain to be shown how far the spectator is more criminally engaged, than if he had passed the evening in the idle gossip of society; in the feverish pursuits of ambition; or in the unsated and insatiable struggle after gain—the graver employments of the present life, but equally unconnected with our existence hereafter.

END OF VOLUME FOURTH.

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THE MISCELLANEOUS

PROSE WORKS

OF

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Provincial Antiquities of Scotland.

Abstract of the Eyrbiggia-Saga.

Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft.

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This Volume contains an "ESSAY ON BORDER ANTIQUITIES," which formed the Introduction to a work, in two vols., 4to, published in 1814, under the title of "*Border Antiquities of England and Scotland, comprising specimens of Architecture, Sculpture, etc.;*"—and of "ESSAYS ILLUSTRATIVE OF PAINTINGS OF SCOTTISH SCENERY," first printed by Sir Walter Scott in the elegant Collection, entitled "*Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland,*" 2 vols., 4to, 1825, 1826. The pictures which suggested these Essays were presented to Sir Walter Scott by the publishers of the work, and form the decoration of a small drawing-room at Abbotsford.

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Begun Oct. 56

ESSAY

ON

BORDER ANTIQUITIES.

THE frontier regions of most great kingdoms, while they retain that character, are unavoidably deficient in subjects for the antiquary. The ravages to which they are exposed, and the life to which the inhabitants are condemned by circumstances, are equally unfavourable to the preservation of the monuments of antiquity. Even in military antiquities such countries, though the constant scene of war, do not usually abound. The reason is obvious. The same circumstances of alarm and risk require occupation of the same points of defence, and, as the modes of attack and of fortification change, the ancient bulwarks of cities and castles are destroyed, in order to substitute newer and more approved modes of defence. The case becomes different, however, when, losing by conquest or by union their character as a frontier, scenes once the theatre of constant battle, inroad, defence, and retaliation, have been for two hundred years converted into the abode of peace and tranquillity. Numerous castles left to moulder in massive ruins; fields where the memory of ancient battles still lives among the descendants of those by whom they were fought or witnessed; the very line of demarcation, which, separating the two countries, though no longer hostile, induces the inhabitants of each to cherish their separate traditions,—unite to render these regions interesting to the topographical historian or antiquary. This is peculiarly the case on the border of Scotland and England. The recollection of their former hostility has much of interest and nothing of enmity. The evidences of its existence bear, at the same time, witness to the remoteness of its date; and he who traverses these peaceful glens and hills to find traces of strife, must necessarily refer his researches to a period of considerable antiquity. But it was not always thus; for, since the earliest period of which we have any distinct information, until the union of the crowns, the northern provinces of England, and the southern counties of Scotland, have been the scenes of inveterate hostilities, commenced and maintained with fury, even

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before the names of Scotland and England were acknowledged by history.

Our earliest authentic acquaintance with these transactions is during the Roman period of English history, and commences with the invasion of Agricola, whose efforts carried his invading arms A. D. 81. almost to the extremity of Caledonia. At this period the Border counties of England and Scotland were inhabited by three nations. Those Britons lying to the east, and possessing one half of Northumberland, and extending from the northern bank of the South Tyne to the Frith of Forth, were called the Ottadini.* Westward of this powerful nation lay the Gadeni, who held the west part of Northumberland, great part of Roxburghshire, Selkirk and Peebles shires, and extended also to the banks of the Forth, embracing West-Lothian. This country being mountainous, and remaining forest-ground to a late period, the Gadeni were probably a less populous nation than the inhabitants of the more fertile country to the east. Westward of the Gadeni, and extending to the sea-coast of the Atlantic, lay the Selgovæ, having the Solway Frith for their southern limit.† These nations Agricola found each occupying a strong country, and animated with the courage necessary to defend it. But their arms and discipline were unable to resist those of the Romans. A brief statement of their means of defence at this remote period naturally commences the Introduction to the Border Antiquities.

The towns of the ancient Britons were fortified in the ordinary manner of barbarians, with ditches, single or double, occupying the angles of the eminences, which were naturally selected for their site, and being, of course, irregular in their form. The earth was thrown up so as to form a steep *glacis* to the outside, and was sometimes faced with stones, in order to add to its height, and increase the acclivity; this formed the rampart of the place, and the gates, generally two or three in number, were placed where access was most convenient. One of the most perfect of these forts is situated in the neighbourhood of the celebrated Catrail, a work of antiquity to be afterwards briefly noticed, just where that limitary fence crosses the farm of Rink, belonging to Mr Pringle of Fairnilee.‡ The fort occupies the crest of an eminence near the junction of the rivers Tweed and Ettrick, which has an extensive prospect in every direction; and, though in the neighbourhood of higher hills, is too distant to be itself commanded by them in a military sense. There are two ramparts, the first of

* [Mr Chalmers, in his *Caledonia*, (vol. i., p. 58.) considers "Ottadini" as the Roman corruption of a British word signifying "*the inhabitants of the country stretching out from the Tyne.*"]

† [Chalmers derives the name of the *Gadeni* from a word signifying *groves or forests;* and that of the *Selgovæ* from a term denoting "*dividing water.*"—*Caledonia*, vol. i., pp. 59, 60.]

‡ [Robert Pringle, Esq. of Clifton and Fairnilee, &c. M. P. for Selkirkshire. 1834.]

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earth and loose stones, but the interior consisting of immense blocks of stone, disposed so as to form a rude wall, and faced with earth and turf within. The permanence of these massive materials seems to have ensured that of the building, for they defy all ordinary efforts of the agriculturist, too apt to consider such works as cumberers of the ground. The fortress has two gates, one to the east and the other to the west, with something like traverses for protecting and defending the approach. This remarkable fortress is surrounded by others of less consequence, serving as outposts, and has plainly been a hill-fort of great importance belonging to the Gadeni. It is, probably, more ancient than the Catrail itself.

There are not to be found, on the Border, any of those vitrified appearances which are to be found in Craig Phactraig, and other Highland fortifications, and which seem to intimate that fire was used in building or in destroying them. We may therefore conclude, that the stones employed in constructing them were less fusible than those found in the shires of Forfar, Kincardine, and Aberdeen.

If we can trust a popular tradition, the singular ancient structures called Peghts, or Picts Houses, common in the Highlands, Western Isles, and Orcades, were also to be found in the Border. The inhabitants point out small rings, or elevated circles, where these *Duns*, as they are called, are said to have stood. In Liddesdale, particularly, more than one of these are shown. But whether, like those of Dun-Dornadilla in Sutherland, and Mousa in Shetland, they were built of stones arranged in the form of a glass-house, and containing a series of concentric galleries within the thickness of the wall, must be left to conjecture. Mr Chalmers seems to have considered them as common hill-forts.

These fortresses, so constructed, the natives defended with javelins and bows and arrows, the usual weapons of savages. The arrow-heads, made of flint, are frequently found, and are called, by the vulgar, elf-arrow-heads, from being, as they supposed, formed by the fairies or elves. At a later period, the Britons used copper and brass heads for arrows, javelins, and spears, which are found of various sizes and shapes near their habitations. In like manner, from the specimens found on the Borders, there appears to have been a gradual improvement in the construction of battle-axes and weapons of close fight. The original Celts, or axes, are of polished stone, shaped something like a wedge. These are found of all sizes, some seeming intended for felling trees, and others for warlike purposes; and others again so very small, that they could only be designed for carving or dividing food.* When, however, this

* These are certainly Celtic weapons; yet they cannot be considered as peculiar to that people. They have been found in considerable numbers in the Shetland Isles,

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degree of refinement was attained, it was obvious that some improvement in the material of which the implements were formed, could not be far distant.

Accordingly, brass Celts, or battle-axes, seem to have been the next step in advance; and these are of various forms, more or less rude, as the knowledge of the art of working in metals began to advance. The first and most rude form of the brass Celt, usually found in the urns under sepulchral cairns, is a sort of brazen wedge, having an edge, however, rounded like that of an axe, about three inches broad in the face. The shape of these weapons points out the probable mode of attaching them to handles, by hollowing out the sides, and leaving deep ledges; so that, if we conceive the abrupt angle at the root of an oak branch to have been divided by fire, the axe might have been inserted between the remaining pieces; and the whole being lashed fast by a thong, for securing which provision is often, though not uniformly, made by a loop in the brazen head, a battle-axe of formidable weight and edge was immediately obtained. The next step of improvement was that of casting the axe hollow instead of solid, so that the crooked part of the handle being inserted into the concave part of the axe as into a sheath, a far more solid and effectual weapon was obtained, and at less expense of metal, than when the handle was weakened by burning, and divided into two portions, which overlapped, as it were, the solid axe. It seems probable that the provincial Britons learned this improvement from their masters; for the hollow axes resemble those of the Romans in shape and size, and are sometimes decorated round the rim, where they join the handle, with a rude attempt at moulding. But the hollow axe was, like the more rude solid implement, secured to the handle by thongs, as the loop or fixed ring left for the purpose usually testifies.

The next step taken by the Britons in improving their warlike weapons, seems to have been the fastening the metal with which they were shod to the wooden handles, by means of broad-headed copper or brass nails, secured by similar heads on the opposite side, and thus effectually riveted to the wood. This seems to have been the mode of shafting a weapon, like a very broad-headed javelin or spear, found near Friarshaugh, opposite to Melrose, the seat of John Tod, Esq.* This curious weapon is about a palm's-breadth at the

which were evidently first settled by the Scandinavians. The natives suppose them to be thunderbolts, and account the possession of one of them a charm. Mr Collector Ross of Lerwick presented the author with six of these weapons found in Shetland. It is said the stone of which they are constructed cannot be found in those islands. The natives preserve them, from a superstitious idea that they are *thunderbolts*, and preserve houses against the effects of lightning.

* Presented to the author by Mr Tod. Notwithstanding what is said in the text, it

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bottom, tapering to the length of about nine inches, or perhaps more, (for it is considerably decayed towards the point), dimensions greatly exceeding those of the Roman *pilum*, or javelin. It resembles pretty much those weapons which the Californian Indians manufacture out of copper, and secure, by broad-headed copper nails, to handles made of bone. These are now used by the Californians as they were probably employed by the Gadeni, or northern Britons in general, to complete and secure the union of the wooden shaft and metal head.

Short brazen swords of a peculiar shape are also occasionally, though rarely, found in those districts; they are uniformly formed narrow towards the handle, broad about the middle of the blade, and again tapering to a point at the extremity. Such weapons, by the common consent of antiquaries, have hitherto been termed Roman swords. They are, however, unlike in shape to those usually represented on Roman monuments, which are almost uniformly of an equal breadth from the handle, until they taper, or rather slope off suddenly, to form a sharp and double-edged point. The metal employed may also lead us to doubt the general opinion which gives these weapons to the Romans. That the arts of Rome under the emperors, and for a length of time before, had attained to working steel, a metal so much superior to brass for the formation of military weapons, and its general use in manufacturing arms, is sufficiently testified by their employing the word *ferrum*, to signify battle in general. It may, no doubt, be urged, that in size and shortness the brass swords in question differ from the long blades generally used by barbarians. But, without stopping to consider the variety of weapons which might exist in different tribes; without dwelling on the awkward and useless increasing breadth and thickness of the blades in the middle, which look very like the first gradation from a club to a sword; without even founding upon the probability, that, after the Roman discipline had become known to the barbarians by fatal experience, they had tried (and certainly they had time enough to have done so) to make a rude imitation of the Roman sword in the metal which was most easily manufactured,—without resting upon any of these things, we may require the evidence that the Romans ever, within the period of their recorded history, used brazen swords. That the Greeks did so in the remote days of Homer, cannot be doubted,* and certainly from the same reason that we ascribe these weapons to the Britons, namely, that to fuse brass is a more easy and obvious manufacture than to work steel. But that the Romans ever employed swords of this inferior metal during the

may, perhaps, be thought a specimen of the Roman pilum, though differing in the size and mode of shafting.

* [See for example, *Iliad*, xix., l. 369.]

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period of their history which is recorded, we have no warrant to believe. Virgil, an antiquary and a scholar, as well as a poet, in describing the various tribes of Italy, who assembled under Turnus, does indeed mention one nation whose warriors wore swords of brass—

> " Teutonico ritu soliti torquere cateias;
> Tegmina quis capitum raptus de subere cortex;
> Eratæque micant peltæ, micat æreus ensis."*
> *Æneid*, Lib. vii.

On this passage there are three things to be observed. First, that this mountain and rude tribe is described as retaining the ancient customs of the Teutones. Secondly, that the rest of their armour and weapons, as the helmets made of cork, and the Gallic sling, or harpoon called *cateia*, are given along with the brazen narrow buckler, or *pelta*, and the brazen sword in question, as marks of a rude tribe, unprovided with such weapons as the other Italians used at the supposed arrival of Æneas. Besides, swords of this description have been found in the Western Islands, or Hebrides, to which the Romans never penetrated; and they have also been found in Ireland. Nay, we are assured, that, in one instance, not only the sword-blades, but the mould for casting weapons of that description, have been found in the kingdom last mentioned,—facts which certainly go far to establish that these brazen swords, which in breadth and thickness have a spherical form, are of British and not of Roman manufacture.

The battle array of the British in these northern districts, mountainous and woody, and full of morasses, must have been chiefly on foot. But we are assured by Tacitus that they, as well as the Southern Britons, used the chariot of war. All the Celtic chiefs seem to have gloried in being *car-borne*, and are so described by the Welsh, the Irish, and the Gaelic bards. It is probable that men of distinction alone used this distinguished, but inconvenient mode of fighting; and that as the cavalry of the Romans formed a separate rank in the state, so the *covinarii* in the northern parts of Britain consisted of the chiefs and their distinguished followers only. Indeed the difficulty which such squadrons must have found in acting, unless upon Salisbury plain, or ground equally level, must have rendered the use of them in the north rather a point of imposing splendour than of real advantage. The charioteers of the Caledonians do indeed seem to have made a considerable part of their force in the memorable battle which Agricola fought against Galgacus near the foot of the

* ["And these (as was the Teuton use of old)
Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold,
Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight;
Their casques are cork, a covering thick and light."
DRYDEN.]

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Grampian Hills. But we are to consider, that at this important period, common danger had driven the chiefs to form a general league, so that every sort of force which they could draw together appeared in its utmost proportion; and those war-chariots, assembled from all quarters, augmented also by those of the Southern Britons who had retired before the conqueror to these last recesses of freedom, bore, probably an unusual proportion to the extent of their forces. That they fought valiantly the Romans themselves admit; and they certainly possessed the mode of managing that very awkward engine called a chariot of war, where even the lower grounds are unequal and broken by ravines and morasses, with as much or more effect than the Persians, of a more ancient date, upon their extensive and level plains. There is, as far as we know, but one representation of a chariot of this period existing in Scotland. It occurs in the church-yard of Meigle, in a neighbourhood famous for possessing the earliest sculptural monuments respecting the events of antiquity. The chariot is drawn by a single horse, and carries two persons besides the driver.* Chariots used in war are the invention of a rude age, before men adventured to break horses for riding. In a rough country, like Scotland, they could be rarely employed with advantage, and must soon have fallen into disuse.

Of the worship of the Northern Britons we have no distinct traces; but we cannot doubt that it was Druidical. The circles of detached stones, supposed to be proper to that mode of worship, abound in various places on the Border; and although there may be good reason to doubt whether the presence of these monuments is in all other cases to be positively referred to the worship of the Druids,† yet there is no reason to think that the religion of the Ottadini, Gadeni, or Selgovæ, differed from that of the southern British tribes. We know, at least, one instance of the Druid's Adderstone, a glass bead so termed, being found on the Borders. This curious relic is now in possession of a lady in Edinburgh. They appear, however, to have worshipped some local deities, whom the urbanity of Roman paganism acknowledged and adopted with the usual deference to the religion of the conquered. In the station of Habitancum, now called

* See an engraving in Pennant's Tour, [vol. iii., p. 166.]

† The most stately monument of this sort in Scotland, and probably inferior to none in England, excepting Stone-henge, is formed by what are called the Standing Stones of Stenhouse, in the island of Pomona in the Orkneys, where it can scarcely be supposed that Druids ever penetrated; at least, it is certain, that the common people now consider it as a Scandinavian monument; and, according to an ancient custom, a couple who are desirous to attach themselves by more than an ordinary vow of fidelity, join hands through the round hole which is in one of the stones. This they call the promise of Odin. The Ting-walls, or places where the Scandinavians held their *comitia*, were surrounded by circles of stones as well as the places of Druid worship; and instances of this occur even in Norway. But, indeed, the general idea of setting up a circle of stones to mark the space allotted for the priests, or nobles, while the vulgar remained without its precincts, seems likely to be common to many early nations. [See Note to *The Pirate*.]

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Risingham, near the village of Woodbourn in Redesdale, was found a Roman altar dedicated to Mogon, a god of the Gadeni; and there is one in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh, inscribed to the *Divi Campestres*, or Fairies. It was found in the romantic vicinity of Roxburgh Castle.

The funeral monuments of the Celtic tribes on the border are numerous, and consist of the cairns, or heaps of stones, so frequently piled on remarkable spots. On opening them there is usually found in the centre a small square enclosure of stones set on edge, with bones and arms, such as we have already described. There is frequently found within this stone-chest, or *cist-vaen*, as it is called by the Welsh, an urn filled with ashes and small beads made of coal. The manufacture of these urns themselves is singular. The skill of the artist appears not to have been such as to enable him to form his urn completely before subjecting it to the operation of the fire. He therefore appears to have first shaped the rude vessel of the dimensions which he desired, and then baked it into potter's-ware. On the vessel thus formed and hardened, he afterwards seems to have spread a very thin coat of unbaked clay, on which he executed his intended ornaments, and which was left to harden at leisure. The scrolls and mouldings thus hatched on the outside of these urns are not always void of taste. In these tombs and elsewhere have been repeatedly found the *Eudorchawg*, the *Torques*, or chain, formed of twisted gold, worn by the Celtic chiefs of rank. In the famous battle of Cattraeth, in which the Celtic tribes of the middle marches sustained a decisive defeat from the Saxons who occupied Northumberland, Berwickshire, and Lothian, somewhere, probably, about the junction of Tweed and Ettrick,* and in the neighbourhood of the Catrail, there fell three hundred chieftains, all of whom, as appears from the elegy of Aneurin, a sad survivor of the slaughter, wore the Torques of gold. It is not a chain forged into rings, but is formed of thin rods of flexible gold twisted into loops, which pass through each other, and form oblong links. This ornament appears to have been common to the chiefs of all Celtic tribes; and undoubtedly Manlius had his surname of Torquatus from killing a Gallic chief so decorated. The brooch for securing the mantle has been repeatedly found on the borders. It is also an ancient Celtic ornament.

The Druids are understood to have had no use of coins; yet it is singular, that, on a place near to Cairnmore in Tweeddale, there were found, along with a fine specimen of the Eudorchawg, a number of round drops of gold of different sizes, greatly resembling the coins of the native Hindhus, and of which it is difficult to make any thing

* [About half-a-mile above the House of Abbotsford.]

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unless we suppose them intended to circulate as specie
be conjectured, that the provincial Britons fell on thi
maintaining a circulating medium of commerce, from t
the Romans?

In the Lochermoss, near Dumfries, have been found
out of a single trunk like those of Indians, which served the aboriginal inhabitants for the purposes of fishing. But in the time of the Romans, the Britons had acquired the art of making light barks, called *Curraghs*, covered with hides like the boats of the Esquimaux. This brief account of the hill-forts, sepulchres, arms, religion, and means of embarkment, possessed by the three Celtic tribes whom the Romans found in possession of the Borders, completes a brief and general view of the British antiquities of the district.

The ROMAN Antiquities found in these districts are of such number and importance as might be expected from the history of their northern warfare, and the policy which they adopted to preserve their conquests. Even the ambition of a Roman conqueror, to extend as far as possible the limits of the empire, could not blind the successors of Agricola to the inconveniences which would be incurred in attempting a total conquest of Britain. That the invaders would defeat the natives as often as they might be imprudent enough to hazard a general action, was highly probable; but to win an engagement, or overrun a succession of mountains, lakes, towns, and morasses, was more easy than to establish and maintain amongst them the necessary garrisons and military points of communication, without which, the soldiers whom the victor might leave to maintain his conquests, must unquestionably have fallen victims to famine and the attacks of the barbarians. The Romans, therefore, renouncing the enticing but fallacious idea of maintaining a military occupation of the Caledonian mountains, set themselves seriously to protect such part of the island as was worth keeping and capable of being rendered secure. It may be much doubted, whether they paid even to the southern parts of Scotland the compliment of supposing them a desirable conquest. But to intersect them by roads, and occupy them with camps and garrisons, was necessary for the protection of the more valuable country of England.*

Accordingly, the earliest measure taken for the protection of the Roman province in Britain, was the original wall of Hadrian, extending from the Frith of Solway to the mouth of the Tyne. Within this line the country was accounted civilized, and what was retained beyond it, was strongly occupied and secured by A. D. 120.

* The learned author of *Caledonia* concludes, that these roads were extended even to the north of Aberdeenshire. It is impossible to mention this work without acknowledging with gratitude the brilliant light it has cast on many parts of Scottish history hitherto so imperfectly understood.

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fortresses. At a later period, Lollius Urbicus, during the reign of Antoninus, formed a similar wall greatly in advance of the first, between the Friths, namely, of Forth and Clyde. It was a A. D. 139. rampart of earth, with a deep ditch, military road, and forts, or stations, from point to point, but appears to have proved insufficient to curb the incursions of the tribes without the province, or to prevent the insurrection of those within its precincts. The Emperor Severus found the country betwixt the walls of Hadrian and that erected by Lollius Urbicus, during the reign of Antoninus, in such a state of disorder, that, after an expedition in order to intimidate rather than to subdue the more northern tribes, he appears to have fixed upon the more southern barrier as that which was capable of being effectually maintained and defended, and, although it is not to be presumed that he formally renounced the sovereignty of the space between the Friths of Solway and of the Forth and the Clyde, yet it is probable he only retained military possession of the most tenable stations, resting the ultimate defence of the province upon the wall of Hadrian, which he rebuilt with stone, and fortified with great care. Betwixt the years 211, being the era of the death of Severus, and 409, the date of the final abandonment of Britain by the Romans, the space between the two walls, entitled by the Romans the province of Valentia, was the scene of constant conflict, insurrection, and incursion; and towards the latter part of this tumultuous period the exterior line of Antoninus was totally abandoned, and the southern wall itself was found as insufficient as that of Antoninus to curb the increasing audacity of the free tribes.

From this brief deduction it may be readily conjectured that the Roman Antiquities found in the districts to which this Essay relates, must be chiefly of a military nature. We find, accordingly, neither theatres, baths, nor temples, such has have been discovered in Southern Britain, but military roads, forts, castles, and camps, in great abundance.

The principal Roman curiosity which the Border presents, is certainly the wall of Severus, with the various strong stations connected with it. The execution of all these military works bears the stamp of the Roman tool, which aimed at labouring for ages. The most remarkable is the wall itself, a work constructed with the greatest solidity and strength. The ravages continually made upon it for fourteen centuries, when any one in the neighbourhood found use for the well-cut stones of which it is built, have not been able to obliterate the traces of this bulwark of the empire. The wall was twelve feet high, guarded by flanking towers and exploratory turrets, and eight feet broad, running over precipices and through morasses. The facing on both sides was of square freestone, the

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interior of rubble run in with quicklime between the two faces, and uniting the whole in a solid mass. The earthen rampart of Hadrian lies to the north of it, and might, in many places, be used as a first line of defence. It is not clear in what manner the Roman troops sallied from this line of defence when circumstances rendered it necessary. No gates appear except at the several stations. A paved military way may be traced parallel to the walls, in most places, for the purpose of sending reinforcements from one point to another. No less than eighteen *stations*, or fortresses, of importance, have been traced on the line of the wall. The most entire part of this celebrated monument, which is now, owing to the progress of improvement and enclosure, subjected to constant dilapidation, is to be found at a place called Glenwhelt, in the neighbourhood of Gilsland Spaw.*

The number of forts and stations extending along the wall from west to east, some in front to receive the first attack of the enemy, some behind the wall to serve as rallying places, or to accommodate the troops destined to maintain the defence, render this magnificent undertaking upon the whole one of the most remarkable monuments of history. It differs from the Great Wall of China, to which it has been compared, as much as a work fortified with military skill, and having various gradations and points of defence supporting each other, is distinct from the simple idea of a plain curtain wall. It was not until the hearts of the defenders had entirely failed them that the barbarous tribes of the north burst over this rampire.

With the same regard to posterity which dignified all their undertakings, the Romans were careful to transmit to us, by inscriptions still extant, the time at which these works were carried on, and the various cohorts and legions by whom different parts were executed. These, with altars and pieces of sculpture, have been everywhere dug up in the vicinity of the wall, and form a most valuable department of Border Antiquities, though not entering into the scope of the following work.

In advancing beyond the wall, the antiquary is struck by the extreme pains bestowed by the Romans to ensure military possession of the province of Valentia. No generals before or since their time ap-

* Its height may be guessed from the following characteristic anecdote of the late Mr Joseph Ritson, whose zeal for accuracy was so marked a feature in his investigations. That eminent antiquary, upon an excursion to Scotland, favoured the author with a visit. The wall was mentioned; and Mr Ritson, who had been misinformed by some ignorant person at Hexham, was disposed strongly to dispute that any relics of it yet remained. The author mentioned the place in the text, and said there was as much of it standing as would break the neck of Mr Ritson's informer were he to fall from it. Of this careless and metaphorical expression Mr Ritson failed not to make a memorandum, and afterwards wrote to the author, that he had visited the place with the express purpose of jumping down from the wall in order to confute what he supposed a hyperbole. But he added, that, though not yet satisfied that it was quite high enough to break a man's neck, it was of elevation sufficient to render the experiment very dangerous.

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pear to have better understood the necessity of maintaining communications. A camp, or station, of importance, is usually surrounded by smaller forts at the distance of two or three miles, and, in many cases, the communication is kept up, not only by the Iters, or military roads, which traverse the country in the direction of these fortresses, but by strong lines of communication with deep ditches and rampires. Of this there are some curious and complicated remains near Melrose, where a large triangular space lying betwixt the remarkable station on Eildon Hills and those of Castlesteads and of Caldshiels, is enclosed by ditches and ramparts of great depth. There appears to have been more than one British fortress within the same space, particularly one called the Roundabout, upon a glen termed Haxlecleuch, and another very near it upon the march between the properties of Kippilaw and Abbotsford. Besides these lines of communication, there is a military road which may be distinctly traced to the Tweed, which it appears to have crossed above Newharthaugh.* It is impossible while tracing these gigantic labours, to refrain from admiring, on the one hand, the pains and skill which is bestowed in constructing them, and, on the other, the extravagant ambition which stimulated the conquerors of the world to bestow so much pains for the preservation of so rude a country.

The frequent accompaniment of these camps is a Roman *tumulus*, or artificial mount, for depositing the remains of their dead, of which there is a very fine specimen on the south side of the Tweed, opposite to Sir Henry Hay Macdougal's beautiful mansion of Makerston. This *tumulus* appears to have belonged to the neighbouring camp on Fairnington Moor. In these specimens of Roman pottery have been found, probably lachrymatories and the vessels sacred to the *manes*, or souls, of the deceased. These mounts might also be used for exploratory purposes.

Around the stations have, in most instances, been found Roman coins, of all relics the most decisive, brazen axes, usually termed Roman, though perhaps not correctly to be regarded as such, and querns, or hand-mills, for grinding corn, made of two corresponding stones. Camp-kettles of bronze of various sizes are also found on the line of these roads, particularly where marshes have been drained for marl. It may, in general, be remarked, that, in Scotland, the decay of a natural forest is the generation of a bog, which accounts for so many antiquities being found by draining. Sacrificial vessels are also frequently discovered, particularly those with three feet, a

* Mr Chalmers, whose opinion is always to be mentioned with the utmost respect, seems inclined to think, that these intrenchments are the works of the provincial Britons, executed to protect them from the Saxons of Bernicia. Some bronze vessels and Roman antiquities, found by the author in improving that part of his property through which these lines run, warrant a different conclusion.

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handle, and a spout, which greatly resemble an old-fashioned coffee-pot without its lid.* Out of the intrenchment above mentioned, connecting the fort at Castleheads with that on Eildon Hills, was dug a pair of forceps of iron, much resembling smith's tongs. Inscriptions have rarely been found to the north of the wall.

Such are the evidences which still remind the antiquary, that these twelve districts once formed the fence and extreme boundary of the Roman power in Britain.

No reader requires to be reminded of the scenes of desolation which followed the abdication of the Romans. All exterior defences which the wall and the forts connected with it had hitherto afforded, were broken down and destroyed, while the Picts and Scots carried on the most wasteful incursions into the flourishing provinces of the south. But the learned and indefatigable Chalmers has plainly showed, that the tribes inheriting the late Roman province of Valentia were not subjugated by either of these more northern nations, but maintained a separate and precarious independence. These tribes, the reader will remember, were the Ottadini, Gadeni, and Selgovæ, to which were united, the Novantes of Galloway, and the Damnij of Clydesdale, who, like their Border neighbours, were enclosed between the two walls. It is probable that, according to the ancient British custom, they were governed by their separate chiefs, forming a sort of federal republic, whose array, in case of war, was subjected to the command of a dictator, termed the Pendragon. They did not long enjoy the full extent of their territory; for, as in other parts of England, so on her northern frontiers, the invasion of the Saxons drove from their native seats the original inhabitants. It was not, however, until the year 547, that Ida, at the head of a numerous army of Anglo-Saxons, invaded and possessed himself of the greater part of Northumberland. These conquerors spread themselves on all sides, and became divided into two provinces, Deira and Bernicia. The Deirians occupied the northern division of Northumberland, with the bishopric of Durham, and made constant war with the British inhabitants of Westmoreland and Cumberland. The Saxons of Bernicia pushed their conquests northwards, possessed themselves of the ancient seats of the Ottadini and Gadeni, or the modern Berwickshire and lower part of Roxburghshire, seized on Lothian, were probably the first founders of Edinburgh, and warred fiercely with the natives now cooped up in the hilly country to the westward, as also with the Picts, who lay to the northward of these invaders. It seems highly probable that to this people we owe the Scoto-Saxon language of the Lowlands.† Their

* [See an engraving in Pennant's Tour, vol. iii., p. 241.]

† The author has no hesitation to own that a film has fallen from his eyes on reading the *Caledonia* with attention. The Picts, as conjectured by Tacitus, might have been

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country is sometimes called Saxonia by ancient writers, being the Saxon part of Scotland. The line of demarcation, which then was the subject of dispute between the Saxons and Britons, extended north and south instead of east and west, like that which afterwards divided Scotland from England. All good antiquaries allow, that the remarkable trench called the Catrail, which extends nearly fifty miles in the former direction, and may be traced from near the junction of the Gala and the Tweed to the mountains of Cumberland, was intended to protect the native inhabitants of Strath-Clwyde, for thus the remaining possessions of the Romanized Britons were entitled, from the too powerful Saxon invaders. It was natural that these provincial Britons should endeavour to make use of the same means of defence of which they had an example in the Prætentura of Antoninus, and the more elaborate wall of Severus. The imperfect execution of the Catrail plainly shows their inferiority of skill, while its length, and the degree of labour bestowed in the excavation, indicate their sense of its importance. This rampart is the most curious remnant of antiquity which can be distinctly traced to this distracted period. It is a ditch and rampart of irregular dimensions, but in breadth generally from twenty to twenty-four feet, supported by many hill-forts and corresponding intrenchments, indicating the whole to have been the work of a people possessing some remnants of that military skill of which the Romans had set the example. From what Mr Chalmers mentions of the course of Herrit's Dike, in Berwickshire, we may conjecture it to have been either a continuation of the Catrail, or a more early work of the same kind.* Supposing the latter to be the case, it would seem that, when expelled from Lauderdale, the Britons fell back to the Catrail, as the Romans had done from the wall of Antoninus to that of Severus. The Catrail is very happily situated for the protection of the mountainous country, as it just commences where the valley of the Tweed becomes narrow and difficult of access, and skirts the mountains, as it runs southward. Contrary to other defences of the same sort, it was erected to save the mountaineers from the continued inroads of the inhabitants of the plains, whereas fortifications have generally been erected in the plains for precisely the opposite purpose.

It is remarkable, that the obscure contests of the Britons and Saxons yet survive in traditional song. For this we have to thank the institution of the Bards, the second rank to the Druids, and partaking of their sacred character. This order survived the fall of Druidism,

intermingled with settlers from Germany. But it seems probable that such emigrants merged in the main body of the Celtic tribes just as the Scandinavians did, who, at a later period, settled in the Hebrides and in Sutherland.

* See *Caledonia*, vol. i., pp. 239-243.

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and continued to perpetuate, while they exaggerated, the praise of the British chieftains who continued to fight in defence of the Cumbrian kingdom of Reged, and the more northern district of Strath-Clwyde. The chief of these bards, of whom we still possess the lays in the ancient British language, are Taliessin, Merlin of Caledonia, Aneurin, and Llywarch Hen.* The two last appear to have been princes, and, contrary to the original rules of their order, they, as well as Merlin, were warriors.*

Urien of Reged, and his son Owen, both afford high matter for the songs of the bards; and it is to the Welsh poetry also that Arthur owes a commemoration, which, with the help of Geoffrey of Monmouth, was so extravagantly exaggerated by after minstrels. These native princes, however, do certainly appear to have maintained a long struggle with the Saxons, which was frequently successful, and might have been eventually so, had not the remains of the provincial Britons been divided into two petty kingdoms of Cumbria and Strath-Clwyde, and those tribes of warriors distracted by frequent disunion among themselves. As it was, they finally lost their independence. The last king of the Cumbrian Britons, called Dunmail, was slain in battle near Ambleside, on the lake of Winandermere, where a huge cairn, raised to his memory, is still called Dunmail-Raise, and his kingdom was ceded to Scotland by the conqueror Edward in 945. Strath-Clwyde, sometimes resisting, sometimes submitting, maintaineda precarious independence until about 975, when Dunwallon, the last independentking of the Northern Britons, was defeated by Kenneth III., King of the Scots, and is said to have retired to the cloister.

But although the kingdoms of Reged and Strath-Clwyde were thus melted down into the general mass of Scottish subjects, yet the British inhabitants of Valentia continued long distinguishable by their peculiar manners, customs, and laws. When Edward I. was desirous to secure his usurpation of the Scottish crown, by introducing the feudal system in its full extent, and thus assimilating the laws of England and Scotland, he declares, that the "customs of the Scots and the Brets shall for the future be prohibited, and no longer practised;" and that the king's lieutenant should submit to an assembly of the Scottish nation "the statutes made by David King of Scots, and the amendments made by other kings." It was probably at this time that the law treatise, entitled "Regiam Majestatem," was compiled, with the artful design of palming upon the Scottish parliament, under the pretence of reviving their ancient jurisprudence, a system as nearly as possible resembling that of England. Now it is proved that, until a late period, that part of modern Scotland which lay to

* [See Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons, British Bards*, vol. i., book ii., and Sir Walter Scott's *Poetical Works*.]

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the south of the river Forth, and bordered on the east with the Saxon province of Lothian, or Loden, was still called Britain. Accordingly, Fordun terms Stirling a castle situated in *Scotland* on the confines of Britain, and says that the seal of the town of Stirling bore this legend,

> " Continet hoc in se pontem castrum Strivilense
> Hic armis Bruti hic stant Scoti cruce tuti."

As the names of Britain and Scotland were thus preserved, the customs alluded to by Edward as proper to be abolished, were those which the Scots and Britons, both nations of Celtic original, had transmitted to their descendants, and which, from the spirit of independence which they breathed, were naturally hostile to the Conqueror. It is probable that the clan-customs and regulations were amongst those alluded to by Edward's prohibition; at least, we shall presently see that they were the subject of jealousy to future legislators.

While the Northern Britons were maintaining the dubious and sanguinary resistance against the Saxons which we have briefly noticed, the invaders themselves were disturbed in their operations of conquest by the arrival of fresh hordes from Scandinavia, whose inroads were as distressing to the Saxon inhabitants of Northumberland and Lothian as those of their ancestors had been to the British Ottadini, whom they had expelled from those fertile provinces. The celebrated Ragnar Lodbrog, renowned in the song of Scalds, led the first attack by the Danes on Northumberland. He fell;* but his death was promptly and dreadfully avenged by the fresh invasion headed by his sons, Inguar and Hubba. They appear totally to have A. D. 876. subverted the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland founded by Ida, and to have conquered the country as far south as York, and penetrated westward as far as Stanemore, where their invasion added to the distressed condition of the Cumbrian Britons. Aided by frequent descents of their roving countrymen, they wasted and they warred in these northern regions;† and though they nominally acknowledged the royalty of Edward the Elder, the Northumbrian Danes could hardly be termed subjects of a Saxon monarch, until they were defeated by Athelstane, in the bloody and decisive

* [" Ragnar Lodbrog, the most terrible and resistless of the fierce and unresting Sea Kings of the north—to whom life had no employment and no delight, save those of war and plunder—after a long series of successful piracies, his forces were at length overpowered by numbers, and himself taken prisoner. Ella, little foreseeing the direful consequences to himself and to all England, commanded his captive to be thrown into a loathsome dungeon, there to perish miserably among serpents."—See TURNER's *History of the Anglo Saxons*, vol. ii., ch. 8, 9.]

† [" After conquest of Ella's kingdom, the sons of Ragnar inflicted a no less cruel and inhuman retaliation on Ella for their father's sufferings. They cut the figure of an eagle on his back, divided his ribs to tear out his lungs, and agonized his lacerated flesh by the addition of the saline stimulant."—TURNER, vol. ii., p. 123.]

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battle of Brunnanburgh. The wild convulsions of the period sometimes occasioned a temporary disunion even after this engagement; but such incidents may be regarded rather as insurrections than as a re-establishment of Northumbrian independence.

It is natural to enquire what traces still remain of the Danish invaders? The circular camps found in many places of Northumberland, and on the borders of Cumberland, are plausibly ascribed to them, and the names of their deities have been imposed upon several tracts in the same district. But we find none of those Runic monuments so common in their own country, either because they never possessed tranquillity sufficient to aim at establishing such records, or that they were destroyed in after ages out of hatred to the Danish name. The taste of the Scalds, however, is to be traced in the early English poetry which was first cultivated in the North of England. The northern minstrels could derive no lessons from the bards who spoke the Celtic language, their earliest attempts at poetry were, therefore, formed on alliteration; and as late as the time of Chaucer it was considered as the mark of a northern man to "affect the letter."* Further of the Danes antiquaries can trace but little. Their independent sovereignty in Northumberland was as brief as it was bloody; and their descendants, mixing with Saxons, and what few might remain of the Southern Ottadini, formed the mixed race from which, enriched by the blood of many a Norman baron, the present Northumbrians are descended.

In the tenth century, the frontiers of England and Scotland, which had now begun to assume these distinctive appellations, differed greatly from the relations they bore to each other in subsequent ages. The district of the Ottadini, conquered first by the Saxons, and afterwards by the Danes, extended from the Tyne, and sometimes even from the Humber, to the shores of the Frith of Forth. Berwickshire of course, and Lothian, made part of its northern division, called Bernicia. These counties were often the scene of inroad to the nation of Scots and Picts, now united under the same monarch, and might occasionally be occupied by them. But regularly and strictly speaking, they, as well as the city of Edinburgh (Edwinsburgh), may be considered as part of England. It acquired in time the name of Lothian, an epithet not only conferred on the counties now comprehended under that term, but also including Berwickshire, afterwards called the March.† The Lodonenses, distinguished in the

* Chaucer's Parsone apologizes for not reciting a piece of poetry—

"But trusteth wel I am a sotherne man,
I cannot geste, *rom, ram, ruf*, by my letter,
And, God wot, rime hold I but litel better."

† Simeon of Durham, narrating the journey of the papal legate to Scotland, has these

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battle of the Standard and elsewhere, were the people of this south-eastern district; and the district appears to have been included amongst those for which, as English possessions, the King of Scotland did homage to his brother of England.* Thus Scotland was, at this early period, deprived of those fertile south-eastern provinces. On the other hand the south-western frontier of Scotland was enlarged beyond its present bounds by the possession of the ancient British kingdom of Reged, or Cumberland. This was ceded to Malcolm I. by Edmund, after the defeat of Dunmail, the last King of Cumbria. The cause of the cession is obvious. The people of Cumberland were of the same race and manners with those of the Britons of Strath-Clwyde who occupied the opposite frontier of Scotland; and Edmund, who retained but a doubtful sovereignty over Northumberland, would have been still more embarrassed by the necessity of retaining, by garrisons or otherwise, so wild and mountainous a country as the British Reged. By yielding it to Malcolm, he secured a powerful ally capable of protecting the western frontier of Northumberland, and to whose domination the Cumbrians might be the more readily disposed to submit, as it united them with their brethren the Britons of Strath-Clwyde. We have already seen that these districts, as far as the Forth, though under the dominion of the Scottish kings, were termed Britain, in opposition to Scotland proper.

But in the year 1018, Malcolm II. enlarged the eastern limits of his kingdom to the present frontier of Scotland, by a grant from Eadulf, Earl of Northumberland, who ceded to him the whole district of Lothian and Berwickshire to the Tweed. This important addition to his kingdom he certainly continued to retain, although the English historians pretend that Canute carried his arms into Scotland, and penetrated far northwards. If such was the case, his invasion and victory remained without fruits.

A. D. 1031.

What the Scottish kingdom acquired on the eastward in the reign of Malcolm II., was balanced by the loss of Cumberland, which William the Conqueror wrenched from Malcolm Canmore. After this period, although Stephen, in his necessity, ceded Northumberland to Scotland, and, although the English on the other hand frequently held military possession of part of the opposite country, the Borders, with the exception of the Debateable Land to the west, and the town of

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remarkable words—"Pervenit apud fluvium Tuedam qui Northumbriam et Loidam determinat, in loco qui Rothesburche vocatur."

* Malcolm IV. acknowledged himself vassal to the crown of England for the county of Lothian (among other possessions), a circumstance which has greatly embarrassed Scottish antiquaries, who are very willing to discover the Comitatus Lodenensis in Leeds or in Cumberland. The fact is, however, that the true meaning rather fortifies the plea of independence. For Lothian, in this enlarged sense, was just the ancient Bernicia, peopled with Saxons or English, and Malcolm did homage for it, not as part of Scotland, but as part of England.

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Berwick on the east, which were constant subjects of dispute, might be considered as finally settled according to the present limits.

While these transactions occurred, other most important changes having taken place both in the interior of South and North Britain, had amalgamated these two grand divisions of the island each into one great kingdom, so that the regions, where they bordered on each other, ceasing to be the residence of independent or tributary states, assumed the character of frontiers, or as we now term them, of Borders. This important consolidation of England and Scotland, each into a distinct and individual monarchy, took place in both countries nearly about the same period. At least, although the present kingdom of England was formed by the consolidation of the states of the heptarchy rather more early than the Scottish nations were united into one state, the distractions, occasioned by Danish invasions and civil wars, prevented her extending her empire over her northern neighbours. Indeed, the power of England could scarce be said to be wielded by one sovereign with uncontrolled sway, until William the Conqueror had repressed the various insurrections of the Saxons, subjugated for ever the tumultuary Northumbrians, and acquired a consolidated force capable of menacing the kingdom of Scotland. Had this event happened a century sooner, it is probable all Britain would, at that early period, have been united under one monarch. Or had a Scottish monarch existed during the heptarchy, as powerful as Malcolm Canmore at a subsequent era, it is possible that he might have pushed his limits much farther to the south than the present Borders, and would probably have secured to Scotland at least the countries on the north of the Humber. As it happened, the situation and balanced strength of both countries dictated the present limits.

The Saxons, who gave name to England, and language to both nations, now began to disappear from the stage. The local antiquities which are ascribed to them on the Borders are not numerous. Their coins, as well as those of the Danish dynasty, are frequently found both in England and Scotland; and cups and drinking horns have been preserved and discovered, which may be referred to this period. But of their architecture the ecclesiastical edifices afford almost the only specimen. The houses, even of their princes, were chiefly formed of wood; and their military system consisted rather in giving battle than in attacking or defending places of strength. Some rude ramparts seem to have encircled their towns for protection against the Danish invaders, and in their own civil dissensions. But castles, whether belonging to kings or chiefs, must have been rare during the Saxon period. No specimens survive on the Border, or even farther south, unless the very singular edifice, called Coningsburgh

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Castle, near Sheffield, be considered as a specimen of Saxon military architecture. The Keep is round instead of being square as usual; and, being supported by six huge projecting buttresses, has a massive, and, at the same time, a picturesque appearance. The mortar is of a kind much more imperfect than that which is used in the Norman buildings, having a mixture of ashes and charcoal and very little lime. In this place the Saxons certainly had a castle, as appears from the name, and tradition points out in its vicinity the *tumulus* of the celebrated Hengist.* But it is probable that the Saxon building was repaired and improved by William de Warren the Norman baron, on whom it was bestowed by the Conqueror.*

If the Saxons left few examples of their military architecture, they laid the foundation of many splendid ecclesiastical establishments. Once the most fierce, they appear, on their conversion, to have become the most devout nation of Europe. Christianity, though such advantage should not be named with her inestimable spiritual benefits, brought the arts to Britain in her train. Paulinus, one of the missionaries, who, by orders of Pope Gregory, had accompanied to Britain the intrepid Saint Augustin, made great progress in the conversion of Northumberland about the year 625. At Yevering, now an obscure hamlet, about two miles from Wooler, then the royal residence of Edwin, King of Northumberland, and his pious spouse, Ethelburga, Paulinus abode thirty-six days in company with the sovereigns, daily employed in instructing the heathen inhabitants, and baptizing them in the neighbouring river called the Glen. The first church which this zealous and successful missionary constructed in Northumberland was that of Lindesfarne, or Holy Island. It was formed entirely of wood. But the use of stone was speedily introduced, and the art improving in proportion to the encouragement which it received, began, during the eighth and ninth centuries, to assume a more regular and distinct form. The Saxon style of architecture, as it is called with more propriety than that by which the style that succeeded it is termed Gothic, had now assumed a determined character. Massive round arches, solid and short pillars, much gloom and an absence of ornament, mark this original mode of building. It is also remarkable for a peculiar style of architectural decoration, described by Mr Turner in his excellent history of the Anglo-Saxons, as being a universal diagonal ornament, or zigzag moulding, "disposed in two ways, one with its point projecting outwards, the other with its point lying so as to follow the lines which circumscribe it, either horizontal, perpendicular, or circular." There is a curious specimen of this ornament on a door-way in the ruinous part of the

* [See *Ivanhoe*.]

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Abbey-Church at Jedburgh,* which looks into the clergyman's garden, which is richly arched with this species of moulding. In the Chapter-House at the same place may be seen a very perfect specimen of Saxon architecture.

The Saxon historians expatiate with a sort of rapture on the magnificence which Wilfred, Bishop of York, displayed in the erection of a church at Hexham. It was raised by masons and pargeters brought from Italy, who garnished the building by winding stairs, elevated it into Roman magnificence, and decorated its walls and vaults with pillars, ornamental carving, oratories, and chapels. A. D. 674. Perhaps we may suspect a little exaggeration in this description; for the same authorities assure us, with little probability, that when Wilfred attempted the conversion of the South Saxons, they were rendered so miserable by famine, that they were in the habit by forty at a time to hold each other by the hands and throw themselves into the sea; and that they were so little able to secure themselves from this evil, that, till instructed by Saint Wilfred, they were ignorant of catching any fish but eels. A state so grossly savage in Sussex is scarce to be reconciled with a favourable progress in the arts so much farther to the northward. Still, however, religion appears to have flourished in these savage districts.

Aidan, a monk of Saint Columba's monastery of Iona, was in 1634 named Bishop of Lindesfarne, or Holy Island, which became soon a renowned seminary. Melrose, a classical name, owed its original foundation to the same Aidan; and, as the holy flame spread around and increased, the abbeys of Coldingham and Tyningham were erected. These buildings, like the church of Lindesfarne, were originally fabricated of wood, and afterwards arose in more durable materials. But of these, and of other Saxon edifices, only fragments can now be traced. The unsparing fury of the heathen Danes destroyed almost all the churches on the Borders, and only in a very few favoured instances can the Saxon architecture be distinguished. Even its remnants are rendered indistinct by the repairs and additions of later ages. The ancient vaults beneath the present church at Hexham, which have been constructed chiefly by the use of materials fetched from some Roman station, as appears from the inscriptions in Horsley's work, are probably the only part remaining of the magnificent church of Wilfred. In Holy Island a few diagonal mouldings and circular arches flatter the fancy of the antiquary that they may have been part of Saint Cuthbert's original church. At Jedburgh, the Chapter-House and one highly enriched door-way have been already noticed. In Kelso Abbey-Church the

* Jedworth, or Jedburgh, was founded A. D. 825. See *Caledonia*, vol. i., p. 426.

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whole arches and ornaments of the building are decidedly in the Saxon style, and its noble, concentrated, and massive appearance forms one of the most pure and entire, as well as most favourable, specimens of that order which occur on the Scottish Border. The young student of antiquities is not, however, to set it down as a rule, that, where such ornaments and arches occur, the edifice exhibiting them is indubitably as old as Saxon times. The architecture which had arisen among the Saxons was practised among their successors, not only until the Gothic, as it is called, was introduced, but even in many later instances, from taste, or with a view to variety. It is probable that the Cumbrian Britons and those of Reged mingled with the Christian religion circumstances expressive of their own ancient manners and customs; but of this we have little evidence. We may refer, however, to this period, the remarkable monument at Penrith, consisting of two huge stone pillars, richly engraved with hieroglyphics, with a sepulchral stone extended between them. The common tradition terms this the monument of Sir Ewain Cæsarius, a champion who cleared the neighbouring forest of Inglewood of wild beasts.

The edifices upon the Border, dedicated to devotion and peace, arose the more frequently that the good understanding between the English and Scottish nations was for some time only interrupted by occasional and brief wars, bearing little of the character of inveterate hostility which afterwards existed between the sister kingdoms, even in the time of peace. In fact, until the conquest of England by the Normans, and for ages afterwards, each monarch was so earnestly employed in the consolidation of his authority over the mixed tribes to whom it extended, that he had no time for forming schemes of ambition at the expense of his neighbour. If the English frontier regions contained aboriginal Britons, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, the subjects of Scotland were even more miscellaneous. The Picts and Scots had now, indeed, melted down into one people, bearing the latter name; but the Scoto-Britons of Reged still retained a distinct, though no longer an independent, existence. This was still more the case with the people of Galloway, who, lying more remote from the authority of the kings of Scotland, gave them apparently no other obedience than that which was formerly yielded by the British tribes to the Pendragon, or chief of their federation. There remain to be noticed the Scoto-Saxons, being the descendants of those, who, in earlier times, had colonized the northern division of Bernicia, extending from the banks of the Tweed to the Frith of Forth, and skirting on the west the kingdom of Strath-Clwyde. These Saxons were gradually augmented by such of their countrymen as the civil broils of the heptarchy, the invasion of the Danes,

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and, finally, the sword of the Normans, drove to seek shelter among their northern brethren; and such was the number of these fugitives, and the influence which they attained at the court of the Scottish monarch, that their language came to be in general use, and at length to supersede the various dialects of the Celtic, which were probably spoken by the other tribes. It cannot but be considered as a very singular phenomenon, that the inhabitants of a ceded province, and that not a large one, should give language to the whole kingdom, although both their original churchmen and royal family were certainly Celtic. But Lothian and the Merse, as the most fertile parts of Scotland, had a natural attraction for her monarchs; and the Saxon language, refined and extended as it must have been by the new emigrants from England, possessed the power of expressing wants and acquisitions unknown to the more simple Celtic nations. It is probable, also, from the expression of Tacitus, that among the various tribes who inhabited the eastern shores of Scotland, particularly about the mouth of the Tay, there might be several of German descent, by whom the Saxon would be readily adopted. Above all, the reader must observe, that, although the Christian missionaries came originally from the Celtic seminary of Iona, yet the large foundations of Lindesfarne, Hexham, Melrose, Coldingham, Jedburgh, and others on the Borders, were endowed by Saxon munificence, and filled with Saxon monks, who disseminated their language along with their religion through such tribes as still used the British or Celtic tongue. The authority of these Saxon ministers of religion must have been the more prevalent, as they were held to teach a more orthodox doctrine concerning a very important point of controversy—the keeping of Easter—than their Scottish brethren. On this subject, Queen Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, employed against the Scottish heresy "the sword of the spirit," combating their errors three days, like "St. Helena," says the encomiast, "converting the Jews." Her warlike and royal spouse acted as interpreter on this occasion between his zealous consort and the Scottish clergy, a circumstance which proves that he understood both Saxon and Celtic, she the former language only. It also establishes this fact, that the Lowland Scotch had not yet spread generally through the Celtic tribes, though it did so afterwards.

To the nations already mentioned as subjects of Scotland, must be added the Norman families, who, expelled from England by the various convulsions that took place in that scene of their new conquest, or voluntarily abandoning it in consequence of discovering their services ill recompensed by the Conqueror, were attracted to Scotland by the munificence of Malcolm Canmore. The weak prince, who succeeded that active and enterprising monarch, in vain adopted a

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different line of policy from his, and laboured to banish from Scotland those foreigners who had settled there under his auspices—a savage and inhospitable measure, by which Donald Bane endeavoured to gain favour with the Scottish tribes, who longed to return to the wild manners of their forefathers. But Alexander I., though himself of a disposition so stern as to acquire the surname of The Fierce, yet, connected with England by marriage, again encouraged the settlement of foreigners in his realm, and the Norman barons with their retainers flocked thither in such numbers, that David I. addresses his charters to his feal subjects, Franks, English, Scottish, and Galwegians; and his son Henry classes the inhabitants of his county of Northumberland into Franks (*i. e.* Normans) and English.

The Normans brought with them their rules of chivalry, their knowledge of the military art, their terms of honour and badges of distinction, and, far the most important, their feudal system of laws. It is not to be supposed that these were at once imposed on the Scottish nation at large, as has been erroneously asserted by the ancient historians of that people. But the fiction of law which considered the sovereign as the original source of all property, and which held the possessors of land by that very act of possession amenable to his courts, and liable to serve in his armies, rendered the system acceptable to the king, while the great barons, being each in their degree invested with the same right and authority within their own domains, were satisfied to submit to the paramount superiority of the crown, distant as it was, and feebly exercised, in consideration of their own direct authority over their vassals being recognised and acknowledged by the same system. The king, by whom grants of land were made, and the nobles to whom they were given, had thus every motive for adopting the feudal form; not to mention that the Norman barons, on whom such marks of regal bounty were conferred, would not have accounted that they possessed them securely, unless they had been expressed in the manner to which the law of their own country had familiarized them. Thus, while in England the feudal law was suddenly imposed in consequence of the Norman conquest, it gradually glided into Scotland, recommended at once by its own well-modelled and systematic arrangement, by the interests of the king and of the nobles, and the principle of imitation among the inferior gentry. The clergy, doubtless, lent their aid to the introduction of the new system, which, while it imposed no new burdens on their property, gave them at once a firmer and more durable species of land rights, and sundry facilities for exercising their superior knowledge of law, and of legal documents, at the expense of the laity. At what time the feudal system was entirely adopted through the Lowlands of Scotland, it would be difficult to ascertain. We have already seen that the laws

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of the ancient inhabitants, the customs, as they are called, of the Scots and Bretts, were in some observance during the temporary usurpation of Scotland by Edward I., and that it appears to have been the purpose of that wily monarch, by abolishing these usages, and introducing into the Scottish law a universal observance of the feudal system, to prepare the way for a more complete union between his usurped and his hereditary dominions. One leading feature of Celtic manners and laws remained, however, upon the Borders, until the union of the crowns; and, in despite of the feudal system with which it was often at variance, continued to flourish as well in the southern as in the northern extremities of Scotland. This was the system of septs, or clanship, by which these districts were long distinguished.

The patriarchal government of each tribe, or name, by a single chieftain, supposed to represent in blood the father from whom the whole sept claim their original descent, is, of all kinds of government, the most simple and apparently the most universal. It is deduced from the most primitive idea of all authority, that right of command which is exercised by a father over his family. As the wigwams of the grandchildren arise round the hut of the patriarch, the power of the latter is extended in a wider circumference; and, while the increasing numbers of the tribes bring them into contact, and of course into disputes with other societies of the same kind, this natural HEAD (such is the literal interpretation of the Norman word Chief, or the Celtic Cean) is more extensively useful, as their counsellor in peace and captain in battle. This simple mode of government, very similar to what now exists among the Persian and Hindhu tribes, was universal among the ancient Celtic nations. A confederation of a certain number of these tribes, or clanships, under a government, whether monarchical or popular, composed a Celtic kingdom, or state, but did not alter, or interfere with, the authority exercised by each chief over his own tribe. Thus, ancient Gaul was divided into sixty-four states, comprehending four hundred different tribes; which makes a proportion of about six clans to each federal union. In Britain, in like manner, Cæsar enumerates no less than four kings in the province of Kent alone, by which he must have meant four patriarchal chieftains. That such was the original government of Britain, is sufficiently evident from the system of clanship being found in such perfection in Wales, whose inhabitants, driven into the recesses of their mountains by the Saxons, long maintained with their independence the manners of the ancient British. They acknowledged five royal tribes, and five of churl's blood, to one or other of which each genealogist could refer the pedigree of the subordinate septs. That Ireland, unbroken and untouched by the Romans or Saxons, should have possessed the sys-

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tem of clanship in all its perfection, cannot be matter of surprise. In the Highlands of Scotland, the system became only extinct in the days of our fathers.* And, therefore, as being found in all countries where dialects of the Celtic are spoken, and where their customs continued to be preserved, we must account the system of clanship as peculiar to the Celtic tribes, and unknown to the various invaders of Britain, whether Saxons, Danes, or Normans. As it continued to retain full force upon the Borders, we must hold that it was originally derived from the Celtic inhabitants of the western part of Valentia, who remained unsubdued by the Saxons, and by those of Reged, or the modern Cumberland.

Nor does it at all shake this conclusion, that none of the clans distinguished upon the Borders used the Celtic patronymics common in Ireland, Wales, and the Scottish Highlands, and that we are well assured that several of them are of Saxon or Norman descent. In this case, as in Ireland, the Saxon or Norman settlers seem to have readily conformed to the custom of the native inhabitants, and to have adopted the name and authority of chiefs, with as much readiness and as effectual patriarchal sway, as if they had been descended from Galgacus or Cadwallader. A vague tradition asserts, that the number of Scottish Border clans was eighteen, and of those of the Highlands forty-eight; but I presume there is no genealogist now alive who would undertake to repeat the list. At a late period in the history of the Borders, the Scottish parliament, for the purpose of checking the depredations of these septs, published a "Roll of the Clans that has Captains and Chieftains, on whom they depend oft-times against the Will of their Landlords, as well on the Borders as Highlands," which, with some brief remarks on Border names, will be found in the Appendix to this Introduction.†

The system of clanship thus established on the western and middle parts of the Border, spread its influence into Berwickshire also; for, although the potent family of Gordon, or of Home, has not, in the strictest sense, been termed a clan, that is, a sept depending entirely upon one patriarchal head, and of which the common people, as well as the leaders, bore the same name, yet the heads of the branches of these great families added to their extensive feudal and territorial

* [" By the act of 20th King George II., cap. 5, all tenures by wardholding, that is, where the vassal held lands for the performance of military service, were declared unlawful, and those which existed were changed into holding for feu, or for blench tenures, —that is to say, either for payment of an annual sum of money, or some honorary acknowledgment of vassalage,—so that it became impossible for any superior or overlord, in future, to impose upon his vassals the fatal service of following him to battle, or to discharge the oppressive duties of what were called hunting, hosting, watching, and warding. Thus, although the feudal forms of investiture were retained, all the essential influence of the superior or overlord over the vassal or tenant, and especially the right which he had to bring him into the field of battle, in consequence of his own quarrels, was in future abrogated and disallowed."—*Tales of a Grandfather*, 3d series.]

† See Appendix No. III.

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influence that authority of blood which they exercised over the barons of their own name, as was the case with the Butlers, Geraldines, and other great Norman Families settled in Ireland. But on these eastern parts of the marches, this clannish attachment was less strong and inviolable, and there are more frequently instances of persons of distinction acting against the head of their family upon occasions of public distraction.* The same thing may be observed on the opposite Borders of England. Northumberland, at least the more level parts of that county, from which the British had been long expelled, was occupied by families of power and distinction, who exercised the same feudal and territorial authority that was possessed by other landholders throughout England. But in the wild and mountainous dales of the Reed, the Tyne, and the Coquet, as well as in the neighbouring county of Cumberland, the ancient British custom of clanship still continued in observance, and the inhabitants acted less under the direction of their landlords than under that of the principal man of their name, corresponding in this respect with the manners of the Cumbrian Britons, from whom they derived their descent. This grand distinction should be heedfully kept in view by the antiquary; because the mode of government, of living, and of making war, adopted by the Borderers on both sides, seems to have been in a great measure the consequence of this prevailing system of clanship.

The simplicity of the system was its first and principal recommendation. The father is the natural magistrate among those of his own family, and his decisions are received with respect, and obeyed without murmur. Allow the fiction (for such it must frequently have been) that the existing chief was the lineal descendant and representative of the common parent of the tribe, and he became the legitimate heir of his paternal authority. But the consequences of this doctrine led directly to despotism; and indeed it is upon this very foundation that Sir Robert Filmer, the slavish advocate of arbitrary power, has grounded his origin of magistracy. The evil, however great in a more advanced state of society, was not felt by tribes of bounded numbers, and engaged constantly in war. As soldiers, they felt the necessity of submitting absolutely to their leader, while he exerted his authority with tolerable moderation; and, as commanding soldiers, the chief must have felt the hazard of pushing discipline into tyranny. There were also circumstances which balanced the inconvenience of being subjected to the absolute authority of the chieftain. He was not only the legislator and captain and

* In the civil wars of Queen Mary, Godscroft (himself a Home) informs us, after enumerating the royalists, that "the Lord Home did also countenance them, though few of his friends or name were with him, save one mean man, Ferdinando of Broombouse."—*History of the Douglasses.* Folio edit. p. 311.

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father of his tribe, but it was to him that each individual of the name looked up for advice, subsistence, protection, and revenge.

The article of counsel, it may be supposed, was mutual; for it is reasonably to be presumed, that the chieftain would, in any matter of great moment, use the advice of the persons of most consequence in the clan; as, on the other hand, it was a natural part of his duty to direct and assist them by his opinion and countenance.

The support assigned by the chief to his people was so ample, as to render it questionable whether he could call much proper to himself, excepting his horses and arms. However extensive his territories were, he could use no part of them for his own peculiar profit, excepting just so much as he was able (perhaps by incursions upon the neighbouring kingdom) to stock with sheep and with black cattle, which were consumed in the rude festivals of his castle faster than they could be supplied by the ordinary modes of raising them. The rest of the lands he distributed among his principal friends and relations, by whom they were managed in the same way, that is, partly stocked with cattle for the use of the laird, and partly assigned to be the temporary possessions of the followers. The vassals, or, to speak more properly, the men of name among the kindred, sometimes assisted the revenues of the chief by payment of the various feudal casualties, when he happened to be their feudal superior as well as patriarchal captain. But these seem frequently to have been remitted "in respect of good and acceptable service," and most probably were at all times levied with a very lenient hand. Payment of rent was totally unknown on the borders until after James's accession to the crown of England, and thus the chief's superior wealth consisted in his extensive herds and flocks. Here also the inhabitants of the Borders gave token of their Celtic origin. To live on the produce of their flocks, to be independent of the use of bread, to eat in quantity the flesh of their cattle, are attributes which Lesley ascribes to the Borderers in Queen Mary's time, and which also apply to the Welsh and the Irish. On the splendour with which the chief practised his rude hospitality, much of his popularity, and of course much of his power, depended. Those who rose to great consequence were in the custom of maintaining constantly in their castles a certain number of the younger and more active warriors of the clan, as we shall have afterwards occasion to notice more particularly. And thus all the chief's means of subsistence were expended in the service of his clan.

Protection was the most sacred duty of a chief to his followers, and this he was expected to extend in all forms and under almost all circumstances. If one of the clan chanced either to slay a man, or commit any similar aggression, the chief was expected to defend him by

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all means, legal or illegal. The most obvious and pacific was to pay such fine, or *amende*, or assythement, as it was called, as might pacify the surviving relations, or make up the feud.* This practice of receiving an atonement for slaughter seems also to have been part of the ancient Celtic usages; for it occurs in the Welsh laws of Howell Dha, and was the very foundation of the Irish Brehon customs. The vestiges of it may be found in the common law of Scotland to this day. But poor as we have described the Border chief, and fierce as he certainly was by education and office, it was not often that he was either able or disposed to settle the quarrels of his clansmen in a manner so amicable and expensive. War was then resorted to; and it was the duty of the chief and clan who had sustained the injury to seek revenge by every means in their power, not only against the party who had given the offence, but, in the phrase of the time and country, against all his name, kindred, maintainers, and upholders. On the other hand, the chief and clan to whom the individual belonged who had done the offence, were equally bound in honour, by every means in their power, to protect their clansman, and to retaliate whatever injury the opposite party might inflict in their thirst of vengeance.* When two clans were involved in this species of private warfare, which was usually carried on with the most ferocious animosity on both sides, they were said to be at *deadly feud*, and the custom is justly termed by the Scottish parliament most heathenish and barbarous. And the Statute-book expressly states, that the murders, ravage, and daily oppression of the subjects, to the displeasure of God, dishonour of the prince, and devastation of the country, was occasioned partly by the negligence of the landlords and territorial magistrates, within whose jurisdiction the malefactors dwelt, but chiefly by the chieftains and principal leaders of the clans and their branches, who bore deadly quarrel and sought revenge for the hurt or slaughter of any of their "unhappy race," although done in form of justice, or in recovery of stolen goods. "So that," continues the statute, "the said chieftains, principals of branches, and householders, worthily may be esteemed the very authors, fosterers, and maintainers of the wicked deeds of the vagabonds of their clans or surnames."† In these deadly feuds, the chiefs of clans made war, or truce, or final peace with each other, with as much formality, and as little sincerity, as actual monarchs.

* In the year 1600, Archibald Napier, second son of Sir Alexander Napier of Merchiston, was waylaid and assassinated by five of the name of Scott, who had a deadly feud with the unfortunate young man. The present Lord Napier has some curious correspondence between the father and brother of the slain gentleman, respecting the assythement offered by the chief in the name of the murderers to atone the quarrel. The brother seems to have declared for revenge, the father appears rather inclined to accommodate the dispute.

† Statute, 1594, chap. 211.

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Some examples of which the reader will find in the account of the private wars between the powerful families of Johnstone and Maxwell, in the end of the sixteenth century, in which each clan lost two successive chieftains. Many battles were fought, and much slaughter committed.*

As the chief was expected to protect his followers, in good and evil, from the assaults of their neighbours, and even from the pursuit of justice, the followers and clansmen were expected, on the other hand, to exhibit the deepest marks of devotion to his interest, never to scruple at his commands when alive, and, in case of his death by violence, to avenge him, at whatever risk to themselves. In the year 1511, Sir Robert Kerr, warden of the Middle Marches, was slain at a Border meeting by three Englishmen. Starhed, one of the murderers, fled, it is said, nearly as far south as York, and there lived in private and upon his guard. Yet in this place of security he was surprised and murdered by two of Sir Robert Kerr's followers, who brought his head to their master, by whom, in memorial of their vengeance, it was exposed at the Cross of Edinburgh. These observations may suffice to explain the state of clanship as it existed on the frontier. The cause of the system's subsisting so long was its peculiar adaptation for the purposes of war and plunder, which the relative condition of the two kingdoms rendered in later times the constant occupation of the Borderers. This was not always the case, for there was an early period of history when the hostility between the two kingdoms was neither constant nor virulent.

Until the death of Alexander III. of Scotland, and the extinction of the direct line of succession to the crown opened the way to the ambition of Edward I., there were long continued intervals of peace and amity between England and Scotland. The royal families of each country were united by frequent alliances; and as the possession of extensive domains in England, held of the English crown, frequently obliged the kings of Scotland to attend the court of their brother-sovereign, they formed friendships both with the English kings and nobles, which tended to soften the features of hostility when it broke out between the nations. The attachment of Malcolm IV. to Henry II. was so great as to excite the jealousy of his own subjects; and the generosity of Cœur de Lion restored to William of Scotland the pledges of homage which had been extorted from him after his defeat and imprisonment at Alnwick, and converted an impatient vassal into an affectionate and grateful ally. From that period, A. D. 1189, there was an interval of profound peace between the realms for more than a century. During this period, as well as

* See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

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in the preceding reigns, the state of the Border appears to have been progressively improving. It was there that David I. chose to establish the monastic institutions whose magnificent remains still adorn that country, the Abbeys, namely, of Kelso, Melrose, Jedburgh, and Dryburgh. The choice of spots so near the limits of his kingdom (for his possession of some part of the North of England was but precarious) was, perhaps, dictated by the sound policy of ensuring the cultivation of tracts peculiarly exposed to the ravage of the enemy, by placing them under the sacred protection of the church. In this point of view the foundations completely answered the purpose designed; for it is well argued by Lord Hailes, that, while we are inclined to say with the vulgar that the clergy always chose the best of the land, we forget how much their possessions owed their present appearance to the art and industry of the clergy, and the protection which the ecclesiastical character gave to their tenants and labourers, while the territories of the nobles were burnt and laid waste by invaders. If these advantages are taken into consideration, we shall admire, rather than censure, the munificence of David I., and hesitate to join the opinion of his successor, who, adverting to his character of sanctity, purchased, as he deemed it to have been, by his dilapidation of the royal patrimony, observed, sarcastically, that he had proved a sore saint for the crown.

The settlement of these monasteries contributed, doubtless, not a little to the improvement of the country around them; and the introduction of many Norman families upon the Border country must also have had its share in introducing regular law and good order. Under the progressive influence of these changes of property, it seems probable that the Celtic system of clanship would have gradually given way, and that the Borderers would have assimilated their customs and manners to those of the more inland parts of Scotland. But the savage and bloody spirit of hostility which arose from Edward the First's usurpation of the crown of Scotland, destroyed in a few years the improvements of ages, and carried the natives of these countries backward in every art but in those which concerned the destruction of the English and each other. The wars which raged through every part of Scotland in the thirteenth century, were urged with peculiar fury on the Borders. Castles were surprised and taken; battles were won and lost; the country was laid waste on all sides, and by all parties: The patriotic Scotch, like the Spaniards of our own time, had no escape from usurped power but by sacrificing the benefits of civilisation, and leading the lives of armed outlaws. The struggle, indeed, terminated in the establishment of national independence; but the immediate effect of the violence which had

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distinguished it was to occasion Scotland retrograding to a state of barbarism, and to convert the borders of both countries into wildernesses, only inhabited by soldiers and robbers. Many towns, which had begun to arise in the fertile countries of Roxburgh and Berwickshires, were anew ruined. Roxburgh itself, once one of the four principal burghs of Scotland, was so completely destroyed, that its site is now only remembered and pointed out by tradition.*

The mode of warfare adopted by the Scots themselves, however necessary and prudent, was destructive to property, and tended to retard civilisation. They avoided giving pitched battles, and preferred a wasting and protracted war, which might tire out and exhaust the resources of their invaders. They destroyed all the grain and other resources of their own country which might have afforded relief to the Englishmen, and they viewed with great indifference the enemy complete the work of destruction. In the meanwhile, they secured their cattle among the mountains and forests, and either watched an opportunity to attack the invaders with advantage, or, leaving them to work their will in Scotland, burst into England themselves, and retaliated upon the enemy's country the horrors which were exercised in their own.† This ferocious, but uncompromising mode of warfare, had been strongly recommended in the rhymes considered a legacy from Robert Bruce to his successor, and which indeed do, at this very day, comprise the most effectual, and almost the only defensive measures, which can be adopted by a poor and mountainous country, when invaded by the overpowering armies of a wealthy neighbour. The concentration of the national forces in woods, mountains, and difficult passages,—the wasting the open country, so as to deprive the enemy of the supplies they might obtain from it,—sudden attacks from ambushes and by night,—a system of destroying the hostile communications and narrowing their resources, are as distinctly recommended by these homely lines, as

* [Roxburgh (old and new town) was undoubtedly the capital of Scotland, during the reign of David I., and the county town, till it was ruined, by the sad hostilities of the succession war.—CHALMERS' *Caledonia*, vol. ii., p. 111.]

† This extraordinary species of warfare astonished the French auxiliaries, who, under John de Vienne, came to the assistance of the Scottish in the year 1384. They beheld with surprise the Scottish army decline combat, and, plunging into the woods, "destroy," says Froissart, "all as they went, and burn towns, villages, and manors, causing all the men, women, and children to retreat with their cattle into the wild forests, where they knew well that the English could not follow them." Then, while an English army ravaged the country of Scotland, and burned the capital, the Scottish forces burst into Northumberland and Cumberland, wasting, slaying, and burning without mercy, until, in the opinion of the French auxiliaries, they had done more damage in the bishoprics of Durham and Carlisle than all the towns of Scotland were worth. "So the Frenchmen and Scotts returned into Scotland the same way they came; and when they came into Scotland, they found the country destroyed, but the people did set but little thereby, and said how with three or four poles they would soon set up their houses again, and that they had saved much of their cattle in the woods."—*The Cronycle of* FROISSART, vol. ii., pp. 27, 29.

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they were to the Portuguese by the great captain whose conduct and valour achieved their independence. In the following transcript, the modern orthography is preferred :—

" On foot should be all Scottish weir,*
By hill and moss themselves to wear ;†
Let wood for walls be bow and speir,
That enemies do them no dreire ‡
In strait places gar § keep all store,
And burn the plain land them before;
Then shall they pass away in haste,
When that they find naething but waste.
With wiles and wakening on the night,
And meikle noises made on height;
Than shall they turn with great affray
As they were chased with sword away:
This is the counsell and intent
Of good King Robert's testament.
FORDUNI, *Scotichronicon*, vol. ii., p. 232.

It followed, from this devastating system of defensive war, that the Scottish were so far from desiring to cover their borders by building strong places or fortresses, that they pulled them down and destroyed them where they already existed. Buchanan has elegantly turned this systematic destruction of their castles into a compliment to the valour of his countrymen :

" Nec fossis et muris patriam sed Marte tueri."

But without disparaging Scottish valour, the motive of leaving their frontier thus open, seems to have been a consciousness that they were greatly surpassed by the English both in the attack and defence of their strongholds; that if they threw their best warriors into frontier garrisons, they might be there besieged, and reduced either by force or famine; and that the fortresses of which the enemy should thus obtain possession, might afford them the means of maintaining a footing in the country. When, therefore, the Scottish patriots recovered possession of the castles which had fallen into the power of the English, they usually dismantled them. The Good Lord James of Douglas surprised his own castle of Douglas three times, it having been as frequently garrisoned by the English, and upon each occasion he laid waste and demolished it.** The military system of Wallace was on the same principle. And, in fine, with very few exceptions, the strong and extensive fortresses, which had arisen on the Scottish Borders in better times, were levelled with the ground during the wars of the thirteenth century. The ruins of the Castles of Roxburgh, of Jedburgh, and of several others which were thus destroyed, bear a wonderful disproportion in extent to any which were erected in subsequent times. Nay, the Castle of Jedburgh was so strongly and solidly constructed, and the Scottish so unskilful in the

* *Weir*—war. † *Wear*—to defend.
‡ *Dreire*—harm or injury. § *Gar*—cause.
** [See Appendix to the *Lord of the Isles*, *note T.*

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art of destruction, even where there was no military opposition, that it was thought it could not be destroyed without such time and labour as would render it necessary to impose a tax of two pennies on every hearth in Scotland to defray the expense. But Duke Robert of Albany, then regent, to shun the unpopularity of this impost, defrayed the charge of the demolition out of the crown revenues.

This continued to be the Scottish defensive system for many ages, and, of course, while it exposed invaders to hardships, loss, and want of subsistence, it reduced the frontiers of their own country, for the time, to a waste desert. Beacons were lighted in such a manner as to signify either the threatened approach, or actual arrival, of the English army. These were maintained at Hume Castle, at the Tower of Edgerhope, or Edgerstane, near the source of the Jed, upon the ridge of the Soltra Hills, at Dunbar, Dunpender (or Trapraine) Law, North Berwick Law, and other eminences; and their light was a signal for the Scottish forces to assemble at Edinburgh and Haddington, abandoning to waste and pillage all the southern counties.* Till the very last occasion of hostility between England and Scotland, this mode of defensive war was resorted to in the latter kingdom. Cromwell found the Borders in that desolate situation in his campaign of 1650; and, had it not been for the misjudged zeal of the presbyterian ministers, who urged David Lesley to give battle at Dunbar, he must have made a disastrous and disgraceful retreat.†

From this system it followed that most of the Scottish places of strength, even when the abode of great nobles or powerful chiefs, were constructed upon a limited and mean scale. Built usually in some situation of natural strength, and having very thick walls, strongly cemented, they could easily repel the attack of any desultory incursion; but they were neither victualled nor capable of receiving garrisons sufficient to defend them, excepting against a sudden assault. The village, which almost always adjoined to the castle, contained the abodes of the retainers, who, upon the summons of the chieftain, took arms either for the defence of the fortress or for giving battle in the field. Of these, the greater part were called "kindly tenants," or "rentallers," deriving the former name from the close and intimate nature of their connexion with the lord of the soil, from

* Statute 1455. Chap. 28.

† "In the march between Mordington and Coppersmith (Cockburn's Path) we saw not any Scotchman in Eyton, and other places that we passed through; but the streets were full of Scotch women, pitiful sorrow creatures, clothed in white flannel, in a very homely manner. Very many of them very much bemoaned their husbands, who, they said, were enforced by the lairds of the towns to gang to the muster. All the men in this town (Dunbar), as in other places of this day's march, were fled; and not any to be seen above seven or under seventy years old, but only some few decrepid ones."—*Relation of the Fight at Leith, near Edinburgh, etc. published by authority; printed by Ed. Griffin*, 1650, 4to.

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whom they held their little possessions by favour rather than bargain; and the latter from the mode in which their right of possession was constituted, by entering their names in their lord's rental-book.* Besides this ready militia, the more powerful chiefs maintained in their castle and as immediate attendants upon their persons, the more active young gentlemen of their clan, selected from the younger brethren of gentlemen of estate, whose descent from the original stock, and immediate dependence upon the chief, rendered them equally zealous and determined adherents. These were recompensed by grants of land, in property or lease, which they stocked with cattle or sheep, as their chief did those which he retained in his own hands.

But the castles which held these garrisons, whether constant or occasional, were not of strength, or at least of extent, at all commensurate with the military power of the chiefs who inhabited them. The ruins of Cessford, or of Branxholm, before the latter was modernized, might be considered as on the largest scale of Scottish Border fortresses, and neither could brook comparison with the baronial castles of English families of far less power and influence.

Hume Castle might be reckoned an exception, from its extent and importance. The French king was at one time required to supply a garrison for it, (Ridpath's "Border Hist." p. 571,) which shows a determination to defend it to the uttermost. But this fortress commanded and protected Berwickshire, a country which, from its wealth and population, as well as from the strength of the frontier afforded by the Tweed, early lost the wilder and more savage features

* Satchells gives a list of the pensioners thus daily maintained in the family of Buccleuch, and distinguishes the lands which each held for his service:—

"That familie they still were valiant men,
No Baron was better served into Britain;
The Barons of Buckcleugh they keept at their call
Four-and-twenty gentlemen in their hall,
All being of his name and kin,
Each two had a servant to wait on them;
Before supper and dinner most renowned,
The bells rung and the trumpet sounded,
And more than that I do confess,
They kept four-and-twenty pensioners;
Think not I lie, or do me blame,
For the pensioners I can all name;
There's men alive elder than I,
They know if I speak truth or lie.
Ev'ry pensioner a room did gain,
For service done and to be done,
This I'le let the reader understand,
The name of both the men and land,
Which they possess'd it is of truth,
Both from the Lairds and Lords of Buckleugh."*

History of the Name of Scott.

* Compare the opening stanzas of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

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of the middle and western Borders. Even in this case it was not without great hazard that the Scotch transgressed their usual rules, by covering this commanding situation with a strong and extensive castle. For Hume Castle was taken by the English after the fatal battle of Pinkie, and again in the year 1570; and being garrisoned by the enemy, afforded, on both occasions, a stronghold from which they were not easily dispossessed.

The castle of Caerlaverock, on the western frontier, protected against the English by its situation, appears also to have approached, in size and splendour of architecture, to the dignity of an English fortress; but this fortress also was repeatedly taken by the invaders. The original castle of Caerlaverock was besieged, taken, and garrisoned by Edward I., in the year 1300. The siege is the subject of a curious French poem, preserved in the British Museum, and published in the Antiquarian Repertory. When recovered by Sir Edward Maxwell, during the wars of Robert Bruce, he dismantled it, according to the policy which we have already noticed. The present castle, built on a scale of unusual size and magnificence by the powerful family of Maxwell, was ruined by the Earl of Sussex in the fatal year 1570. Much of the present ruins belong to the seventeenth century; and the castle owes its state of desolation to the successful arms of the Covenanters in 1640.

The extensive ruins of Bruce's ancient castle, on a lake beside Lochmaben, indicate its extent and strength; and, by the Scottish regulations, particular care was enjoined that it should be kept by a "wise and famous gentleman," with four horsemen in constant attendance, who was to discharge the office of steward-depute of Annandale. But Lochmaben Castle was founded before the bloody wars in the fourteenth century, when the Borders were in a state of comparative civilisation. Most of the other abodes of the south-western barons, as Closeburn, Spedlin's Castle, Hoddom, Lagg, Amisfield, etc., are towers upon the same plan with those already described.

Even the royal castles on the Border boasted little splendour. That of Newark, a favourite hunting-seat of the kings of Scotland, is merely a large and strong tower, surrounded by a wall of defence, or barnkin.* The darksome strength and retired situation of the Hermitage Castle made it long a chosen hold of the Earls of Douglas, and the succeeding branch of the house of Angus, who appear to have fortified it, with little attention indeed to architectural beauty, but so as greatly to improve the natural advantages of its wild sequestered situation.† After Hermitage fell into the hands of the crown, it

* [See Sir Walter Scott's *Poetical Works.*]

† [*Ibid.*]

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seems usually to have been garrisoned with a few hired soldiers, and was the ordinary residence of the Earls of Bothwell during their power on the Border.

The smaller gentlemen, whether heads of branches of clans, or of distinct families, inhabited dwellings upon a still smaller scale, called Peels, or Bastlehouses. These were surrounded by an enclosure, or barnkin, the wall whereof was, according to statute, a yard thick, six yards in height, surrounding a space of at least sixty square feet.* Within this outer work the laird built his tower, with its projecting battlements, and usually secured the entrance by two doors; the outer of grated iron, the innermost of oak clenched with nails. The apartments were placed directly above each other, accessible only by a narrow "turnpike" stair, easily blocked up or defended. Sometimes, and in the more ancient buildings, the construction was still more rude: there was no stair at all, and the inhabitants ascended by a ladder from one story to another. Smailholme, or Sandiknow Tower, is one of the most perfect specimens of this species of habitation, which was usually situated on the brow of a rock, or the brink of a torrent; † and, like the castle of the chief, had adjacent huts for the reception of those who were called upon to act in its defence. The Castle of Bemerside, still the residence of the ancient family of Haig, is a tower of the same kind, and is still inhabited by the proprietor. Upon a sudden attack from any small incursive party, these strengths, as they were called, afforded good means of defence. Artillery being out of the question, they were usually attacked with bows, or hagbuts, the discharge of which drove the defenders from the loopholes and battlements, while the assailants, heaping together quantities of wetted straw, and setting it on fire, drove the garrison from story to story by means of the smoke, and sometimes compelled them to surrender. The mode of defence, by stones, arrows, shot, and scalding water, was equally obvious and simple; and, in ordinary cases, by such means of resistance, joined to the strength of the place, and the military disposition of the inhabitants around, who readily rose "to the fray," a desultory attack was easily repulsed. But when, as often happened, the English entered the frontiers with a regular army supplied with artillery, the lairds usually took to the woods or mountains, with their more active and mounted followers, and left their habitations to the fate of war, ‡ which could seldom do any permanent damage to buildings of such rude and massive construction,

* Statute, 1535. † [See Scott's *Poetical Works.*]

‡ On such occasions it sometimes happened that a few retainers were left as *enfans perdus*, without the means of escape, to hold the tower out to the uttermost, and thus protect the retreat of the laird. This appears from account given by Patten of the siege of the towers of Anderwick and Thornton by the Lord Protector Somerset, which also contains a minute account of the mode of attacking and defending a Scottish Peel or Bastlehouse.—See Appendix, No. I.

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as could neither be effectually ruined by fire nor thrown down by force. Hence it is no uncommon circumstance to observe, that the same castles are, in the course of a few years, repeatedly stated to be destroyed in the annals of English invasion. Where, however, it was determined in the English councils to make the Scottish frontiers feel the sword and firebrand, the scale of mischief was immense, and embraced whole districts, while the military inhabitants of the plundered country, so soon as the burst of fury was over, set themselves about to regain, by repeated forays, on a smaller scale indeed, but equally formidable from their frequency, a compensation for the property which they had been compelled to abandon to the overpowering force of the invaders. The two most dreadful invasions commemorated in Scottish annals, were the great inroads of the Earl of Hertford, in the end of Henry the Eighth's reign, and that of the Earl of Sussex, in the twelfth year of Queen Elizabeth.

While such was the state of the landholder, and even of the noble, upon the Borders, it is natural to enquire into the condition of the towns along the Scottish frontier. It appears they were numerous, and, considering the very precarious state of security, full of inhabitants. Dumfries, Jedburgh, and Selkirk, were those of principal note. They were under the same mode of government, by their own elective magistrates, as the other free boroughs of Scotland, and, on many occasions, maintained their freedom and franchises against the powerful barons in the neighbourhood, with whom they were frequently at feud.* Besides these intestine divisions, they had to be constantly on their guard against the inhabitants of the opposite frontier, to whom their wealth (such as it was) afforded great temptation. It was acquired chiefly by smuggling; for, as the most rigorous laws in both countries prohibited all mercantile intercourse upon the Borders under high pains, a great contraband trade, both for cattle, horses, salt, fish, and other merchandise, existed upon the frontiers, even till the union of the kingdoms, when most of the southern boroughs of Scotland experienced a great declension, both in wealth and inhabitants, from its being discontinued. Every free burgher was by his tenure a soldier, and obliged, not only to keep watch and ward for the defence of the town, but to march under his

* There was a memorable feud betwixt the Laird of Fairnihirst and the town of Jedburgh, accompanied with some curious circumstances. The chief was attached to the interest of Queen Mary, the burghers of Jedburgh espoused that of King James VI. When a pursuivant, under the authority of the Queen, was sent to proclaim that every thing was null which had been done against her, during her imprisonment in Lochleven, the provost commanded him to descend from the cross, and, says Bannatyne, "caused him eat his letters, and thereafter loosed down his points, and gave him his wages on his bare buttocks with a bridle, threatening him that if ever he came again he should lose his life."—BANNATYNE's *Journal*, p. 243. In revenge of this insult, and of other points of quarrel, Fairnihirst made prisoners, and hanged ten of the citizens of Jedburgh, and destroyed with fire the whole stock of provisions which they had laid up for the winter.

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magistrates, deacons of craft, etc., to join the king's banner when lawfully summoned. They also attended in order of battle and well armed at the warden meetings and other places of public rendez-vous on the Borders, had their peculiar gathering-words and war-cries, and appear often to have behaved with distinguished gallantry.*

The Border towns were usually strong by situation, as Dumfries upon the Nith, and Jedburgh upon the river of the same name, and were almost always surrounded by some rude sort of fortification, or wall, with gates, or, as they were called in Scottish, ports. But even when these defences were forced by a superior enemy, the contest was often maintained with obstinacy in the town itself, where the height of the houses and narrowness of the streets afforded to brave and determined men the means of resistance, or at least of vengeance. Most of the towns and even villages contained, besides the houses of the poorer inhabitants, bastlehouses, or towers, surrounded with walls, like those which we have described as the habitations of the landed proprietors. The ruins of these are to be seen in most Border villages of antiquity. In that of Darnwick, near Melrose, there is one belonging to a family called Fisher, almost entire. There is another at Jedburgh, which Queen Mary is said to have lodged in after her ill-fated expedition to visit Bothwell at Hermitage Castle.† These towers were either the abode of the wealthier citizens, or of the neighbouring gentry, who occasionally dwelt within the burgh, and they furnished admirable posts for the annoyance of an enemy, even after they had possessed themselves of the town. Lessudden, a populous village, when burned by Sir Ralph Evers in 1544, contained no less than sixteen strong bastlehouses; and Jedburgh, when taken and burned by the Earl of Surrey, contained six of these strongholds, with many good houses besides, was twice as large as the town of Berwick, and could have accommodated a garrison of a thousand cavalry. The defence of these towns was very obstinate, the people themselves pulling down the thatch of their houses, and burning it in the streets to stop the progress of their enemies; and the military spirit of the Borderers was such as calls forth the following very handsome compliment from the generous Surrey :—"I assure your Grace (Henry VIII.) that I found the Scots at this time the boldest men and the hottest that ever I saw any nation, and all the *journée* upon all parts of the army they kept us with such continual skirmishes that I never beheld

* The citizens of Jedburgh were so distinguished for the use of arms, that the battle-axe, or species of partisan, which they commonly used, was called a Jeddart-staff, after the name of the burgh. Their bravery turned the fate of the day at the skirmish of the Reedswair, one of the last fought upon the Borders, and their *slogan*, or warcry, is mentioned in the old ballad which celebrates that event—

Then rose the slogan with a shout,
"Fye to it, Tynedale"—"Jedburgh's here."

† See *Border Minstrelsy*, Introduction.

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the like. If they could assemble forty thousand as good men as the fifteen hundred or two thousand I saw, it would be a hard encounter to meet them."*

If we turn our eyes from the frontiers of Scotland to those of England, we shall behold a very different scene, indicating, even in these remote provinces, the superior wealth and civilisation of the English nation, with that attention to defence which was the natural consequence of their having something of value to defend. The central marches, indeed, and the extreme verge of the frontier in every direction, excepting upon the east, were inhabited by wild clans as lawless as their northern neighbours, resembling them in manners and customs, inhabiting similar strongholds, and subsisting, like them, by rapine. The towers of Thirlwall, upon the river Tippal, of Fenwick, of Widdrington, and others, exhibit the same rude strength and scanty limits with those of the Scottish Border chieftains. But these were not, as in Scotland, the abode of the great nobles, but rather of leaders of an inferior rank. Wherever the mountains receded, arose chains of castles of magnificent structure, great extent, and fortified with all the art of the age, belonging to those powerful barons whose names hold so high a rank in English history. The great house of Clifford of Cumberland alone possessed, exclusive of inferior strongholds, the great and extensive castles of Appleby, Brough, Brougham, Pendragon, and Skipton, each of which formed a lordly residence, as may yet be seen from their majestic ruins. The possessions of the great house of Percy were fortified with equal strength. Warkworth, Alnwick, Bamborough, and Cockermouth, all castles of great baronial splendour and strength, besides others in the interior of the country, show their wealth and power. Raby Castle, still inhabited, attests the magnificence of the great Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland; and the lowering strength of Naworth shows the power of the Dacres. All these, and many others which might be mentioned, are so superior to edifices of the same kind in Scotland, as to verify the boast, that there was many a dog-kennel in England to which the tower of a Scottish Borderer was not to be compared.† Yet when Naworth or Brougham Castles are compared with the magnificence of Warwick and of Kenilworth, their savage strength, their triple rows of dungeons, the few and small windows which open to the outside, the length and complication of secret and subterranean passages, show that they are rather to be held limitary fortresses for curbing the doubtful allegiance of the Borders, and the incursions of the Scottish, than the abodes of feudal hospitality and baronial splendour.

* Cotton MSS. Calig. B. iv. fol. 29.

† See *Cabala*, p. 160.

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The towns along the English frontier were, in like manner, much better secured against incursions than those of the opposite Borders. The necessity of this had been early taught them. In the reign of Edward I., a wealthyburgess of Newcastle was made prisoner in his own house by a party of Scottish moss-troopers, carried into Scotland, and compelled to ransom himself. This compelled the inhabitants to fortify that city.* The strength and importance of Berwick, often won and lost during the fourteenth century, induced the English to bestow such expense and skill in fortifying it, that, after the year 1482, it remained as a gate between the kingdoms, barred against the Scottish, but through which the English could at pleasure make irruption. A strong garrison was maintained in that city, ready at all times for service; and, to have kept Berwick-upon-Tweed, was of itself a sufficient praise for a military man, and sums up, in a minstrel ballad, the character of Harry Hotspur himself.† When garrisons of regular troops were lodged, as was usually the case, in the royal castle of Norham, and Lord Grey's baronial castle of Wark, with smaller parties in those of Etal, Ford, Cornhill, and Twizell, the course of the Tweed, where it divides the kingdoms, was well protected from invasion; and the necessary siege of one or other of this chain of fortresses usually found the Scottish arms such employment, that, ere they could advance into the interior of Northumberland, the army of England was collected and combined for the defence of her frontier. Carlisle, strong and skilfully fortified, having besides a castle of great antiquity and strength, was to the English west marches what Berwick was on the east, a place of arms and a rallying point. The crown appears frequently to have maintained garrisons there, besides the retinue which was assigned to the wardens, as also at Askerton in Bewcastle, Naworth, and other places of strength. Hexham, in the centre of the Border line, was also fortified, so that if any considerable body of the Scottish forces should penetrate through the wastes of Reedsdade and Tyndale, they might still find an obstacle in their passage.

But although these precautions served to protect the English fron-

* *Chorographia, or a survey of Newcastle-upon-Tyne,* republished by the Antiquarian Society of that city.

† In the old song of the battle of Otterbourne, Hotspur is thus eulogized:

"Sir Henry Percye in the New Castell lay,
I tell ye withouten drede,
He had been a march-man all his dayes,
And kept Berwicke upon Tweed."

Sir Ralph Evers, a Border hero of later date, who was slain in the battle of Ancrum Moor, receives a similar compliment from the minstrel by whom he was celebrated—

"And now he has in keeping the town of Berwicke,
The town was ne'er so well keepit I wot;
He maintain'd law and order along the Border,
And ever was ready to prikke the Scot."

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tier from those extensive scenes of inroad and desolation which their arms sometimes inflicted on Scotland, and in so far afforded them defence, yet the evils of the desultory war carried on by small parties of the enemy, who made sudden irruptions into particular districts, laid all waste, and returned loaded with spoil, were not to be guarded against. If the waste committed by the English armies was more widely extended and generally inflicted, the continual and unceasing *raids* of the Scottish Borderers were scarcely less destructive. The English, if better defended by castles and garrisons, afforded, from the superior wealth of the country, stronger temptation to their free-booting neighbours, and gain is a surer spur to adventures of this kind than mere revenge. The powerful Earl of Northumberland, writing to Henry VIII., complains, that from his house at Warkworth he sees the horizon enlightened by the burning hamlets which the Scottish marauders had pillaged and fired. Such were the frequent signals of invasion—

> ——————" at whose sight
> So oft the yeomen had in days of yore,
> Cursing his perilous tenure, wound the horn;
> And warden from the castle tower rung out
> The loud alarm bell, heard far and wide."
>
> *Madoc*, p. 359.

The tenure of cornage, alluded to by the poet in these beautiful lines, was well known on the English Borders, as well as on the Marches of Wales, to which the verses refer. The smaller barons usually held their lands and towers for the service of winding a horn, to intimate the approach of a hostile party. An alarm of this sort, and its consequences, Æneas Silvius witnessed on his passing through Northumberland in his road to Scotland, in the character of a legate, in the year 1448.

"There is a river, (the Tweed), which spreading itself from a high mountain, parts the two kingdoms; Eneas having crossed this in a boat, and arriving about sunset at a large village, went to the house of a peasant, and there supped with the priest of the place and his host. The table was plentifully spread with large quantities of poultry and geese, but neither wine nor bread was to be found there, and all the people of the town, both men and women, flocked about him as to some new sight; and as we gaze at Negroes or Indians, so did they stare at Eneas, asking the priest where he came from, what he came about, and whether he was a Christian. Eneas, understanding the difficulties he must expect on this journey, had taken care to provide himself at a certain monastery with some loaves, and a measure of red wine, at sight of which they were seized with greater astonishment, having never seen wine or white bread. Women with child came up to the table with their husbands, and after handling the bread and smelling the wine, begged some of each, so that it was impossible to avoid distributing the whole among them. The supper lasted till the 2d hour of the night; the priest and host, with all the men and children, made the best of their way off, and left Eneas. They said they were going to a tower a great way off for fear of the Scots, who, when the tide was out, would come over the river and plunder; nor could they with all his intreaties by any means be prevailed on to take Eneas with them, nor any of the women, though many of them were young and handsome, for they think them in no danger from an enemy, not considering violence offered to women as any harm. Eneas therefore remained alone for them with two servants and a guide, and 100 women, who made a circle

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round the fire, and sat the rest of the night without sleeping, dressing hemp and chatting with the interpreter. Night was now far advanced, when a great noise was heard by the barking of dogs, and screaming of the geese. All the women made the best of their way off, the guide getting away with the rest, and there was as much confusion as if the enemy was at hand. Eneas thought it more prudent to wait the event in his bedroom, (which happened to be a stable,) apprehending if he went out he might mistake his way and be robbed by the first he met. And soon after the women came back with the interpreter, and reported there was no danger, for it was a party of friends, and not of enemies, that were come."

To prevent these distressing inroads, the English warden, Lord Wharton, established a line of communication along the whole line of the Border, from Berwick to Carlisle, from east to west, with setters and searchers, sleuth-hounds, and watchers by day and night.* Such fords as could not be conveniently guarded, were, to the number of thirty-nine, directed to be stopped and destroyed, meadows and pastures were ordered to be enclosed, that their fences might oppose some obstacle to the passage of marauders, and narrow passes by land were appointed to be blocked up or rendered unpassable. All these precautions, while they showed the extent of the evil, did not, however anxiously considered and carefully enforced, produce, in any remarkable degree, the good effects which might have been expected. Indeed, the state of the population on either side of the frontier had become such, that to prevent these constant and reciprocal incursions was absolutely impossible, without a total change in their manners and habits of life. And this leads us to take a brief review of the character and manners of the Borderers on either side.

Lesley, bishop of Ross, has given us a curious chapter on the manners of the Borderers of Scotland, a translation whereof the reader will find in the Appendix, No. II. Contrary to the custom of the rest of Scotland, they almost always acted as light-horsemen, and used small active horses accustomed to traverse morasses, in which other cavalry would have been swallowed up. Their hardy mode of life made them indifferent to danger, and careless about the ordinary accommodations of life. The uncertainty of reaping the fruits of their labour, deterred them from all the labours of cultivation; their mountains and glens afforded pasturage for the cattle and horses, and when these were driven off by the enemy, they supplied the loss by reciprocal depredation. Living under chiefs by whom this predatory warfare was countenanced, and sometimes headed, they appear to have had little knowledge of the light in which their actions were regarded by the legislature; and the various statutes and regulations made against their incursions, remained in most cases a dead letter. It did indeed frequently happen that the kings, or governors of Scotland, when the disorders upon the Border reached

* See Articles devised at Newcastle in the 6th of Edward VI. Border Laws, Appendix.

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to a certain height, marched against those districts with an overpowering force, seized on the persons of the chiefs, and sent them to distant prisons in the centre of the kingdom, and executed, without mercy, the inferior captains and leaders. Thus, in the year 1529, a memorable era for this sort of expeditious justice, James V., having first committed to ward the Earl of Bothwell, the Lords Home and Maxwell, the Lairds of Buccleuch, Fairnihirst, Johnstone, Polwarth, Dolphington, and other chiefs of clans, marched through the Borders with about eight thousand men, and seizing upon the chief leaders of the moss-troopers, who seem not to have been aware that they had any reason to expect harm at their sovereign's hands, executed them without mercy. Besides the celebrated Johnie Armstrong of Gillnockie, to whom a considerable part of the English frontier paid black-mail, or protection-money, the names of Piers Cockburn of Henderland, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, and other marauders of note, are recorded as having suffered on this occasion.* And although this, and other examples of severity, had the effect for the time, as the Scottish phrase is, of "dantoning the thieves of the Borders, and making the rush-bush keep the cow," yet this course not only deprived the kingdom of the assistance of many brave men, who were usually the first to endure or repel the brunt of invasion, but it also diminished the affections of those who remained; and a curious and middle state of relation appears to have taken place between the Borderers on each side, who, as they were never at absolute peace with each other during the cessation of national hostilities, seem, in like manner, to have shunned engaging in violent and sanguinary conflicts, even during the time of war. The English Borderers, who were in the same manner held aliens to the civilized part of the country, insomuch that, by the regulations of the corporation of Newcastle, no burgess could take to his apprentice a youth from the dales of Reed or Tyne, made common cause with those of Scotland, the allegiance of both to their proper country was much loosened; the dalesmen on either side seem to have considered themselves in many respects as a separate people, having interests of their own, distinct from, and often hostile to, that of the country to which they were nominal subjects. This gave rise to some singular features in their history.

In the first place, this indifference to the national cause rendered it the same thing to the Borderers whether they preyed upon the opposing frontier, or on their own countrymen. The men of Tynedale and Reedsdale, in particular, appear to have been more frequently tempted by the rich vales of the Bishopric of Durham, and other

* [*Tales of a Grandfather*, *1st series*, and, at more length, the case of Armstrong, *Border Minstrelsy*.]

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districts which lay to the southward, than by the rude desolation of the Scottish hills. Their wild manners are thus described in the "Chorographia, or Survey of Newcastle," first published in 1549.

"There is in many dales, the chief are Tinedale and Reedsdale, a country that William the Conqueror did not subdue, retaining to this day the ancient laws and customs (according to the county of Kent) whereby the lands of the father is equally divided at his death amongst all his sonnes. These Highlanders are famous for thieving; they are all bred up and live by theft. They come down from these dales into the low countries, and carry away horses and cattell so cunningly, that it will be hard for any to get them or their cattell, except they be acquainted with some master thiefe, who for some mony (which they call saufey-mony) may help them to their stolu goods, or deceive them. There is many every yeare brought in of them into the goale of Newcastle, and at the Assises are condemned and hanged, sometimes twenty or thirty. They forfeit not their lands, (according to the tenure in gavelkind,) the father to the bough, the son to the plough. The people of this countrey hath had one barbarous custome amongst them; if any two be displeased, they expect no lawye, but bang it out bravely, one and his kindred against the other and his; they will subject themselves to no justice, but in an inhumane and barbarous manner fight and kill one another; they run together in clangs (clans) as they terme it, or names. This fighting they call their feids, or deadly feids, a word so barbarous that I cannot express it in any other tongue. Of late, since the union of both kingdoms, this heathenesh bloody custom is repressed, and good laws made against such barbarous and unchristian misdemeanours, and fightings.

The Scottish Borderers seem to have been, in all respects, as little amenable to the laws of their country, and as little disposed to respect the rights of their countrymen as the Dalesmen of Northumberland. Their depredations not only wasted the opposite frontier of England, but extended through the more civilized parts of Scotland, and even into Lothian itself; and it is singular enough, that a Scottish lord chancellor seems to have had no more effectual mode of taking vengeance on them than by writing a poem of exprobation.* They entered readily into any of the schemes of the English Borderers, and we find them contributing their numbers to swell the army with which the unfortunate Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland entered Liddesdale in the twelfth year of Queen Elizabeth, as well as upon other occasions, when public commotion gave hope of plunder. But their allegiance hung much more loosely about them than this would imply; for not only did they join the English Borderers in their exploits against the English government, but upon any turn of affairs which was favourable to the arms of England, they readily took assurance, as it is called, or allied themselves with that kingdom, and assisted them with their forces in laying waste their native country. This was particularly the case with the Borderers who inhabited the *Debateable Land*, as it was called, a considerable portion of ground upon the west marches, the allegiance of whose inhabitants was

* See Maitland's Complaint against the Thieves of Liddesdale, in Pinkerton's *Scottish Poems*; and a copy, somewhat different, in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

"Of Liddesdale, the common thieves
Sae pertly steilis now and reives
That nane may keep
Horse, nolt, or sheep,
Nor yet dare sleep
For their mischievis," &c. &c.

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claimed by both parties, and rendered to neither. They were outlawed to both nations, and readily made incursions upon either, as circumstances afforded the best prospect of plunder.* The inhabitants of Liddesdale, also comprehending the martial clans of Armstrong, Elliot, and others, were apt, on an emergency, to assume the red cross, and for the time became English subjects. They had indeed this to plead for their conduct, that the sovereigns of Scotland had repeatedly abandoned them to the vengeance of English retaliation, on account of hostilities against that country, which their own monarchs were unable to punish.† These clans, with the Rutherfords, Crossers, Turnbulls, and others, were the principal instruments of the devastation committed in Scotland in the year 1445. They expiated this fault, however, by another piece of treachery towards their English allies, when seeing the day turn against them at Ancrum-moor, these assured Borderers, to the number of 700 men, suddenly flung away their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made great and pitiless slaughter among the flying invaders.

It followed, as another consequence of the relations which the Borderers held with each other, that, as they were but wavering in allegiance to their own country, so their hostilities upon the other, though constant and unremitted, were seldom marked by a sanguinary character. The very unremitted nature of the predatory war between them gradually introduced rules, by which it was modified and softened in its features. Their incursions were marked with the desire of spoil, rather than that of slaughter. Indeed, bloodshed was the rather avoided, as it uniformly demanded revenge, and occasioned a deadly feud between two clans; whereas the abstraction of property was only considered a trivial provocation. As we have noticed the fury with which they revenged the former injury, we may here give an instance of the care which they took to avoid it. When the discomfited Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland entered Liddesdale, after the dispersion of their forces in the twelfth

*The Debateable Land (a perpetual source of contention between the kingdoms) was a small tract of ground, inhabited by the most desperate outlaws of both nations, lying between the rivers Sark and Esk. In 1552, it was divided by commissioners of both nations, the upper or more western part being assigned to Scotland, and the lower portion to England, in all time coming.

†By a convention, dated at Berwick, in the year 1528, it is declared lawful for the King of England to proceed by letters of marque, authorising his wardens and other officers to proceed against the inhabitants of Liddesdale to their slaughter, burning, hership, robbing, reiving, despoiling, and destruction, till full redress was obtained of the wrongs complained of. But it is provided, that the English shall not besiege the house or castle of Hermitage, or appropriate any part of Liddesdale, or accept of the homage of any of its inhabitants being Scotchmen by birth. The same singular mode of coercion was to be competent to the King of Scotland for the injuries committed by the clans of Leven, and inhabitants of the tract of country between the Crissop, the Liddell, and that stream. Each monarch might prevent this hostile mode of procedure against his subjects, by offered redress and satisfaction, by the 11th of January, 1528-9, or within forty days thereafter.—Rymer's *Fœdera*, p. 276.

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of Queen Elizabeth, they were escorted by Black Ormiston, and other Borderers. Martin Elliot of the Preakin Tower, who was attached to the Regent Murray, raised his clan to intercept their passage; but when both parties had met, and dismounted from their horses to fight out their quarrel, Elliot said to Ormiston, "he would be sorry to enter into deadly feud with him by bloodshed, but he would charge him and the rest before the Regent for keeping of the rebels; and if he did not put them off the country the next day, he would do his worst against them;" and thus they parted on a sort of composition.* Patten, in describing the English Borders, gives many insinuations that their hostilities against their Scottish neighbours were not of a resolved or desperate nature. They wore, he observes, handkerchiefs on their arms, and letters embroidered on their caps, which, he hints, enabled them to maintain a collusive correspondence with the Scottish, who bore similar cognizances. He said they might be sometimes observed speaking familiarly to the Scottish prickers, within less than spear's length; and when they saw themselves noticed, they began to charge each other, but so far from serious was their skirmish, that it rather resembled countrymen playing at bar, or novices in a fencing-school. Lastly, he affirms that they attended much more to making prisoners than to fighting, so that few brought home less than one captive, and many six or seven. Their captains and gentlemen, this censor admits, are men of good service and approved prowess; but he seems to doubt the fidelity of the northern prickers who served under them.

Yet these men, who might thus be said to bear but dubious allegiance to their country, were, of all others, the most true of faith to whatever thay had pledged their individual word. If it happened that any of them broke his troth, he who had sustained the wrong displayed, at the first public meeting upon the Borders, a glove on the point of a lance, and proclaimed him a perjured and mansworn traitor. This was accounted an insult to the whole clan to which the culprit belonged. If his crime was manifest, there were instances of his being put to death by his kinsmen; but if the accusation was unfounded, the stain upon the honour of the clan was accounted equal to the slaughter of one of its members, and, like that, could only be expiated by deadly feud. Under the terrors of this penalty, the degree of trust that might be reposed in the most desperate of the Border outlaws, is described by Robert Constable, in his account of an interview with the banished Earl of Westmoreland and his unfortunate followers. They desired to get back into England, but

* *Cabala.*

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were unwilling to trust their fortune without sure guides. "I promised," said Constable, "to get them two guides that would not care to steale, and yet they would not bewray any man that trusts in them for all the gold in Scotland or France. They are my guides and outlaws; if they would betray me they might get their pardons, and cause me to be hanged, but I have tried them ere this." *

This strict observance of pledged faith tended much to soften the rigours of war; for when a Borderer made a prisoner, he esteemed it wholly unnecessary to lead him into actual captivity or confinement. He simply accepted his word to be a true prisoner, and named a time and place where he expected him to come to treat about his ransom. If they were able to agree, a term was usually assigned for the payment, and security given; if not, the prisoner surrendered himself to the discretion of his captor. But where the interest of both parties pointed so strongly towards the necessity of mutual accommodation, it rarely happened that they did not agree upon terms. Thus, even in the encounters of these rude warriors on either side, the nations maintained the character of honour, courage, and generosity assigned to them by Froissart. "Englishmen on the one party, and Scotsmen on the other party, are good men of war; for when they meet, there is a hard fight without sparing; there is no hoo (*i. e.* cessation for parley) between them, as long as spears, swords, axes, or daggers, will endure; but they lay on each upon other, and when they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorify so in their deeds of arms, and are so joyful, that such as be taken they shall be ransomed ere they go out of the field; so that shortly each of them is so content with other, that at their departing courteously they will say, 'God thank you.' But in fighting one with another, there is no play, nor sparing." †

Of the other qualities and habits of the Borderers we are much left to form our own conjectures. That they were a people of some accomplishment, fond of the legends of their own exploits, and of their own rude poetry and music, is proved by the remains still preserved of both. They were skilful antiquaries, according to Roger North, in whatever concerned their own bounds. Lesley gives them the praise of great and artful eloquence when reduced to plead for their lives; also that they were temperate in food and liquors, and rarely tasted those of an intoxicating quality. Their females caught the warlike spirit of the country, and appear often to have mingled in battle. Fair Maiden Lilliard, whose grave is still pointed out upon the field of battle at Ancrum-moor, called, from her name, Lilliard's

* Sadler's *Letters*, vol. ii.
† Berner's Froissart, Edit. 1812, vol. ii., p. 396.

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Edge, seems to have been a heroine of this description.* And Hollinshed records them at the conflict fought near Naworth, A. D. 1570. between Leonard Dacres and Lord Hunsdon; the former had in his company "many desperate women, who there gave the adventure of their lives, and fought right stoutly." This is a change in the habits of the other sex which can only be produced by early and daily familiarity with scenes of hazard, blood, and death. The Borderers, however, merited the devoted attachment of their wives, if, as we learn, one principal use of the wealth they obtained by plunder was to bestow it in ornamenting the persons of their partners.

It may be easily supposed, that men living in so rude a state of society, had little religion, however well they might be stored with superstition. They never told their beads, according to Lesley, with such devotion as when they were setting out upon a marauding party, and expected a good booty as the recompense of their devotions. The various religious houses, which the piety or the superstition of an earlier age had founded in these provinces, gradually ceased to overawe, by their sanctity, the spirits of the invaders; and in the history of the mutual incursions of the two hostile nations, we read repeatedly of their being destroyed and laid waste. Thus the administration of religious rites became irregular and unusual in these wild districts. Of this negligence some traces still remain. The churches on the English border are scantily endowed, and many of them are ruinous. In some parishes there is no house for the incumbent to inhabit, and in others no church for divine service. But these are only the scars of ancient wounds; for in former times the condition of these countries, as to spiritual matters, was more extraordinary and lamentable. In the dales of Esk, Euse, and Liddell, there were no churchmen for the ordinary celebration of the rites of the church. A monk from Melrose, called, from the porteous or breviary which he wore in his breast, a *book-a-bosom*, visited these forlorn regions once a-year, and solemnized marriages and baptisms. This is said to have given rise to a custom called by tradition, *hand-fasting*, by which a loving couple, too impatient to wait the tardy arrival of this priest, consented to live as man and wife in the interim.† Each had the privilege, without loss of character, to draw back from the engagement, if, upon the arrival of the holy father, they did not think proper to legitimate their cohabitation according to the rites of the church. But the party retreating from the union was obliged to maintain the child, or children, if any had been the fruits of their union.

It would seem that the opposite valleys of Reedsdale and Tynedale

* [See notes to the *Battle of Ancrum Moor.—Border Minstrelsy.*]
† [See *The Monastery.*]

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were better supplied with persons (such as they were) who took upon them the character of churchmen. There is extant a curious pastoral monition of Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, dated 1498, in which, after setting forth the various enormities of theft, robbery, rapine, and depredation, committed by the dalesmen of the Reed and Tyne, and the neighbouring district, not only without shame and compunction, but as the ordinary and proper business of their lives, after stating that they were encouraged in these enormities by the king's officers of justice, and patronised either for kindred's or name's sake, or for the lucre of gain, by the powerful and noble of these districts, the prelate proceeds to describe a sort of ghostly comforters and abettors who were found among them, irregular and dissolute churchmen suspended from their holy office for misconduct, or lying under the sentence of excommunication, so ignorant of letters, that they did not even understand the service of the church which they had recited for years, and with them laymen, never ordained, who yet took upon themselves the sacred character of the priesthood. These men, proceeds the monition, dressed in tattered, foul, and sordid vestments, not only unfit for the ministers of Heaven, but even for decent society among men, presume and take upon them, not only in hallowed and dedicated places, but in such as are profane, interdicted, unholy, and defaced by ruins, to administer the rites and sacraments of the church to the thieves, robbers, murderers, and depredators before mentioned, and that without exhorting them to restitution or repentance, expressly contrary to the rules of the church, and to the great danger of precious souls, and scandal of Christianity. The Bishop instructs his suffragans to direct against the robbers and their abettors, whether spiritual or temporal, his pastoral monition to restitution and repentance, to be followed by the thunders of excommunication in case it were contemned by the offenders. It would seem several of the Borderers had accordingly been excommunicated; for, by a rescript, dated at Norham Castle, 5th September, 1498, the same prelate releases from the spiritual sentence certain persons of the clans of Charleton, Robson, Tod, Hunter, and others, who had professed penitence for their misdeeds, and submitted, in all humility, to his paternal chastisement. The penance annexed to their release from spiritual censures was of a singular kind, but illustrates their ordinary costume and habits of life. They are required to renounce the use of the *jack* and head-piece, and to ride upon no horse which shall exceed, in ordinary estimation, the sum of six shillings and eight pence. Moreover, they are enjoined, when they shall enter any church, chapel, or cemetery in the territory of Reedsdale or Tynedale, to lay aside, upon their entrance, every offensive weapon exceeding one cubit in

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length, and to hold speech with no one while within these hallowed precincts, excepting the curate or ministering priest of the said church or chapel, all under penalty of the greater excommunication. Mr Surtees justly observes, that the reclaiming of these Borderers must be ascribed to the personal influence of this able and worthy prelate; but there is ample reason to believe that no radical cure was wrought either in freebooters at large, or in the manners of those irregular and uncanonical churchmen, who, attending them as Friar Tuck is said to have done upon Robin Hood, partook in their spoils, and mingled with the relics of barbarism the rites and ceremonies of the Christian church.* The injunction of laying aside offensive weapons, and keeping silence in the church and its precincts, was to prevent the sacred place from becoming the scene of those bloody quarrels, which usually occurred whenever or wherever the members of clans, between which a deadly feud existed, chanced to meet together. How late the savage customs which rendered such regulations necessary, continued to last among the Northumbrians is evident from some passages in the Life of the truly pious and Christian teacher, Bernard Gilpin, who having a pastoral charge in those wild countries, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, laboured unremittingly to soften and civilize the yet wilder manners of the inhabitants.

The biographer of this venerable man, after stating the fierce usage of deadly feud which often engaged two clans in much bloodshed, on account of some accidental quarrel, proceeds thus:—

"It happened that a quarrel of this kind was on foot when Mr Gilpin was at Rothbury, in those parts. During the two or three first days of his preaching, the contending parties observed some decorum, and never appeared at church together; at length, however, they met. One party had been early at church, and just as Mr Gilpin began his sermon, the other entered. They stood not long silent. Inflamed at the sight of each other, they began to clash their weapons, for they were all armed with javelins and swords, and mutually approach. Awed, however, by the sacredness of the place, the tumult in some degree ceased. Mr Gilpin proceeded, when again the combatants began to brandish their weapons and draw towards each other. As a fray seemed near, Mr Gilpin stepped from the pulpit, went between them, and addressed the leaders, put an end to the quarrel for the present, but could not effect an entire reconciliation. They promised him, however, that, till the sermon was over, they would make no more disturbance. He then went again into the pulpit, and spent the rest of the time in endeavouring to make them ashamed of what they had done. His behaviour and discourse affected them so much, that at his farther entreaty, they promised to forbear all acts of hostility while he continued in the country. And so much respected was he among them, that whosoever was in fear of his enemy, used to resort where Mr Gilpin was, esteeming his presence the best protection.

"One Sunday morning, coming to a church in those parts before the people were assembled, he observed a glove hanging up, and was informed by the sexton that it was meant as a challenge to any one that should take it down. Mr Gilpin ordered the sexton to reach it him; but upon his utterly refusing to touch it, he took it down himself, and put it in his breast. When the people were assembled, he went into the pulpit, and before he concluded his sermon, took occasion to rebuke them severely for these inhuman challenges. 'I hear,' said he, 'that one among you hath hanged up a glove even in this sacred place, threatening to fight any one who taketh it down; see. I have taken it down;' and pulling out the glove, he held it up to the congregation, and then showed them how unsuitable such savage practices were to the profession of Christianity, using such persuasives

* See the *History of Durham*, by Mr Surtees, p. 62. Also the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, where the record of the excommunication and release is printed at length, from the communication of that accurate and indefatigable antiquary.

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to mutual love, as he thought would most affect them."—*Life of Bernard Gilpin*, 1753, p. 178.

The venerable preacher had his reward, for even the freebooter who stole his horses, returned them as soon as he understood to whom they belonged, not doubting that the foul fiend would have carried him off bodily, had he wilfully injured Bernard Gilpin. But it was long ere the effects of the northern apostle's precepts brought forth in that rude country fruits meet for repentance.

Leaving the manners of the Borderers, it is now proper to notice the measures of policy adopted for exercising, in some sort, the royal authority in districts which so many circumstances combined to render lawless; and that whether for the protection of each nation against the aggressions of the other during peace, or for repelling more open invasion during the time of war, or for regulating the conduct and appeasing the feuds of the inhabitants amongst themselves.

As every thing was military upon the Borders, those important duties were intrusted to officers of high rank, holding special commissions from the crown of either country, and entitled wardens, or guardians of the marches. There were sometimes two, sometimes three in number on each side, for the division of the Borders into east, west, and middle marches, did not prevent the middle marches being occasionally put under the charge of the same warden who governed those on the east or west. The kings of Scotland, compelled by circumstances to yield to the great nobles and powerful chiefs whatever boons they chose to exact of them, usually deposited the charge of warden with some nobleman or chieftain who possessed great personal weight and influence in the districts submitted to his jurisdiction. It is needless to point out the impolicy of this conduct, since the chiefs thus invested with high powers and jurisdiction were often the private encouragers of those disorders which it was their business, as wardens, to have suppressed, and hence their authority was only used to oppress their private enemies, while they connived at the misconduct of their own clansmen and allies. But this was the effect of the weakness, rather than of the blindness, of the Scottish sovereigns. Even the timid Albany, regent during the minority of James V., saw the evil, and endeavoured to secure impartial administration of justice on the frontiers, by naming a gallant French knight, Anthony D'Arcy Sieur De La Bastie, to the wardenry of the east marches. But the family of Home being incensed to see the office conferred on a stranger which they were wont to consider as proper to the head of their own house, in defiance of the royal authority, Home of Wedderburn assailed and murdered the warden, cut off his head, knitted it to the saddlebow by the long locks, and afterwards exposed it upon the battlements of Home Castle. The issue

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of this experiment was not therefore such as to recommend its repetition.* Accordingly, the names of the barons who for the time possessed most influence on the Border, are usually found on the Scottish commissions. The Earls of Douglas almost always added this title to the other marks of their extensive power. The Earls of Angus frequently exercised the authority of warden of one or other division of the marches, and could often excite mutiny and disorder when the rival house of Arran, or any other, was intruded into an office which they held peculiarly their own right. At a later period, the Earls of Home, or Lords of Cessford, were usually wardens of the east march; Earls of Bothwell, or the Lords of Buccleuch and Fairniherst, of the middle, which usually, though not uniformly, comprehended the separate office of keeper of Liddesdale; and the rival families of Maxwell and Johnstone, or the Lords Herries, were wardens of the west march. Yet even when the truncheon of warden was consigned to a baron of extensive power and following on the frontiers, he seems to have thought that the royal commission, added to his own natural authority, was insufficient to overawe the turbulent Borderers, and bonds of alliance and submission were, in many cases, procured from the principal chiefs, agreeing to respect and enforce the royal authority in the person of the warden; an expedient which only serves to prove how feeble was the influence of the crown, and which implied in it this evil, that the chiefs who thus voluntarily agreed to support the imperfect authority of the warden, expected that it should not be over strictly exerted against those under their immediate protection. Neither was it less precarious than impolitic, for such bonds were, among men of a fiery and jealous disposition, apt to be broken through on the slightest occasion.

It was another, and yet more dangerous consequence of lodging the office of warden in the hands of the Border chieftains, that they appear, without any scruple, to have employed it less for the preservation of the public peace, than for inflicting vengeance upon their own private enemies. If the warden was engaged in deadly feud or private war with the chief of another name, he failed not to display against him the royal banner, and to proceed against him as a rebel to the crown, a conduct for which pretexts were seldom wanting. Thus, in the year 1593, Lord Maxwell, then warden of the west marches, assembled the whole strength of that part of the Border, marched against the Lord of Johnstone, and entered Annandale, with displayed banner, as the king's lieutenant, with the purpose of utterly erazing and ruining that clan, which had so long rivalled his own in courage and enterprise, if not in numbers and power. The Johnstones, by the assistance of their allies the

* [See the *Introduction to Border Minstrelsy.*]

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Scotts, and other friendly clans, gave the Maxwells a severe defeat, in which the warden was struck from his horse, mutilated of his hand, and then slain.* And although the king took it hardly, according to Spottiswoode, that his warden, a nobleman bearing his authority, should be thus cut off, yet he found himself unable, in the circumstances of the country, to exact any vengeance for the insult. This is a remarkable instance, among many, of the warden's using the royal name to serve his own private purpose, and of the slight respect in which his authority was held upon such occasions.

The Scottish wardens were allowed by the crown forage and provisions for their retinue, which consisted of a guard of horsemen, by whom they were constantly attended; these were levied from the royal domains on the Borders. They had also a proportion of the "unlaws," or fines and forfeits imposed in their warden courts, and, no doubt, had other modes of converting their authority to their own advantage, besides the opportunities their situation afforded them of extending their power and influence. The abodes of the Scottish wardens were generally their own castles on the frontiers, such as we have described them to be; and the large trees, which are still to be seen in the neighbourhood of these baronial strongholds, served for the ready execution of justice or revenge on such malefactors as they chose to doom to death. There is, or was, a very large ash-tree near the ruins of Cessford Castle, said, by tradition, to have been often used for this purpose.

Until the English monarchy acquired some degree of power and consistency, the northern nobles usually, as in the sister country, extorted from the crown the office of wardenry, which was then held by the potent Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, the Lords Clifford, Dacre, and other chiefs of power on the Border. But, from the reign of Henry VIII. downward, and more especially after most of the great Northumbrian families were destroyed in the great northern insurrection of 1569–70, a different line of policy was observed. Instead of conferring commissions of wardenry on the great Border families, whose wealth, extensive influence, and remote situation already rendered them but too independent of the crown, those offices were bestowed upon men of political and military skill, such as Sir Ralph Sadler, Sir James Crofts, Sir Robert Carey, and others, the immediate dependents of the sovereign himself, who, supported by liberal allowances from the treasury, and by considerable bodies of regular troops,† were not afraid, if the discharge of

* [See *The Lads of Wamphray—Border Minstrelsy*, and *Lord Maxwell's Goodnight*, lb. p. 133.]

† From a memorial concerning Border service, in the papers of Sir Ralph Sadler, it appears that the allowance of the captain-general of Berwick was twenty shillings per day,

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their office called for it, to give offence even to the most powerful of the provincial nobility.*

For their residence, the warden of the east marches appears often to have resided at Alnwick, although Norman Castle, once belonging to the Bishops of Durham, afterwards to the crown, is recommended both by Lord Wharton and Sir Ralph Sadler† as the fittest place for his abode. But the office of warden of the east marches being frequently united with the government of Berwick, that most important frontier town was often the warden's place of abode. Upon the middle marches, the castle of Harbottell, originally the seat of the Umfravilles, and afterwards, by marriage, that of the Tailbois, being vested in the crown by forfeiture, was judged a commodious and suitable residence for the warden. The government of Carlisle being usually combined with the wardenry of the western marches of England, the strong castle of that town furnished the warden with a suitable residence. Lord Scroope of Bolton, who held both these important offices, long resided there, and made considerable additions to the fortifications without, and accommodations within the castle. But Lord William Howard occupied his baronial castle of Naworth when he had the same commissions.

To ensure a general superintendence of these important offices, a lord-warden-general was sometimes nominated; but this office became less necessary, because, in time of war, there was usually a lieutenant appointed for the management of all military affairs, and during peace the general affairs of the Borders fell under the cognizance of the Lord President of the Council of the North.

The wardens had under them deputy-wardens, and warden-serjeants (popularly called land-serjeants), upon whose address and activity the quiet of the country much depended. The captains of the various royal garrisons also received orders from them; and the keeper of Tynedale, an unruly district, which required a coercive magistracy of its own, was under the command of the warden of the middle marches.

The duties committed to the charge of the wardens were of a twofold nature, as they regarded the maintenance of law and good order amongst the inhabitants of their jurisdiction themselves, and as they concerned the exterior relations betwixt them and the opposite frontier.

In the first capacity, besides their power of control and ministerial

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and the pay of the captains, soldiers, and others of the garrison in ordinary, amounted to L.2400; and when extraordinary forces were stationed there, to more than twice that sum. The warden of the east marches, with his personal attendance of fifteen gentlemen, was allowed L.16: 16: 8 for his weekly charges, and all allowances to inferior officers were upon the same scale.—SADLER'S *State Papers*, vol. ii., p. 276.

* See Sadler's *State Papers*, vol. ii., p. 97, concerning disputes betwixt him and the Earl of Northumberland.

† See *Border Laws*, p. 344, and Sadler, vol. ii., p. 283.

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administration, both as head stewards of all the crown tenements and manors within their jurisdiction, and as intromitting with all fines and penalties, their judicial authority was very extensive. They held courts for punishment of high treason and felony, which the English Border laws classed under the following heads:— I. The aiding and abetting of any Scottishman, by communing, appointment, or otherwise, to rob, burn, or steal within the realm of England. 2. The accompanying, personally, any Scottishman, while perpetrating such offences. 3. The harbouring, concealing, or affording guidance and protection to him after the fact. 4. The supplying Scottishmen with arms and artillery, as jacks, splents, brigantines, coats of plate, bills, halberds, battle-axes, bows and arrows, spears, darts, guns, as serpentines, half-haggs, harquibusses, currys, cullivers, handguns, or daggers, without special license of the lord-warden. 5. The selling of bread and corn of any kind, or of dressed leather, iron, or other appurtenances belonging to armour, without special license. 6. The selling of horses, mares, nags, or geldings to Scottishmen, without license as aforesaid. 7. The breach of truce, by killing or assaulting subjects and liege-men of Scotland. 8. The assaulting any Scottishman having a regular pass or safe-conduct. 9. In time of war the giving tidings to the Scottish of any exploit intended against them by the warden or his officers. 10. The conveying coined money, silver or gold, also plate or bullion, into Scotland, above the value of forty shillings at one time. 11. The betraying (in time of war) the counsel of any other Englishman tending to the annoyance of Scotland, in malice to the party, and for his own private advantage. 12. The forging the coin of the realm. 13. The making appointment and holding communication with Scottishmen, or intermarrying with a Scottish woman, without license of the wardens, and the raising no fray against them as in duty bound. 14. The receiving of Scottish pilgrims with their property without license of the wardens. 15. The failing to keep the watches appointed for defence of the country. 16. The neglecting to raise in arms to the fray, or alarm raised by the wardens or watches upon the approach of public danger. 17. The receiving and harbouring Scottish fugitives exiled from their own country for misdemeanours. 18. The having falsely and unjustly *fould* (*i. e.* found true and relevant) the bill of any Scotchman against an Englishman, or the having borne false witness on such matters. 19. The having interrupted or stopped any Englishman pursuing for recovering of his stolen goods. 20. The dismissing any Scottish offender taken red-hand (*i. e.* in the manner) without special license of the lord-warden. 21. The paying of blackmail, or protection money, whether to English or Scottish man.

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All these were points of indictment in the warden courts; and the number and nature of the prohibitions they imply show the anxiety of the English government to prevent all intercourse, as far as possible, between the natives of the two kingdoms. Most of these offences, if not all, amounted to march-treason. The accused persons were tried by a jury, and, if found guilty, suffered death by decapitation; but with the marauders of either country, the wardens used much less ceremony, and hanged them frequently, and in great numbers, without any process of law whatever. This was a very ordinary consummation, if we can believe a story told of Lord William Howard of Naworth. While busied deeply with his studies, he was suddenly disturbed by an officer who came to ask his commands concerning the disposal of several moss-troopers who had been just made prisoners. Displeased at the interruption, the warden answered heedlessly and angrily, "Hang them, in the devil's name;" but, when he laid aside his book, his surprise was not little, and his regret considerable, to find that his orders had been literally fulfilled.

The Scottish wardens do not appear to have held warden-courts, doubtless because the territorial jurisdictions of sheriffdoms, stewartries, baillaries, and so forth, which belonged to the great families by hereditary right, and the privileges of which they jealously watched, would have been narrowed by their doing so. Besides, the Scottish hereditary judges possessed the dangerous and inconvenient power of *repledging*, as their own law terms it, that is, reclaiming any accused person from courts of a co-ordinate jurisdiction, to try him by their feudal authority. It is true, the judge exercising this privilege was obliged to give security for doing justice in the premises himself; but whether his object was that of acquittal or condemnation, his situation gave him easy means of accomplishing either without much risk of challenge. But if the Scottish wardens were more slow to hold formal courts than the English, they were not behind them in the summary execution of those offenders whom they seized upon. The ordinary proverb of Jedburgh Justice, where men were said to be hanged first and tried afterwards, appears to have taken its rise from these hasty proceedings.*

The pleasure of hunting these outlaws to their fastnesses was, to some of the warlike barons who held the office of warden, its own best reward. Godscroft says it was so peculiarly suited to the disposition of Archibald, the IXth Earl of Angus, that it might be

* There is a similar English proverb concerning Lydford:—

"I oft have heard of Lydford law,
Where in the morn men hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after." BROWN'S *Poems*.

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called his proper element. He used to profess that he had as much delight in hunting a thief, as others in chasing a hare; and that it was as natural to him as any other pastime or exercise was to another man. Yet the chase of this Border Nimrod (whose game was man) was by no means uniformly successful; and he was foiled on many occasions by the impractibility of the country, and the cunning of the outlaws who harboured in it.*

The Border marauders had every motive to exert their faculties for the purpose of escape; for, once seized upon, their doom was sharp and short. The mode of punishment was either by hanging or drowning.† The next tree, or the deepest pool of the nearest stream, was indifferently used on these occasions. Many moss-troopers are said to have been drowned in a deep eddy of the Jed near Jedburgh. And, in fine, the little ceremony used on these occasions added another feature to the reckless and careless character of the Borderers, who were thus accustomed to part with life with as little form as civilized men change their garments.

The wardens had it also in their power to determine many civil questions concerning the right of property violently usurped by oppression, or recovered from the hands of marauders. The mode of application seems to have been by petition. Thus, the complaint of Isabel Wetherel to Sadler, when warden of the middle marches, sets forth, that she had been found entitled to possession of a certain tenement in Bassenden, by order of the Earl of Northumberland, the former warden, and that the bailiff of the liberty still refused to exe-

* "He made only one road against the outlawed thienes of the name of Armestrang (most of them) after the king was gone home, who had been present at the casting down of their houses. He pursued them into the Tarrass Moss, which was one of their greatest strengths, and whither no host or companies had ever been known to have followed them before, and in which they did confide much, because of the straightness of the ground. He used great diligence and sufficient industry, but the success was not answerable either to his desire or other men's expectation. Neither did he forget to keep his intention close and secret, acquainting none of the people of that country therewithall, until he was ready to march. Then directing one Jordan, of Applegirth, to go to the other side, whither he knew they behoved to flee, he sent with him one of his especiall followers, whom he knew to be well affected to the service, to see that he did his duty. He himself, with the army, came openly and directly to the place of their abode, that they, fleeing from him, might fall into the hands of Applegirth, and his companie, who were come in sufficient good time, before the army could be seen to that passage which they were sent to keep. But the birds were all flown, and there was nothing left but the empty nest, having (no question) had some inkling and intelligence hereof; but it could not be tried by whom the notice had been given them. In the retreat they shew themselves, and rode about to intercept and catch such as might happen incircumspectly to straggle from the army; and they failed very narrowly to have attrapped William Douglas of Ively, a young gentleman of my lord's family, for which incircumspection he was soundly chide by him, as having thereby hazarded his own person, and his lord's honour."—GODSCROFT'S *History of the House of Douglas*, folio, Edin. p. 430.

† Drowning is a very old mode of punishment in Scotland; and in Galloway there were pits of great depth appropriated to that punishment, still called murder-holes, out of which human bones have occasionally been taken in great quantities. This points out the proper interpretation of the right of pit and gallows (in law Latin, *fossa et furca*), which has, less probably, been supposed the right of imprisoning in the pit or dungeon, than that of hanging. But the meanest baron possessed the right of imprisonment. The real meaning is, the right of inflicting death either by hanging or drowning.

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cute the warrant in her favour. Another "poor oratrix," the Widow Fenwick, states in her supplication, that besides certain persons formerly named, she now charges some of her neighbours of the town of Wooler, whom before she had been afraid to accuse, with stealing her three cows, and prays relief in the premises. Again, John of Gilrie states, that he had made a bargain with William Archer for twenty bolls of barley at a certain price; that Archer had only delivered ten of the said bolls, and had arrested the petitioner's horses in payment thereof, instead of implementing his bargain by the delivery of the remainder. All these petitions pray for letters of charge to be directed by the warden against the parties complained upon, for answer or redress. They serve to show the complicated and mixed nature of the warden's jurisdiction, which thus seems to have admitted civil suits of a very trifling kind.

But the principal part of the warden's duty respected his transactions in the opposite kingdom in the time both of war and peace. During the time of war, he was captain-general within his wardenry, with full power to call out all the fencible men betwixt the age of sixteen and sixty, duly armed and mounted according to their rank and condition, for defending the territory, or, if necessary, for invading that of the enemy. He directed, or led in person, all hostile enterprises against the enemy's country; and it was his duty, upon such occasions, to cause to be observed the ancient rules and customs of the marches, which may be thus summed up.

1. Intercourse with the enemy was prohibited. 2. He who left his company during the time of the expedition was liable to the punishment of a traitor. 3. It was appointed that all should alight and fight on foot, except those commanded by the general to act as cavalry; he who remained on horseback, without such orders, forfeited his spoil and prisoners, two parts to the king and one to the general. 4. No man was to disturb those appointed to array the host. 5. If a soldier followed the chase on a horse belonging to his comrade, the owner of the horse enjoyed half the booty; and if he fled upon such horse it was to be delivered to the sheriff as a waif on his return home, under pain of treason. 6. He that left the host after victory, though for the purpose of securing his prisoner, lost his ransom. If any one slew another's prisoner, he was liable to pay his ransom; or, in failure of his ability to do so, was sentenced to death. In general, it was found to be the use of the marches, that every man might take as many prisoners as he could secure, exchanging tokens with them that they might afterwards know each other. 7. Any one accused of seizing his comrade's prisoner was obliged to find security in the hands of the warden-serjeant. Disputed prisoners were to be placed in the hands of the warden; and the party found ulti-

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mately wrong, to be amerced in the fine of ten pounds. 8. Relates to the evidence in the case of such dispute. He who could bring his own countrymen in evidence, of whatever quality, was preferred as the true captor; failing of this mode of proof, recourse was had to the prisoner's oath. 9. No prisoner of such rank as to lead a hundred men, was either to be dismissed upon security, or ransomed, for the space of fifteen days, without leave of the warden. 10. He who dismounted a prisoner was entitled to half of his ransom. 11. Whoever detected a traitor was entitled to the reward of one hundred shillings; whoever aided his escape suffered the pain of death. 12. Relates to the firing of the beacons in Scotland; the stewards of Annandale and Kirkcudbright, were liable in the fine of one merk for each default in that matter. 13. He who did not join the array of the country upon the signal of the beacon-lights, or who left it during the continuance of the English invasion without lawful excuse, his goods were forfeited, and his person placed at the warden's will. 14. In case of any Englishman being taken within Scotland, he was not suffered to depart under any safe conduct save that of the king or warden; and a similar protection was necessary to enable him to return and treat of his ransom. If this was neglected he became the prisoner of whatever Scottishman happened to seize him. 15. Any Scottishman dismissing his prisoner, when a host was collected either to enter England or defend against invasion, was punished as a traitor. 16. In the partition of spoil, two portions were allowed to each bowman. 17. Whoever deserted his commander and comrades, and abode not in the field to the uttermost, his goods were forfeited and his person liable to the punishment of a traitor. 18. Whoever bereft his comrade of horse, spoil, or prisoner, was liable in the pains of treason, if he did not make restitution after the right of property became known to him.

These military regulations were arranged by William Earl of Douglas, by the advice of the most experienced marchmen, in the year 1468.* But it appears that they were adopted by the English,

* The exordium of these regulations is remarkable. It runs thus:—"Be it remembered, that on the 18th day of December, 1468, Earl William Douglas assembled the whole lords, freeholders, and eldest Borderers that best knowledge had, at the College of Lincloudon, and there he caused those lords and Borderers bodily to be sworn, the holy Gospel touched, that they justly and truly, after their cunning, should decrete, decern, deliver, and put in order and writing, the statutes, ordinances, and uses of marche that were ordained in Black Archibald of Douglas' days, and Archibald his son's days, in time of warfare; and they came again to him advisedly with these statutes and ordinances which were in time of warfare before. The said Earl William seeing the statutes in writing decreed and delivered by the said lords and Borderers, thought them right speedful and profitable to the Borderers; the which statutes, ordinances, and points of warfare he took, and the whole lords and Borderers he caused bodily to be sworn that they should maintain and supply him at their goodly power, to do the law upon those that should break the statutes underwritten. Also the said Earl William, and lords and eldest Borderers, made certain points to be treason in time of warfare to be used, which were no treason before his time, but to be treason in his time, and in all time coming."

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with the necessary alterations, for a copy of them is found in the Manuscript of Mr. Bell, the accurate and laborious warden-clerk of the western marches of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. At least they are so well suited to the genius of the country and age, that there can be no doubt that they express the general spirit of the military enactments on both sides of the Border.

We must not omit to state, that as the wardens of the marches had it in charge to conduct the war between the countries so they had also power of concluding truces with the opposite warden for their own jurisdictions. Such an indenture entered into between "the noble lords and mighty," Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald Douglas, Lord of Galloway, at the water of Esk, beside Solway, on the 15th March, 1323–4, not only concludes a truce between their bounds on each side, but declares, "That if any great power of either country shall prepare to invade the other, each of the said lords shall do what they can to hinder it, and if they cannot prevent it, they shall give the other party fifteen days' notice, and shall themselves abstain from riding with the host, and shall do all in their power, without fraud or guile, to keep the aggressors out of their bounds. Intimation of the rupture of the truce was to be given by a certain term, at the chapel of Salom, or Solway. All prisoners on either side were to be freely delivered. If any single freebooter committed theft in breach of the covenant, he was to be hanged or beheaded; if a company were concerned in the delict, one should be put to death, and the others amerced in double the value of their spoil." This indenture rather resembles a treaty between two independent princes, than an agreement between the crown officers of the west marches of England and Scotland. Something doubtless is to be ascribed to the great power of the Percy and the Douglas, who could, unquestionably, make their authority go much farther than chieftains of less weight could have done, though holding the same ostensible commission. Still, however, the powers of the wardens in waging war, or concluding truces, were of an extensive and unlimited nature.

In time of peace, the warden had the more delicate task of at the same time maintaining the amicable relations betwixt the two countries, and of preventing or retaliating the various grievances and encroachments committed by the Borderers of the opposite kingdom upon the frontiers under his rule.

The most constant, and almost unremitted subject of complaint, was the continual incursions of the moss-troopers upon both sides. This species of injury early required the redress of international laws or customs. For example, although the right of the native of the invaded country to protect his property against the robber could not

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be denied, and although it was equally his inherent privilege to pursue the marauders with such force as he could assemble, and recover the plunder if he could overtake them within the bounds of the kingdom which they had invaded, yet it was a question of national law, how far he was entitled to continue pursuit in a hostile manner into the territory of the sister country, and there to recover his property by force. At the same time, it was not to be expected that the intervention of a small river, or of an imaginary line, should be a protection for the robbers and their booty, against the just resentment of the party injured, while in the very act of hot pursuit. The Border Laws, therefore, allowed the party plundered not only to follow his goods upon the spur, and enter the opposite kingdom for recovery thereof, without license or safe conduct, but even to do the like, at any time within six days after his sustaining the injury, providing always he went straight to some honest man of good fame inhabiting the marches which he had thus entered, and declared to him the cause of his coming, inviting him to attend him and witness his conduct. The wardens of either realm, or those duly authorized by them, were entitled to pursue fugitives or offenders into the precincts of the neighbouring realm, by what was called the *hot-trod*. This pursuit was maintained with a lighted piece of turf carried on a spear, with hue and cry, bugle-horn, and blood-hound, that all might be aware of the purpose of the party. If any native of the country thus entered intercepted the party or their blood-hound in such *hot-trod*, he was liable to be billed, or indicted at the next day of truce, and delivered up to the warden whom he had offended. It was, however, recommended to the pursuers of the *hot-trod* to stop at the nearest town of the realm whose frontiers they had thus passed, and give declaration of the purpose of the chase, and require the inhabitants to go along to witness his procedure. If the pursuers did unlawful damage within the opposite realm, they were liable to be delivered to the warden thereof for condign punishment.

But these provisions were only calculated to remedy such evils as befell *de recenti*, since to have sought reparation at their own hand and by their own strength for such as were of older date, would have made the Borders a constant scene of uproar, retaliation, and bloodshed. Some course of justice, therefore, was to be fallen upon, by which justice might be done to those who had sustained wrong from the depredators of the opposite country, by means more regular and less hazardous than the ready measures of forcible retaliation.

The first regulations laid down on this subject were conformable to the ideas of that military age, which referred all matters difficult of instant proof, to the judgment of God in single combat. Eleven knights of Northumberland, and as many of the Scottish east

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marches, with the Sheriff of Northumberland on the one side, and of Roxburgh and Berwick on the other, met in the 33d of Henry III. anno 1249. These martial formalists made some regulations for recovery of debts due by those of the one kingdom to the other, and for the re-delivery of fugitive bondsmen. * But they unanimously declared that every Scottishman accused of having committed any crime in England, of which he could offer to purge himself by the combat, could only be summoned to answer at fixed places on the marches. Also, that all persons, of whatever rank or degree, dwelling between Totness, in Cornwall, and Caithness, in Scotland, might be appealed to battle on the marches, excepting only the sovereign, and the Bishops of St Andrews and Dunkeld. † Goods alleged to be stolen from England might be sued for by the owner in the court of the Scottish lord within whose bounds they were discovered; but if the accused party denied the charge, there was no other alternative but the combat. Yet, if the accused did not feel bold in his innocence, or determined in his denial, he might quit himself of the charge, without the risk of combat, in the following singular manner. He was to bring the stolen ox, horse, cow, or other animal, to the brink of the river Tweed or Esk, where they form the frontier line, and drive it into the stream. If the animal escaped alive to the other kingdom, he had no farther trouble in the matter; but if it was drowned before it reached the middle stream, then he was condemned liable to the plaintiff for its estimable value. Lastly, these experienced men of war decreed, by a sweeping clause, that no inhabitant of either kingdom could prove his property in any goods actually possessed by an inhabitant of the other, unless by the *body of a man*, that is, by entering the lists either personally, or by a delegated champion.

Every dispute between the inhabitants, on either side, was, therefore, decided by personal duel, and even churchmen were bound to combat by proxy. The clergy of England numbered this among the grievances which they reported to the legate Otho, in the year 1237. They state, that by an abuse of a mandate of the kings of England and Scotland, not only simple clerks, but even abbots and priors within the diocese of Carlisle, were, on the challenge of any one of the kingdom of Scotland, compelled to undertake, with lance and sword, and otherwise armed, the combat, which was called *aera*,‡ to be fought

* It is the Scottish copy of Indenture which exists. That of England must have been *mutatis mutandis*.

† Churchmen of corresponding dignity in England must have been unquestionably admitted to the same privilege.

‡ *Aera*, or *aerea*, a word of uncertain meaning; and, so far as I know, only occurring in this sense in the present passage. It may allude to the area or enclosed space within which the combatants fought. *Aerea*, and *area*, are explained by Du Cange and in the Supplemement, as synonymous, and as meaning an enclosed space, neither cul-

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on the frontiers of the two kingdoms; so that the abbot or prior, of whatever order, was obliged to have a champion, and, in case of his defeat, was subjected to the penalty of one overcome in the appeal to God, as in our own time, continues the remonstrance, was experienced by the Prior of Lideley.*

When priests were not excused, the combats among the laity must have been very numerous. But in later times, the appeal to combat was less universally admitted, and the state of confusion and depredation on the Borders increasing, after the usurpation of Scotland by Edward I., rendered it necessary to seek for other modes of checking theft than that by which the true man was compelled to expose his life in combat with the robber. It became, therefore, a principal part of the warden's duty, when that duty was conscientiously performed, during the time of peace to maintain a regular and friendly intercourse with those on the opposite side, both for preventing and punishing all disorders committed by the lawless on either territory. But besides these communications, it was a principal point of their commission, that the wardens on either side should hold days of truce, or of march, as frequently as could be made convenient, in which, with great solemnity, they enquired into and remedied the offences complained of by the subjects of either realm.

The wardens, on these occasions, took the field attended by the lords, knights, esquires, and men of name within their jurisdictions, all in their best arms, and well mounted. The two troops paused, on the frontiers of both kingdoms, until they had exchanged assurance for observing and keeping the peace from sunrise to sunset. The two wardens then met in great form, mutually embraced each other, and surrounded by those of the best rank in their marches, they proceeded to examine the *bills*, or complaints, tendered on either side. If the persons accused were judged guilty, the bills were to be *filled*, or *fouled;* if the complaint was dismissed, the bill was said to be *cleansed*. Where doubt occurred, the question of cleansing or fouling a bill was tried either by the honour of the wardens, or by a jury of six English and six Scottish gentlemen,† mutually chosen, or by a vower-public, that is, a referee belonging to the country of the party accused, and mutually chosen by the plaintiff and the defendant. In some cases, the accused was permitted to exculpate himself by oath, which, terrible as its denunciations were, did not always prevent

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tivated nor ploughed. The circular enclosure near Penrith, called King Arthur's Round Table, was probably an area of this kind.

* *Annales Burtonenses*, apud Gale, vol. i., p. 292.

† The jurors took the following oath: "You shall clean no bills worthy to be fouled, you shall foul no bills worthy to be cleaned, but shall do that what appeareth with truth, for the maintenance of the peace, and suppressing of attempts. So help you God."— *M. S. of* Mr BELL, *Warden Clerk, quoted in Introduction to* NICOLSON'S *History of Cumberland and Westmoreland.*

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perjury.* In like manner, the plaintiff, or party who preferred the the bill, was bound to make oath to the estimated value of his goods.† Perjury, in such cases, was punished by imprisonment and infamy; and if the plaintiff over-rated the goods he had lost, the amount might be taxed by a jury of both nations.

With respect to the offenders against whom bills were presented, it was the duty of the warden to have them in custody in readiness for their answer; and in case the bills were fouled, he was bound to deliver them up to the opposite warden, by whom they were imprisoned until they paid a *single and two doubles*, that is to say, treble the value of the estimated goods in the bill. To produce these offenders was generally the most difficult part of the warden's duty. He could not keep them in confinement until the day of truce; for, independently that they were sometimes persons of power and rank, their numbers were too great to be detained in custody. The wardens, therefore, usually took bonds from the chief, kinsmen, or allies of the accused party, binding him or them to enter him prisoner within the iron gate of the warden's castle, or else to make him forthcoming when called for, He against whom a bill was thrice fouled, was liable to the penalty of death. If the offender endeavoured to rescue himself after being lawfully delivered over to the opposite warden, he was liable to the punishment of death, or otherwise, at the warden's pleasure, as being guilty of a breach of the assurance.

The extent of the mutual damage sustained by both kingdoms being thus ascertained, a list, in the form of an account-current, was made up by enumerating all the bills fouled on each side, and the value was summed by striking a balance against the country whose depredators had been most active. It seems probable the extremity of the legal satisfaction was seldom exacted or obtained. The resentment of the depredators and of their kinsmen was dreaded; the common usage took away the natural abhorrence of the crime; plunder was a privilege which each party assumed in their turn; and as it often happened that the same person against whom a bill was fouled for one fact, had himself been a sufferer, and was a plaintiff in a charge preferred against others, it is probable that some extra-judicial settlement often took the matter out of the warden court. Nay, it frequently happened, when enormities had gone to great extent during any particular time of misrule, that a veil was dropped over the past,

* The following were the terms of this oath for excusing a bill, as it was termed:—"You shall swear by heaven above you, hell beneath you, by your part of paradise, by all that God made in six days and seven nights, and by God himself, you are whart out sackless of art, part, way, witting, ridd, kenning, having, or recetting of any of the goods and cattels named in this bill. So help you God."—BELL'S *Manuscript, as above.*

† The oath of estimation was as follows: "You shall leile price make, and trueth say, what your goods were worth at the time of their taking, to have been bought and sold in a market all at one time, and that you know no other recovery but this. So help you God."—*Ibid.*

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and satisfaction exacted from neither party. At other times, when the crowns were determined strictly to maintain the relations of amity with each other, the course of justice was more severely enforced. Men of high rank, the chiefs of clans, and others responsible, by their situation and authority, for the conduct of those under them, were sometimes delivered up to be kept in ward in the opposite kingdom, until the misdeeds of their deputies and dependents were atoned for by payment of the valuation and fines. But it does not appear that the wardens could proceed to attach these persons on their simple authority. Their delivery seems to have followed in consequence of an agreement to that purpose, by special commissioners, vested with full powers from both crowns. To such commissioners also belonged the power of making new laws and enactments on the Border, the wardens being limited by the existing rules of march.

Besides depredations by robbery on each side, the wardens, at their days of truce, were wont to demand and receive satisfaction for other encroachments, such as sowing or pasturing by the natives of one kingdom within the territories of the other, offences subject to be fouled by bill, and punished by mulct, and the more frequent invasion for the purpose of cutting wood in the forests of the opposite frontier, or hunting, hawking, and disporting in the same without license asked or received. These encroachments, which will remind the reader of Chevy Chase, often gave rise to scuffles, and even to bloodshed.*

* Such an event was prevented by the prudence of Sir Robert Carey. "The next summer after, I fell into a cumbersome trouble, but it was not in the nature of thieves or malefactors. There had been an ancient custom of the Borderers, when they were at quiet, for the opposite Border to send to the warden of the middle march to desire leave that they might come into the Borders of England and hunt with their greyhounds for deer towards the end of summer, which was never denied them. But towards the end of Sir John Foster's government, when he grew very old and weak, they took boldness on them, and without leave asking, would come into England, and hunt at their pleasure, and stay their own time; and when they were a-hunting, their servants would come with carts, and cut down as much wood as every one thought would serve his turn, and carry it away to their houses in Scotland. Sir John's imbecility and weakness occasioned them to continue this misdemeanour some four or five years together, before he left his office: And after my Lord Euers had the office, he was so vexed and troubled with the disorders of the country, as all the time he remained there, he had no leisure to think of so small a business and to redress it; so that now they began to hold it lawful to come and go at their pleasures without leave asking. The first summer I entered they did the like. The Armstrongs kept me so on work that I had no time to redress it; but having over-mastered them, and the whole march being brought to a good stay and quietness, the beginning of next summer, I wrote to Fernihirst, the warden over against me, to desire him to acquaint the gentlemen of his march, that I was no way unwilling to hinder them of their accustomed sports to hunt in England as they ever had done, but withal I would not by my default dishonour the queen and myself, to give them more liberty than was fitting. I prayed him, therefore, to let them know, that if they would, according to the ancient custom, send to me for leave, they should have all the contentment I could give them; if otherwise they would continue their wonted course, I would do my best to hinder them.

"Notwithstanding this letter, within a month after, they came and hunted as they used to do without leave, and cut down wood, and carried it away. I wrote again to the warden, and plainly told him, I would not suffer one other affront, but if they came again without leave they should dearly *aby** it. For all this they would not be warned; but, towards the end of the summer, they came again to their wonted sports. I had taken order to have present word brought me, which was done. I sent my two deputies with all the speed they could make, and they took along with them such gentlemen as were in

* Suffer for it.

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When the business of the meeting was over, the wardens retired, after taking a courteous leave of each other; and it was a custom of the march, that, before dismissing the gentlemen who attended them, each warden demanded of the most respectable and experienced Borderers, their opinion of the business of the day, and requested them to say whether the rules of the march had been observed, and justice equally distributed.

When these days of march-truce were held regularly, and justice punctually administered, the Borders were comparatively but little disturbed; and the wardens on both sides were usually instructed, from their several courts, not to insist too particularly on points of mere form or of difficult discussion, but to leave them for discussion by special commissioners.

But although these regulations were perhaps as wise as the case admitted, yet the union of the opposite wardens, so necessary to preserve the peace of the frontier, was always of precarious duration. They were soldiers by profession, of hostile countries, jealous at once of their own honour and that of their nation, surrounded by warlike partisans and dependents, who animated every disagreement into a quarrel, and must therefore, on the whole, have preferred taking satisfaction for any insult at their own hand, and by their own force, than seeking it in a more peaceful manner from the opposite warden.

Sir Robert Carey gives us a singular picture of their conduct towards each other. Being deputy-warden of the east marches, he sent to Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, the opposite Scottish warden, to appoint a meeting for regulation of the Border affairs. But Cessford apparently wished to anticipate one part of the affairs to be discussed. Having therefore received Carey's messenger, filled him with drink and put him to bed, he mounted his horse, entered England with an armed attendance, seized a Borderer against whom he alleged some cause of quarrel, and put him to death at his own door. After this exploit, he delivered a civil answer to Sir Robert Carey's servant, agreeing to the proposed interview. It was now the turn of the English warden to be offended; he neglected the appointment

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their way, with my forty horse, and about one of the clock they came up to them, and set upon them; some hurt was done; but I gave especial orders they should do as little hurt, and shed as little blood, as possibly they could. They observed my command, only they broke all their carts, and took a dozen of the principal gentlemen that were there, and brought them to me at Withrington, where I then lay. I made them welcome, and gave them the best entertainment that I could. They lay in the castle two or three days, and so I sent them home, they assuring me, that they never would hunt there again without leave, which they did truly perform all the time I stayed there: and I many times met them myself, and hunted with them two or three days; and so we contiued good neighbours ever after; but the king complained to the queen very grievously of this fact. The queen and council liked very well of what I had done; but, to give the king some satisfaction to content him, my two officers were commanded to the Bishop of Durham's, there to remain prisoners during her majesty's pleasure. Within a fortnight I had them out again, and there was no more of this business. The rest of the time I stayed there, it was governed with great quietness."—CAREY'S *Memoirs*. Edit. 1808, p. 110.

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without notice to Cessford, leaving him to wait several hours at the place of meeting. The Borderers began to stir on both sides, and raids were made out of Scotland so often as three or four times a-week. The severe measures of Sir Robert Carey, who executed all thieves taken in the manner, or red-hand as it was called, in some degree checked these inroads. At length a noted depredator, called Geordie Bourne, a special favourite of the Lord of Cessford, fell into his hands. The gentlemen of the country entreated him to enter into terms with Sir Robert Kerr for sparing this man's life; but, having visited him in disguise, and learned his habits from his own mouth, Carey resolved that no conditions should save him, and caused him to be executed accordingly before the gates of the castle.* In revenge of the death of this man, Sir Robert Kerr very nearly surprised a party of Carey's servants at Norham, who must have been cut to pieces, had they not, by their master's command, slept that night in the castle. The dissension between these two officers continued, until, upon such an occasion as we have noticed, p. 65, Cessford, along with the Lord of Buccleuch, was appointed to be delivered into England, when, with that sort of generous confidence which qualified the ferocity of the Border character, he chose his enemy, Sir Robert Carey, for his guardian; after which they lived on the most amicable terms with each other. †

Even the meetings of truce, appointed for the settlement of grievances betwixt the wardens, were very often converted into scenes of battle and bloodshed. Each warden, being themselves such fiery and martial characters as we have described, came to the place of meeting, attended by his guard of horsemen, and by all the warlike clans of his district, completely armed. Among these must often have been many names betwixt whom deadly feud existed; and, if they had no peculiar cause of animosity, their nations were habitually hostile, and it was the interest of the Borderers to exasperate that national animosity. Add to this, that the principal depredators being present, with their friends and allies, they had every motive to instigate any brawl which could interrupt the course of justice. It was, therefore, often in vain, that all men at those days of truce were discharged from *baughling* (brawling) or reproving with the subjects of the opposite realm, or from disturbing the assurance of peace, by word, deed, or countenance. Where there were so many combustible materials, the slightest spark served to kindle a conflagration.

Accordingly, repeated instances occur of such affrays happening,

* See Carey's *Memoirs*. Edit. 1808, p. 73; or *Border Minstrelsy*.

† Such tracts are like a glimpse of sunshine amid the lowering of a storm. Carey relates the circumstances which led to these agreements in the pithy style of Queen Elizabeth's time.—See Carey's *Memoirs*. Edit. 1808, p. 80; or *Border Minstrelsy*.

in which much gentle blood, and frequently that of the wardens themselves, stained the days appointed for the administration of Border justice. Thus, in the year 1511, Sir Robert Kerr of Cessford, warden of the middle marches, while at a march-meeting, was struck through with a lance by the bastard Heron, and despatched by Starhed and Lilburn, two English Borderers; * a slaughter which, amongst other causes of quarrel, gave ground to the war between England and Scotland, terminated by the fatal battle of Flodden. †

On a subsequent occasion, when Sir Francis Russell, third son of the second Earl of Bedford, chanced to be slain, the Scots appear to have been aggressors in their turn. Camden gives the following account of a fray which took place in the year 1585:—

"For when Sir John Foster, and Thomas Carre of Fernihurst, wardens of the middle marches betwixt the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, had appointed a meeting on the 27th June, about certain goods unjustly taken away, and security was given on both sides by oath, according to custom, and proclamation made, that no man should *harm other, by word, deed, or look* (as the Borderers speak), the Scots came to the place of meeting armed in battle array, with ensigns displayed, and drums beating, contrary to custom and beyond expectation, being in number about three thousand, whereas the English were not above three hundred. Scarce were the wardens sat to hear the complaints, when on a sudden, upon an Englishman's being taken pilfering, there arose a tumult and, the Scots discharging a volley of shot, slew Russel, with some others, put the English to flight, and eagerly pursuing them the space of four miles into England, carried off some prisoners. Who was the author of this slaughter was not certainly known. The English laid the fault upon Arran, now chancellor of Scotland, and upon Fernihurst. The queen pressed, both by her letters and commissioners, to have the murderers delivered into her hands, inasmuch as Henry IV., King of England, had formerly delivered up into the hands of James IV., King of Scots, William Heron and seven Englishmen, for killing Robert Carre of Cessford upon a day of meeting; and Morton, the late regent, sent Carmichael, a Scot, into England for killing George Heron. The king protested his own innocency in the matter, and promised to send, not only Fernihurst immediately into England, but the chancellor too, if they could be convicted by clear and lawful proofs to have premeditately infringed the security, or procured the murder. Fenwick, an Englishman, accused Fernihurst of the fact to his face; he avoided it by a flat denial, because the other could produce no Scottishman for a witness. For in these trials on the Borders, according to a certain privilege and custom agreed on amongst the Borderers, none but a Scot is to be admitted for a witness against a Scot, and none but an Englishman against an Englishman; insomuch, that if all the Englishmen which were upon the place had seen the murder committed before their eyes, yet their testimony had been of no value, unless some Scottishman also did witness the same. Nevertheless, Arran was confined to his house, and Fernihurst was committed to custody at Dundee, where afterwards he died; a stout and able warrior, ready for any great attempts and undertakings, and of an immoveable fidelity to the Queen of Scots, and the king her son; having been once or twice turned out of all his lands and fortunes, and banished the sight of his country and children, which yet he endured patiently, and, after so many crosses falling upon him together, perished unshaken and always like himself."—CAMDEN'S *Annals at the year* 1585, in KENNET'S *History of England*, vol. ii., p. 505.

One of the latest of these affrays has been described with some lively colouring in the rude rhymes of an old Scottish minstrel. The place of meeting was the Reidswair, a spot on the very ridge of a bleak and waste tract of mountains, called the Carter-fells, which divide England from Scotland. The Scottish clans of the middle marches arrived in arms and in attendance upon Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael; and, from the opposite side, the Borderers of Tynedale and Redesdale advanced, with "jack and spear and bended

* [See *ante*, p. 30.]

† [See *Tales of a Grandfather, 1st Series.*]

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bows," with Sir John Forster, the English warden. Yet the meeting began in mirth and good neighbourhood; and while the wardens proceeded to the business of the day, the armed Borderers of either party engaged in sports, and played at cards or dice, or loitered around the moor. The merchants, or pedlars, erected their temporary booths, and displayed their wares, and the whole had the appearance of a peaceful holiday or rural fair. In the midst of this good-humour, the wardens were observed to raise their voices in angry altercation. A bill had been *fouled* upon one Farnstein, an English Borderer, who, according to custom and law of march, ought to have been delivered up to the Scots. The excuses made by Sir John Forster did not satisfy the Scottish warden, who taxed him with partiality. At this the English warden, rising suddenly, and drawing up his person so as to have the full advantage of all his height, contemptuously desired Carmichael to match himself with his equals in birth and quality. These signs of resentment were sufficient hints to the Tynedale Borderers, who immediately shot off a flight of arrows among the Scots. The warcry and slogan of the different clans then rose on either side; and these ready warriors, immediately starting to their weapons, fought it out manfully. By the opportune arrival of the citizens of Jedburgh, armed with firearms, the Scots obtained the victory; Sir George Heron of Chipchase, and some other Englishmen of rank, being slain on the spot, and Sir John Forster himself, with others of his retinue, made prisoners. This affray gave great offence to Elizabeth; * and the Regent Morton, stooping before her displeasure, sent Carmichael to answer for his conduct at the court of England, where, however, he was not long detained.

Besides the duties of annoying the hostile frontiers in war, and maintaining amicable relations with them in time of peace, there was a sort of mixed obligation on the wardens, of a nature somewhat delicate; they were expected to avail themselves of their proper strength to retaliate such offences as they could not obtain reparation for from the opposite warden, or contentedly sit down under, without compromising their own honour and that of their country. This mode of compensating injuries by retaliation always added considerably to the discords and inroads upon the Borders, and licensed for the time the enterprise of the most desperate marauders. One or two instances of the manner in which the wardens acted on such occasions, and of the circumstances which gave rise to their appearing in arms, will complete our account of the duties of these guardians of the frontiers.

The Debateable Land (before its final division) was a constant subject of dissension between the opposite wardens of the west

* [This skirmish happened on the 7th of June, 1575. See *The Raid of the Reidswire —Border Minstrelsy.*]

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marches. To require satisfaction from the English for the inroads of the Borderers inhabiting this tract, or to render satisfaction to them for what the people of the Debateable Land had suffered from the Scottish in return, would have been to acknowledge the district to be a part of England. Lord Maxwell, therefore, in 1550, declared his intention of marching against the men of the Debateable Land, not as Englishmen, but as Scottish rebels, and laying waste their possessions. Lord Dacre, the opposite warden, acted with equal spirit and prudence. He drew out the forces of his march upon the verge of the acknowledged possessions of England, thus affording countenance, but no active assistance, to the men of the Debateable ground. These, a fierce and untractable set of people, chiefly of the clans of Armstrong and Græme, seeing themselves well supported, *pricked* or skirmished with Lord Maxwell on his entering their district, and took one or two of his followers, by which repulse, backed by the good countenance shown by the English warden, the expedition of Lord Maxwell was disconcerted. This brief campaign is mentioned in King Edward the Fourth's Journal.*

Numerous occasions took place, when the wardens, on either or both sides, resenting some real or supposed denial of justice, endeavoured to right themselves by *riding*, as it was termed, that is, making incursions on the opposite country. This was at no time more common than in the year 1596, when a singular incident gave rise to a succession of these aggressions, and wellnigh occasioned a war between the kingdoms.

In the year 1596, there was a meeting on the borders of Liddesdale betwixt the deputies of the Lord Scroope of Bolton, warden of the west marches, and the Lord of Buccleuch, keeper of Liddesdale. When the business of the day was over, and the meeting broken up, the English chanced to observe a Scottish Borderer, of the clan of Armstrong, called Willie of Kinmont, celebrated for his depredations. He had been in attendance, like other Border riders, upon the Scottish officer, and was now returning home on the north side of the river Liddle. Although he was on Scottish ground, and that the assurance of truce ought to have protected him, the temptation to seize an offender so obnoxious was too great to be resisted. A large body of English horsemen crossed the river, pursued and took him, and lodged him in Carlisle Castle. As Lord Scroope refused to give Kinmont up, although thus unwarrantably taken prisoner, Buccleuch resolved to set him at liberty by force, and, with a small body of determined followers, he surprised the Castle of Carlisle,

* "August 16, 1549. The Earl of Maxwell came down to the North Border with a good power to overthow the Gremes, who were a certain family that were yielded to me; but the Lord Dacre stood before his face with a good hand of men, and so put him from his purpose; and the gentlemen called Gremes skirmished with the said earl, slaying certain of his men."

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and without doing any injury to the garrison, or to the warden, carried off the prisoner.* This spirited action was so much admired by the Scottish nation, that even King James, however much afraid of displeasing Elizabeth, and though urged by her with the most violent complaints and threats, hesitated to deliver up the warden who had so well sustained the dignity of his office and the immunities of the kingdom. But this act of reprisal gave rise to many others. Sir Thomas Musgrave rode into Scotland, and made spoil like an ordinary Borderer; and Henry Widdrington laid waste and burned Cavers, belonging to the Sheriff of Teviotdale. Buccleuch's life was said to be the aim of these marauders, and, as it was alleged, with the privity of the Queen of England.† On the other hand, the Lords of Buccleuch and Cessford vexed the English Border by constant and severe incursions, so that nothing was heard of but burning, *hership* (devastation), and slaughter. In Tynedale, Buccleuch seized upon no less than thirty-six English freebooters, and put them to death without mercy. The wrath of Elizabeth waxed uncontrollable.‡ "I marvel," are her own royal expressions, "how the king thinks me so base-minded as to sit down with such dishonourable treatment.

* [See the narrative prefixed to the historical ballad of *Kinmont Willie—Border Minstrelsy.*]

† Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xvi., pp. 307. 308.

‡ Her instructions to her ambassador, Sir William Bowes, mark at once the state of the marches and the extremity of her majesty's displeasure. They occur in Rymer's *Fœdera*, vol. xiv., p. 112.

"ELIZABETH R.

"Trusty and welbeloved, We greet you well.

"When you departed, we delivered you our full pleasure how you should, upon your arryval at Carlile, and how you should address yourself to the king upon his approach to the Borders, or upon any difficulties occurring in the treaties, since which time we have received from our wardens nothing but frequent advertisements, both from the east and middle marches, especially how daily they are spoyled and burned by the incursions from the opposite borders: and for more open shewe of injury, Buklugh himself, the king's officer, hath been a fresh ringleader of the same, whereby appeareth how little likelihood there is that such wardens will restrayne their inferiors, or the king himselfe reforme any thing, seing he doth not only tollerat but cherish them, since they were found most faultie, and hath, in lieu of punishment, given some of them newe favors, and left us neglected in the eye of the world, with frutelesse promisses of satisfaction; by expectation whereof our people fynde themselves abandoned to utter ruine and miserie.

"You shall therefor repair to the king, and, by the means of our ambassador, require speedy access, at which time you may plainly declare unto him the generalities above mentioned; and you shall also furnish yourself with an abstract of all the mayne wronges newly done us, and deliver to the king how much it troubleth us to be requyted with nothing but continuall frutes of spoyles and injuries, where we have ever sown continuall care and kyndness; and if it may be deemed that we do less value the estate of those poor creatures who are more remote from us, than of others who daily are in compasse of our eye, surely they shall be deceived; for in our care for their preservation (over whom God hath constituted us equally the only head and ruler) wee never do admit any inequality or difference of care, either for point of justice to be administered by ourselves, or satisfaction to be procured from them that any way oppress them.

"But we do see that tyme spends on to their loss, that our people are vexed, our commissioners are tyred, and our selve delayed; and therefor we require you, seeing all promises are so little observed, and all references to conventions so partially conducted, to let the king know that we cannot deny the just and pitifull appeals which our dear people make for protection and redress, but will enable them to make these unruly rabble of outlawes and ravagers know and feel that they shall taste of a sourer neighbourhood than they have done of late, seeing they do nothing but insult upon our toleration of many injuries, whilst we are apt (out of respect to the king only) to quietness."

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Let him know we will be satisfied, or else"——Some of James's ancestors would have bid her

"Choke in thy threat. We can say *or* as loud."

But James judged it more safe to pacify her by surrendering his officers to England, where, however, they were not long detained.

It was not, therefore, until the union of the crowns, that any material alteration took place in the manners and customs of the Borders. Upon that great event, the forces of both countries acting with more uniform good understanding, as now the servants of the same master, suppressed every disorder of consequence. The most untractable Borderers were formed into a body of troops, which Buccleuch conducted to the Belgic wars. The Border counties were disarmed, excepting such weapons as were retained by gentlemen of rank and repute.* And the moss-troopers, who continued to exercise their former profession, experienced in great numbers the unsparing and severe justice of the Earl of Dunbar.

But though the evil was remedied for the present, the root remained ready to sprout upon the least encouragement. In the civil wars of Charles I., the Borderers resumed their licentious habits, particularly after the war had been transferred to Scotland, and the exploits of the moss-troopers flourish in the diaries and military reports of the time.† In the reign of Charles II. we learn their existence still endured, by the statutes directed against them.‡ And

* Amongst other articles agreed upon betwixt the English and Scottish commissioners for the final pacification of the Borders, 9th April, 1605, after recommending that all deadly feuds should be put to agreement, or those who refused to acquiesce should be detained prisoners, that heavy mulcts and penalties should be inflicted on such Scottishmen and English as broke the peace by any act of violence, and that robbers from either country should be punished with death, there is a clause of the following tenor: "Also, it is agreed that proclamation shall be made, that all inhabiting within Tindale and Riddesdale in Northumberland, Bewcastledale Wilgavey, the north part of Gilsland, Esk and Leven in Cumberland, East and West Tevidale, Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewsdale, and Annerdale in Scotland (saving noblemen and gentlemen unsuspected of felony or theft, and not being of broken clans), and their household servants dwelling within those several places before recited, shall put away all armour and weapons, as well offensive as defensive, as jacks, spears, lances, swords, daggers, steelcaps, hagbuts, pistols, plate sleeves, and such like; and shall not keep any horse, gelding, or mare, above the price of 50s. sterling, or L.30 Scots, upon like pain of imprisonment.

"*Item*, That proclamation be made, that none of what calling soever, within the countries lately called the Borders, of either of the kingdoms, shall wear, carry, or bear any pistols, hagbuts, or guns of any sort, but in his majesty's service, upon pain of imprisonment, according to the laws of either kingdom."

† In a letter from Cromwell's headquarters, Edinburgh, October 16, 1650, the exploits of the Borderers in their old profession are alluded to. "My last told you of a letter to be sent to Colonels Kerr and Straughan from hence. Saturday the 26, the commissary-general despatcht away a trumpet with that letter, as also gave another to the Sheriff of Cumberland, to be speeded away to M. John Scot, bailiff, and B. brother to the Lord of Buccliew, for his demanding restitution upon his tenants, the moss-troopers, for the horses by them stolne the night we quartered in their country, since which, promises hath been made of restitution, and we doubt not to receive it very suddenly, or else to take satisfaction another way ourselves." In the accounts of Monk's campaigns, given in the News Letter of the time, there is frequent mention of the moss-troopers.

‡ The 13th and 14th Charles II., ch. 3,—18th Charles II., ch. 3 and 29, and 30th Charles II, ch. 1, all proceed upon similar preambles, stating, in substance,—"Whereas, a great number of lewd, disorderly, and lawless persons, being thieves and robbers, who are commonly called *moss-troopers*, have successively, for many and sundry years last

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it is said that non-conforming presbyterian preachers were the first who brought this rude generation to any sense of the benefits of religion.* However this may be, there seems little doubt that, until the union of the crowns, the manners of these districts retained a tincture of their former rudeness, and would have relapsed, had occasion offered, into their former ferocity. Since that fortunate era, all that concerns the military habits, customs, and manners, of what were once the frontier counties, falls under the province into which these details may serve to introduce the reader—the study, namely, of BORDER ANTIQUITIES.

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past, been bred, resided in, and frequented the Borders of the two respective counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, and the most adjacent parts of Scotland; and they, taking the opportunity of the large waste ground, heaths, and mosses, and the many intricate and dangerous ways and by-paths in those parts, do usually, after the most notorious crimes committed by them, escape over from the one kingdom to the other respectively, and so avoid the hand of justice, in regard the offences done and perpetrated in the one kingdom cannot be punished in the other.

"And whereas, since the time of the late unhappy distractions, such offences and offenders as aforesaid have exceedingly more increased and abounded; and the several inhabitants of the said respective counties have been, for divers years last past, necessitated, at their own free and voluntary charge, to maintain several parties of horse for the necessary defence of their persons, families, and goods, and for bringing the offenders to justice." Upon this preamble follow orders for assessing the inhabitants of these disturbed counties in the sums necessary to pay sufficient bands of men for protection of the inhabitants. These acts are still in force.

* This appears from a curious passage in the Life of Richard Cameron, who gave name to the sect of Cameronians. "After he was licensed, they sent him at first to preach in Annandale. He said, How could he go there? He knew not what sort of people they were. But Mr Welch said, Go your way, Ritchie, and set the fire of hell to their tails. He went, and the first day he preached upon that text, *How shall I put thee among the children*, &c. In the application he said, Put you among the children! the offspring of robbers and thieves. Many have heard of Annandale thieves.—Some of them got a merciful cast that day, and told it afterwards, that it was the first field-meeting that ever they attended; and that they went out of curiosity too see how a minister could preach in a tent, and people sit on the ground."—HARRIES' *Scottish Worthies*, p. 361.

Cleland also, the poet of the sect of Cameronians, takes credit for the same conversion, and puts the following verses into the mouth of a prelatist haranguing the Highlanders, and warning them against the inconvenient strictness of the presbyterian preachers:—

"If their doctrine there get rooting,
Then farewel theift, the best of booting,
And this ye see is very clear,
Dayly experience makes it appear;
For instance, lately on the Borders,
Where there was nought but theft and murders,
Rapine, cheating, and resetting,
Slight-of hand—fortunes getting;
Their designation, as ye ken,
Was all along, the *Tacking Men*.
Now rebels more prevails with words,
Then drawgoons does with guns and swords,
So that their bare preaching now,
Makes the rush-bush keep the cow
Better than Scots or English kings
Could do by kilting them with strings;
Yea, those that were the greatest rogues,
Follows them over hills and bogues,
Crying for mercy and for preaching,
For they'll now hear no others teaching."

CLELAND's *Poems*, 1697, p. 30.

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APPENDIX.

No. I.

Account of the Attack and Defence of Two Border Strongholds, extracted from Patton's Account of Somerset's Expedition to Scotland in 1544. *Dalzell's Fragments of Scottish History, p.* 36.

In the way we should go, a mile and a half from Danglas northward, there are two pyles or holds, Thornton and Anderwike, set both on craggy foundation, and divided a stone's cast asunder, by a deep gut, wherein ran a little river. Thornton belonged to the Lord Hume, and was kept by one Tom Trotter, whereunto my lord's grace over night, for summons, sent Somerset, his herald, toward whom four or five of this captain's prickers with their gaddes (i.e. lances) ready charged did right hastily direct their course; but Trotter both honestly defended the herald and sharply rebuked his men, and said, for the summons, he would come speak with my lord's grace himself; notwithstanding he came not, but straight locked up about 16 poore souls like the soldiers of Dunglas fast within the house, took the keys with him, and commanding them they should defend the house and tarry within (as they could not get out) till his return, which should be on the morrow, with munition and relief, he with his prickers prickt quite his ways. Anderwick pertained to the Lord of Hamilton, and was kept by his son and heir (whom by custom they call the Master of Hamilton), and an 8 more with him, gentlemen (for the most part, as we heard say. My lord's grace, at his coming nigh, sent unto both these piles, which upon summons refusing to render, were straight assailed; Thornton by battery of four of our great pieces of ordinance, and certain of Sir Peter Mewtus' hackbutters to watch the loop holes and windows on all sides, and Anderwick by a sort of the same hakbutters alone, who so well besturred them, that when these keepers had rammed up their outer doors, clayed and stopped up their stairs within, and kept themselves aloft for defence of their house about the battlements, the hakbutters got in and fired them underneath, whereby being greatly troubled with smoke and smother, and brought in desperation of defence, they called pitifully over their walls to my lord's grace for mercy; who, notwithstanding their great obstinacy, and the sample other of the enemies might have had by their punishment, of his noble generositie, and by these words making half excuse for them (men may sometimes do that hastily in a jeer, whereof after they may soon repent them), did take them to grace, and therefore sent one straight to them. But ere the messenger came the hackbutters had gotten up to them, and killed eight of them aloft; one leaped over the walls, and running more than a furlong after, was slain without in a water. All this while at Thornton, our assault and their defence was stoutly continued, but well perceiving how on the one side they were battered, mined on the other, kept in with the hakbutters round about, and some of our men within also occupying all the house under them (for they had likewise stopped up themselves in the highest of their house), and so to do nothing inward or outward, neither by shooting of base (whereof they had but one or two) nor tumbling of stones (the things of their chief annoyance), whereby they might be able any while to resist our power or save themselves, they plucked in a banner that afore they had set out in defiance, and put out over the walls a white linnen cloth tied on a stick's end, crying all with one tune for mercy; but having answer by the whole voice of the assailants, they were traitors, and it was too late, they plucked in their stick and stuck up the banner of defiance again, shot of, hurled stones, and did what else they could, with great courage of their side, and little hurt of ours. Yet then after being assured of our ernesty, that we had vowed the winning of their hold, before our departure, and then, that their obstinacy could deserve no less than death, pluckt in their banner once again, and cried upon mercie; and being generally answered, 'Nay, nay, never look for it, for ye are errant traitors,' then made they petition that if they must needs die, yet that my lord's grace would be so good to them as they might be hanged, whereby they might somewhat reconcile themselves to Godward, and not to dye in malice with so great danger of their souls; a policy sure in my mind, though but of gross heads, yet of fine device. Sir Miles Partridge being nigh about this pile at that time, and spying one in a red doublet, did guess he should be an Englishman, and therefore came and furthered this petition to my lord's grace the rather, which then took effect: They came and humbled themselves to his grace, whereupon, without more hurt, they were but commanded to the provost-marshal. It is somewhat here to consider, I know

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not whether the destiny or hap of man's life; the more worthy men, the less offenders, and more in the judge's grace, were slain; and the beggars, the obstinate rebells, that deserved nought but cruelty, were saved. To say on now, the house was soon after so blown up with powder, that more than one half fell straight down to rubbish and dust, the rest stood all to be shaken with rifts and chinks. Anderwick was burned, and all the houses of office and stacks of corn about them both.

No. II.

Account of the Borderers, translated from Leslæus, de Origine, Moribus, et Rebus gestis Scotorum.

Among all the provinces of Scotland, those which are situated next to England assume to themselves the greatest habits of license, in which they frequently indulge with impunity. For as, in the time of war, they are readily reduced to extreme poverty by the almost daily inroads of the enemy, so, on the restoration of peace, they entirely neglect to cultivate their lands, though fertile, from the fear of the fruits of their labour being immediately destroyed by a new war. Whence it happens that they seek their subsistence by robberies, or rather by plundering and rapine (for they are particularly averse to shedding of blood); nor do they much concern themselves whether it be from Scots or English that they rob or plunder, and carry off by stealth their booty of horses, cattle, and sheep. They live chiefly on flesh, milk, and boiled barley. Their use of bread is very limited, as well as of good beer and wine, in neither of which they take much delight, even when they obtain them. Their residences consist of huts and cottages, about the burning of which they are nowise concerned. The chiefs construct for themselves a pyramidical kind of towers, which they call *peels*, made entirely of stone, and which cannot be demolished by fire, nor thrown down without great force and labour.

There are, however, among them, chiefs of noble rank, some of whom, although they commit no depredations openly themselves, do, notwithstanding, lest they should give offence to their own tribe, connive at those done by others, even though they do not participate in the plunder. Of this they are highly careful, lest, if they should behave harshly to their own people in time of peace, they should find them less obedient at the approach of war. And although there may be some few men of influence, who are sincerely earnest about justice and civil affairs, yet they cannot resist the multitude, who are so hardened by their inveterate habits, that they have become as it were a second nature.

Besides, if the chief men should require auxiliary forces from the king against those robbers, as has been often attempted, they only lose their labour. Indeed, these plunderers are so well protected by the nature of the ground, that should they be forced out from their thickest woods, they instantly betake themselves to the rugged mountains; if again they are expelled from these, they take their flight towards the banks of rivers and the marshes. If they shall still find it necessary to remove quarters, they next, with perfect safety to themselves, entice their pursuers into some of the most intricate parts of the marshes, which, though to appearance they are green meadows, and as solid as the ground, are nevertheless seen, upon a person's entering upon them, to give way, and in a moment to swallow him up into the deep abyss. Not only do the robbers themselves pass over these gulfs with wonderful agility and lightness of foot, but even they accustom their horses to cross many places with their knees bent, and to get over where our footmen could scarcely dare to follow; and chiefly on this account, they seldom shoe their horses. They reckon it a great disgrace, and the part of a mean person, for any one to make a journey on foot, whence it follows that they are mostly all horsemen. If, therefore, they be possessed of nimble horses, and have sufficient wherewith to ornament their own persons and those of their wives, they are by no means anxious about other pieces of household furniture.

What some have said of the Scots being in the practice of living on human flesh, cannot be ascribed to any others than these Borderers, and not to them all, but only to those of Annandale; indeed, our writers do say, that only the Ordovici, who inhabited the modern Annandale, were wont to feed upon the flesh of their captives, whom they also distinguish for a farther piece of cruelty, that the women, namely, should with their own hand kill their husbands who had been vanquished in war, on their return home, as if the fact of being defeated was sufficient indication of cowardice, which they looked upon as the highest crime in a man. But the ferocious habit of a small tribe, which is long since disused, ought not to be ascribed to the whole nation of the Scots; much less that which is quoted from D. Hieronymus, that one of the Scots themselves was seen in Gaul to eat human flesh, although some were of opinion that he was a Scythian. They might as reasonably also be pleased to affirm, upon the evidence of a single instance, that all the Scots at this day live upon raw salmon, even when newly taken out of the rivers, without salt or bread; for there is an instance quite familiar to us, of a man very noted among ourselves, called Monanus Hogg, who had been condemned to exile in his youth, and, unknown to any, had concealed himself for some time near a certain river, where he could find no meat at all, and perceiving that he could easily catch salmon upon the sandy shallows, by an art which he

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had learnt before, he forthwith caught and ate them raw, and became at length so inured to that sort of food, that when an old man, he was often seen to eat freely, and without the least disgust, as much raw salmon, as many others could do of the best fish boiled, and that in the presence of several who would not believe it; a wonderful instance how pressing a thing want is, in cases of adversity, and how powerful is custom, that second nature.*

But I return to our Dalesmen, or Borderers, in whom, though some things are to be noticed to their dispraise, yet there are others to be greatly admired; for most of them, when determined upon seeking their supply from the plunder of the neighbouring districts, use the greatest possible caution not to shed the blood of those that oppose them; for they have a persuasion that all property is common by the law of natnre, and is therefore liable to be appropriated by them in their necessity, but that murder and other injuries are prohibited by the Divine law. If, however, they do commit any voluntary slaughter, it is generally done in revenge of some injury, but more frequently of the death of some of their own relations, even though it be in consequence of the laws of the kingdom. Then arises a deadly hatred, not one against one, or a few against a few, but of them all, how numerous soever the tribe may be, against all of the opposite name, however innocent or ignorant of the alleged injury; which plague of deadly feud, though a general calamity through the kingdom, is chiefly proper to these people.

To their praise it may be added, that, having once pledged their faith, even to an enemy, they are very strict in observing it, insomuch, that they think nothing can be more heinous than violated fidelity. If, however, any one shall be found guilty of this crime among them, it is usual for him who has received the injury, or any one of his name, to suspend the culprit's glove upon the top of an elevated spear, and to ride about with it, exhibiting it in reproach of his violation of faith, which is done in their solemn conventions, as, for example, in those while the wardens of the marches of both kingdoms are sitting to make amends for injuries, according to custom. They think there cannot be a greater mark of disgrace than this, and esteem it a greater punishment even than an honourable death inflicted on the guilty person; and those of the same tribe frequently resent it in the same manner. Nor, indeed, have the Borderers, with such ready frenzy as many others of the country, joined the heretical succession from the common faith of the holy church. They take great pleasure in their own music, and in their rhythmical songs, which they compose upon the exploits of their ancestors, or in their own ingenious stratagems in plundering, or their artificial defences when taken. Besides, they think the art of plundering so very lawful, that they never say over their prayers more fervently, or have more devout recurrence to the beads of their rosaries, than when they have made an expedition, as they frequently do, of forty or fifty miles, for the sake of booty.

They leave their frontiers in the night time in troops, going through impassable places, and through many by-paths. In the day time they refresh their horses, and recruit their own strength, in hiding places prepared before hand, until the approach of night, when they advance to their place of destination. Having seized upon their booty, they in the same manner return by night, through circuits and by-ways, to their own habitations. The more expert each leader is in making his way through these dreary places, windings, and precipices, in the darkest night, he is so much the more accounted a person of superior ingenuity, and held in greater honour; and with such secrecy can they proceed, that they very rarely allow their prize to be recovered, unless they be sometimes tracked by their opponents, when discovered by keen-scented dogs, who always follow them in the right path.

But if they are taken, their eloquence is so powerful, and the sweetness of their language so winning, that they even can move both judges and accusers, however severe before, if not to mercy, at least to admiration and compassion.

No. III.

Border Clans.

THE principle of clanship had been reluctantly acknowledged by the Scottish legislature, not as a system approved of, but as an inveterate evil, to cure which they were obliged to apply extraordinary remedies. By the statute 1581, chap. 112, it was declared, that the clans of thieves, keeping together by occasion of their surnames, or near neighbourhood, or society in theft, were not subjected to the ordinary course of justice; and therefore it was made lawful, that whatever true and obedient subject should suffer loss by them, might not only apprehend, slay, and arrest the persons of the offenders, but of any others being of the same clan. And thus the whole sept was rendered jointly answerable, and liable to be proceeded against, in the way of retaliation, for the delinquencies of each individual.

But to render the recourse of the injured parties more effectual, an elaborate statute (1587, ch. 94, 97), made two years afterwards, proceeding on the same melancholy preamble of waste and depredation committed on the Borders and Highlands, directs that security shall be found by those landlords and bailies on whose grounds the offending clans-

* In the curious account of the Tonga Islands, by Mr Mariner, it appears that he easily acquired the habit of eating raw fish among the South Sea Islanders.

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men dwelt, that they would bring them to abide process of law when complained of, or otherwise drive them from their grounds. It was further decreed, that the clans, chiefs, and chieftains, as well on the Highlands as on the Borders, with the principal branches of each surname who depended upon their several captains by reason of blood or neighbourhood, should find hostages or pledges for keeping good rule in time coming, under pain of the execution of these hostages unto the death, in case transgression should happen without amends being made by delivery of the criminal. These hostages were to be kept in close prison until the chiefs by whom they were entered in pledge found security that they would not *break ward*. that is, make their escape. But no such security being found, the hostages were to be placed in *free ward:* that is, were to remain prisoners on parole at their own expense in the families of such inland gentlemen and barons as should be assigned to take charge of them respectively, the Borderers being quartered on the north, and the Highlanders on the south side of the Forth; which barons were bound, under a penalty of L.200, not to license their departure. The clans who should fail to enter such pledges within the time assigned, were to be pursued as incorrigible freebooters, with fire and sword. To render the provisions of this act yet more effectual, it was appointed (chap. 96) that all Highlanders and Borderers should return from the inland country to the place of their birth (chap. 97): That all the clans should be entered in a register, with the names of the hostages or sureties, and of the landlords or bailies. Also (chap. 98), that vagabonds and broken men, for whom no sureties or pledges were entered, as belonging to no known clan, should find security to undergo the law, under pain of being denounced rebels. Also (chap. 100), that the security found by the feudal landlords and bailies to present such offenders as dwelt on their lands to regular trial was distinct from, and independent of, that which should be found by the patriarchal captain, head, or chieftain of the clan, and that each subsisted and might be acted on without prejudice to the other. These securities being obtained, it was provided, that when goods or cattle were carried off by the individuals of any clan, the party injured should intimate the robbery to the chief, charging him to make restitution within fifteen days, wherein if he failed, the injured party should have action against him, and other principal persons of the clan to the amount of his loss.

These, and other minute regulations to the same purpose, show that the clan system had become too powerful for the government, and that, in order to check the disorders to which it gave rise, the legislature were obliged to adopt its own principle, and hold the chief, or patriarch of the tribe, as liable for all the misdeeds of the surname.

The rolls which were made up in consequence of these acts of parliament, give us an enumeration of the nobles and barons (several of whom were themselves also chiefs) who possessed property in the disturbed Border districts, and also of the clans who dwelt in them.

***Roll of the Names of the Landlords and Bailies of Lands dwelling on the Borders,* where broken Men have dwelt and presently dwell.** *A. D.* 1587.

MIDDLE MARCH.

The Earl of Bothwell (*formerly Hepburn, then Stuart.*)—The Laird of Fairnyherst (*Kerr.*)—The Earl of Angus (*Douglas.*)—The Laird of Buckcleuch (*Scott.*)—The Sheriff of Teviotdale (*Douglas of Cavers.*)—The Laird of Bedroule (*Turnbull.*)—The Laird of Wauchop.—The Lord Herries (*formerly Harries, then Maxwell.*)—The Laird of Howpaisley (*Scott.*)—George Turnbull of Halroule.—The Laird of Littledene (*Kerr.*)—The Laird of Drumlanrigg (*Douglas.*)—The Laird of Chisholme (*Chisholme.*)

WEST MARCH.

The Lord Maxwell (*Maxwell.*)—The Laird of Drumlanrigg (*Douglas.*)—The Laird of Johnston (*Johnstone.*)—The Laird of Applegirth (*Jardine.*)—The Laird of Holmends (*Carruthers.*)—The Laird of Gratney (*Johnstone.*)—The Lord Herries (*Maxwell.*)—The Laird of Dunwiddie.—The Laird of Lochinvar (*Gordon.*)

The Roll of the Clans that have Captains and Chieftains on whom they depend oftimes against the Will of their Landlords, and of some special Persons of Branches of the said Clans.

MIDDLE MARCH.

Elliots† (*Laird of Lairistoun.*)—Armstrongs (*Laird of Mangertoun.*)—Nicksons.‡—Crossers.

WEST MARCH.

Scotts of Ewsedale.§—Beatisons.**—Littles (*chief unknown.*)—Thomsons (*chief unknown.*)—Glendinnings (*Glendonwyne of that Ilk.*)—Irvings (*Irving of Bonshaw.*)—

* Those of the Highlands are omitted, as not being comprehended in the present subject.

† The Elliots and Armstrongs inhabited chiefly Liddesdale.

‡ The Nixons and Crossers might rather be termed English than Scottish Borderers. They inhabited the Debateable Land, and were found in Liddesdale, but were numerous in Cumberland.

§ It is not easy to conjecture whether one part or branch of this numerous surname is distinguished from the rest, or whether it must be understood to comprehend the whole clan. The chief of the name was Scott of Buccleuch.

** Or Beattles, a name still numerous on the Borders. They were dispossessed of large possessions in Eskdale, by the Scots, who killed many of them in the struggle. The name of their chief is unknown. The last was called The Galliard, slain at the Galliard's-haugh, near Langholm.

Bells (*believed to be Bell of Blacket House.*)—Carruthers (*Laird of Holmends.*)—Grahames.*—Johnstones (*Laird of Johnstone.*)—Jardanes (*Laird of Applegirth.*)—Moffetts (*chief unknown, but the name being territorial, it is probably an ancient clan.*)—Latimers (*chief unknown.*)

A little work, called "Monipenny's Chronicle,†" published in 1597 and 1633, gives, among other particulars concerning Scotland, a list of the principal clans and surnames on the Borders not landed, as well as of the chief riders and men of name among them. From this authority, we add the following list of *foraying*, or *riding* clans, as they were termed, not found in the parliamentary roll of 1587. It commences with the east marches, which, being in a state of comparative good order, were not included under the severe enactments of 1587.

EAST MARCHES.

Bromfields (*chief, Bromfield of Gordon Mains, or of that Ilk.*)—Trotters (*chief unknown.*)—Diksons (*chief unknown.*)—Redpeth (*Laird of Redpath.*)—Gradens (*Laird of Graden originally their chief.*)—Youngs (*chief unknown.*)—Pringles (*believed to be Pringle of Galashiels.*)—Yates (*Tait of Pirn.*)—Middlemast (*chief unknown.*)—Burns (*chief unknown.*)—Dalgleishes (*Dalgleish of that Ilk.*)—Davisons (*Davison of Symiston.*)—Pyles (*Pyle, or Peele, of Milnheuch.*)—Robisons (*chief unknown—a Cumberland clan.*)—Ainslies (*chief unknown.*)—Olivers (*chief unknown—believed to be Lustruther.*)—Laidlaws (*chief unknown: it is said by tradition the family came from Ireland, and that the name was originally Ludlow.*)

LIDDESDALE.

Parks (*chief, John of Park.*)—Hendersons (*chief unknown.*)

WEST MARCHES.

Carliles (*Lord Carlile.*)—Romes, Gasses (*Clans now almost extinct—chiefs unknown.*)

An equally absolute authority is the enumeration which is put by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, in his very curious drama called the Partium, into the mouth of Common Thift, a Borderer, and who, being brought to condign punishment, takes leave of his countrymen and companions in iniquity:—

"Adieu, my brother Annan thieves,
That helpit me in my mischieves,
Adieu, Crossars, Nicksons, and Bells,
Oft have we fared through the fells;
Adieu, Robsons, Hanslies,‡ and Pyles,
That in our craft have mony wiles,
Littles, Trumbulls,§ and Armstrongs;
Adieu, all thieves that me belongs,
Taylors, Eurwings,** and Elwands,††
Speedy of foot and light of hands;
The Scots of Ewesdail and the Græmes,
I have na time to tell your names;
With King Correction be ye fangit,
Believe right sure ye will be hangit."

* The chief of the Grahames is unknown. The clan were rather English than Scottish. They inhabited the Debateable Land.

† [The small volume entitled *The Abridgment, or Summarie of the Scots Chronicles, from Fergusius's, the first, &c., with a true description of the whole realme of Scotland, &c.*, is rarely to be met with *per se*. It is, however, reprinted in the first volume of Wylie's *Miscellanea Scotica*, 4 vols. 12mo. Glasgow, 1818-20.]

‡ Ainslie, as now spelled and pronounced.

§ The popular pronunciation of Turnbull.

** Spelled Curwings: the same with Irving, which is sometimes popularly pronounced Euring as if the v. were an u.

†† Elwands, or Elwoods, the old way of spelling Elliot.

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PROVINCIAL ANTIQUITIES

OF

SCOTLAND.

CRICHTON CASTLE.

The Castle of Crichton is situated on the banks of the Tyne, there an inconsiderable stream, ten miles south from Edinburgh, and about two miles above the village of Pathhead, on the Lauder road. The river flows through a grassy valley, bounded by sloping banks, which, at least till of late, being chiefly covered with copse and underwood, formed a wild and beautiful fringe to the level pasture-land through which the brook winds. The stream itself is more deep, sluggish, and slow, than most of the Scottish rivers, and in that particular rather resembles those of South Britain. The very high prices which alders have lately borne, owing to their forming the most proper charcoal for making gunpowder, has occasioned the fall of many of those natural thickets. But it is to be hoped, that the demand for this formidable article of merchandise will not be again so imperative, and that the proprietors may have leisure to replace these coppices by more permanent plantations.

The Castle was built at different periods, and forms, on the whole, one large square pile of irregular height, enclosing an inner court. It is situated upon a sharp angle of the almost precipitous bank which we have mentioned as the boundary of the dale. The lofty, massive, and solid architecture impress the spectator with an emotion rather of awe than of beauty. Yet the interior is so far from being of a rude character, than we shall hereafter have occasion to notice its architectural merits. At present, we propose to introduce the reader to the general history of the buildings, so far as it has been traced, as well as of its first possessors, to whom the Castle and Barony gave name.

The family of Crichton was ancient and honourable, but remained long among the rank of lesser barons, and owed its great rise to the genius and talent of an individual statesman, distinguished for policy and intrigue beyond what is usual in a dark age. The name being territorial, and derived from the neighbouring village, seems to have

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been assumed about the period when surnames became common in Scotland. A William de Crichtoun occurs in the Lennox Chartulary about 1240,* and a Thomas de Crichton figures in the Ragman Roll in 1296; a wretched document, to which a name seems to have been accidentally affixed as contemptuous as it deserved, since by its tenor most of the ancient families of Scotland submitted to Edward III.† More honourable records afterwards distinguish a Sir John de Crichton in the reign of David Bruce. A William de Crichton is frequently mentioned in the end of the fourteenth century; and finally, a John Crichton had a charter of that barony from Robert III. These ancient Lords of the Castle and Barony of Crichton, although men of note and estate, were still numbered among the lesser barons, who were not entitled to the rank of nobility.

Sir William Crichton, son of the last-mentioned baron, with talents and a disposition not unlike to those which distinguished Ras Michael at the Court of Gondar ‡ was destined to rise to a greater eminence, and attain more celebrity, than his ancestors. He appears to have been one of the first laymen in Scotland who attained eminence, rather from political than military talents, and flourished in the reigns of James I. and his successor—a period, fertile in strange turns of fortune, of which our imperfect records have presented but a dubious history. Sir William de Crichton early attended
A. D. 1423. the court, being one of the persons despatched to congratulate James I. on his marriage, and, on the king's return to Scotland, he became master of the royal household. Three
A. D. 1426. years afterwards he was one of the envoys sent to treat for the establishment of a perpetual peace with Erick, king of Denmark, and seems ever after to have been the personal favourite of his sovereign and to have acted the part of a courtier and minister with an address then very unusual in Scotland. In justice to this statesman we ought to add, that to be the adherent of the crown during this period, was, in fact, to be the friend of civil liberty and of the free administration of justice. The people as yet did not exist as an order of the state, and the immediate oppressors of law and freedom were the band of aristocratic nobility, who set the laws of the kingdom and authority of the sovereign at equal defiance.

The sudden and violent death of James I. threw loose all the rules and bands of government which his wisdom had
A. D. 1437. begun to introduce; for it was ever the misfortune of Scotland, to lose her wisest and bravest rulers at the moment when she most needed them. The exorbitant power of the Douglasses outbalanced the feeble authority of an infant prince. But the wise

* *Wood's Peerage*, vol. i., p. 603.
† Nisbet's *Remarks on Ragman's Roll, Heraldry*, vol. ii., p. 48.
‡ [See Bruce's *Travels in Abyssinia.*]

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policy of the parliament, while it named no noble of high rank to the office of regent, which the Earl of Douglas might have considered as an insult to himself, and avenged accordingly, assigned the management of the kingdom to Sir William Crichton, under the title of chancellor, and the custody of the king's person to Sir Alexander Livingston, a person of the same moderate station. It seems likely that the powerful feudal nobles were led thus to compromise their own claims in favour of two gentlemen of inferior rank, rather than run the risk of either placing Douglas in that high office, or electing in his despite one of his own rank. The talents of both statesmen were highly esteemed, and their wisdom was considered a counterbalance to the great power of Douglas. In the meanwhile, they could not refuse him the dignity of lieutenant-general of the kingdom.

A dissension soon arose betwixt Livingstone and Crichton, the former alleging that the chancellor had deprived him of the custody of the king's person. The queen entered into the views of Livingston, and concealed her son in a chest, in which he was smuggled out of the Castle of Edinburgh, then in the power of the chancellor; and she herself accompanying him, under pretence of a pilgrimage to Whitekirk in Buchan, they landed safely at Stirling, the stronghold of his competitor. A. D. 1433.

The power of Douglas, who contemned and menaced both the chancellor and Livingston as low-born upstarts, compelled the chancellor and the guardian once more to unite their interests.

A second feud broke out between them, owing to the insolence of Livingston, who, as we learn from a curious and authentic chronicle of the time, laid the person of the queen under arrest, forgetful of the advantage she had so lately procured him; threw into a dungeon her second husband, the Black Knight of Lorn, as he was called, and his brother, and *bollit*, *i. e.* fettered them.* Crichton, therefore, found it no difficult matter to reconcile himself with the queen-dowager, through whose connivance he recovered the custody of the king's person, by a stratagem similar to that of Livingston. He surprised James while hunting in the Park at Stirling, and carried him off to Edinburgh, without any resistance offered by his attendants, or any reluctance shown on his own part. The estates of parliament interfered; the chancellor, with the Lord of the Isles, the Lord Gordon, and Sir Alexander Seton, became security for Sir James Stewart, and the governors were again reconciled; a truce which became fatal to the young heir of the house of Douglas. A. D. 1440.

This unfortunate nobleman was a youth of eighteen, and could, therefore, have committed no great personal aggressions against his country; he was high-spirited, gallant, and intelligent, and might

* See *Ane Schort Memoriale of the Scottis Croniklis*, p. i.

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have lived to do her service. But his house had possessed too much power, and his minority and inexperience gave the governors
A. D. 1440. an opportunity to restrain it. Under the guise of seeming reconciliation, he was enticed to the Castle of Crichton, and there hospitably entertained,—an evident proof how deeply Sir William Crichton was concerned in the nefarious scene which followed. On the next morning the young Earl of Douglas was inveigled to the Castle of Edinburgh, then in possession of the lord chancellor, the mask of friendship and hospitality was then thrown aside. The earl was arrested in the presence of the young king, who wept bitterly, and besought his life in vain from his unrelenting guardians. After the mockery of a hasty trial, Douglas was dragged to an inner-court, and there beheaded, along with his brother, still younger than himself, and Fleming of Cumbernauld, their most determined adherent, —an act of detestable policy, which soon brought on the vengeance it deserved, and was long remembered and execrated in the popular rhyme,—

> "Edinborough castle, town and tower,
> God grant you sink for sin,
> And that even for the black dinoure
> Earl Douglas gat therein."

The young king now appeared on the stage. He hated his
A. D. 1444. chancellor and Livingstone, particularly the former. He united with the Earl of Douglas, successor to him who was murdered; and, in the turns of state which followed, Crichton was deprived of his office of chancellor, and summoned to appear and stand his trial. His answer showed a confidence which could only proceed from the secret countenance of many of the nobility, who hated the exorbitant power of the Douglasses. He avowed himself a true servant to the king, and willing to render an account of his administration, so soon as "the captain of thieves" was removed from the royal councils, and he had a prospect of a fair and just trial. In the meantime, although denounced a rebel by blast of horn, he defended himself both against the power of the king and that of Douglas, in the then almost impregnable Castle of Edinburgh, while his kindred and followers maintained themselves in other strong places in Lothian, and refused to render them to the royal authority. This was particularly the case with Barntoun, or Brunston, defended by one Andrew Crichton, who, when summoned by the Earl of Douglas, in name and behalf of the king, returned for answer, "that he had the keeping intrusted to him on the king's behalf by the sheriff (Sir William Crichton), to whom he had found security for safely keeping the same, and without whose order he would not deliver it. "The event of this siege does not appear. Edinburgh Castle was beleaguered for nine months, and defended with an obstinate valour and success, which showed that Crichton was supported by many and powerful allies.

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In the meanwhile, his paternal Castle of Crichton, the present subject of our local history, was stormed and taken by John Forester of Corstorphine, a dependent of the Earl of Douglas, by whose orders it is said to have been demolished, in resentment of the treacherous hospitality with which his kinsman had been feasted within its walls on the day before he was inveigled to Edinburgh and there executed. "He was scarce retired," says Hume of Godscroft, "when Crichton assembled his friends and followers, so suddenly as none could imagine, and foraged the lands of Corstorphine, together with the lands of Strabrock, Abercorn, and Blackness; and, amongst other goods, he drove away a race of mares that the Earl Douglas had brought from Flanders, which were kept in Abercorn; doing more harm than he had received." These alternate ravages, which took place in 1445, mark at once the spirit of the times and the power of Crichton, who could retaliate so formidably upon the dreaded Earl Douglas, even when armed with the royal authority.

At length, Edinburgh Castle being found too strong for the besiegers, Crichton yielded it up on an honourable compromise, A. D. 1446. with full security of his life and fortune; and thus, as an old historian expresses it, "leapt dry-shod" over a great danger. His colleague, Livingston, did not escape so clear, being imprisoned and forfeited; whence Mr Pinkerton conjectures, that Livingston had the greater share in the murder of the youthful Douglasses. The damning fact, however, remains, that they were feasted in Crichton Castle while they were trained on to their destruction; and John Major, in treating of that cruel murder, has these remarkable words:—"I have read in our annals, that these men were not guilty of any crime deserving death, but that the deed was perpetrated by the council or the guile of William Crichton, Chancellor of Scotland."*

It would therefore seem, that Crichton owed his safety to his high reputation for political talents, and his experience in state affairs. He was soon afterwards replaced in the office of chancellor, and sent to France, as one of the ambassadors, to renew the ancient league, and to choose a wife for the young king. Mary of Gueldres was selected on this occasion, and the services of the chancellor were rewarded by his elevation to the peerage by the title of Lord Crichton.

About 1450, when great discord and jealousy again arose betwixt the king and the Earl of Douglas, Crichton was supposed to have given his counsel for the utter ruin and destruction of that high-spirited but turbulent house. His restoration, therefore, to political authority, renewed the slumbering ire of Douglas, whose commands at that time were so much more absolute than those of the Scottish monarch, that

* *Majorie Historia*, Ed. 1745, p. 322.

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Pitscottie avers, that whoever slew or plundered at their bidding, was free from all risk of pursuit at the hands of public justice.

In a journey from Crichton Castle to Edinburgh, the chancellor, riding with a small train, fell into an ambush placed for his assassination. But remembering his ancient courage, and being well seconded by his son Sir James, he broke through the band by whom he was beset, slaying two, and wounding several, and escaped safe to his Castle of Crichton. To retaliate this injury, he gathered promptly a body of chosen retainers, and made so sudden an attack upon the Earl of Douglas, then residing in the town of Edinburgh, that he forced him in his turn to fly for his life.

Yet, notwithstanding these acts of mutual and aggravated hostility, we find the king of England granted a pass soon afterwards to the Earl of Douglas, Lord Crichton, and other persons of rank attached to both their factions, together with the Bishops of Glasgow, Moray, and Dunblane, and the Abbots of Melrose, Dunfermline, and Paisley, to perform in company a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket.* This passport had probably reference to some truce or league betwixt the parties, of which a pilgrimage was often the stipulated sanction. It does not appear that it was ever used.

A. D. 1458.

It seems probable that the counsels of Crichton directed the desperate blow aimed at the power of the Douglasses, when James II. stabbed Earl William with his own hand in the Castle of Stirling. But the aged statesman was not in Stirling upon that memorable occasion. Godscroft insinuates that he had withdrawn to his own Castle under the pretended displeasure of the king, in order that the absence of an enemy so inveterate might more readily encourage Douglas to trust himself within the fatal fortress. The deed was, at all events, in conformity with the sagacious, but unscrupulous advice of Crichton, who had ever recommended that the king should take all occasions, and every possible means, for destroying the family of Douglas.

In 1455, this active and experienced minister was summoned from the stage on which he had so long performed a bustling and important part. He was a consummate statesman, according to the manners of the age, and appears, from the firmness with which he encountered, baffled, and retaliated the injuries of the Douglasses, to have possessed a power corresponding far more to his wisdom and experience than his wealth or family, although the one became extensive and the other was honourable. He was cautious without timidity, and enterprising without rashness, seldom failing in any of his undertakings,

* Rymer's *Fœdera*, xi., p. 303.

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and always able to extricate himself from their more perilous consequences. But we are compelled to record, that this sagacious statesman was as destitute of faith, mercy, and conscience, as of fear and of folly.

Sir William Crichton left issue, by Agnes his wife; namely, Sir James, his son and heir, also two daughters, Elizabeth, married to Alexander, first Earl of Huntly, and Agnes, to Alexander Lord Glamis. Sir James Crichton, his son, was styled commonly, in the lifetime of his father, by the title of Frendraught, an extensive property in Aberdeenshire, which he obtained by marriage with Janet, the eldest of the two daughters and co-heirs of James Dunbar, Earl of Murray.

William, third Lord Crichton, the son of Lord James, succeeded him in his estate and dignities in 1469. This noble- A. D. 1469.
man engaged in the great conspiracy of the Duke of Albany, in 1483, for dethroning James III. If Buchanan, always hostile to the family of Stuart, can be credited, there subsisted betwixt the king and Lord Crichton mutual injuries, of a dye too deep to be effaced or forgotten. James, says the historian, had seduced the beautiful wife of Lord Crichton,—a noble matron, he terms her, of the family of Dunbar; which gives some reason to believe he confounds Lord Crichton's wife with her mother. In resentment of this domestic injury, Crichton retaliated the disgrace by forming an intrigue with Margaret, sister to the Scottish monarch, whom Buchanan brands as the incestuous concubine of her own brother.

If Crichton was really thus situated respecting his sovereign, it is no wonder that, from fear as well as resentment, he should have engaged in a plot for his overthrow. The timely discovery of Albany's conspiracy rendered its execution impossible. Crichton gar- A. D. 1483-4.
risoned his castle, and fled to England. Doom of forfeiture passed against him in the Scottish Parliament, 24th February, 1483–4, for aiding and abetting the Duke of Albany in his treasonable correspondence with England, maintained through the means of Bluemantle, an English pursuivant-at-arms; and also for traitorously garrisoning and defending his Castle of Crichton, and supporting and maintaining those who held it out against the royal authority.

The Castle and Barony of Crichton were, upon the forfeit- A. D. 1484.
ure of William Lord Crichton, granted to Sir John Ramsay, a minion of James III. He had been numbered among the royal favourites as early as 1481, when Cochrane and others, whom the nobility accounted as intruders on the king's confidence, were hanged over the Bridge of Lauder, by Archibald, Earl of Angus, called Bell-the-Cat. This Sir John Ramsay escaped the general doom of the royal minions, by leaping on horseback behind the king, and clasping him round the body. His youth, and the king's earnest

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entreaties, saved him from the common fate; and he probably became still dearer to James, from the danger which he had incurred in the royal presence for his supposed attachment to the king's person. He was called to parliament as a peer by the title of Lord Bothwell, was made treasurer of the kingdom, and enjoyed other offices of high power and trust, as well as the king's entire confidence. But his greatness was of brief duration.

In the meanwhile, William, the hereditary Lord of Crichton, pined in exile, from which he is said to have been recalled under the following circumstances:—The Lady of Crichton, says Buchanan, died soon after her husband's flight to England; and the king, desirous to hide the disgrace of his favourite sister, who was almost frantic for the loss of her paramour, recalled Crichton from banishment, on condition of his marrying the Princess Margaret. They were wedded accordingly, and Crichton seems to have obtained restitution of that part of his fortune which descended to him by his mother, the Barony of Frendraught, namely, in the North, which from this time became his residence, and that of his successors. Crichton was reconciled to the king, and admitted to his presence at Inverness, during an expedition which James made towards the North near the conclusion of his reign. He therefore entertained hopes of obtaining a full pardon, but neither of the brothers-in-law long survived the interview. Crichton died at Inverness, where, according to Buchanan, his monument was extant in the time of the historian. It seems uncertain whether the son who survived William Lord Crichton was the child of the Princess Margaret; but he left a daughter, their undoubted issue, who became Countess of Rothes.

Thus fell the House of Crichton, at least as proprietors of their native castle and barony. Their honours revived in the county of Aberdeen, where they became Viscounts of Frendraught; and in Dumfries-shire, where a branch attained the honour of Lord Crichtons of Sanquhar, and afterwards became Earls of Dumfries. Both families flourished during the independence of Scotland; that of Frendraught was ruined from their attachment to the House of Stuart; that of Dumfries has merged in the Marquisate of Bute. Each family has various legends belonging to its history, of such mystery and horror, as if the subtle and intriguing genius of the Lord Chancellor had influenced the fate of his descendants. The strange tale of the burning of Frendraught's Castle, where his guests, Lord Aboyne and Gordon of Rothemay, perished in the flames, may be found in Spalding's Account of the Troubles of Scotland. The fate of Lord Sanquhar, executed for the assassination of a fencing-master called Turner, was not less extraordinary.* And the story of the Admirable Crich-

* See *ante*, vol. iv., p. 260.

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ton is too well known to be repeated. The following tragedy, so strikingly illustrative of the savage manners of Scotland during the 16th century, is less generally known.

When the Reformation began first to be fiercely agitated in Scotland, during the regency of the Duke of Chatelherault, a A. D. 1552. strong debate took place in the house and presence of the regent betwixt the favourers of the new and of the ancient faith. Among the former was the third Lord Semple; and one of the keenest of the latter was William, third Lord Crichton of Sanquhar. The theological debate betwixt them waxed so high, that Semple, as a last and indisputable argument, drew his dagger and stabbed Crichton to the heart, his life-blood wetting the garment of the governor of the kingdom, in whose presence he was thus cruelly murdered;—a deed, says Balfour, for which Semple would have lost his head, but for the intercession of his friends, and compensation made to the Crichtons. If the sins of the fathers are visited upon their children, a judgment might be read in the fate of this unfortunate nobleman, thus perishing by violence, like the two murdered Earls of Douglas, in the very presence of that royal authority which ought to have been his protection. But, in fact, it was rather the virtues of this devoted family and name, than the faults of their ancestors, which precipitated their ruin.

In imitation of their founder, the Crichtons in general attached themselves to the Crown of Scotland, which was at all times far too weak to protect its adherents; and they may in general be considered as victims to their loyalty. The persevering enmity of the Douglasses seems to have been taken up and prosecuted by the reformers; and the attachment of the gentlemen of the name to the unhappy causes of Mary, Charles I., Charles II., and James II., completed the ruin of the greater part of them. At one time, there were more than thirty landed gentlemen of the name of Crichton, possessing extensive estates in Lothian, and in the shires of Perth, Aberdeen, Caithness, Stirling, Ayr, Dumfries, and Galloway, besides minor establishments in Clackmannan, Renfrew, Lanark, and Berwick shires. The females married into the Houses of Rothes, Seton, Gray, Oliphant, Stewart, and others of the first rank; and one of their barons, as we have seen, became nearly allied to the crown. In the present day, exclusive of the Marquis of Bute, there can scarce be numbered three landed gentlemen of a family once so powerful; and even the very name has become rare in the shires where it was once most numerous. Two or three respectable families found refuge among the citizens of Edinburgh; and we may particularly notice that of Patrick Crichton, Esq., Gayfield Place, who has obliged us by pointing out many particulars respecting his name and

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clan.—We return from the history of the Crichton family to that of the castle and barony.

A. D. 1488. The defeat and death of James III. involved the ruin of the favourite Ramsay, Earl of Bothwell, who had inherited the spoils of Lord Crichton. He in his turn was proscribed, exiled, and forfeited. He was afterwards permitted to return to Scotland,* where he acted the part of an obscure and traitorous spy for the English monarch, and died about 1513.

The castle and lordship of Crichton, of which Ramsay had been for a short time possessed, was now granted anew to a noble more powerful and as daringly ambitious as the sagacious Chancellor; and, as the latter had raised himself by the cruel murder of the Douglasses, the now possessor of these fated domains founded his claim on the slaughter of a king.

King James III., as is well known to the readers of Scottish history, was dethroned and slain by a confederacy among the Scottish nobles of the South, the Homes and Hepburns holding the principal rank among the conspirators. The chiefs of these great clans were offended that the Priory of Coldinghame, to which a prior had always been appointed out of one or other of their names, should have been annexed by the king to his chapel-royal at Stirling. On this quarrel they headed the revolt, in which the unfortunate king was defeated and slain at the battle of Sauchie Burn, near Stirling, 18th June, 1488.

Patrick Hepburn, chief of that name, and the third Lord Hales, led the vanguard at that battle; and James IV., though he is supposed to have detested the treason exercised against his father, and certainly did penance for his own involuntary share in it, was compelled to reward the ringleaders, as if it had been the most acceptable service. Lord Hales, in particular, was loaded with honours and donations, and obtained the forfeited estates of Ramsay, Lord Bothwell, the favourite of James III. Ramsay's doom was pronounced upon the 6th October, 1488; and upon the 13th of the same month, the castles and estates both of Bothwell and Crichton were bestowed upon Hepburn. Ramsay was forfeited for contumacy and non-appearance. But in other cases we find "the great and high displeasure which our noble lord had taken against them that were of that ilk opinion, and in field at Stirling against him, contrary to the common good of the realm, and destruction of the same, thereby becoming the cause of the slaughter and death of the late king," alleged as sufficient reasons for severely punishing those who had aided James III. against his insurgent nobles.—Certainly

* See Pinkerton's History, vol. ii., p. 27.

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the wolf in the fable brought his accusation against the sheep on more plausible grounds.

Ramsay's forfeiture was a part, but not the whole, of the recompense received by Hepburn, Lord Hales, for being of "that other opinion;" a partaker, namely, with the heir-apparent in the insurrection against the reigning sovereign. Mr Wood, to whose care and industry we owe an edition of Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, more valuable than the original work, has thus enumerated the favours bestowed on that powerful noble:—

"He had letters under the Great Seal of the keeping the Castle of Edinburgh, with 300 merks of the customs of the city, and the office of sheriff-principal of the county of Edinburgh, and within the constabulary of Haddington, 26th June, 1488. He had also the office of the master of the household, and was constituted high admiral of Scotland for life, 10th September, 1488. He had a charter of the Lordship of Crichton Castle, including Vogry, Sauchnell, the Foord and Mill, Capriston, Murehouse, Castlelaw, the woods of Crichton, the advowson of the collegiate church of that place, in the county of Edinburgh; the baronies of Drysdale and Kirkmichael, in Drumfries-shire, and the lordship of Bothwell, with the advowson of the provostry thereof, in the county of Lanark, forfeited by John Ramsay, formerly called Lord Bothwell, 13th October, 1488. Four days afterwards, the king was pleased to erect the lordship of Bothwell into an earldom, and to annex thereto the lordship of Crichton, with the right of patronage of the collegiate churches of these places, fishings in the Clyde, and forty merks of land of the Forest of Bothwell, and to confer it on Lord Hales, for his fidelity, and in compensation of the expense, damage, and danger he had undergone in his majesty's service, creating him Earl of Bothwell in full parliament, by girding him with a sword. The same day it was declared in parliament that Patrick Lord Hales, master of household to the king, who has the keeping of the Castle of Edinburgh, should have the rule and government of James, Duke of Ross, his majesty's brother."*

The second Earl of Bothwell, who succeeded to his father in his estates, as well as in most of these high dignities, was killed, valiantly fighting by the side of his sovereign in the fatal field of Flodden. His death is thus described by the English poet who celebrates that event:— A. D. 1513.

"But on the Scottish part right proud,
The Earl of Bothwell then out brast;
And stepping forth with stomach good,
Into the enemy's throng he thrast.

* Wood's edition of Douglas's Peerage, vol. i., p. 225.

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" And 'Bothwell, Bothwell!' cried bold,
To cause his soldiers to ensue;
But there he catcht a welcome cold,
The Englishmen straight down him threw.

" Thus Haburn through his hardy heart
His fatal fine in conflict found;
Now all this while, on either part,
Were dealt full many a deadly wound." *

Patrick, the young Earl of Bothwell, who succeeded to his father, nourished the same ambition which devoured both the soul and body of his unfortunate son James, who, to their mutual misfortune, became the husband of Mary Stuart. The father was a candidate for the favour of Mary of Guise while queen-dowager of Scotland, and his rival in her grace was Matthew Stuart, fourth Earl of Lennox, afterwards regent of Scotland, and slain at the Raid of Stirling, in 1571. The narrative of Pitscottie presents, with his usual picturesque simplicity, the persons of the candidates, and the arts by which two lovers of such high rank endeavoured at that period to win the affections of a queen. We have, for the sake of being intelligible, discarded the rude orthography of the period, retaining, at the same time, the precise words of the historian.

" The Earl of Bothwell was at this tyme ane lustie young gentleman, and had a good presence in the sight of women, whereby he intended to have the queen in marriage, as the Earl of Lennox did; and daily these two young lords pursued the court and queen with great *bravitie* † and costly cloathing, contending who should be most *galliyart* ‡ in their *abullyeamentis*, § renewing the same every day, and in using all kinds of plays, and exercise on horse and foot, that became noblemen to do; and specially who might behave themselves best in the Queen's sight, in dancing, *louping*, ** or any other games, etc. But the Earl of Lennox *warred* †† the Earl of Bothwell at sundry games, for he was brought up in the wars of France, whilk learned him the feats of arms, and to exercise his pith to the uttermost. For the Earl of Lennox was a strong man, of personage well proportioned in all his members, with lustie and manly visage, and went very straight up in his *passage;* ‡‡ wherefore he appeared very pleasant in the sight of gentlewomen. As for the Earl of Bothwell, he was faire and whitelie, hanging-shouldered, and went something forward, with a gentle, humane countenance. These two gentlemen daily frequenting the court, and exercising themselves in this form, every one of them behoved to obtain his purpose at the Queen's hand; but she did nothing but gave them fair words, that they might serve her till she saw her time expedient to give them answer. But at last

* *Flodden Field*, a poem edited by Henry Weber, 8vo, Edinburgh, 1808, p. 111.
† Splendour of dress, bravery.
‡ Gallant.
§ Accoutrements.
** Leaping.
†† Put to the worse; *i. e.* overcame.
‡‡ His gait or demeanour, from *passager*. A Gallicism.

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these two lords, being a great space at court, which was great cost to themselves, kin, and friends, ever in readiness to do the Queen service, which at last the Earl of Bothwell *inlaiked expensis*, * and passed home, till he saw farther about him." †

Popular tradition says, that among other feats of gallantry by which Bothwell endeavoured to excel his rival Lennox, he upon one occasion pushed his horse down a very steep part of the Carlton Hill, in order to take part in a tournament held near the Greenside-well. Sometimes this feat is (with much less probability) ascribed to his son Earl James, while paying his court to the unfortunate Mary.

Being disappointed in this fruitless rivalry, Patrick Earl of Bothwell seems to have been through the rest of his life ranked with the malecontent nobles, of whom Scotland always exhibited too numerous a band. On the 12th December, 1544, he was arraigned of high treason, of unlawful intercourse with England and her invading army, and of taking prisoner Peter Thomson, Bute pursuivant at arms, stripping him of the Queen's letters which he was about to execute in the course of his duty at the market-cross of Haddington, and imprisoning him in his castle of Crichton, and elsewhere. The Earl was acquitted of this charge, but appears never to have been reconciled to the court. ‡

He died in 1556, and was succeeded by his son, the famous, or rather infamous, James Earl of Bothwell, to write whose history would be to write that of Scotland at the same period. During his time, the Castle of Crichton was probably witness to many a gay revel, and many a dark conspiracy. From several passages in Chalmer's very elaborate and interesting Life of Queen Mary, it seems to have been his principal residence. In 1559, when Bothwell seized upon a subsidy of 4000 crowns, sent by Elizabeth to maintain the affairs of the Congregation or Protestant Lords, the Earl of Arran, and Lord James Stewart (afterwards Earl of Murray), instantly rode to Crichton with four hundred horse, followed by three hundred foot, and "certain pieces of ordnance," to recover the treasure. But Bothwell had already escaped with the gold upon a horse, without saddle, boot, or spur. The castle was yielded up without opposition, and garrisoned by the Lords of the Congregation with fifty hagbutters. In 1561, Lord John Stewart, a natural brother of Queen Mary, was married at Crichton Castle, the Queen being herself present, and "much good sport and many pastimes there were," as Randolph reported to Cecil. § The castle was now, indeed, fitter for the purposes of splendour and festivity than those of war. It lay too near Edinburgh, and, as had been already proved, artillery might at any

* Run short of means to maintain his expense.
† Chronicles of Scotland. by Pitscottie. Dalyell's edit. vol. ii., p. 422.
‡ See Chalmer's *Life of Queen Mary*, vol. ii., p. 209.
§ Chalmers's *Life of Queen Mary*, vol. ii., p. 212.

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time he brought against it, and placed so as to command it from the heights to the southward. Crichton, therefore, was by no means so strong a hold as the Castle of Hermitage in Liddesdale, or that of Dunbar on the coast, which were Bothwell's most favourite places of refuge. It is unnecessary to trace his wretched and most melancholy history. His connexion with Crichton Castle was closed by a doom of forfeiture, dated 29th December, 1567.

Bothwell's doom of outlawry vested Crichton a third time in the crown, and the facile liberality of James VI. again conferred it on a kinsman, as unscrupulously ambitious as Chancellor Crichton, as profligate as his grandson, as treacherous as Ramsay, and as turbulent, traitorous, and seditious as all the Hepburns of Bothwell. This hopeful personage was Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, son of the Prior of Coldinghame, who was a natural son of James V. His claims upon the earldom of Bothwell, so incautiously sanctioned by James, were in virtue of his mother, Lady Jean Hepburn, daughter of Patrick, third Earl of Bothwell.

After several acts of private violence, the new Lord of Crichton Castle became an open rebel to his sovereign. From 1591, when, having consulted some wizards concerning the king's death, he was committed to the castle of Edinburgh, until 1594, when he was forced to fly from Scotland, he was engaged in a constant train of conspiracies, insurrections and enterprises, open or concealed, against the person of his benefactor James. After lurking some time in England, he escaped abroad, embraced the Catholic faith to obtain a precarious subsistence, and died in poverty, notwithstanding his supposed skill in the occult sciences, * and admitted dexterity in the use of arms. †

* In Spain, the exiled Earl of Bothwell had nearly fallen under the power of the Inquisition; amongst other reasons, because, "by taking upon him to tell fortunes, and help men to goods purloined, he incurred the suspicion of a sorcerer."—WINWOOD's *Memorials*, vol. ii., p. 108. George Sandys, the traveller, found him in Italy, in full possession of necromantic fame. "A certain Calabrian," he says, "hearing that I was an Englishman, came to me, and would needs persuade me that I had insight in magic; for that Earl Bothwell was my countryman, who lives at Naples, and is in these parts famous for suspected necromancie. He told me that he had treasure hidden in his house, the quantity and quality shown him by a boy, upon conjuration of a Knight of Malta, and offered to share it between us, if I could help him to it. But I answered, that in England we were at defiance with the devil, and that he would do nothing for us."—SANDY's *Journey*, 1627, p. 250. Thus it seems that Bothwell was to the very last a dupe to those vain and mystical researches, which first occasioned his falling under his sovereign's displeasure. In the Introduction to Law's *Memorials*, Mr C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, whose indefatigable researches have collected such curious illustrations of his author, has shown that Bothwell's son was, like his father, a student of the occult sciences, and was present with Sir Kenelm Digby when the devil carried off a conjurer, who, being unfortunately overtaken with liquor, had neglected to propitiate with proper suffumigations the spirits whom he invoked.—LAW's *Memorials, Introduction*, p. xliii. *note*. The truth is, to use honest Evelyn's words, Sir Kenelm was an errant mountebank.

† The reader may be amused with the rhodomontades of Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty concerning Lord Bothwell, whom he leaves, so far as skill and bravery in arms were concerned, not a jot behind his more celebrated theme of eulogy, the Admirable Crichton. The Earl of Bothwell was, according to his learned countrymen, a terror to the most desperate duellists of Europe, and a subduer of the proudest champions, both Turks and Christians; the gasconades of France, the rhodomontades of Spain, fanfaronades of Italy, and braggadocio brags of all other countries, no more astonished his invincible heart, than would the cheeping of a mouse conjure down the fury of a bear robbed of her whelps.

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The forfeiture of Francis Earl of Bothwell's large estates became a prey to others. Buccleuch, and Kerr of Cessford, had the greatest share. Crichton castle and barony, with Hales, and the Lordship of Liddesdale, were granted to Sir Walter Scott, the step-son of the forfeited Earl of Bothwell, and were inherited by his son Francis, second Earl of Buccleuch, who was served heir, on 27th February, 1634, to his father Walter, the first Earl, son of the grantee. Charles I., however, with more regard to equity and humanity than policy, had early manifested a desire to resume these large grants, at least in part, and to confer them upon the son of the forfeited earl.

This was Francis Stuart, who obtained a rehabilitation under the great seal, confirmed by Parliament in 1633, against his father's forfeiture. Thus restored in blood, he proceeded to act against the possessors of his father's estates. He found Cessford, now Earl of Roxburgh, tractable, but Walter Earl of Buccleuch, extremely restive. Charles took Stuart's part in the affair, which so greatly incensed the Earl of Buccleuch, then in service in the Low Countries, that he is

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Not to mention his conquest over a strong and warlike Mahometan, who had appealed, like a second Goliah, the whole champions of Christendom to enter the lists with him. Sir Thomas Urquhart affirms, that Bothwell would VERY OFTEN, in the presence of ladies whose intimate favourite he was, give some proof of the undauntedness of his courage, and by the mere activity of his body, with the help of a single sword, *set upon a lion in his greatest fierceness, and kill him dead upon the place*. After this, the reader will not be startled to find, that, by way of pastime, he was wont to set upon some ten or twelve swordsmen at once, and lay such thick and threefold load upon them, that he quickly made them betake themselves to their heels. Nor will he be much surprised at the author's apprehension that the history of the banished earl may appear to future ages but as a romance of chivalry, and draw as little faith as those of Amadis or Esplandian.—*Tracts, by* SIR THOMAS URQUHART, *Edin.* 1782, p. 53.

Notwithstanding the exaggerations of Sir Thomas Urquhart, which throw discredit upon truth itself, Bothwell was, to use Sir Toby's phrase, "a very devil in private brawl," and divorced various souls and bodies. But his life, while abroad, was as contemptible and licentious as it had been ambitious and turbulent while in his native country. See the Letters of Sir Charles Cornwallis, in Winwood's *Memorials*, vol ii. pp. 108, 325, 441, 443. From these passages, the reader will learn what sort of damsels those were for whose sake the Earl achieved his deeds of chivalry, besides coming to great and divers losses, which the ambassador reports to the court of London. The cause assigned for Bothwell's death is as singular as any part of his wild and hare-brained career. Sir Dudley Carleton writes to Trumble, the English resident at Brussels, upon the 16th January, 1612:—"You will have heard of the death of the Lord Bothwell at Naples, and what cost and ceremony the Spaniards used at his funerall. But the occasion, it may be, will seem strange unto you; it being most certaine, that the news of our prince's (*i. e.* Prince Henry's) death struck him with such a sudden melancholy, that he took his chamber thereupon, and, without speech of any man, (though many came to him to offer him all possible comfort), he died within three or four days after. What may we imagine would have been performed by that prince, if it had pleased God he had lived, since his ashes have wrought such an effect upon a man of so strong a mind, who had been the instrument of so much trouble to his father? And yet towards his end, I understand, he was so dutifully affected towards his majesty, that he was heard often to say, he would go into England and crave pardon of him, though he were sure to lose his head the next day."—WINWOOD'S *Memorials*, vol. iii., p. 424. From this account it would seem, that the death of Bothwell was hastened, if not absolutely occasioned, by the premature fate of Henry, the hopeful Prince of Wales. To this prince, of a character so different from his father, clung the hopes of Raleigh, Southampton, and many others, who had either incurred James's displeasure, or who disapproved of his government. Among others, it seems probable that the exiled earl, whose life shows him to have been "of imagination all compact," had formed some fantastic hopes of emerging from his difficulties by the favour of a prince known to love arms, and those who could use them. The disappointment operating on a mind broken by disasters, and a frame enfeebled by debauchery, will afford an adequate cause for the inconsolable melancholy which hastened the death of the last distinguished Lord of Crichton Castle.

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said to have uttered threatening expressions against the king, as appears in the course of that mysterious procedure, which, in 1631, was near being decided by judicial combat betwixt Donald Lord Reay and Sir David Ramsay. Stuart pressed his suit against Earl Francis of Buccleuch, then a minor, with such favour from the king, and with such success, that it was subjected by reference to Charles's arbitration, who assigned to Stuart the whole estates in Mid-Lothian, although Liddesdale remained in the Buccleuch family.

This act of resumption added a very powerful family, with their numerous kindred and followers, to the king's enemies during the civil wars. Buccleuch levied a strong regiment of his clan for the service of the Parliament against the king, who did good service at Newcastle, Longmarston-moor, and particularly at Philiphaugh. Bishop Guthrie repeatedly notices the inveteracy of this house and name against King Charles, which had its source in this impolitic restitution.

Neither did Francis Stuart profit by the estates thus restored to him. He had been a man of dissolute life and large expense, and they passed into the hands of his creditors, without his receiving any advantage from them. He left a son, who, according to Scots-tarvet, was the same Francis Stuart that was so far reduced as to ride a private trooper in the Life-Guards. He is mentioned in the Memoirs of Captain Creightoun, but is perhaps better known as the Bothwell of the popular novel called Old Mortality. Stuart was not, however, slain at the skirmish of Drumclog, as is represented in that tale, but was present as a captain of cavalry at the battle of Bothwell Bridge. Mr Wood, in his edition of Douglas's Peerage, contends, that Francis Stuart, the trooper, was the nephew of the restored son of Bothwell. But, at all events, the latter's son, called Charles, seems to have been an obscure soldier as well as his cousin, unless he has been accidentally confounded with him. In such utter obscurity terminated, in the fifth generation, a line directly descended from the kings of Scotland.

Crichton Castle, which had so often changed masters in consequence of important revolutions in the state, and witnessed so many instances of human instability, was after this period transferred from hand to hand, according to the ordinary changes of property, which it is less interesting to trace. Its previous history strongly illustrates the versatility of human affairs, and the peculiar mutability of the turbulent politics of Scotland, where it became matter of proverbial remark, that no family of preponderating distinction usually throve beyond the third generation.

When fortunes began to be acquired by commerce, properties situated like Crichton, in the county of Edinburgh, changed owners

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with a frequency which surprised and somewhat scandalized the gentry of the more remote counties. As the opportunities of acquiring land were in the neighbourhood of the metropolis relatively frequent, the temptations to profuse expense were equally so. Hence the proverb, that burgesses' heirs seldom thrive beyond the fourth generation, and another, which runs thus:—

"The grandsire buys, the father biggs;*
The son sells, the grandson thiggs." †

To both these adages there are many honourable exceptions; but, of course, most of the properties near Edinburgh changed masters frequently, when land became the subject of ordinary commerce.

The following were the transmissions of the Castle and Barony of Crichton, so far as we have been able to trace them. In the time of Scotstarvet they were in possession of one Dr Seaton, as having right from the creditors of Francis Stuart, from whom it seems to have been acquired by Hepburn of Humbie, perhaps as a trustee for the said creditors. It was sold about thirty years afterwards to Primrose of Carrington, ancestor of the family of Roseberry, and, in about forty years more, was alienated by Primrose to Sir James Justuss, of Justuss-Hall. With him the castle did not long remain, being conveyed in trust to one Livingstone, who sold it to Pringle Haining. He again sold it to Patrick Ross, from whose trustees it was bought by Alexander Callander, Esq. He was succeeded by the late Sir John Callander, and the estate is now possessed by Sir John's heir of entail, J. A. Higgins, Esq. of Higgins-Nooke.‡

A. D. 1649.
1682.
1724.
1739.
1786.

Having finished the history of the possessors of Crichton Castle, it remains to notice the building itself.

A stately quadrangle, surrounded by buildings of various ages and distinct characters, in which we can trace something of the change of possessors which this castle has undergone. All are totally ruinous.

In the north-west angle of the quadrangle, is a small keep, or donjon-tower, which seems to have been the habitation of the Crichtons, ere the talents of the chancellor elevated his family above the rank of lesser barons or gentry. If their consequence had never swelled beyond the accommodations which that rude tower afforded, in all probability it would have remained theirs for some centuries longer. The chancellor, doubtless, added considerably to his paternal fortalice; and the buildings immediately adjacent on the east seem to be of the period of James II. We are, indeed, told by our historians, that the castle of the chancellor was demolished by

* Builds. † Begs.

‡ Chalmers's *Caledonia*, vol. ii., p. 819. [The possessor now, 1834, is William Burn Callander, Esq.]

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Douglas in 1445; but when this phrase occurs, it is usually to be understood with much modification. The extreme thickness of the walls of a Scottish castle defied any hasty application of force, and the actual demolition was a work both of time and expense. Thus, when it was resolved, in 1409, to raze the Castle of Jedburgh, as affording too convenient a stronghold to the English, it was agitated in the Scottish Parliament, that a tax of two pennies upon every hearth in the kingdom should be employed to defray the charge. When we read, therefore, in Scottish history, of a fortress being demolished, it frequently means only that it was laid waste and dismantled. Such must have been the case with Crichton; for had it been razed totally in 1445, it could hardly, in 1451, have been so completely rebuilt, as to afford refuge to its master when pursued by the bands of Douglas. The size, also, and style of building of the tower on the north-western angle, show that it has been erected before the rest of the castle. Its antiquity, therefore, will probably draw back to the fourteenth century.

It is not so easy to assign a precise date to other parts of the castle; but the eastern side is the most modern, as well as the most beautiful, and offers an example of splendid architecture very unusual in Scottish castles. The inner front, as represented in the engraving, rises above a piazza running the whole length of the front, the pillars of which have their capitals richly decorated with anchors entwined with cables. This favourite ornament inclines us to refer the building to one of the earls of Bothwell, who were High Admirals of Scotland; and we are disposed to assign the work to the splendour of Earl Patrick, whose taste for magnificence has been already commemorated. Above the portico, the stones of the whole front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which produce a variety of light and shade, and give a varied, and beautiful effect to the building. The interior corresponds to the external elegance of the structure. The first floor seems to have been occupied by a magnificent gallery or banqueting-room, well lighted, and running the whole length of the front, to which access was formerly given by a stately staircase, which is now entirely demolished. The soffits of this staircase have been ornamented with cordage and rosettes, carved in freestone; and the whole might afford admirable hints for the modern Gothic, now so frequently employed in architecture. The plainer and less interesting parts of the castle contain such a variety of halls and chambers, as shows the power of the baron, and the number of his followers. The kitchen, which is in the north-eastern angle of the castle, corresponds in gloomy magnitude to the rest of the building.

In a large stone-chimney in one of the apartments, a flat arch is formed of freetones very ingeniously dovetailed into each other.

We must not omit to mention the dungeon, a horrible vault, only accessible by a square hole in the roof, through which captives were lowered into this den of darkness and oblivion. This pit is termed the Massiemore, a name of Eastern origin. It is still applied to the dungeons of the ancient Moorish castles in Spain, and occurs twice in the "Epistolæ Itinerariæ" of Tollius:—"Carcer subterraneus, sive, ut Mauri appellant, MAZMORRA," p. 147; and again, "Coguntur omnes captivi sub noctem in ergastula subterranea, quæ Turcæ Algezerani vocant MAZMORRAS," p. 243.*

Pennant slightly hints, that a person of rank was formerly lowered into the Massiemore of Crichton Castle for having failed to pay his respects to the lord in passing through his domains. The detailed tradition is as follows :—In Scotland, formerly, as still in some parts of Greece, the great chieftains required, as an acknowledgment of their authority, that those who passed through their lands should repair to their castle to explain the purpose of their journey, and receive the hospitality suited to their rank. To neglect this, was held discourtesy in the great, and insolence in the inferior traveller;

* ["That castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne:
And far beneath, where slow they creep,
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist, and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose;
Their various architecture shews
The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

"Crichton! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude, and totter'd keep,
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
Quarter'd in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence.
Nor wholly yet had time defac'd
Thy lordly gallery fair;
Nor yet the stony cord unbraced
Whose twisted notes with roses laced,
Adorn thy ruin'd stair.
Still rises unimpaired below
The court-yard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row
Of fair hewn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go
To shield them from the storm.
And shuddering, still may we explore,
Where oft whilom were captives pent,
The darkness of thy Massy More;
Or from thy grass-grown battlement,
May trace, in undulating line,
The sluggish mazes of the Tyne."
Marmion, canto iv., st. 10, 11.

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and so strictly was the etiquette insisted on by some feudal lords, that the Lord Oliphant is said to have had guns planted at his Castle of Newtyle, in Angus-shire, so as to command the high-road, and to compel all restive passengers to do this act of homage.

It chanced when such ideas were predominant, that the Lord of Crichton Castle received intelligence that a Southern chieftain of high rank, some say Scott of Buccleuch, was to pass his dwelling on his return from court. The Lord of Crichton made great preparation to banquet his expected guest, who nevertheless rode past the castle without paying the expected visit. In his first burst of indignation, the baron pursued the discourteous traveller with a body of horse, made him prisoner, and confined him in the dungeon, while he himself and his vassals feasted upon the good cheer which had been provided. With the morning, however, came reflection, and anxiety for the desperate feud which impended as the necessary consequence of his rough proceeding. It is said, that, by way of *amende honorable*, the baron, upon the second day, placed his compelled guest in his seat of honour in the hall, while he himself retired to his own dungeon, and thus did at once penance for his rashness, satisfied the honour of the stranger chief, and put a stop to the feud which otherwise must have taken place between them.

Ere taking leave of these ruins, there may be mentioned a whimsical circumstance which occurred there, about thirty years since, during a fox-chase, and is described by an eye-witness. Reynard, hard pressed by the Dalkeith pack, took refuge in the ruins of Crichton Castle, with the recesses of which he had probably been long acquainted. The hounds followed in full cry, and wakened the slumbering echoes of the vaults, halls, and chambers, with sounds very different from those to which they had replied during the feudal festivals of the Crichtons and the Bothwells. In the midst of a clamour, which was multiplied tenfold by the reverberation of the ruins, the fox was seen to leap from a small window about ten or twelve feet from the ground, and make the best of his way for the neighbouring cover. The hounds speedily found out the mode of Reynard's retreat; but, as only one could pass through the opening at a time, it was one of the strangest sights possible to see them tumble successively, dog after dog, like a stream, or rather cascade, composed of living creatures, each eagerly resuming the pursuit as he touched the ground, while those that were detained within expressed their rage and impatience by the eagerness of their continued clamours. The fox, however, had by his finesse gained so far the advantage, that he reached the cover on the banks of the stream, and the hounds were thrown out.

Upon the whole, these romantic ruins are well deserving a visit, whether from the antiquary, the admirer of the picturesque, or he who seeks the scenes of historical events, as fittest to convey subjects

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of grave contemplation, and cherish the remembrance of days which are gone by.

Before leaving the subject of Crichton Castle, it is proper to notice the neighbouring Collegiate Church, which is represented in a slight engraving taken from the south-west. It was originally a rectory, rated in the ancient *Taxatio* at 30 merks, and received its collegiate foundation from Chancellor Crichton, out of thankfulness and gratitude to Almighty God for all the manifold deliverances he had vouchsafed to him. So Crawford the genealogist says, "ought to be presumed, and so he verily believes;" leaving, of course, the more uncharitable few, to impute either superstition, hypocrisy, or a political wish to gratify the church, as the ruling motive of the veteran statesman. The foundation is endowed,—"In laudem et honorem Dei Omnipotentis, et Domini nostri Jesu Christi, beatæ et gloriosæ Mariæ semper Virginis, beati Kentigerni et omnium sanctorum, et electorum Dei,"—for a provost, eight prebends, and two boys, appointing, as was usual then, divine service to be daily offered "pro anima bonæ memoriæ Jacobi Regis Scotorum, et pro salute supremi Domini nostri Regis Jacobi moderni, et Dominæ Mariæ Reginæ, conjugis suæ; et pro salute animarum antecessorum, et successorum suorum; pro salute etiam animarum Domini Johannis Crichton patris mei, et Christianæ matris meæ, necnon pro salute animæ meæ, et Agnetis conjugis meæ, et animarum omnium antecessorum, et successorum nostrorum; et pro salute omnium fidelium defunctorum," etc.

The ancient Church of Crichton still subsists, a small but venerable building, in the usual form of a cross, with a low and truncated belfry. The west end has been left unfinished.

There are also, without the gates of the castle, and at a gun-shot's distance, the ruins of a chapel, intended for divine service. It is remarkable, that, in Scotland, the chapel of the castle is often thus situated, perhaps to avoid admitting within the precincts of the fortification those whom it was not thought proper or decent to debar from the place of worship.

BORTHWICK CASTLE.

This ancient and stately tower rises out of the centre of a small but well-cultivated valley, watered by a stream called the Gore, which, flowing to the north-eastward, joins the Esk near Kirkhill; thus deceiving the eye of the spectator, who is led to imagine it the

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same brook with that on which Crichton Castle is situated at about two miles distance, and which has a south-easterly course.

Contrary to the common case, Borthwick Castle did not give a territorial denomination to the Barons who possessed it; but, on the contrary, received its name from theirs. We should conceive that the baronial name of Borthwick was derived from the ancient parish of Borthwick, and the river of the same name in Selkirkshire; yet, genealogists find individuals so called settled in Berwickshire and elsewhere, before Sir William Borthwick, the most distinguished of the family, obtained from Robert, Duke of Albany, governor of Scotland, a charter of the barony of Borthwick, in Selkirkshire, formerly belonging to Robert Scott. In this uncertainty, tradition has taken the liberty of deducing the family from a supposed Andreas, Lord of Burtick, in Livonia, who was said to have accompanied Queen Margaret from Hungary to Scotland in the year 1057.

It is certain that, however descended, Sir William de Borthwick, who was already possessor of Herriot-moor, bought from Sir William Hay the greater part of the manor of Locherworth, and bestowed upon it his own family name: he then obtained from King James I. a special license for erecting upon the spot called the Mote of Locherwart, a castle, or fortalice, and to surround the same with walls and ditches, to defend it with gates of brass or iron, and to place upon the summit defensive ornaments, by which is meant battlements and turrets: he was farther empowered to place in the castle so erected, a constable, a porter, and all other persons and things necessary for the defence thereof.*

June 2, 1430.

Such licenses were not very common in Scotland, where each nobleman assumed the liberty of fortifying his castle according to his own means, and at his own pleasure; and where lesser proprietors were not only permitted, but even enjoined by law, to render the dwellings defensive against the common enemy. This document, therefore, seems to have arisen from the policy of James the First, who, being intent upon extending the power of the crown, and diminishing that of the great nobles, was probably desirous to render the royal license necessary in Scotland, as it was in England, to

* (Litera licentiæ Willielmo de Borthwick de eodem militi ad construendum castrum.—(*Regist. Mag. Lib* 3, *No.* 86.)—Jacobis Dei gratia Rex Scotorum. Omnibus probis hominibus suis ad quos presentes literæ pervenerint Salutem. Sciatis quod concessimus Dilecto et Fideli nostro Willielmo de Borthwick de eodem militi tanquam utile et honestum licentiam nostram specialem construendi castrum in loco illo qui vulgariter dicitur le Mote de Lochorwart infra vicecomitatum de Edinburgh ac ipsum castrum seu fortalicium erigere et fortificare muris fossisque circumcingere portis æreis seu ferreis ac in summitate ornamentis defensivis præparare. Et in eodem castro seu fortalicio constabularium janitorem custodesque necessarios et optimos pro sua voluntate ponendi et removendi ac omnia alia quæ ad securitatem et fortificationem dicti castri necessaria fuerint faciendi. In cujus rei testimonium has literas nostras sub magno sigillo nostro fieri fecimus patentes. Apud Edinburghum 2do die mensis Junii anno Domini 1430mo et regni nostri 25to.)

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entitle a baron to fortify his own castle. There is a similar license granted for fortifying Duddingstone Castle, in East-Lothian, and other instances occur during the reigns of the three first Jameses.

Sir William de Borthwick, in virtue of this grant, erected a noble building, in the form of a double tower or donjon, seventy-four feet in length, sixty-eight feet in breadth, and in height ninety feet from the area to the battlements. The architecture is in the best style of the middle ages, and the mason-work is excellent; the walls are of hewn stone, both within and without, of the thickness of thirteen feet towards the foundation, gradually contracting to six feet at the top of the edifice. The castle occupies a knoll, or moat, surrounded by the small river, and is surrounded by an outer court, occupying the whole summit of the eminence, enclosed and fortified by a strong outward wall, having flanking towers at the angles. The entrance, from the outer court to the donjon, or keep, seems to have been by means of a ramp, or perron of stone, raised to the height of the first story; and thus communicating with the gate of the tower by a drawbridge. This is a common means of interior defence where there was no inner moat, and may be seen at Newark Castle in Selkirkshire, and other buildings of the fifteenth century. The reader will best conceive the nature of the perron, or ramp, by comparing it to a great horse-block, which resembles it in every thing excepting size; the top of this erection being on a level with the threshold of the gate, the exterior end of the drawbridge rested on it when lowered, and, when raised, left a vacancy of twelve or fourteen feet betwixt the gate and perron of ten or twelve feet in depth, and in length corresponding to the length of the drawbridge. Above the gateway is the figure of a bishop, whom we should pronounce to be Saint Andrew, could we see any vestige of his saltire or cross.

The interior of Borthwick Castle is exceedingly interesting. The joists, flooring, etc. have been destroyed and renewed, but the walls remain entire, and little encumbered with rubbish, and the floors of the great hall, chapel, etc. being laid on strong stone arches, have escaped demolition. Three stairs, ascending at the angles of the building, gave access to the separate stories. One is quite ruinous, but the others are still in indifferent good repair.

Mr Nisbet, the genealogist, fancifully imagines that this noble pile was built after the Hungarian form, in remembrance of the founder's origin; but, in truth, it differs no otherwise from the Scottish castles of the time than in its great beauty of proportion, and solidity of workmanship.

Like many other baronial residences in Scotland, Sir William de Borthwick built this magnificent pile upon the very verge of his own property. The usual reason for choosing such a situation was hinted

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by a northern baron, to whom a friend objected this circumstance as a defect, at least an inconvenience: "We'll *brixx yont*," (*Anglice*, press forward) was the baron's answer; which expressed the policy of the powerful in settling their residence upon the extremity of their domains, as giving pretext and opportunity for making acquisitions at the expense of their neighbours. William de Hay, from whom Sir William Borthwick had acquired a part of Locherworth, is said to have looked with envy upon the splendid castle of his neighbour, and to have vented his spleen by building a mill upon the lands of Little Locherworth, immediately beneath the knoll on which the fortress was situated, declaring that the Lord of Borthwick, in all his pride, should never be out of hearing of the *clack* of his neighbour's mill. The mill accordingly still exists, as a property independent of the castle.

From the battlements of Borthwick Castle, which command a varied and beautiful view, the top of Crichton Castle can be discovered, lying about two miles distant to the eastward. The convenience of communicating by signal with a neighbouring fortress was an object so much studied in the erection of Scottish castles, that, in all probability, this formed one reason of the unusual height to which Borthwick Castle is raised.

William de Borthwick, by whom this magnificent tower was erected, made a considerable figure in the reign of James I., and was one of those men of rank who sat as an assize upon the Duke of Lenox and Alexander, sons of the Duke of Albany, when the unfortunate princes were condemned and executed at Stirling in the year of God 1424. He appears to have been created Lord Borthwick previous to 1430; in which year his son received the honour of knighthood, together with the heir of his neighbour, Sir William Crichton, and others, and was then designed, "filius et Heres Gulielmi Domini de Borthwick."

William, the second Lord Borthwick, according to genealogists, made also a figure in the history of his time; he adhered to the king in the feuds of the Douglasses, and sat in that Parliament by which doom of forfeiture was pronounced upon that powerful family on the 10th of June, 1455. Upon the 14th of March, 1457, we find Lord Borthwick protesting in open Parliament against the purpose of the king to raise Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith, for the reward of his loyalty, to the rank of Earl, by the title of Morton, alleging, that the lands of Morton belonged in property to his sister Janet, Lady Dalkeith, and Sir William Douglas, her son; wherefore, Lord Borthwick humbly implored the King, that no title might be conferred in prejudice of their right. It was replied by the Chancellor, that the place from which Lord Dalkeith was to derive the title of his proposed

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Earldom was Morton in Calderclear, and not the Castle and Barony of the same name in Clydesdale, belonging to his mother-in-law and to his half-brother: upon which declaration Lord Borthwick took instruments.

In the records of Parliament, now rendered accessible to the public, by that most honourable national publication, superintended by Mr Thomson, the Depute Register, no name occurs more frequently as attending on the Scottish Estates than that of Lord Borthwick. The vicinity of the family residence to Edinburgh may, in some measure, account for this; but, unquestionably, their power and talents rendered them also able counsellors, and powerful assistants of the royal authority.

To relieve these dry antiquarian details, the reader may be amused with the following whimsical incident which took place in the Castle of Borthwick, in the year 1547. It appears, that, in consequence of a process betwixt Master George Hay de Minzeane and the Lord Borthwick, letters of excommunication had passed against the latter, on account of the contumacy of certain witnesses. William Langlands, an apparitor, or macer (*bacularius*), of the See of St Andrews, presented these letters to the Curate of the Church of Borthwick, requiring him to publish the same at the service of High Mass. It seems that the inhabitants of the Castle were at this time engaged in the favourite sport of enacting the Abbot of Unreason, a species of *High-jinks*, in which a mimic prelate was elected, who, like the Lord of Misrule in England, turned all sort of lawful authority, and particularly the Church Ritual, into ridicule. This frolicsome person, with his retinue, notwithstanding of the apparitor's character, entered the church, seized upon the primate's officer without hesitation, and, dragging him to the mill-dam on the south side of the castle, compelled him to leap into the water. Not contented with this partial immersion, the Abbot of Unreason pronounced, that Mr William Langlands was not yet sufficiently bathed, and therefore caused his assistants to lay him on his back in the stream, and duck him in the most satisfactory and perfect manner. The unfortunate apparitor was then conducted back to the church, where, for his refreshment after his bath, the letters of excommunication were torn to pieces, and steeped in a bowl of wine; the mock abbot being probably of opinion, that a tough parchment was but dry eating. Langlands was compelled to eat the letters, and swallow the wine, and dismissed by the Abbot of Unreason, with the comfortable assurance, that, if any more such letters should arrive during the continuance of his office, "they should a'gang the same gait," *i. e.* go the same road. A similar scene occurs betwixt a Sumner of the Bishop of Rochester and Harpool, the servant of Lord Cobham, in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle, when the former compels the church-officer to eat his citation. The dialogue,

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which may be found in the note, contains most of the jests which may be supposed appropriate to such an extraordinary occasion.*

The same incident occurs in another old play, The Pinner of Wakefield, where George a Greene tears the commission of a traitorous envoy, and compels the bearer "to eat the seals, or brook the stab." —See DODSLEY'S "Odl Plays," vol. v., p. 11. A similar mode of expressing scorn, with some additional circumstances of disgrace, was actually adhibited to another ambassador by the citizens of Jedburgh.† Nash, in his controversy with Gabriel Harvey, gives yet another instance of this whimsical kind of revenge, as practised by the witty and dissolute Robert Greene. He says he saw him cause an apparitor to eat his citation, very handsomely served up betwixt two plates. The officers of the church seem to have been particularly obnoxious to this unpleasant treatment.

The Consistory Register of St Andrews, which contains this curious detail,‡ does not explain what was done in consequence of so gross

* "*Harpool.* Marry, sir, is this process parchment?
Sumner. Yes, marry, is it.
Harpool. And this seal wax.
Sumner. It is so.
Harpool. If this be parchment and this be wax, eat you this parchment and wax, or I will make parchment of your skin, and beat your brains into wax. Sirrah Sumner, despatch—devour, sirrah, devour.
Sumner. I am my Lord of Rochester's Sumner; I came to do my office, and thou shalt answer it.
Harpool. Sirrah, no railing, but betake thyself to thy teeth. Thou shalt eat no worse than thou bringest with thee. Thou bringest it for my lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worse than thou wilt eat thyself?
Sumner. Sir, I brought it not my lord to eat.
Harpool. O, do you *sir* me now! All's one for that; I'll make you eat it for bringing it.
Sumner. I cannot eat it.
Harpool. Can you not? S'blood, I'll beat you till you have a stomach. [*Beats him.*
Sumner. Oh, hold, hold, good Mr Servingman, I will eat it.
Harpool. Be champing, be chewing, sir, or I will chew you, you rogue. Though wax is the purest of the honey.
Sumner. The purest of the honey!—O, lord, sir! oh! oh!
Harpool. Feed, feed, 'tis wholesome, rogue, wholesome. Cannot you, like an honest Sumner, walk with the devil your brother, to fetch in your bailiff's rents, but you must come to a nobleman's house with process? If thy seal were as broad as the lead which covers Rochester Church, thou shouldst eat it.
Sumner. Oh, I am almost choked—I am almost choked.
Harpool. Who's within there? will you shame my lord? Is there no beer in the house? Butler, I say.

Enter BUTLER.

Butler. Here, here.
Harpool. Give him beer. Tough old sheep-skin's but dry meat."
First part of Sir John Oldcastle. Act. ii. Scene i.

† See *Note*, from Bannatyne's *Journal*, *ante*, p. 38.

‡ The Extract was supplied to us by that eminent Scottish antiquary, J. Riddell, Esq. Advocate.

"Per officialem die lunæ xvi. mensis Maii anno Domi, 1547°.

. . . . . .

"HAY, DOMINUS BORTHWICK,

"Eodem die (die lunæ) Willielmus Langlandis baculus literarum citatarum Domini Officialis emanatarum super Johannem Dominum Borthwik ad instantiam Magistri Georgii Hay de Mynzeane et literarum excommunicandum pro nonnullis testibus contumacibus, juravitque quod Idem Willielmus baculus præsentavit literas hujusmodi Curato dicte ecclesie pro earumdem executione facienda die dominico decimo quinto die mensis instantis Maii ante initium summe misse. Qui Curatus easdem ante summam missam deponendi redeliberavit, et dixit, se velle easdem exequi post summam missam. Et supervenit qui-

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an insult to an officer of the church, farther than the curate was summoned to depone, in the name of the Abbot of Unreason, who, with his complices, was threatened with excommunication so soon as that should be ascertained. The incident serves, however, to show the progress of the Reformation at this period, as well as that unbounded license which, a few years afterwards, occasioned the choosing of Abbots of Unreason, and other popular sports of the same saturnalian description, to be prohibited by Act of Parliament. By the same statute, women singing round summer-trees, or Maypoles, are ordered to be taken, handled, and put upon the ducking-stone;—a rude penance for so classical and pastoral an amusement. Act. 155. ch. 40.

John, the fifth Lord Borthwick, though he probably patronised the license of the Abbot of Unreason, was, it is believed, a Catholic, certainly a loyalist and an adherent of Queen Mary. She frequently made use of his baronial castle in her progress through her kingdom: and it would appear that Lord Borthwick was a friend and ally of Bothwell; to whom, indeed, as Lord of Crichton Castle, he was a near neighbour. A journal of some material passages concerning Mary's motions, usually termed Cecil's, or Murray's Diary, contains the following entries:

"October 7, 1566. My Lord Bothwell was hurt in Lyddisdale, *and the Queen* raid to Borthwick."

"June 7, 1567. He (Bothwell) purposed and raid against the Lord Houme and Fernherst, and so passed to Melros, and *she* to *Borthwick*."

"June 11, 1567. The lords came suddenly to Borthwick; Bothwell fled to Dunbar, and the lordis retyred to Edinbrough, she followed Bothwell to Dunbar disguised."

This might, in any ordinary historical investigation, seem a sufficient notice of what had passed. But the history of Mary Stuart is invested with an interest, as well as a mystery, which attaches to no other part of Scottish history. Her beauty, her talents, her misfortunes, her errors, the watchword which her name has long afforded to contending partisans, have combined to irritate curiosity respecting the most trivial circumstance connected with her unhappy story. The following more minute detail of the anxious moment, in which

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dem vulgariter nuncupatus ye Abbot of Unressone of Borthwick, cum suis complicibus, and causit him passe wyt yam quhill he come to ye mylne-dam, at ye south syde of ye castell, and compellit him to lope in ye wattir, and quhan he had loppin in ye wattir, ye said Abbot of Unressone, saide ye deponent was not weite aneuche nor deip aneuche, and wyt yat keist him doune in ye watter by ye shulderis. And yerefter ye deponent past agane to ye kirk, and deliverit yaim to ye curate for executione of ye samyn. And you, ye said Abbot of Unressone, came, and take ye letters furt of ye Curate's hand, and gaif ye deponent ane glasse full of wyne, and raif ye letters, and mulit ye samyn amangis ye wyne, and causit ye deponent drynk ye wyne ande eit ye letters, and saide, gif ony maa lettres came yair, salang as he war lord, yai sulde gang ye said gait: propterea judex decrevit Curatum citandum ad deponendum super nomine et cognomine dicti Abbatis de Unressone et suorum Complicium et literas in futurum exequendas in vicinioribus ecclesiis. Et dictus Abbas et complices excommunicandus quam primo constare poterit de eorumdem nominibus."

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she escaped from Borthwick, is taken from a letter of James Beaton, the Archbishop of Glasgow, written to his brother Andrew, for the information of that active prelate, dated 17th June, 1567.

A. D. 1567. On 11th June, Morton, Mar, Hume, and Lindsay, with other inferior barons, and attended by nine hundred or a thousand horse, on a sudden surrounded the Castle of Borthwick, where Bothwell was in company with the Queen. Bothwell had such early intelligence of their enterprise, that he had time to ride off with a very few attendants; and the insurgent nobles, when they became aware of his escape, retreated to Dalkeith, and from thence to Edinburgh, where they had friends who declared for them, in spite of the efforts of Queen Mary's partisans. The latter, finding themselves the weaker party, retreated to the castle, while the provost and the armed citizens, to whom the defence of the town was committed, did not, indeed, open their gates to the insurgent lords, but saw them forced without offering opposition. These sad tidings were carried to Mary by Beaton, the writer of the letter, who found her still at Borthwick, "so quiet, that there was none with her passing six or seven persons." She had probably calculated on the citizens of Edinburgh defending the capital against the insurgents; when this hope failed, she resolved on flight. "Her majesty," says the letter, "in men's clothes, booted and spurred, departed that same night from Borthwick to Dunbar: whereof no man knew, save my lord duke (*i. e.* Bothwell, created the Duke of Orkney), and some of his servants, who met her majesty a mile from Borthwick, and conveyed her to Dunbar." We may gather from these particulars, that, although the confederated lords had declared against Bothwell, they had not as yet adopted the purpose of imprisoning Queen Mary herself. When Bothwell's escape was made known, the blockade of Borthwick was instantly raised, although the place had neither garrison nor means of defence. The more audacious enterprise of making the Queen prisoner, had not been adopted by the insurgents until the event of the incidents at Carberry-hill showed such to have been the Scottish Queen's unpopularity at the time, that any attempt might be hazarded against her person or liberty, without the immediate risk of its being resented by her subjects. There seems to have been an interval of nearly two days betwixt the escape of Bothwell from Borthwick Castle, and the subsequent flight of the Queen in disguise to Dunbar. If, during that interval, Mary could have determined on separating her fortunes from those of the deservedly detested Bothwell, her page in history might have closed more happily.

John Knox gives the following account of the same incident and its consequences. The nobles, who proposed to set up James the Sixth, had assembled at Stirling, while the Queen and Bothwell were raising men in Lothian with a view of marching. "The lords

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failing of their design at Borthwick Castle, went to Edinburgh, quherof they made thameselfis masters easely, having the affections of the people, notwithstanding the Erle of Huntly and Archbishop of Saint Androis perswasioun to the contrary: These two, with their associates, wer constrained to retire to the castle, quhere they wer received by Sir James Balfour, left there by Bothwell."

As the fifth Lord Borthwick was a faithful adherent of Queen Mary, his great-grandson, John, the eighth lord, was a follower of the king during the Great Civil War; he was not, however, a pure royalist, or, as their enemies termed them, a *malignant*, but adhered to the Scottish Parliament, and his name is to be found in the Committee of Estates, 1649; and on the 15th March, in the same important year. Upon this occasion Borthwick Castle, with all the other strong houses in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, was garrisoned for the king, which greatly straitened the invading English army under Cromwell, and, joined to the cautious tactics of Lesley, compelled Oliver to a retreat from Edinburgh, which, but for the insolent presumption and pragmatical ignorance of the Presbyterian ministers, would have been both disgraceful and destructive. But when these false prophets had, by their meddling interference, occasioned the fatal battle of Dunbar, and the surrender of Edinburgh, the detached fortresses in Mid-Lothian fell one by one into the hands of the English.

Borthwick Castle seems to have held out gallantly, and the garrison employed themselves to the last in annoying the victorious army. This soon drew upon them the vengeance of Cromwell, who sent the following characteristic summons, dated at Edinburgh, 18th November, 1650, and endorsed—"For the Governor off Borthwick Castle —These."

"Sir,

"I thought fitt to send this trumpett to you to let you know, that if you please to walk away with your company, and deliver the house to such as I shall send to receive it, you shall have libertie to carry off your arms and goods, and such other necessaries as you have. You harboured such parties in your house as have basely and inhumanely murdered our men; if you necessitate me to bend my cannon against you, you must expect what I doubt you will not be pleased with. I expect your present answer, and rest

"Your servant, O. Cromwell."

Notwithstanding this very significant epistle, the governor of Borthwick Castle, supposed to be Lord Borthwick himself, held out the fortress, untill artillery was opened upon it, and then surrendered it upon honourable terms. The effect of Cromwell's battery still remains, his fire having destroyed a part of the freestone facing of the eastern side of the castle. It is said, the family repeatedly afterwards attempted to repair the injury which the place had sustained, but without success; for, owing to the difficulty of uniting the modern and the ancient masonry, the former always fell down; a circum-

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stance, if true, which argued little skill in the art of building, since nothing could be so easy as to cut into the old wall, so as to afford a sufficient foundation for the new work.

After the death of the last-mentioned Lord Borthwick, the title remained in abeyance; nor has it yet been resumed by any claimant who has been able to make good his pretensions in the House of Lords.

The estates belonging to the family have been at one time immense. In the first conveyance of the Borthwick estates, executed August 1st, 1538, there are comprehended the Moat of Lochquarret, the castle of the same, called the Castle of Borthwick; half of Bateland, in the county of Edinburgh; Borthwick, in Selkirkshire; Legerwood, Glengelt, Colinlaw, and Brownhouse, in Berwickshire; Ormiston, Herriot, Herriotmuir, Hethpule, and Whitfield, in the county of Peebles; and Aberdour, in Aberdeenshire; which lands, by this deed, are destined to William, Lord of Borthwick; John Borthwick, his son, and apparent heir; Sir John Borthwick of Gordonhall; and William Borthwick of Crookstone, and their heirs-male respectively.

Regst. C. S. Lib. 26. No. 158.

Besides the descendants immediately connected by entail with the family succession, there were others of the name who were distinguished during the reigns of the several monarchs of the Stuart family. Such was Robert Borthwick, eminent for his skill both in founding and using artillery, at a time when both arts were little understood. He was Master of Artillery to James IV., and cast, among other pieces, the beautiful train of guns called the Seven Sisters, so much admired by the victors whose prize they became on the fatal field of Flodden. He put on his guns this rude legend—

"Machina sum Scoto Borthwic fabricata Roberto."

Another person of the name was remarkable for using upon his death-bed the saying which is proverbially termed "David Borthwick's Testament." He was bred an advocate, and acquired many large estates, which he put into his son Sir James Borthwick's possession during his own life. The young heir proved a prodigal, and spent all. Ballencrieff, the last estate which remained, was sold while the old lawyer was dying. He heard the evil news, and only replied, "What can I say?—I bequeath every man to the devil that begets a fool, and does not make a fool of him."

We return to the principal line of Borthwick. The last direct heir-male having, as already mentioned, deceased in the person of the ninth Lord Borthwick, in 1672, the castle and barony became the property of John Dundas of Harvistone, nephew of the deceased Lord Borthwick, and grandson of Sir James Dundas, of the distinguished family of Arnistoun. It passed afterwards by purchase to the family

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of Dalrymple of Cousland, and from thence to that of Mitchelson of Middleton.

By a late sale, the castle has been acquired by John Borthwick, Esq. of Crookstone, passing thus once more into a branch of the ancient family, from which the ruins derived their name, and who, as we believe, possesses a claim to inherit their ancient baronial honours. It is at any rate pleasant to consider, that so fine a specimen of ancient architecture, interesting also through so many remembrances, and, if deserted, still far from being ruinous, is now in possession of a family so deeply interested in its preservation. To render such a castle habitable, however entire the walls, and pleasant the site, is usually impossible, without altogether destroying its character as a memorial of antiquity. But that the work of actual destruction, and even the slow progress of decay, should be arrested by timely and reverential attention, is what the historical antiquary will doubtless expect from a family possessing so proud a memorial of the grandeur of their ancestors. And it is with pleasure that we conclude this imperfect article, on one of the most beautiful and entire specimens of castle-architecture in Scotland, with expressing our conviction that it is now in the hands of a proprietor equally interested in its preservation, and disposed to attend to it.

THE GREAT HALL OF BORTHWICK CASTLE.

"Is," says Nisbet, "so large and high in the roof, that a man on horseback might turn a spear in it with all the ease imaginable." The ceiling of this stately apartment consists of a smooth vault of ashlerwork, the joining of the stones being curiously fitted together. The roof has been painted with such devices as occur in old illuminations. There can be still traced the representation of a castle, with its battlements, towers, and pinnacles, and the legend, in Gothic characters, Ye Temple of Honor, is distinctly legible.

Stately and magnificent in itself, the Hall of Borthwick, as appears from our sketch of the history of the castle, is no less rich in associations. Here we may suppose the Abbot of Unreason was permitted to exercise his frolics, till the applause with which they were received encouraged him to set his mimic authority in competition with that of the Primate of Scotland. Here

"The stern protector of the conquered land"

received the keys of the castle, into which his cannon had forced an entrance. But, above all, the image of Queen Mary feasting with her unworthy Bothwell, startled from revelry by the voice of insurrection, and finally obliged to escape in the disguise of a page, comes

before us with that deep interest which is excited by every vicissitude of her melancholy history.

It is pleasing to reflect, that so fine a remnant of antiquity as Borthwick Castle, is now the property of those most interested in saving it from falling to ruins. It is very capable of being rendered habitable; but Mr Borthwick of Crookstone, the proprietor, has, with better taste, determined to preserve the castle in its present state. The attempt to ingraft modern accommodations upon the simplicity of an ancient castle, is certain to destroy the points which render it interesting to an antiquary, without always answering the purpose intended by the inhabitant. So that, in the general case, it is more judicious to arrest the progress of decay, and preserve ancient buildings in the style and form in which they were originally built, than to change their appearance, and injure their historical interest, by attempting to metamorphose them into modern places of residence.

TOWN OF DALKEITH.

This thriving town is a burgh of barony, lying about six miles from Edinburgh, and is most beautifully situated betwixt the rivers called the North and South Esk, which here approach close to each other, previous to their actual junction in the Park belonging to Dalkeith-House, about a mile and a half below the town.

In ancient times, the town of Dalkeith, as was almost universally the fashion in Scotland, run close up to, and was terminated by, the baronial castle, which served as a citadel to the town, and in time of need was garrisoned by the inhabitants. But the principal street, which is wide and handsome, is now terminated by the gate at the head of the avenue to the mansion, so that there is some interval between the town and the house, or, as it is popularly termed, the palace.

The etymology of the name cannot be easily ascertained. Besides the barony of Keith, in Lothian, Inch-Keith, and other compounds of the same word, occur. It has passed into the proper name of a distinguished tribe, whose head was the Earl Mareschal of Scotland. But though the family of Keith probably took their name from the barony so called, of which they long held the property, that circumstance will not help us to the original sense of the word. Some have supposed Keith equivalent to the British word *Bath*, signifying *battle*, in which case Dalkeith would mean the field of battle, Inch-Keith the island of battle, and so forth. The learned Mr Chalmers

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inclines to derive the word *Keith* from *Cueth*, signifying, in Celtic, narrowness, or confined extent, which suits well with the situation of the town, betwixt two rivers.

Lying so near the metropolis, the barony, castle, and town of Dalkeith were at a very early period possessed by proprietors of note and importance. The first upon record are the family yet remembered in the town of Dalkeith, by the popular name of the gallant Grahames. William de Grahame obtained from David I., so munificent in his grants to men of rank and valour, the lands of Abercorn and Dalkeith, in Lothian, in which he was succeeded by his eldest son, Patrick, while his second son, John, the ancestor of the Dukes of Montrose, obtained other possessions in Forfarshire and elsewhere. The male line of Patrick, the eldest son of William, became extinct in the reign of David II., ending in the person of Sir John de Grahame, whose possessions of Lugton and Dalkeith, as well as extensive lands in Liddesdale, passed to his daughter Margaret, who married a Sir William Douglas, and thus transferred to that yet more powerful family the estates of her father.

No memorials remain of the Grahames about Dalkeith, unless the fading traditions of the place, and two curious, but wasted tombstones, which lie within the ruined circuit of the old church. They represent knights in chain-armour, lying cross-legged upon their monuments, like those ancient and curious figures on the tombs in the Temple Church, London.

Who the Sir William Douglas was, that, by his marriage with Margaret Grahame, acquired so fair an estate, antiquaries are by no means agreed. Thus far it seems to be certain, that he was the ancestor of the Earls of Morton. But a great confusion arises from the frequency of the name of William, in the House of Douglas, and from its being actually borne at this period by the celebrated Sir William Douglas of Polbothy, in Moffatdale, better known in history as the Knight of Liddesdale, and by several others. Mr Chalmers is decidedly of opinion, that although William of Dalkeith is sometimes termed the Lord of Liddesdale, and certainly had possessions there, he must be held a different person from the celebrated Knight of Liddesdale. His reasoning on this subject indicates his usual extent of research. Considerable difficulties, however, still hang around this obscure subject; one or two of which we may be forgiven for stating, not as impugning Mr Chalmers's opinions, but as requiring further illustration.

It is, in the first place, an admitted fact, that Sir William Douglas of Dalkeith had a nephew, termed James Douglas, by whom he was succeeded. This is proved, among other circumstances, by two charters, the one signed at Dalkeith, 14th December, 1351, by which William of Douglas, designing himself Lord of the Valley of Lid-

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dell, confers the lands of Aberdower on his beloved nephew, James of Douglas, which charter he subscribes in presence of these witnesses, "Andrea de Douglas avunculo meo, Willielmo de Douglas seniore fratre meo." Again, in a grant of certain lands to the church of Dalkeith, 1st June, 1406, Sir James Douglas, the grantor, mentions Sir John of Douglas, his father, the Lady Agnes, his mother, and, "Willielmi de Douglas domini Vallis de Leddalle avunculi nostri."

The relation of nephew and uncle, being therefore proved to exist betwixt Sir William Douglas of Dalkeith, designed the Lord of the Valley of Liddesdale, and Sir James Douglas, we shall proceed to show, that at least one ancient historian states the same connexion to have existed betwixt Sir James and the historical Knight of Liddesdale in contradiction of the system which would make the latter a distinct person from Sir William Douglas of Dalkeith, assuming also the title of Lord or Laird of Liddesdale.

Fordun, who is usually accurate, mentions the murder of David de Berkeley, in 1350, as committed at the instigation of William Douglas, then prisoner in England, in revenge of the death of his brother, John Douglas, father to James Douglas of Dalkeith, the elder.* That the historical Knight of Liddesdale is the person charged with the instigation of this crime, is certain, from his being described as "prisoner in England," where he remained from the date of the battle of Durham, where he was made captive, until 1351, when he was set at liberty upon a traitorous composition with the English monarch. It would seem to follow, that the historical Knight of Liddesdale, unless Fordun be mistaken, was that uncle to whom Sir James Douglas succeeded in the Lordship of Dalkeith. Indeed many other points of resemblance occur between these Sosias of Liddesdale, the two Sir William Douglasses.

Both married heiresses, and were designed of Liddesdale.

Both left an only daughter.

The Knight of Liddesdale was alive in 1351.

So was the Lord of Dalkeith.

The Knight of Liddesdale was slain in 1353, and it would be difficult to show that the Lord of Dalkeith survived that period.

Both of these Sir Williams had a father called Sir James.

Sir William Douglas of Dalkeith had, as appears from the charter above quoted, a brother, bearing his own name of William. And the Rotuli Scotiæ contain a safe conduct to a William Douglas, senior, who been prisoner in the tower along with the Knight of Liddesdale. Which circumstances, by the way, add a third William Douglas to the list.

Yet, notwithstanding these remarkable indications of identity, as

* Forduni *Scot. Chronicon*, vol. ii., p. 348.

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well as the direct testimony of Fordun, the following circumstances, collected by Mr Chalmers, go far to establish, that the Knight of Liddesdale, and the Lord of Dalkeith, were, in fact, distinct persons.

The wife of Sir William, by whom he succeeded to the estate of Dalkeith and Abercorn, is said to have been called Margaret. But the widow of the Knight of Liddesdale was certainly named Elizabeth, as appears from her curious treaty with the King of England after the death of her husband.*

Both were prisoners in England about the same time, but they were not taken on one occasion. William Douglas of Polbothy (indisputably the Knight of Liddesdale) was taken prisoner in a skirmish at Lochmaben, in March, 1332-3, whereas William Douglas of Loudon or Dalkeith was made captive in the battle of Halidon, fought 19th July, 1333.

It seems hard to reconcile these distinct points of difference with the testimony of Fordun, whom we are therefore tempted to believe mistaken in terming the Knight of Liddesdale, who was the certain instigator of the murder of Berkely, the uncle of Sir James of Dalkeith. Godscroft had already noticed the existence of such an error, positively affirming, that the Knight of Liddesdale was "the son natural to (the good) Sir James, but not the brother of John of Dalkeith, (father to Sir James), as some say." The point is not altogether indifferent to those claiming descent from the House of Dalkeith, since, if the Knight of Liddesdale could be identified with the founder, it would bastardize that whole race of the Douglasses.

To return from this digression, William Douglas of Dalkeith was succeeded by his nephew, Sir James, who transmitted the estate to a son of his own name, afterwards created Lord Dalkeith. The family finally attained the title of Earls of Morton.

But although the Douglasses of the Morton branch seem thus to have possessed the property of Dalkeith, yet, if Froissart's testimony can be received, the castle was occupied by the Earl of Douglas, the head of the house so named, and used by him as his own mansion. In describing the skirmish which passed at the barriers of Newcastle, the historian informs,

"There fought hand to hand the Earl of Douglas and Sir Henry Percy, and by force of arms the Earl Douglas won the banner of Sir Henry Percy, wherewith he was sore displeased, and so were all the Englishmen; and the Earl Douglas said to Sir Henry Percy, 'Sir, I shall bear this token of your prowess into Scotland, and shall set it high on my Castle of Dalkeith (D'Alquest). that it may be seen afar off.'"—BERNER'S *Froissart*, vol. ii., p. 393. Reprint, 4to, 1812.

Hotspur's desire to regain his pennon led to the bloody battle of Otterbourne. With yet more positive evidence, Froissart speaks in two passages of his having actually in person visited William Earl of Douglas at his Castle of Dalkeith.

* Rymer, vol. v., p. 760.

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"I, author of this book, in my youth, had ridden nigh over all the realm of Scotland, and I was then a fifteen days in the house of Earl William Douglas, father to the same Earl James, of whom I spoke of now. In a castle five leagues from Edinburgh, in the country called Dalkeith (D'Alquest), the same time, I saw there this Earl James, a fair young child, and a sister of his called the Lady Blanche." *

In another place, he again affirms,

"I, Sir John Froissart, author of this book, was in Scotland in the Earle's Castle of Dalkeith (D'Alquest), living Earl William, at which time he had two children, a son and a daughter." †

Lord Hailes expresses an opinion, that Froissart may have mistaken James Lord of Dalkeith, for the Earl of Douglas. But this seems very unlikely; and we may rather suppose, that the strength of the Castle of Dalkeith, as well as its convenient neighbourhood to Edinburgh, caused it sometimes to be occupied by the Earls of Douglas, although the property remained with their kinsmen, the Douglasses of Dalkeith and Morton.

In the busy reign of Queen Mary, the Castle of Dalkeith was the stronghold of the celebrated Earl of Morton, afterwards regent. It was surrendered to the English, as is mentioned by Sadler, shortly after the fatal battle of Pinkie. It was the headquarters of Morton during that calamitous period, called from him the *Douglas wars*, when he on the one hand, and Kirkaldy of Grange, then governor of Edinburgh Castle, on the other, were engaged in constant skirmishes, in which no quarter was given, or when, if prisoners chanced to be made, they were executed in cold blood. After Morton had resigned the regency, he retired to his Castle of Dalkeith, which, from the general idea entertained of his character, acquired at that time the expressive name of the Lion's Den. When Morton was executed, the barony of Dalkeith was included in his attainder, and although the whole was finally restored to the Earl of Morton, yet the castle seems long to have been considered as public property, and used as such.

Thus, in Monipenny's Chronicle, the author classes among the palaces appertaining to the king, "the palace of Dalkeith, reserved for the use of the prince, with the orchard, garden, banks and woods adjoining thereunto, within four miles of Edinburgh." In the eventful year 1639, the Duke of Hamilton, then royal commissioner, occupied Dalkeith House during his unavailing disputes with the Covenanters. And it appears from a passage in Baillie's Letters, that he had conveyed thither the regalia of Scotland, either in order to secure them from the insurgent nobles, or perhaps with a view to their removal into England.

In the year 1642, the estate was purchased from the Earl of Morton by Francis Earl of Buccleuch. But Dalkeith House continued during

* Berner's *Froissart*, vol. ii., p. 396. † *Ibidem*, p. 404.

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the usurpation to be used as public property, and became the residence of General Monk, to whom Cromwell delegated the government of Scotland. He made several improvements around the place, and amused himself particularly with gardening and the cultivation of flowers, in which he took great pleasure.

After the Restoration, and as we believe after the fate of her unhappy husband, Ann Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth repaired the ancient Castle, in a manner which adapted it well for the residence of so great a family. A new front and wings, containing a noble entrance-hall, staircase, and gallery, amongst other apartments, was erected, facing the south, and the moat being filled up, gave free access to carriages. The more ancient part of the building lost its castellated appearance, to assume that of a large and modern mansion; but the situation on the steep banks of the Esk, and the extreme thickness of the walls attest what has been its former strength. There is a popular belief current, that the treasure, unrighteously amassed by the Regent Morton, lies hidden somewhere among the vaults of the ancient building. But Godscroft assures us that it was expended by the Earl of Angus in supporting the companions of his exile in England, and that when it was exhausted, the Earl generously exclaimed, "Is it then all gone? Let it go—I never looked it should have done so much good."

The North and South Esk join their streams in the park of Dalkeith, which is eminently beautiful, and the house, with the surrounding scenery, form a suitable residence for the distinguished family who have now inhabited it for more than a century.*

The church of Dalkeith, which is a distinguished object in the place, was merely the chapel of the castle, until Sir James Douglas, so late as 1406, rendered it collegiate. In Bagimont's Roll (tempore Jacobi v^{ti}), the provostry of Dalkeith is only rated at L3 : 6 : 8. Since the Reformation, Dalkeith has not only been accounted a parish church, but has given name to a presbytery, comprehending fifteen other parishes. The church is a Gothic building of very ordinary workmanship, of which the eastern end is unroofed and ruinous, the walls serving, however, to enclose a burial ground, containing the remarkable monuments of the Grahames, which have been already noticed, from which opens the funeral vault of the family of Buccleuch.

* [Dalkeith House was honoured in becoming the residence of King George the Fourth, during his visit to Scotland in August, 1822.]

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GENERAL ACCOUNT OF EDINBURGH.

THE History of Edinburgh, properly so called, would be the abridged History of Scotland, and, too brief to be really instructive, would be far too tedious and jejune to be amusing.

The city, or rather its castle, was anciently known by the Celtic name of Maydin, which the Romans translated Castrum Puellarum. Among many etymologies of the more modern name, the most plausible is that which derives Edinburgh (in Gaelic Dun-Edin), from the Saxon King Edwin, who repaired the fortress, and gave a new name to it. The place may have been acquired by the Saxons, after the battle of Cattraeth (celebrated in the British language by Aneurin, and in English by Gray),* the consequences of which included the Middle and Eastern Lothian, in the kingdom of Northumberland, which was fought about the middle of the sixth century. But Edwin lived in the earlier part of the seventh century.

In the meantime the Scots, properly so called, who, from an inconsiderable Irish colony, had, by their subjugation of the Picts, become a strong and formidable people, gradually extended their way to the shores of Fife; and during the convulsions of the Heptarchy, Malcolm II., about 1020, obtained a cession of Lothian from the Saxon Earl Eadulf, and it has ever since remained a part of the kingdom of Scotland. The Scottish kings did, indeed, continue for several reigns to "sit Dumfermline town," or to reside at Scone; but gradually the strength and security of Edinburgh encouraged them to fix their metropolis upon the southern side of the Forth, and Edinburgh at length acquired the character and name of a capital. We can yet trace, in some of the names of places around the royal palace, remains of the Celtic language of the early Scottish kings, as *Croft-an-Ri* (corrupted into Croft-angry), the King's Croft; *Gael-ton* (now Calton) the dwelling of the Gael, and so forth.

From this period, for many a stormy year, Edinburgh maintained

* ["To Cattraeth's vale in glittering row
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grapes ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong
(Bursting through the bloody throng),
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall."
GRAY'S *Ode on the death of Hoel*, from the *Gododin of Aneurin*.

her character as metropolis of Scotland, and during several centuries was neither much enlarged nor contracted. The ridge of the hill, crowned with the castle at one end, and secured by the Netherbow Port at the other, was gradually covered with houses, which, from the steepness of the site, rose to an uncommon height. The city was defended on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by the natural steepness of the ground, and finally, by a wall. To the east, the city was combined with the suburb, called the Canongate, which, in process of time, formed the court-end of the metropolis, and was filled with the town residences and hotels of the nobility, extending from the Netherbow-Gate to the palace of Holy-Rood. Such was Edinburgh at the union of the crowns, nor was it materially changed until after the consequences of the Rebellion of 1745, when the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions, and the unity and impulse given to the country by the annihilation of domestic faction, began to open new views of industry, and comparative opulence became attended with fresh wants, and with the usual demand for increasing accommodations.

Hitherto the domestic establishments of Edinburgh much more nearly resembled those of Paris, than that complete system of comfort long since adopted in London. In the lofty castles of the Old Town, family resided above family, each habitation occupying one story of the tall mansion, or land. The whole was accessible by one stair, which, common to all the inhabitants, was rarely cleaned and imperfectly lighted; the windows were the only means of ridding nuisances, and the tardy cry of *Gardez l'eau*, was sometimes, like the shriek of the Water Kelpy, rather the elegy, than the warning, of the overwhelmed passenger. Want of cleanliness was frequently accompanied by its natural attendant, want of health. Indeed, where men, and women, and children were crowded together within such narrow bounds as one story of an Edinburgh house afforded to a family of the middling rank, sickness was necessarily frequent, and there is reason to think that mortality, especially among children secluded from exercise, was in proportion considerable. In one gentleman's family, which then resided in a lodging opposite to the Cross, six children were born, who successively died of the diseases of childhood. The same family afterwards removed to George's Square, a free and healthy situation, and five children, born after that change of residence, grew up to be healthy men and women.

The same narrowness of accommodation had its effect on the morals of the men. All business, especially whatever concerned the law, was necessarily transacted in taverns, and in taverns also were held all festive meetings; the necessary consequence of which was deep and constant drinking. Each inhabitable space was crowded like the underdeck of a ship. Sickness had no nook of quiet, affliction no

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retreat for solitary indulgence. In addition to these inconveniences, it is scarce worth mentioning, that every drop of water used in a family had to be carried up these interminable stairs on a porter's shoulders; that the hearing was constantly assailed by the noise of neighbours above and below; that many of the rooms were dark even at noon-day, or borrowed but a gleam from some dark alley; and that in ordinary houses there was scarcely space enough for the most necessary articles of household furniture.

Still, with all its inconveniences, this style of living was long looked back to with fond regret by many who survived that great change, which might be said to commence about sixty years ago. The close neighbourhood into which they were previously formed gave the Scotch, a proud and poor people, the means of maintaining frequent and genteel society, without incurring much expense. All visits were made in sedan-chairs, and even a large circle of acquaintance could be maintained at a trifling expense. The ladies entertained only at tea; for dinner parties, except on extraordinary occasions, were confined to near relations. Much is said, and no doubt with truth, of the display of fashion and elegance, which assembled on those occasions; and wealth having comparatively little means to display itself, birth and breeding claimed and obtained more general respect than is paid to them in the modern more public and promiscuous assemblies. In society of a class somewhat lower, the closeness of residence had also its advantages. Neighbours were so dependent on each other for mutual comfort and assistance that they were compelled to live on terms of kindliness and harmony, which soon became habit, and gave a tone of social enjoyment to the whole system, which perhaps conduced as much to general happiness as do the feelings of sturdy independence and indifference, with which the owner of a "house within itself" usually regards his next neighbours. In an Edinburgh *land*, a sort of general interest united the whole inhabitants, from the top to the bottom of these lofty tenements. Love and friendship might communicate through cielings no thicker than the wall of Pyramus; and as the possessors were usually of very different ranks, charity had not far to travel from home ere she found fitting objects of her regard.

Such are the advantages which the poor and aristocratic gentry of Scotland used to ascribe to the old system of Edinburgh manners, when they found that new wants, and a different set of habits, rendered it difficult for them to maintain their ground in that by which it was superseded. But the progress of society cannot be suspended, and while it moves on, must display new advantages and inconveniences as the wheel gradually revolves.*

* [See in Mr Creech's *Edinburgh Fugitive Pieces*, a curious "Comparative View

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When the population of Edinburgh appeared first disposed to burst from the walls within which it had been so long confined, it seemed natural to suppose that the tide would have extended to the south side of Edinburgh, and that the New Town would have occupied the extensive plain on the south side of the college. The descent from the Old Town to the south, though considerable, is not equal to that on the north side, and the North Loch itself seemed to interpose an insurmountable obstacle betwixt what was then the principal city, and any buildings which might be erected on its northern bank. Accordingly, the city did at first seem to expand itself towards the south. Argyle Square and Brown's Square, built on the model of London houses of the middling class, found respectable and fashionable inhabitants;* and George's Square, the greater part of which was built upon a more extended plan of size and accommodation, was yet more popular. These districts formed, about twenty or thirty years since, a little world of their own, and had their own assembly-rooms, and society of an excellent quality, in some degree apart from the rest of Edinburgh. They boasted, among other advantages, the residence of most of the members of the Mirror-Club, and many other characters of eminence in the la wand of fashion in society. Nay, singular as it may appear, there was one instance, if not more, of a respectable gentleman living and dying in the south side of Edinburgh, without ever having visited, or even seen, the New Town, although, at the time of his death, the original plan of that large addition to Edinburgh was nearly executed.

But, in order that the town should have extended itself in a southward direction, it would have been necessary that a general plan had been laid down and acted upon from the beginning, so as to ensure the squares and streets, containing houses of the opulent, from being surrounded, and as it were insulated, by the mean and obscure accommodations proper to a suburb; and, in the present case the ground belonged to many proprietors, so that an agreement for such a purpose was altogether impossible. In the meanwhile, Provost Drummond's shrewd and intelligent mind had devised the means of securing those advantages on the opposite side of the city. The draining of the North Loch, and occupation of the hollow by what is called the North Bridge, formed a communication with a large and level space of ground, which belonged to Heriot's Hospital, and of which the magistrates of Edinburgh acquired the property, with the purpose of founding that New Town which has since been built there. The well-known plan is that of a principal street, terminated by a square at either end, with two rows running parallel to it, connected with

of Edinburgh, in the years 1763, 1783 and 1793, respecting the modes of living, trade, manners," &c.]

* [Brown Square is now (September, 1834) undergoing the process of demolition, to make way for a new south-western approach to Edinburgh.]

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handsome cross streets at regular intervals, so that in the map it resembles a succession of parallelograms. The scheme was an obvious and commonplace idea, to which the nobleness of the prospect, looking from Prince's Street at the magnificent though confused mass of the Old City, terminated by the Castle, and from Queen's Street upon the Frith of Forth and the mountains beyond, could alone have given dignity.

The tameness, which exists in the original conception of the plan, might have been much relieved by the architecture. But, to say truth, men's minds were not at that time ripe for the splendid ideas which have been since entertained. The New Town, at its commencement, had to struggle with the rivalry of George's Square, and with the prejudices of persons attached to the Old City, who predicted loudly that the plan would altogether fail. The buildings, therefore, at the east end of Prince's Street were necessarily undertaken on a moderate scale of expense; and even those of St Andrew's Square, though good houses within, present no decorations on the exterior, excepting on the east side, where an example had been set by the magnificence of Sir Lawrence Dundas, who built for his own residence the handsome hotel now occupied as the Excise Office.* Unquestionably, any plan which could at that time have been proposed, for breaking the uniformity, or adorning the monotonous simplicity, of the New Town, whether by introduction of more public buildings, or by ornamenting the exterior of private houses, and concealing with blocking-courses the long mean line of sloping roofs, would have been a serious obstruction to the general success of the undertaking. Yet every eye is now sensible, that George's Street, otherwise so handsome, is rendered mean by its extreme breadth, which extends betwixt two lines of low houses, whose broad slated roofs are unbroken and undignified by projections or occasional elevations.

Our criticism indeed applies even to circumstances connected with the original plan of the New Town, for which the poverty or narrow spirit of the times in which it originated forms no sufficient answer. It unfortunately occurred to some of the parties concerned, that the earth, dug out of the foundation of the new houses, might be employed to advantage in forming a communication with the Old Town, by the creation of that Mound of earth which is now extended across the valley. For this purpose, the proprietors and builders of houses were bound, in their contracts with the City, to excavate their front areas to a certain depth, in order that each might contribute a share of earth to a great, and, as it was then thought, most useful undertaking. This was the origin of that huge deformity which now extends its lumpish length betwixt Bank Street and Hanover Street, the most hopeless

* [The business of the Excise Office has been removed to London, and the building referred to is now occupied as the Royal Bank of Scotland, 1884.]

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and irremediable error which has been committed in the course of the improvements of Edinburgh, and which, when the view which it has interrupted is contrasted with that which it presents, is, and must be, a subject of constant regret and provocation. Had the areas formed in the New Town been no more than half their present depth, the following consequences would have necessarily arisen :—1. The feuars, relieved of a very considerable expense, would have been able to pay a larger ground-rent. 2. The houses, being higher by the half story, which is now buried below ground, would have acquired more dignity and importance. 3. The surplus saved would have been more than sufficient to build a handsome arched bridge, where the earthen hulk extends itself, furnishing all the convenience now derived from that mass of deformity, and substituting instead an object of high architectural beauty.

The New Town of Edinburgh, as originally planned, contrary to every prediction which had been uttered on the subject, was built and occupied within forty years after it had been commenced; and great as was the additional space and accommodation which it afforded, it may be considered as having been tenanted, in a great measure, by emigrants from the Old Town, or new colonists from the southern districts; and thus the city was much extended in space, without any material increase of inhabitants. It was soon found, however, that provision must be made for an actual progressive increase of population, and that of a kind which demanded no ordinary accommodation. The circumstances of the country drove many of the smaller gentry of Scotland to the capital for the education of their families, or for enjoyment of its pleasures; while the old family seats, where, in former times, brave young men and handsome women were bred with hardy yet undegrading simplicity, and the inhabitants of which maintained a cordial neighbourhood amongst themselves, have been gradually abandoned to the owls and rats in winter, and to English sportsmen during the summer. Many gentlemen from the north of England, and some from Ireland, added considerably to the demand for houses, induced by the advantages of Edinburgh as a place of residence and education, compared with the cheapness of living. Besides all this, a gradual inclination for increasing accommodation began to take place even in the New Town itself. The first generation which had migrated thither, carried much of their Old Town habits along with them; and to reside upon a "Flat," or single story, was the choice of many respectable families. But when these passed away, the *Flats* were gradually abandoned to those who let lodgings, or to bachelors, dowagers, and single ladies; and the families, whose fathers had contentedly occupied them, descended from their "common stairs" to claim the dignity of a front-door.

These various demands gave rise to a third town, which rises

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below Queen Street; and happily separated from it by a row of long gardens, extends into a succession of streets and squares, in which an old inhabitant of Edinburgh finds himself completely a stranger, and where the houses, whether the external appearance or internal convenience is considered, may match with any in the world. Yet no sooner are the new houses finished, than they are eagerly purchased; and while each asks another from whence the inhabitants are to come for the long lines of palaces, which seem to rise from the ground like exhalations, the builder finds every speculation succeed, and as yet "the end is not." How far that end is distant, or how long this increase, both of expense and luxury, is to be progressive, we dare not even attempt to guess. It has withstood circumstances well calculated to check it—an expensive war—an increase of assessments of every kind—a high advance in the necessaries of life, both real, and rendered such by custom—a depression of rents, and a general restriction of credit, and may perhaps continue to increase for a length of time to come, unless (which may God [avert) the prosperity of the country be interrupted by civil discord. An Englishman, nay even a modern Scotchman, may start at being reminded, that this existing generation is the only one which has lived and died in Edinburgh, without witnessing a civil and intestine war, with all the disastrous circumstances by which it is preceded and followed—deadly hatred—destruction of credit—interruption of industry—military violence and rapine—bloodshed in the field and flight—ruin of families and proscriptions of individuals. Our fathers beheld the insurrection of 1745—our grandsires those of 1689 and 1715—the preceding race were witnesses to the great Civil War—and a generation yet older carries us back to those dark periods when the sword was never sheathed. It is, therefore, to these inestimable blessings, "Peace on earth, and good-will amongst men," that the rapid and yet increasing prospertiy of Scotland and its metropolis has its origin—a circumstance well worth the consideration of those who enjoy it.

If we consider the effect which this unparalleled increase of the capital has had upon manners, we will find the aged regretting the more restricted, select, and yet easy society, in which they moved some thirty years since, when families met more frequently, with less form and expense, and upon very brief notice, to enjoy a social and domestic meal of plain cookery, with a glass of good port-wine or claret, which was sometimes allowed to circulate too often, and too long. The tea-table, and the card-party, however, claimed their rights sooner or later; and perhaps the young ladies might thank the claret for the frequent proposal of rolling aside the carpet, and dancing to the pianoforte.—And certainly he who has witnessed and partaken of pleasures attainable upon such easy terms, may be allowed to murmur at modern parties, where, with much more form and more

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expense, the same cheerful results are not equally secured. When, after a month's invitation, he meets a large party of twenty or thirty people, probably little known to him and to each other, who are entertained with French cookery, and a variety of expensive wines offered in succession, while circumstances often betray that the landlord is making an effort beyond his usual habits; when the company protract a dull effort at conversation, under the reserve imposed by their being strangers to each other, and reunite with the ladies, sober enough it is true, but dull enough also, to drink cold coffee, he expects at least to finish the evening with the dance and song, or the lively talk around the fire, or the comfortable old-fashioned rubber. But these are no part of modern manners. No sooner is the dinner party ended, than each guest sets forth on a nocturnal cruize from one crowded party to another; and ends by elbowing, it may be, in King Street, about three o'clock in the morning, the very same folk whom he elbowed at ten o'clock at night in Charlotte Square, and who, like himself, have spent the whole night in the streets, and in going in or out of lighted apartments. Our senior, too, will recollect with a sigh the Old Assembly Rooms, or Dun's Rooms, or the George's-Street Rooms, when first opened as a place of public amusement, where all persons, of rank and fashion entitling them to frequent such places, met upon easy and upon equal terms, and without any attempt at intrusion on the part of others; where the pretensions of every one were known and judged of by their birth and manners, and not by assumed airs of extravagance, or a lavish display of wealth; and he will conclude, upon the whole, that the society of the higher classes in Edinburgh was formerly more select, the members better known to each other, and, therefore, more easy in intercourse than at the present day.

Arguments are not, however, wanting to balance those which occur to the praiser of the past times. It signifies not very much how or in what manner society is carried on, providing the domestic virtues are not injured by the mode in which pleasure is pursued; and it may be safely said, that, in the present condition of Edinburgh, the men have gained much on the score of sobriety, while the women have, as yet, lost none of that high character for conjugal, filial, and maternal affection, for which they have been long distinguished. An "arrangement," so common in the London circles, is a word unknown; and since scandal is silent, we may safely conclude that little cause exists for calumny. The husband is, as yet, the companion of his wife upon all ordinary parties of pleasure, and the brother the usual attendant of the sisters. In short, the domestic relations are still maintained in the same purity; and there are few cities where fashion has introducted so many changes, yet so few vices.

It is a minor consideration, which it yet falls in our way particularly

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to notice, that of the increased expenditure much is employed in the encouragement of the fine arts; that the purchase of books is a common expense with all classes, and that of pictures introduced amongst the opulent; while society is proportionally improved by the conversation to which so general a taste gives rise. The lawyer of former days was esteemed irrevocably lost to his profession, if he meddled with literature, or employed his spare time in any relaxation save that of cards or the bottle. But now the most successful professional men are both aspirants after, and dispensers of, literary fame; and there is spread through society at large a more general tinge of information and good conversation than is to be met with elsewhere. This circumstance may be perhaps traced to the general mixture of fashionable and literary persons in Edinburgh, where the society is not extensive enough to enable either to form a class by themselves, and where, of course, wit and learning become tempered and fashioned by their constant intercourse with polished manners, beauty and high rank. It is also a happy circumstance, and speaks the good sense of the country, that, unless when the *mania* of Whig and Tory chances to be peculiarly virulent, there does not exist in Edinburgh any of those party-feelings, which, for one cause or other, are found to split and divide the society elsewhere. The inhabitants, generally speaking, live in much harmony with each other; and though political opinions (as is usual when men are at a distance from the scene of action) are maintained with keenness, and even with acrimony, the harmony of the place is interrupted by no other causes of schism.

Upon the whole, those whose health can support a climate so variable and so trying as that of Edinburgh, will find few more eligible places of residence. The inhabitant of this ancient capital—"Scotland's dearest seat," as the city was termed by her best poet, * is surrounded by the noblest scenery, and ruins of antiquity; and may have, at every step, a companion capable of detailing the beauties of the one, and the history of the other. His mornings may be spent in study, for which there is every species of assistance within his reach; and his evenings with friendship or with beauty. If he has children, he has within his reach the first means of education. If he is gay, there are at his command all the usual varied sources of amusement. He may live, if he will, in a palace, with a handsome suite of apartments, for less than would rent a "dungeon in the Strand;" and fare sumptuously every day for half the rate which is exacted for a bad dinner in an English inn. To be more particular, L.3000 a-year is, in Edinburgh, opulence—L.2000, ease and wealth—L.1000,

* ["Edina, Scotia's *darling* seat,
All hail thy palaces, and towers," &c.
BURNS.]

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a handsome competence—and even L.500, well managed, will maintain a large family with all the necessaries and decencies of life, and enable them to support a very creditable rank in society.

HIGH STREET OF EDINBURGH.

THIS noble street was long considered as one of the finest in Europe. In its original state, indeed, it might rather be called a place than a street. The suburb of the Canongate, where the street is considerably narrowed, was excluded from the view by a gateway, called the Netherbow Port, above which arose a steeple.* The more western, or upper boundary, was the large building called the Luckenbooths, which seemed almost entirely to close the High Street at that extremity.† On each side arose an uninterrupted line of very lofty houses. So that, regarded in every point of view, the High Street seemed to be enclosed, and divided from the rest of the town, as well as from the narrower streets which formed its communication with the castle on the westward, and the palace upon the east.

The first considerable change which was made, was by the pulling down of the Netherbow Port, which corresponded to the Temple-Bar of London. However much this alteration A. D. 1764. might improve the access from the eastward to the High Street, there can be no doubt that its outward appearance was changed for the worse; since, instead of the architectural termination formed by the gateway and steeple, the eye is now presented with a view into the narrower and meaner street called the Canongate. Since that period, a large opening has been made in the High Street, forming the access from the North Bridge; and corresponding streets have been since opened from the South Bridge, and from Hunter's Square, thus insulating the Tron Church, which formerly made a continued part of the southern line of the street. The utility of these avenues from the north and south is indisputable; and perhaps many may be of opinion that they improve even the external appearance of the street, though this will hardly be granted by those who recollect the stately and almost sublime effect produced, when the lofty line of houses on each side was entire and unbroken. All at least will agree in censuring the destruction of the Cross of Edinburgh, a curious architectural object, whose site is now only marked by a cross inscribed on

* [See an Engraving in Maitland's *History of Edinburgh.*]

† [The Luckenbooths, *i. e. close shops*, an unsightly row of buildings, extending along the whole northern side of St Giles's Cathedral, were pulled down in 1803, and their extremities, a remnant commonly called "Creech's land," on the east, and the Tolbooth on the west, in 1817.]

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the causeway.* It also happened, that in order to bring the High Street to a level with the access from the South Bridge, it became necessary to deepen the street, as it were, and to lay the new causeway several feet lower. This was an unlucky circumstance; for the old causeway, executed, it is said, by one Merlin a Frenchman, was beautifully arched, and upon the whole a very fine piece of workmanship.†

An innovation has since taken place of much greater consequence than any that has been yet noticed. This has been created by the demolition of the large building called the Luckenbooths, and of the ancient Tolbooth, which made a part of that mass of buildings.‡ The removal of these interruptions gives to view the Cathedral Church of St Giles upon the left hand, and in front extends the prospect up the Lawnmarket, and nearly as far as the Castlehill.

There is not the same objection to this prolongation of the view, which occurred upon taking down the Netherbow Port; for the Lawnmarket, which is now rendered a part of the High Street, has the same breadth and general character with the street to which it is added. On the other hand, those who exclaimed against the Luckenbooths, on account of their hiding from the public eye the architecture of the cathedral, were not aware that the architect of this last structure had never designed this part of the work to be visible; and that very extensive alterations, or rather a totally new face to the northern side of the church, will be an indispensable and necessary consequence of laying it open to the public eye. Still, it cannot be denied, that under all its mutilations, the High Street of

* [" Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
Rose on turret octagon;
But now is razed that monument,
Whence royal edict rang,
And voice of Scotland's law was sent
In glorious trumpet-clang.
O! be his tomb as lead to lead,
Upon its dull destroyer's head!—
A minstrel's malison is said."

Marmion, canto v., st. 25,

and see note, *Ibid.*, p. 275.—"As soon as the workmen began the act of demolition, which was in the morning of March 13 (1756), some gentlemen who had spent the night over a social bottle, caused wine and glasses be carried thither, mounted the ancient fabric, and solemnly drank its dirge. *Scots Magazine*, 1756. The middle pillar of the cross is still preserved in the pleasure grounds of Drum, and some ornamental parts of the structure at Abbotsford."]

† Maitland mentions, that in 1532, the Common Council agreed with John Mayser and Bartilmew Foliot, French paviors, at the rate of thirty shillings Scotch per rood, the town furnishing carriage and sand. This, Maitland considers as irreconcilable with the common tradition, ascribing the paving of the street to one Merlin, who is said to have been interred at his own particular request in the High Street, near the top of Merlin's Wynd, to which he bequeathed his name. His grave is still marked by stones laid in the form of a coffin. It is possible that this Merlin may have been the immediate superintendent and executor of the work contracted for by Mayser and Foliot; for it is highly improbable, that the street of Edinburgh was paved before the year 1542.

‡ [The old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, at the north-west corner of St. Giles's Church, "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," was pulled down in 1817. The stonework of the gateway is preserved at Abbotsford.]

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Edinburgh is the most magnificent in Great Britain, excepting perhaps the High Street of Oxford. Unquestionably the principal street of Edinburgh is deficient in the rich magnificence occasioned by the succession of halls, colleges, churches, and public buildings displayed at the seat of the Southern Muses, and which seem to have jostled into retired nooks all that is mean and commonplace, or appropriated to the lower and ordinary business of life. But, on the other hand, this ancient boast of the Caledonian Metropolis has, from the extreme height of the houses, the forms of their projected battlements and gables, varied in detail, yet uniform in general effect, and the long sweep which it makes, interrupted by few transverse cuts or openings, a simple and majestic unity of appearance, which it is not easy to find elsewhere.

EDINBURGH, FROM BRAID HILLS.

This prospect, though not certainly the richest and most romantic in the vicinity of Edinburgh, is possessed of extreme beauty, and excels others in the magnificence with which the Frith of Forth, its islands, and its northern shores, lie displayed as the background of the Scottish metropolis.

The Hills of Braid, from which the view is taken, are rocky eminences, of considerable height, arising to the south of Edinburgh, and within about a mile and a half of the suburbs. They are divided by a small brook, called the Braid Burn; and the more northern side, on which the spectator is supposed to be stationed, is called Blackford Hill. It is the property of H. Trotter, Esq. of Mortonhall; Braid, properly so called, belonging to Charles Gordon, Esq. of Clunie.

In earlier times, the property belonged to a family called Fairly; and the Laird of Braid, during the Reformation, was one of the earliest who received its doctrines, as well as a personal friend and zealous defender of John Knox. He is often mentioned in the life and correspondence of that Apostle of Presbyterianism, and seems to have incurred personal danger more than once by his steadiness and zeal. Richard Bannatyne, Knox's faithful amanuensis, gives an account of an attack made upon this gentleman in his own house of Braid, which he seems to have repelled with much spirit and success.* The great reformer, when on his death-bed, took leave of

* Bannatyne's account of the affair, divested of his uncouth spelling, is as follows:—"Friday, 25th May [1571], a dozen of soldiers came to Braid at supper-time, and spoiled the miller's house, the miller being at supper with the Laird; and when they saw the miller coming in, and staying them from spoiling his house, they took him and brought him to the gate of Braid, and gave the Laird injurious words, bidding him come out to Captain

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the Laird of Braid in this touching and affecting manner :—"The rest of the company having taken their leave of him, he said to the Laird of Braid, 'Every one bids me good-night, but when will you do it? I have been greatly indebted to you, for which I shall never be able to recompense you; but I commit you to one that is able to do it;—to the Eternal God.'"†

The lands of Braid have long passed from the Fairly family; and, as is the usual case with property near a metropolis, have changed hands repeatedly before arriving into those of the present possessor. But a much more remarkable change has been wrought upon the external appearance of the property within these thirty years, than any which could have arisen from a mere change of landlords. Before that period, the hills of Braid and Blackford were in the state of a wild sheep pasture, partly consisting of the softest and most verdant turf, covered with whins and broom, through which the grey faces of the rock showed themselves at intervals. Through this scene strayed the little rivulet in its narrow glen; into which, when his eye was satiated with the magnificent view from the hill, the stranger might descend, as into a silent and solitary scene, which might have been many miles distant from the abode of man. A natural alcove, or hollow in the rock, was a favourite retreat of the High School boys; who, when tired with seeking birds' nests, or gathering wild berries, used to huddle themselves together in the cove, as it was called, and recount legends of the hermits who had dwelt there in Popish times, or of the more recent adventures of covenanted martyrs, supposed to have sought refuge in this sequestered spot from the sword of persecution. That the little hollow should have been the dwelling of an anchorite, is impossible; but there is more foundation for the other stories, since we read, that Mr John Dick, a zealous Covenanter, who left a very warm testi-

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Melving or else they should burn the house about his lugs. The Laird, being a quiet man, bade them depart, saying, that he had nothing to do with them; and that if Captain Melving would have had him, he had not sent such messengers as they were. They still continuing in their injurious language, and misusing the Laird's miller before his eyes, the Laird went out with a two-handed sword, (the rest of his [men] by occasion hindered, following as they might;) the soldiers, I say, for the most part of them, discharged their hagbutts at the Laird; but, by God's providence, he escaped their fury, and struck one of them *breadlings* with his sword to the earth, who cried, that he would be ta'en. Other two of them, having their pieces undischarged (in one of which there was three bullets), and seeing one of their marrows dung to the ground, they discharged both at the Laird; yet, by God's eternal providence, he was so preserved, that he got no hurt, nor none of his, albeit they were all but [without] armour. But the skaith fell on themselves; for they slew their own man that had rendered himself to the Laird: other three, also, were ta'en, before whom this man confessed, that his own marrows slew him, for the Laird's company never shot a shot. And so the soldiers, when they had discharged their pieces, fled to the town, and made report that the Laird of Braid had a company of men of war waiting for them. So the alarm struck, and all came forth to the Querrelholes [those quarries which were at the head of Bruntsfield Links]; but, hearing the truth, were staid by the Laird of Merchinston, who showed Captain Melving, that there were other men coming from Dalkeith for the Laird's relief, as they did with speed."—BANNATYNE'S *Journal*, p. 172.

† M'Crie's *Life of John Knox*, vol. ii., p. 227.

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mony against the corruptions and oppressions of the time, was apprehended when lurking about Braid's crags.

This wild scene, the refuge of persecuted fanatics in former days, and the retreat of truant schoolboys in our own remembrance, now exhibits a wonderful proof of the force of Scottish agriculture—every part of Blackford hill, excepting the naked crags themselves, being now subjected to the plough, and bearing excellent crops. An old man may feel some regret at the change of scene, and the destruction of the silvan retreats of his childhood, and repeat to himself the verse of Logan—

> "The cruel plough has razed the green,
> Where, when a child, I play'd;
> The axe has fell'd the hawthorn screen,
> The schoolboy's summer shade;"—

but no serious weight can be given to such lingering remembrances. The change wrought on these pastures does not resemble that, which, in more remote quarters, a hasty, avaricious, and indiscriminate system of ploughing has effected, by tearing up the better part of sheep-pasture, destroying their natural and self-sown grasses, which no human art can restore, and, in order to attain a white crop or two, impoverishing for ever ground designed by nature for grazing-farms. The present case is widely different. The immense demand of the neighbouring city for every species of green crop, as well as for grain, renders it worth the agriculturist's while, at almost any expense, to turn into cultivation every inch of ground which can by any means be made productive. The increased extent of this demand can only be estimated by the rise of rents. Of the cultivated land, which is in the front of the view, much was let, within the memory of man, at two and three pounds per acre. When it rose to five pounds, it was considered impossible that the farmers could make good their engagements. It is now, in all cases, greatly above the last sum; and in some, we believe, it approaches to nine or ten pounds per acre. Yet, even in these disadvantageous times, the command of manure, and the immense demand for the produce, enable the farmers in the vicinity of Edinburgh to thrive under these enormous rents. By their potato crops alone, which are almost a burden upon more remote agriculturists, forty, fifty, and sixty pounds per acre have occasionally been obtained; and the same, or still more, has been gained by turnips—a species of crop equally necessary to the capital, and, like potatoes, not capable of being transported from a distance.

The canal from the west may be expected to work some change in these prices; but it is probable, that the skill and capital of the Mid-Lothian farmers will enable them to stand their ground against distant competition, even when aided by water-carriage.

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The space of ground which forms the front of the view, extending from the bottom of Blackford hill to the suburbs of Edinburgh, comprehends the greater part of the Borough Moor, or Common, which once belonged to the city of Edinburgh. This domain was a grant, it is said, of David I.; intended to supply the citizens with fuel—with pasturage for their cows—with stones, and with timber for building. The common was of great extent, comprehending almost all the lands on the south side of Edinburgh for two miles beyond the old walls; from the Sciennes on the east, to Merchiston on the west, the lands of Braid being its southern boundary. It was a large tract of ground, of various qualities, all of which is now become extremely valuable. At the time of King David's grant, the common was waste and forest land; and the imprudence of the magistrates was afterwards induced to obtain a grant for disposing of it, in feu, for such sums as they could obtain—thus parting, for a trifling immediate consideration, with an estate, which, if retained as public property, would have kept pace in value with the times, and at length must have furnished the city with a large and permanent revenue. The permission to feu the Borough Moor was granted by James IV., by a charter, dated 5th October, 1508. Soon after this, the citizens became desirous of destroying the huge trees with which it was covered, and which, it was alleged, formed a retreat for thieves and robbers. In order to encourage this devastation, the Town-Council permitted such of the inhabitants as might choose to purchase these trees, to project the fronts of their tenements fourteen feet beyond the line of the street; and hence was introduced the fashion of those projecting wooden booths, or *out-shots*, as they are technically called, still to be seen in the fronts of the old houses of Edinburgh, which afford, by the singularity and intricacy of their outlines, very happy subjects for the pencil, but are, in every other point of view, mean and miserable contrivances.

The array of the Scottish army was held in the Borough-Moor in 1513, previous to the departure of James IV. for the fatal expedition, which terminated in the battle of Flodden. Notwithstanding the operations of the magistrates, the common was still at that time studded, as we are informed by the historians, with magnificent oaks. The Royal Standard of Scotland was fixed in a large upright stone, called the Hare-Stane,* at the place called Borough-moor-head, which still exists, though rendered less remarkable by being built into the wall, which runs along the side of the footpath. At about

* This word *Hare*, or *Har*, has been said to signify an army,—an interpretation which is adopted in the Notes upon the poem called *Marmion*. The learned William Hamper, Esq. of Birmingham, has sufficiently proved that the word refers to a boundary. The new explanation is particularly applicable to the Hare-Stane on the Borough-moor-head, as it stood on the western boundary of the Common, and in a situation well adapted for a land-mark, where the town's property marches with that of Merchiston.

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half a mile's distance to the southward there is another stone, called the Buck-Stane, upon which the proprietor of the barony of Pennycuik is bound by the charter to place himself, and to wind three blasts of a horn, when the King shall visit the Borough-Moor—one of those whimsical tenures, by which the ancient feudal monarchs gratified at once their own vanity and that of the favoured vassal, who escaped from heavier services by such an act of public homage.

Considerably to the east of the Borough-Moor-head, and about the centre of the View, once stood the chapel of Saint Roque, having a cemetery around it, in which were interred the citizens of Edinburgh who died of the plague. It is much to be wished, that this ground had been retained for the purpose of relieving the gorged and overloaded churchyards within the walls of the city. In 1532, four acres of land around the chapel were granted to Sir John Young, the chaplain, for the service of upholding it in a state for the performance of divine worship; and, till a very late period, Saint Roque continued to watch over the remains of her chapel (though very humble in point of architecture) with a jealousy which would have done honour to a saint of higher rank in the calendar. About the middle of last century, masons were employed to remove the ruins, but were so much daunted by the fall of a scaffold, and the mischief which followed, that even in Mr Arnott's time the ruins were regarded with superstitious awe. They stood in the open field (as the author of this description well remembers), and exhibited an oblong square, without any architectural ornament; the windows and roof totally demolished, and the font-stone alone remaining, to mark that the place had been ever dedicated to the service of religion.* But on the commencement of the nineteenth century, Saint Roque proved unable to defend the ruins of her fane, amid the change of property and of scenery, which took place around them.

Previous to this period, those fields which formerly composed part of the Borough-Moor, were occupied solely for agriculture or pasture. The only houses which lay betwixt Braid Hills and Edinburgh, cottages excepted, were the house of Grange, an ancient mansion, deriving its name from having been the grange, or farm-house, belonging to the adjacent monastery of Saint Catharine of Sienna, or Sciennes, as the word has been corrupted, with one or two other ancient and solitary buildings, in the style of the seventeenth century. No citizen of Edinburgh dreamed at that time of a residence in the country, unless in the case of bad health, when one or other of these ancient mansions was occasionally occupied by an invalid. It may be noticed in particular, that the celebrated Principal Robert-

* [See, in Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland*, vol. i., p. 38, an engraving of the ruins of St. Roque's Chapel.]

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son died at the house of Grange, to which he had been recommended to retire for change of air.

It was about this time that Mr Dugald Stuart, in his beautiful letter upon the character and manners of Burns, introduces the interesting conversation which took place betwixt the philosopher and the poet, during a morning walk upon Braid Hills.

"The variety of his engagements," says Mr Stuart, speaking of the poet, "prevented me from seeing him so often as I could have wished. In the course of the spring, he called upon me once or twice at my request, early in the morning, and walked with me to Braid Hills, in the neighbourhood of the town, when he charmed me still more by his private conversation than he had ever done in company. He was passionately fond of the beauties of nature; and I recollect once he told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind, which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and the worth which they contained." *

The view which excited the sympathies of the poet and philosopher, is now much altered by the very great number of villas and country boxes, which have sprung up betwixt the town and Braid Hills, dotting and chequering with their square enclosures and prigish architecture the whole space, which formerly presented so lonely an appearance, as led back the thoughts of the bard to the rural simplicity of his own country. This, however, is but a temporary evil. Trees are rising fast around these villas, and when they are partially hidden and overshaded, each by the trees and bushes of its own little pleasure-ground, the view will be more beautiful than it has ever been since the remote period when the Borough-Moor was overshadowed by mighty oaks. The change is material in another respect; as marking, namely, the increase of luxury and refinement in the commercial classes, by whom most of these boxes are tenanted, and whose predecessors were imprisoned for life within the darksome booths of the Old Town, while the sons require free air and relaxation, after a day spent in the ample mansions which decorate the bridges and the New Town.

THE CASTLE, FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

THE *place*, or oblong square, lies in a hollow on the south side of the Castle-Hill, is adjacent to the West-Port of the city, and forms the Smithfield, as well as the Haymarket, of Edinburgh. There is a weekly market held here on Wednesday.

* BURNS' *Works*, edited by Currie, Liverpool, 1800. Vol. i., p. 143.

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Formerly the Grassmarket was the place of public execution, and as criminals in London were conveyed from Newgate to Tyburn, the same sad procession was made in Edinburgh from the Tolbooth to this place; and the gibbet, which was always put up and removed by night, was erected near to where Mr Calcott has placed a group of market-women conversing with a man on horseback. Over a dyer's pole, to the left of that spot, and behind the highland piper, the mob, who mimicked as nearly as they could all the forms of ordinary justice, hanged the unhappy Captain Porteous on 7th September, 1736.*

On the right, the walls of the castle, with the precipitous rocks on which they are founded, rise to a dizzy height above the front of the view. Yet steep as these rocks appear, love and ambition have found a path to scale them. The incident occurred in 1312–13, while the victorious Scots were in the course of recovering from the English invaders the fortresses and fastnesses which they had so long garrisoned, and the story is thus told by Barbour.

Thomas Randolph, nephew to Robert Bruce, and well known as the redoubted Earl of Moray, had approached the fortress of Edinburgh, where lay a strong English garrison under Piers Leland, a Lombard, with whom he had opened some communication. But the garrison suspecting the fidelity of their governor, thrust him into prison, and prepared to defend the impregnable fortress which they occupied, under the command of a gallant constable, whose name is not transmitted to us. As the earl, with a hopeless eye, surveyed the strength of the place, he was privily accosted by one of his own soldiers, named William Francis, an esteemed and gallant man. "Methinks, my lord," said he, "you would fain devise some means of entering yonder castle, and such can I procure for you with no greater aid than a twelve-foot ladder may afford. Know that my father was in his time keeper of yonder fortress, and that I, a wild gallant in my youth, loved *par amours* a fair woman in the town beneath. In order to obtain unsuspected access to her, I was wont to lower myself from the wall by night with the help of a ladder of ropes, and by means of a secret and precipitous path to descend these cliffs; and this I practised so oft, both in going and returning, that the darkest night was no obstacle to my venturing. If, therefore, it pleases you to assail the castle in this manner, I offer myself to be your guide, and the foremost on the expedition." The Earl of Moray received the proposal with joy, and the attempt was undertaken by thirty men, commanded by Randolph in person, and guided by Francis. The darkness of the night, the steepness of the precipice, the danger of discovery by the watchmen, and the slender support which they had to trust

* [See *Heart of Mid-Lothian—Tales of a Grandfather, 3d Series.*]

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to in ascending from crag to crag, rendered the enterprise such as might have appalled the bravest spirit. When they had ascended half way, they found a flat spot, large enough to halt upon, and there sat down to recover their breath, and prepare for the farther part of their perilous expedition. While they were here seated, they heard the rounds or "check-watches," as Barbour calls them, pass along the walls above them; and it so chanced that one of the English soldiers, in mere wantonness and gaiety, hurled a stone down, and cried out at the same time, "I see you well," although without an idea that there was any one beneath. The stone rolled down the precipice, and passed over the heads of Moray and his adventurous companions, as they sat cowering under the rock from which it bounded. They had the presence of mind to remain perfectly silent, and presently after the sentinels continued their rounds. The assailants then continued their ascent, and arrived in safety at the foot of the wall, which they scaled by means of the ladder which they brought with them. Francis, their guide, ascended first, Sir Andrew Gray was second, and Randolph himself was third. Ere they had all mounted, however, the sentinels caught the alarm, raised the cry of "treason," and the constable of the castle and others rushing to the spot, made a valiant, though ineffectual resistance. The Earl of Moray was for some time in great personal danger, until the gallant constable being slain, his followers fled or fell, and this strong castle remained in the hands of the assailants.

"A more desperate adventure was never achieved," says Barbour, "since Alexander, who conquered Babeloun, leapt headlong among his foemen from the wall of the town which he was beleaguering."—He adds, "that the holy Queen Margaret had, in the spirit of prophecy, announced this event, by causing to be painted in her chapel (where the memorial is yet to be seen), the representation of a man scaling a fortress by means of a ladder, with the legend, *Gardez-vous de François*, was long meant to predict the taking of the Maydin-Castle by the French, but was now fulfilled in the achievement of William Francis, the daring guide of the Earl of Moray."—How Queen Margaret came to prophesy in French, Barbour did not enquire, or has not explained. The chapel alluded to was that within the Castle of Edinburgh, founded by Saint Margaret, the wife of Malcolm Canmore, whose name it still bears.

Such is the interesting history of a bold achievement; and by looking at the view the reader may estimate both the danger and difficulty which necessarily attended a nocturnal ascent from the neighbourhood of the Grassmarket to the walls of the castle.

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HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, FROM THE WEST BOW.

HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, one of the proudest ornaments of Edinburgh, and equally distinguished for the purposes of the institution, and the excellence of the administration by which these purposes are obtained, was founded at the expense of a private citizen.

George Heriot (born in June, 1563) followed the trade and bore the name of his father, a goldsmith in Edinburgh, who was accounted, at the time, a wealthy citizen. It appears from his marriage-contract (1586), that George Heriot, the son, had a stock in trade equal, in modern money, to L.200, and upwards. In 1597, he was appointed goldsmith to Queen Anne of Denmark; and soon afterwards received the same appointment in the royal household. Heriot followed his royal master to London, upon the union of the crowns; where doubtless his trade became much more profitable. He married a second time; and died in 1624, leaving what in those days must have been an immense fortune, and without any lawful issue to inherit his wealth.*

The will of this opulent citizen, after various legacies and provisions, bequeathed all the residue of his estate to the provost, magistrates, ministers, and ordinary council of the town of Edinburgh, in order to found a hospital, for the maintenance, relief, bringing-up, and education, of as many poor fatherless boys, sons of freemen of the city of Edinburgh, as the bequest might furnish means for. By another clause, the same persons are required, at the expense of the foundation, to maintain ten bursaries (scholarships), at the University of Edinburgh, for the education of so many poor scholars. The sum which the magistrates received for these purposes, after all the legacies and encumbrances upon the residuary estate had been cleared off, amounted to L.23,625, being probably about one half of the property of the munificent and wealthy founder.

The present noble pile of building was erected after the plan, it is said, of Inigo Jones; but there is a tradition, that it was considerably altered to suit the peculiar taste of the Rev. Dr Walter Balcanqual, who appears to have been the most active of the executors under Heriot's last will, and to whose wisdom he intrusted the care of drawing up articles, or statutes, for the regulation of the Hospital. The building consists of a quadrangle, with large square towers at each angle. The north front has a central tower higher than the

*[Heriot was married first to Christian, daughter of Simon Marjoribanks, a wealthy Burgess of Edinburgh; and next, in 1608, to Alison, eldest daughter of James Primrose, clerk to the Privy-Council, and grandfather to the first Earl of Rosebery. For the bequest of his entire fortune, estimated about L.50,000, and probably equivalent to L.200,000 in the present times—See *Memoirs of George Heriot*, 12mo, Edinburgh, 1822, drawn up by the late Mr A. Constable.]

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rest, under which an archway leads to the inner court, which is adorned with the statue of the founder. Upon the birthday of George Heriot, the children enjoy a holiday, and display much skill and taste in decorating with flowers the effigy of their benefactor. The south front presents also a circular tower, with Gothic windows, which serve to light a handsome chapel. The style of architecture is of that mixed sort which began to prevail about the reign of Elizabeth, and of which Northumberland House, in the Strand, is one among many examples. It is said that Dr Balcanqual insisted, that the architraves and ornaments of each particular window should differ in some particular or other from those of all the rest; but such was the skill and management of the architect, that though these distinctions can easily be observed on close examination, the front, viewed as a whole, presents the appearance of perfect uniformity. Handsome gardens are annexed to the establishment, which were once used as public walks. Dr Pitcairn lays several of the scenes of his satirical drama, called the "Assembly," written soon after the Revolution, in Heriot's gardens. But these promenades have been long abolished.

The purchase of the land on which it stands, called the High Riggs, extending to eight acres and upwards, was made on 6th February, 1628, for 7650 merks of Scottish money. The foundation-stone was laid 1st July, 1628.

Soon after this splendid building was finished, the great Civil War broke out, and the first inmates of Heriot's Work, as it is called, were the sick and wounded of Cromwell's army, when he took possession of Edinburgh in 1650, after the battle of Dunbar. The Hospital continued to be occupied as a military hospital until 1658, when Monk, then anxious to ingratiate himself with the Scottish nation, removed its military inhabitants, to make room for those for whom the building had been erected. Thirty boys were admitted into the Hospital, 11th April, 1659, and ten more on the 8th of August following. The number maintained has since varied according to the funds of the establishment, and amounts now to one hundred and eighty.

A short time after the Restoration, the youthful community of Heriot's Hospital are said to have incurred the censure of the existing powers on the following whimsical occasion:—The test was at that time imposed on all persons in public offices; and our readers cannot have forgotten, that the Earl of Argyll was involved in a most oppressive trial and conviction for high treason, not because he refused that oath, but because he took it with the qualifying phrase, "so far as the said oath was consistent with itself, and with the Protestant religion." Even "iron-witted clowns, and unrespective boys," could see and ridicule the absurd reason which construed this resor-

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vation into a crime. The boys of Heriot's Hospital are said to have voted, that the large mastiff, kept for the protection of the garden, enjoyed an office of public trust; and, accordingly, they tendered him the test-oath, fairly written out on a sheet of paper, which the dog having smelled to, did reject the same. It was a second time tendered to the Hospital Cerberus, having been previously buttered; upon which, as the dog licked the writing over, he fell under the censure of taking the oath with a reservation, and was only saved from the death of a traitor, by the intervention of his comrade, the two-legged porter. The thing is said to have made some noise at the time; and, as raillery is never so sorely felt as when it is deserved, the magistrates are supposed to have made the young wags smart for their jest.

Since the Hospital was opened, in 1658, the number of the orphan sons of burgesses educated together in this noble seminary has varied from time to time. The diet of these boys is plain and substantial; their dress uniform and simple, without being cut in any absurd or antiquated fashion; and the discipline so good, that their morals are generally void of reproach. The following account of their education, and the other advantages afforded them, is furnished by an intelligent friend, who, as an active magistrate of Edinburgh, is well acquainted with the management of the Hospital:—

"The establishment at present maintains 180 boys, none of whom are sent to the High School, as formerly, but they are taught by most approved teachers, English, Latin, Greek, writing, book-keeping, arithmetic, mathematics, &c. If the professions chosen by the boys, on their leaving the Hospital, require the knowledge of drawing or navigation, &c., upon their applying to the governors, they are sent to able teachers to be taught such branches as their particular destination may require. It must be observed, that by the statutes, the boys are required *to be taught in the Hospital to read and write Scots distinctly, and cast all manner of accounts; as also the Latin rudiments, but no farther.* Such of the boys as prove to be hopeful scholars, and are inclined to follow any of the learned professions, such as divinity, law, or physic, are sent to the college with an allowance of L.30 sterling yearly, for four years, stipulating them to appear annually, previous to the commencement of the winter session, before the Education Committe of the Institution, that they may be satisfied as to their progress. There are generally from six to eight of the youths attending the University, independent of the ten bursars provided for by the will of the donor, who are selected by the governors from scholars, sons of parents who are unable to give them a college education, and not connected with the Hospital. They are now allowed L.20 sterling yearly for four years. They also are bound to appear annually before the Education Committee, and if it appears that they have not been diligent, their bursary is discontinued.

"The boys who are bound out to trades, &c. are allowed L.10 sterling yearly, for five years, in name of apprentice-fee, and at the expiry of their indenture, on producing a certificate from their master, that they have served out their time faithfully, they are allowed L.5 sterling to purchase a suit of clothes. The amount of apprentice-fee, and the number of boys maintained, have been increased from time to time. In the year 1813, thirty additional boys were admitted, and the apprentice-fee advanced from L.25 to L.50 sterling. Five more boys have been admitted this present year [1821].

"Maitland's *History of Edinburgh* makes the sum total, for erecting and endowing the present Hospital, to be L.43,608, 11s. 3d. sterling."

The author may be permitted to add, from juvenile recollection,

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that this little community have, amongst others of their own age, a character in some degree peculiar to themselves, and are, generally speaking, bold, hardy, and ingenious, beyond their years.

They are now taught Latin and Greek within the establishment, as above mentioned; but formerly there was a provision for such lads attending the High School of Edinburgh, as were to receive these branches of instruction, which brought them into contact with boys of a higher rank, and otherwise circumstanced. These *Heriot-ers*, as they were termed, were never treated with any aristocratic scorn by the other pupils who attended the same class. Indeed, they would not have brooked any thing approaching to it, for they had a strong *esprit de corps;* and the author can remember, that when one of them had received some real or imaginary offence, the whole Hospital took the matter up, and it was like to become the subject of a serious feud betwixt the High School boys and the Hospitallers, had it not been adjusted by compromise. The Herioters had also peculiar skill in making balls, rackets, clacking-boards, and other implements of boyish amusement—a talent which gained them consideration, as well as a little money. We have already noticed their art of disposing of flowers; for which purpose they were usually called upon to assist at decorating the statue of Charles II., and the Gothic roof of the Parliament House, upon occasions of public rejoicing. Most of them carry into life the same firmness and intelligence of character. The Hospital has furnished many respectable, and some eminent names; and they are, in general, much attached to the place, and to the memory of the founder.

It is generally allowed, that the internal management of the Hospital, under its various treasurers, and as controlled by the magistrates of Edinburgh, has been highly creditable. But charges have been brought against the magistrates, that, upon one highly important occasion, they were guilty of sacrificing the interests of the Hospital to those of the city. The case stands thus:—

With other valuable landed property, lying immediately around the city of Edinburgh, the Hospital possessed the whole of that extensive plain, to the north of the city, on which the New Town now stands. This property the trustees of the Hospital—the magistrates, namely, and ministers of Edinburgh—sold for a large sum of money to the city, when the speculation of building a New Town upon that site was first adopted. The transaction was one of some delicacy, since the magistrates may be said to have acted in some degree in the double character of sellers and purchasers; and it has been hastily and injuriously urged, that whatever advantage the estate of the Good Town may have acquired by the transaction, must have been just so much advantage gained at the expense of the Hospital. But this reasoning, upon being more closely examined, will be found

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erroneous. To execute such a speculation as the erection of a New Town, was a task far beyond the duties and powers of the Hospital. There was a chartered extension of the city's bounds, and of its rights to be procured, for the encouragement of settlers; there was property to be bought, roads to be made, levelling and other expensive operations to be undertaken, before there could be expected the least prospect of any valuable return. To have directed the funds of the Hospital to such a purpose, would have been both unjust and criminal; and it was therefore clear, that while the ground continued the property of the Hospital, the proposed plan could not be executed at all, and the site for the intended New Town could not have been obtained. The transaction, thus considered, seems to have been fair and beneficial, as well to the Hospital, who obtained a price for their property much above what corresponded with any revenue they could themselves derive from it;—to the magistrates, as administrators for the city, who acquired the means of carrying through a most important train of improvements, and at the same time augmented the common good, or municipal property;—and to the public, because the acquisition of that property by the magistrates, and its being included in the extended royalty, were indispensably necessary to the very existence of those splendid improvements, which have elevated Edinburgh into one of the most magnificent cities in Europe.

To return to the external appearance of the building, and internal arrangement of the whole administration, it would perhaps be difficult to show an establishment of the kind, comprehending so much of external grandeur and of real utility, as the foundation of George Heriot.

The West Bow, from the lower part of which the view is taken, was, until the South Bridge was built, the only passage (and it was a most steep and difficult one) by which a wheel-carriage could attain the High Street of Edinburgh; for Saint Mary's Wynd, through which with great care it was possible to ascend in a carriage, only connected with the Canongate.

The inhabitants of the Bow were chiefly artisans, and the trade of white-smiths predominated among them to such a degree, that it was said the inhabitants could not sleep on the Sabbath mornings, for want of the clatter of hammers, which they were familiarized with on the other days of the week. The matrons of the Bow were distinguished for their religious zeal, and, as we observe from the satirical poems of the time, most violent Covenanters. The "Bowhead saints," and "the godly plants of the Bowhead," are the frequent subject of mirth to Pitcairn, Pennycuik, and other wags of the cavalier or Jacobite faction. This precise generation were much scandalized by the backsliding of their neighbour, the celebrated

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Major Weir, who, after living a life of rigorous profession, was burned for incest and sorcery in 1676, after confessing a great many impossible crimes, besides some others that were at least improbable. His house, in a small close leading straight downwards from the second turn of the Bow, long stood empty, and was believed to be haunted.* In the Bow, also, flourished of old one Mitchell, a curious mixture of madness, knavery, absurdity, and something like humour. He was a white-smith, and published various lucubrations under the title of the Tinclarian Doctor.

Near the bottom of this steep and crooked street, are several lofty *lands*, or nests of houses, each marked with a cross placed on the chimney, or on the front of their gables. These having been erected upon lands originally belonging to the Knights Templars, came at length to be united to the barony of Drem. This was a great vexation to the magistrates of Edinburgh, for the Baron of Drem having a separate jurisdiction independent of theirs, these houses became a place of refuge to artizans, who were not free of the city corporations, besides the insult of the Baron of Drem's bailie holding independent courts within their jurisdiction. After a considerable sum had been offered by the city, and refused by the baron, this petty jurisdiction, with others of the same class, was, by the Act 1748, abolishing all heritable jurisdictions in Scotland, taken away, without costing the community any compensation whatever.

EDINBURGH, FROM THE GLASGOW ROAD.

THIS view offers little room for description, though in itself eminently beautiful. It is indeed the particular excellence of the scenery in the vicinity of the Scottish capital, that the same objects present such new, unexpected and interesting combinations when viewed from different points. That at present selected is from the new buildings on the lands of Coates, where the New Town is presently extending itself in a south-westerly direction. The Castle-rock, as it stoops precipitously to the westward, forms the principal feature in the view; and sublime as it is, sustains injury, if not degradation, in being made the pedestal for that ugly and clumsy pile of barracks, which would be honoured by a comparison with the most vulgar cotton-mill. A few hundred pounds, nay, the expenditure of the same money which this deplorable mass actually cost to the public, if laid out under the control of the most ordinary degree of taste, might have saved Edinburgh Castle, that ancient and martial Acro-

* [See Chamber's *Minor Antiquities of Edinburgh*, p. 82, &c.]

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polis of Caledonia, from the imposition of that hulk, which even Nasmyth's pencil, aided by the palliating effects of distance and of mist, cannot divest of its lumpish deformity.

The West Church, or Saint Cuthbert's, is another clumsy structure, but fortunately stands much out of sight. A circumstance happened with respect to this church, and to more than one besides, which singularly illustrates the proverb, that Scotsmen are ever wise behind the hand. When the heritors had chosen the cheapest, or at least the ugliest plan which was laid before them, had seen it executed, and were at leisure to contemplate the ground cumbered with a great heavy oblong barn, with huge disproportioned windows, they repented of the enormity which they had sanctioned, and endeavoured to repair their error by building a steeple, in a style of ornamented and florid architecture; as if the absurd finery of such an appendage could relieve the heaviness of the principal building, which is only rendered more deformed by the contrast. It may be hoped, that the number of excellent architects who have lately arisen in this country will introduce a better taste among their patrons; and it would be especially desirable to convince those concerned, that beauty or elegance in architecture depends not upon ornament, but upon symmetry; and that in truth, a handsome and tasteful plan may often be executed at less expense than one which shall, so long as the building stands, entail disgrace on all who have had to do with it.

The very handsome Episcopal chapel of Saint John's, which is a beautiful specimen of modern Gothic, rises on the left of the West Kirk with an air of superior elegance, which, in a former day, might have drawn down the wrath of the zealous and predominant Presbyterians. But although doubtless equally sincere in their faith as their fathers, the modern Calvinists no longer mingle with their own religious zeal, any animosity against those of other congregations.

At the hollow beneath the West Kirk, the North Loch once commenced. But there is strong reason to believe, that the water there collected was an artificial inundation, formed by means of an artificial dike near the bottom of Leith Wynd; and intended, by stopping the course of the small rivulets arising near the foot of the castle-rock, to save the expense of fortification on that side of the city. Bowyer, the continuator of Fordun's Chronicle, mentions, that in the year 1398, Queen Annabel, wife of Robert the Third, proclaimed a tournament of twelve knights on each side, in honour of her eldest son David, then created Duke of Rothsay; and adds, in express words—"Hujusmodi tyrocinium fuit centique a parte aquilonali villæ de Edinburgh, *ubi nunc est lacus*." Besides the direct testimony of the historian, it may be added, that the bottom of the North Loch, though it latterly became soft and marshy by continual

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deposition of owze and filth, was originally hard, so that it could be forded both by men and horses. After the celebrated skirmish fought betwixt the factions of Angus and Arran upon the High Street of Edinburgh, and hence popularly termed *Clean the Causeway*, Archbishop Beatoun, who had inflamed the broil, and indeed had assisted in it, wearing armour under his rocket, could only escape from the fury of the victorious Douglasses, by traversing a ford in the North Loch. These, with other circumstances mentioned by Maitland in his History of Edinburgh, go to establish the fact, that this lake was artificial, and constructed for the defence of the city upon the northern side, where there was no wall.

EDINBURGH, FROM CORSTORPHINE HILL.

THE Corstorphine Hills, taking their name from the village so called, form a beautiful screen of eminences, rising about three miles to the north-west of Edinburgh, and producing the same effect with that of the Surrey Hills, as seen from Saint James's Park. They are chiefly clothed with wood, and rising from the verge of the great valley which stretches towards Stirling, they take their direction towards the Frith of Forth, and again sink into lower ground, near the House and Park of Barnton, belonging to the late George Ramsay, Esq. The view from these hills is one of the most magnificent in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

The prospect abounds also with objects of curiosity, both to the antiquary, the philosopher, and the man of taste. The new mansion of Ravelstone is the seat of Sir Alexander Keith, Knight-Mareschal of Scotland; and the old house, situated close beneath it, is preserved with great judgment and taste, as a model of the style of building, of laying out gardens, etc., as practised in Scotland three hundred years since. Craig-Crook Castle, an ancient mansion, formerly noted for the tales of terror and superstition connected with it, and at present more honourably distinguished as the residence of Francis Jeffrey, Esq.,* is also an interesting object in the view.

EDINBURGH, FROM THE CALTON-HILL.

THE pencil of our celebrated associate Turner has given a daring representation of one of the most magnificent scenes in this

* [Late Lord Advocate—now (1834) Lord Jeffrey—one of the Judges in the Court of Session.]

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romantic city. A few years ago the Calton-Hill was a solitary eminence, distinguished only by the Observatory, and the Bridewell, which had been erected there, after plans of the late Mr Adams. A walk, little frequented save by strangers, winded around the verge of the precipitous hill, and showed, in pleasing succession, a noble view of the Forth, with the mountains beyond it,—of Leith, and its shipping,—of Musselburgh Bay, and the fine eastern crescent of land, terminated so happily by North Berwick Law,—of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, with the towers of the old Palace, and its huge quadrangular court lying close under the eye of the spectator,—of the massive and high-piled buildings of the Old Town, terminated by the Castle, and backed by the blue range of the Pentland Hills,—and, finally, as the spectator returned towards the point from which he set out, he commanded a view of the New Town, with the minarets of the Register House, and the grand arches of the North Bridge. The promenade, in its successive richness of beautiful objects, and the numerous moral associations which they are calculated to excite, is perhaps unequalled in Europe, or in the world. It was solitary, however, and little frequented, until the daring spirit of modern improvement suggested the magnificent plan of leading the principal approach to Edinburgh from the eastward along the verge of this commanding eminence. This has been done with a spirit which cannot be sufficiently admired, considering that it was exerted during the last years of an almost ruinous war; and that, at a time of scarcity and depression of credit, it served to feed the industrious poor, while it displayed the resources and courage of the wealthy.

In fact, by casting a stately and magnificent bridge over the hollow betwixt the termination of Prince's Street and the Burial-Ground on the Calton, these points were connected at nearly the same level, while the traveller from the eastward, beginning to rise near the Piershill Barracks, gained the verge of the Calton-Hill almost without a perceptible ascent; and thus a road, which apparently led straight over a lofty mountain, has been rendered by skill the most level and easy, as well as the most splendid, approach which was ever made to any city.

The new Jail, and public buildings of a similar description connected with it, being erected on the Calton-Hill at the same time, and forming a part of the generous plan which had been adopted, were constructed on the same liberal and magnificent scale. There was indeed so little reason to reproach the persons concerned with debasing, by mean or heavy buildings, the romantic site where they were erected, that we have heard the architecture of those structures censured as too fantastic, and abounding too much in the caprices of the Gothic style. We cannot concur in this objection to any extent. The buildings are very large, and the importance which their size attaches to

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them admits of their being diversified, without being degraded, by great variety of outline. And surely, if the massive, yet irregular, style of a Gothic castle can be any where adopted with propriety, the jail of a metropolis, built on the very verge of a precipice, and overhanging the buildings beneath, like an ancient citadel, is the most appropriate subject for the purpose.

Sir William Rae, Baronet, of Saint Catherine's (presently Lord Advocate, then Sheriff-Depute of Mid-Lothian), and Sir John Marjoribanks, Baronet, of Lees, then Lord Provost, will be long remembered as the active public officers, whose good taste and patriotism (contending with, and surpassing, numerous obstacles) commenced and carried through these magnificent improvements. Mr Elliot was the architect of the public works, and Mr Stevenson the surveyor and engineer.

The point which Mr Turner has selected for the view is precisely that upon which every passenger, however much accustomed to the wonderful scene, is inclined to pause, and, with eyes unsatisfied with seeing, to gaze on the mingled and almost tumultuous scene which lies before and beneath him. The building on the left is the City Jail, erected, as we have said, on a Gothic model, and adjoining to the Calton burial-ground, where the monument of David Hume, the historian and philosopher, in form of a round tower of massive Roman architecture, connects itself with the buildings of the jail. The eye is from thence led on along the Regent's Bridge, the magnificent work which connects the approach with the New Town, beyond which are seen the turrets of the Register House. The North Bridge, with the new buildings erected on the west side (the subject of much controversy, but here, at least, seen to advantage), unites these objects with the deep masses of the Old Town, and the castle predominating over the whole. The steeples of the West Kirk and Saint John's Chapel, with the cupola of Saint George's Church, terminate the view.

ENTRANCE TO LEITH HARBOUR.

Leith may be considered as the seaport of Edinburgh, from which it is distant only two miles, and the road between them is nearly covered with buildings. The Water of Leith, at its confluence with the Frith of Forth, which forms the harbour, divides the town into two parts, which are respectively called North and South Leith, and are connected together by drawbridges.

The civil and political history of Leith being intimately united with that of Edinburgh, the principal events will be found in the general accounts of the latter.

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It appears that in the year 1544, King Henry the Eighth, disappointed at the treaty being declared void, which he had recently made with the Scots, respecting the infant Queen Mary, sent a fleet under the Earl of Hertford into the Forth, took Leith, destroyed the pier, and carried off the ships; in May the next year, a reinforcement from France arrived at Leith, under the command of Lorge Montgomery, and soon afterwards it was fortified to keep up a communication with France, which, however, did not prevent the English fleet from approaching it in 1549, and seizing some ships. The following year the fortifications of Leith were strengthened, and it resisted every attack that could be made upon it during a siege of two months, when, in consequence of the death of the Regent, negotiations were entered into with the English, by which the French troops were removed, and Leith was demolished.

The importance of Leith, in consequence of its being the channel for the admission of foreign troops and supplies, made the possession of it an object with the conflicting parties during the turbulent period of the Reformation, and the subsequent contests for ascendency between the supporters and the enemies of the Stuart family, in the seventeenth century, and until they subsided generally at the union of the two kingdoms; since which event, both Edinburgh and Leith have increased in magnitude and importance to the present time.

The public buildings in Leith for ecclesiastical, charitable, civil, and commercial purposes, also for the promotion of education and literature, are numerous; particular descriptions of which will be met with in the local accounts of the place. The streets are narrow and irregular, though the modern parts of the town are built in a regular and highly improved style.

There are several manufactures in Leith, and it carries on a considerable trade with the principal ports of Europe, also with America, the West Indies, Ireland, etc., and several vessels are engaged in the Greenland Fishery; it has an extensive coasting trade, and employs twenty-seven smacks in the London trade alone, which sail regularly twice a-week; to which may be added several large and elegant steam-vessels for conveying passengers to and from London.

The trade of Leith having greatly increased for some years back, two docks, each 250 yards long, and 100 wide, enclosing more than ten acres of water, and capable of containing 150 vessels of the classes that frequent that port, were completed in 1806 and 1817; and on the north side of them are three dry or graving docks; in addition to which it is intended to form a large wet dock, 500 yards long, and 100 wide, extending to the tide-harbour at Newhaven, capable of receiving large ships; these, with other improvements of the harbour, were projected by that eminent civil engineer, the late John Rennie, Esq.

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A lighthouse, with reflecting lamps, is erected at the mouth of the harbour, and another, with a revolving light, on the island of Inchkeith in the middle of the Frith of Forth, about four miles from Leith. The Custom-house, erected in 1812, stands on the north of the harbour, near the entrance to the wet docks.

The foreign trade of Leith for 1825 was as follows :—

Ships inwards, 368. Ships outwards, 272.

The coasting trade for 1825 was—

Ships inwards, 3794, containing 240,628 tons.
Ships outwards, 2271, containing 160,603 tons.

The harbour, is formed by a noble stone pier, built at the beginning of the last century, and is defended by a Martello tower, situated about a quarter of a mile from the pier, and erected during the late war.

Leith is governed by a magistrate of Edinburgh, who has the title of Admiral of Leith, and two resident bailies, elected by the Town-Council of Edinburgh. The population of North and South Leith together, is about 21,000 (by the last census in 1831,—25,855).

HOLYROOD HOUSE.

Pict Scen
p 536.

This venerable seat of Scottish royalty, as is still expressed in its ordinary name, The Abbey, was originally a convent, and, like so many other monastic establishments, calls David I. its founder. The legend connected with its foundation is well known, and its memory is preserved in the armorial bearings of the borough of Canongate to this day. The King, it seems, in or about the year 1128, as he was hunting in the forest of Drumselch, now Drumsheuch, was attacked by a stag which had been brought to bay, thrown to the ground, and in danger of perishing, when a cross was suddenly interposed betwixt the defenceless monarch and the incensed animal, at the sight of which the stag fled in dismay. The cross, the substance of which could not be ascertained, remained on the place, and was regarded, of course, with the highest veneration.

In consequence of his escape from this imminent danger, the grateful Monarch founded and richly endowed the Church of the Holy Rood, granting to it and to the canons regular of Saint Augustine serving God therein, the privilege of erecting a borough betwixt their church and the Nether-Bow gate of the city, which is now called from thence the Canongate, but was formerly denominated the Herbargeire (or Hospitium) of the Monastery. In like manner he conferred on them those mills near Broughton, still well known by

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the name of Canonmills. He bestowed on them also the churches of the Castle of Edinburgh, of Saint Cuthberts, Libberton, and Corstorphine, and of Airth, in the county of Stirling. His gratitude also assigned to them the right of trial by duel or ordeal, an extensive jurisdiction, with a variety of advantages, immunities, and privileges, which placed the Canons of Holyrood upon a footing with the most favoured ecclesiastics in Scotland. One of the most singular gifts comprehends the tithe of the whales and sea-monsters accruing to the crown on the whole coast betwixt the mouth of the river Almond to Colbrand's path. Succeeding monarchs heaped favours on the same establishment; so that, at the dissolution, it was accounted the most opulent Abbey in Scotland. The rental then consisted of four hundred and forty-two bolls of wheat, six hundred and forty bolls of bear, five hundred capons, two dozen of hens, two dozen of salmon, twelve loads of salt, a great number of swine, and about two hundred and fifty pounds sterling in money.

The external appearance of the church and monastery of Holyrood, probably corresponded with these ample revenues; but it does not exactly appear how soon any part of the building was adapted to the purposes of a royal residence. Its vicinity to the King's Park, and to the hills, then covered with wood, must have recommended it at least as an occasional residence, whenever the perils of the time did not require the sovereign to immure himself within the Castle of Edinburgh. The poems of Dunbar seem to show that the Abbey was inhabited by James IV. as a permanent residence. It is ascertained, however, by an inscription upon the building, that the tower and high-roofed buildings, containing what are called Queen Mary's apartments, were built by James V. His name may still be seen at the bottom of a niche in the north-western tower.

Not long after their erection, these royal apartments, as well as the whole abbey, fell a prey to the flames, when the English landed at Royston Bay in 1544, took Leith, and attacked Edinburgh. Being repulsed from the city by a well-directed fire from the castle, they avenged themselves on the palace and abbey, which they burned, leaving nothing uninjured save the church, then a fine Gothic edifice. A fine brazen font was carried off by Sir Richard Lee, captain of the English pioneers, who, after adorning it with an inscription, somewhat in the vein of Ancient Pistol, presented the same to the church of Saint Albans, in Hertfordshire. The dedication is worthy of being preserved.

"Cum Læthia, oppidum apud Scotus non incelebre, et Edinburgus, primaria apud eos civitas, incendio conflagrent, Ricardus Leus, eques auratus, me flammis ereptum ad Anglos perduxit. Hujus ego tanti beneficii memor, non nisi regum liberos lavare solitus, nunc meam operam etiam in fines Anglorum libenter condixi. Leux victor sic

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voluit. Vale. Anno Domini M.D.XLIII. et anno Henrici Octavi XXXVI". Englished thus by Maitland:—"When Leith, a town of good account in Scotland, and Edinburgh, the principal city of that nation, were on fire, Sir Richard Lea, Knight, saved me out of the flames and brought me into England. In gratitude to him for his kindness, I who heretofore served only at the baptism of kings, do now most willingly offer the same service even to the meanest of the English nation. Lea the conqueror hath so commanded. Adieu. A.D. 1543, in the thirty-sixth year of Henry VIII."—MAITLAND'S *Hist. of Edin.*, p. 148. The font fell into the hands of the Roundheads during the Civil War, and was destroyed by them for the sake of the metal.

Both the abbey and palace soon recovered from the effects of this disaster; for before gunpowder was much employed, the Gothic edifices suffered little from fire, save the demolition of the roofs. Holyrood soon after became a building consisting of so many as five courts, and was the principal residence of the court, and scene of all important public transactions, during the reign of Queen Mary and her son. The monastery was suppressed, with others, at the Reformation; and in the year 1636, the city of Edinburgh acquired the superiority of the Canongate from the family of Roxburgh, into whose hands it had passed, and thus abolished the inconvenient and disrespectable existence of a jurisdiction in that burgh, or suburb, independent of their own; but the building was retained as a royal residence.

When James VI. inhabited the palace, it was more than once attacked, and once actually surprised by Bothwell, in the course of his ambitious enterprises;* for the royal residence of a Scottish monarch was as liable as those of his barons to be disturbed by violence and bloodshed. Against such attempts it was strongly secured by a gateway, extending along the foot of the Canongate, which covered the main entrance, and by walls and enclosures on the other three sides. The gateway or porch, by which, from its position, admittance was given to the palace in front, was pulled down early in the last century; so that the palace is now approached obliquely, and the north-west wing is the first that becomes visible. This is one instance amongst many of a rage for demolition, without even the pretence of improvement, by which official persons are sometimes actuated.

* ["Francis Stewart, second Earl of Bothwell, and the son of John Stewart, first Earl, who was a natural son of King James V. He made several violent attempts to seize the person of the king. Being favoured by some of James's attendants, he was admitted by a secret passage, under cloud of night, into the court of the palace, 27th December, 1591, and advanced directly towards the royal apartment; but the alarm was taken, and the doors shut. While he attempted to burst open some of them, and to set fire to others, the citizens of Edinburgh had time to run to their arms, and he escaped with the utmost difficulty. Bothwell was attainted, banished, and died in contempt and exile."—WOOD'S *Peerage*, vol. i., p. 232.]

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When James acceded to the English crown, he left his ancient palace to dust and desolation. He revisited it indeed in 1617, after fourteen years absence, and it was then, for the first time, that the Episcopal service of the reformed church, with vocal and instrumental music, was performed at the Chapel of Holyrood. But the stern reformers of the preceding age had not viewed the mass itself as a greater abomination than did the Presbyterians of the 17th century regard the surplices and chants of the choristers. Their astonishment and horror are described, with some humour, by Sir Anthony Welldon, in an account of Scotland, or rather a satire upon that country, written at the time of the royal visit. "His Majesty's hangings," says the satirist, "they desire may be left as relics, to put them in mind of his Majesty, and they promise to dispense with the wooden images; but these graven images in this new beautiful chapel they threaten to pull down after his departure, and to make them a burnt-offering to appease the indignation they imagine conceived against them in the breast of the Almighty, for suffering such idolatry to enter their kingdom. The organ, I think, will find mercy, because they think there is some affinity betwixt it and the bagpipes. The skipper that brought the singing men with their papistical vestments, complains that he has been much troubled with a strange singing in his head ever since they came on board his ship. For remedy whereof, the parson of the parish hath persuaded him to sell that profane vessel, and to distribute the money among the faithful brethren. ------ To conclude, I am persuaded if God and his angels at the last day should come down in their whitest garments, they would run away, and cry, 'The children of the chapel are come again to torment us!—Let us fly from the abomination of these boys, and hide ourselves in the mountains!'"*

The great Civil War was not concluded, when the ancient Palace of Holyrood House was destroyed, either by wilful or accidental fire, while a body of English soldiers were quartered there. The circumstance is thus mentioned in the Diary of Andrew Nicol, amongst the remarkable events of 1560, the most disastrous year which Scotland had seen since the wars of Bruce and Baliol:—"The body of the Englisch army being thus quartered in Edinburgh, Cannogait, Leith, and in several other partes of Lowthiane, and a number of the Englisches futemen being lodged within the Abbey of Haly-Rud hous, it fell out that upon ane Weddensday, being the thretene day of October, 1650, the haill royal part of that palaice wes put in a flame, and brent to the grund on all the pairtis thereof, except a lyttill."—The small part which is here described to have escaped the conflagration was the double tower upon the north-west, with the adjoining

* Secret History of James I.

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building, containing the apartments of Queen Mary, which is now the lodging of the Duke of Hamilton, as Keeper of the Palace.

After monarchy was restored, Charles the Second showed a liberal attention to the condition of his ancient metropolis. A new palace, built upon the site of the former, and connected with its venerable relics, was erected, after the plan of Sir William Bruce of Kinross, by Robert Milne, the King's mason. The work, though in the French taste of Louis XIV.'s reign, does honour both to the architect and the builder. It is a quadrangle, built around a central court, surrounded with piazzas. The front is very handsome. It is two stories high, and flat in the roof, closing the inner court as with a screen, and giving access to it under a handsome cupola, surmounted by an imperial crown, executed in stone work. At each angle of the front the building projects and rises above the line, being decorated with turrets at the angles. The other three sides of the palace are three stories high, but plain and unornamented.

The attention of Charles was also turned to the abbey-church, which he fitted up anew as a chapel-royal, to be set apart in future for the use of the royal family—the installation of the Knights of the Thistle—and other occasions of regal solemnity. A throne was erected for the sovereign, and stalls for twelve knights of the order; an organ was again introduced, and the whole interior of the chapel was, at considerable expense, put into complete repair. But it was again destined to feel the violating rage of civil discord.

James II., or VII. of Scotland, resided long at the Abbey of Holyrood House ere he succeeded to the throne, kept a vice-regal court there, and by his stately and formal courtesy towards the proud aristocracy of Scotland, laid the foundation of that attachment to his person and family, which showed itself in so many unsuccessful insurrections. He bequeathed, as Duke of York, his name to the Duke's Walk, a level space extending from the back front of the palace to the verge of the park, and once shaded with lofty trees, which are now felled. For a long time this was the usual place in which the gentlemen of Edinburgh were wont to decide affairs of honour.

But though James contributed something to the splendour of the palace of his ancestors, he was finally the cause of its being ruined through the same obstinate bigotry by which he forfeited three kingdoms. When he ascended the throne, amongst other injudicious measures in favour of Popery, he thought proper not only to have mass celebrated in the chapel-royal at Holyrood House, but also to establish a Roman Catholic printing-press and Popish schools there. These acts of bigotry drew down the displeasure of the people at once upon the government and the very building itself, which was doubly odious as the residence of Perth the chancellor, the Popish minister of a Popish monarch.

As the great national crisis approached, the Papists were insulted

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as they attended mass at the chapel. The guards interfered to chastise the rioters, and the government, with ill-timed severity, punished a man with death for using words of encouragement to the multitude. At length, 10th December, 1688, the insurrection assumed an organized and formidable aspect. A great number of the youth of the city assembling with arms in their hands, such as they could procure in haste, marched towards the abbey in something like military array. One Captain Wallace, who commanded about one hundred and forty soldiers on the palace guard, after vainly endeavouring to repel the multitude otherwise, at length fired upon them, killed several, wounded more, and dispersed the whole body. The gentlemen of the Prince of Orange's party appear to have thought this a proper time to declare themselves. A warrant for the surrender of the abbey was obtained from the Convention of Estates, then sitting; the pursuivants, with their habits of ceremony, were called out; the city guard were put under arms, and their old commander, Major Graham, though a notorious persecutor of the Covenanters, was released from prison and placed at their head, on promising to do faithful service at this conjuncture. The Whig gentlemen took arms themselves, with such followers as they could muster. Even Lord Mersington, one of the judges—as drunk, says Lord Balcarras, as ale and brandy could make him—(but that we hope is a scandal), assumed a halbert upon that occasion. When these motley forces arrived before the abbey, Wallace again refused to yield up the guard intrusted to him; firing commenced on both sides, and discipline was likely once more to have proved superior to zeal and numbers, had not the defenders committed the error of drawing out their men in front of the building, which afforded Captain Graham an opportunity of forcing his way by a private entrance. Wallace and his soldiers, finding themselves attacked at once in front and rear, dispersed, leaving several slain; and the assailants then forced their way into the palace and chapel, where, unfortunately, not contented with wreaking their displeasure upon the Popish vestments and images which fell in their hands, they laid the chapel utterly waste, tearing down the seats, stalls, and carved ornaments, breaking even into the recesses of the dead, to tear from their coffins the remains of kings and nobles who lay buried in the choir, and leaving the whole a scene of devastation and ruin.

Want of skill and stupidity completed the desolation of this ancient chapel. The Barons of Exchequer, with well-meant attention to its repair, had directed a new roof to be imposed on the ancient walls. But this roof was of freestone, and unhappily its weight proved too great for the frailty of walls, already nearly 600 years old. It fell within two years after it had been put up, breaking down and ruining the ground-work, and the shafts of the columns, and encumbering the whole interior. In this state it still remains.

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To increase the disgust occasioned by a spectacle so melancholy, there was formerly a custom of exhibiting to visitors the wretched remains of our former sovereigns, as the thigh-bones of Henry Darnley (which warranted the traditional accounts of his great height); the skull of Queen Margaret, the corpse of a certain Countess of Roxburgh, who had the misfortune to be shrivelled into a mummy, and similar ghastly relics of mortality. This indecent and degrading exhibition is now prohibited, and the bones of the departed built up in their separate tombs. There have been also proposals under the consideration of the Peers of Scotland and other eminent persons, for repairing and re-establishing the royal chapel; and it may be hoped, that the prospect to which Scotland looks forward, of once more receiving a monarch within her metropolis, may hasten so desirable an undertaking.

The Palace of Holyrood itself has been only twice inhabited by princely tenants since it was left by the Duke of York. The adventurous Charles Edward Stuart was resident there for some time before and after the battle of Prestonpans, in the eventful years 1745–6. More lately, and in our own time, these deserted apartments served to accommodate his Royal Highness the Comte d'Artois, younger brother to his Majesty Louis XVIII., with the emigrant nobility who were attached to his person.*

It ought to be mentioned, that the precincts of the palace, together with an extensive range of hill, rock, and pasture-ground, comprehending Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, and termed the King's Park, have the privileges of a sanctuary to those who are exposed to imprisonment at the suit of civil creditors. There is a separate jurisdiction within this district, exercised by the bailie of the Duke of Hamilton, the heritable keeper of the palace. When debts are contracted within the sanctuary, a rare occurrence, it may be supposed, where credit is necessarily much under the control of caution, the debtor finds a place of restraint, even in this privileged bounds, and is committed to the prison of the sanctuary.

This privilege of sanctuary, like other matters of the kind, has both its advantages and inconveniences. It has often afforded an honest, but unfortunate, individual, time to look into his own affairs, and to provide honourably and fairly for their final extrication. At other times it has been abused by the profligacy of some, and the incurable imprudence of others. It may be remarked, that it is fully more frequently resorted to by our neighbours of England than by

* [King George the Fourth held his levees in the Palace of Holyrood in August, 1822. In January 1796, the exiled Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. of France, took up his residence in Holyrood, where he remained until August, 1799. When again driven from his country, by the Revolution of 1830, the same unfortunate prince, with all the immediate members of his family, sought refuge once more in the ancient palace of the Stuarts, and remained there until 18th September, 1832.]

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native Scotsmen, the mildness of our law respecting personal duresse making it scarce worth the debtor's while to fly to the sanctuary, nor worth that of the creditor to throw him into a prison, from which (if no fraud is alleged against him) he is sure to be liberated after a brief confinement.

The gardens, etc., in the vicinity of the Abbey of Holyrood House, with all the remaining offices, have of course suffered by the negligence which has permitted the building itself to run into disrepair, and the chapel to fall into ruins. The Botanical Garden was originally established there, but it has been long removed to a more favourable situation. Were the spirit of the haughty Duke of York to revisit the scenes he once inhabited, the apostrophe of Shakspeare, most applicable in all its parts to the present state of this ancient palace, might be addressed to the phantom by those whose disastrous circumstances make them the inmates of the sanctuary :—

> " Alas ! and what shall York see here
> But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
> Unpeopled offices untrodden stones.—
> And what cheer find for welcome but our groans ?"
>
> *Richard II.*

EDINBURGH, FROM SAINT ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

THE view is taken from Saint Anthony's Chapel, of which a shattered ruin rises on the shoulder of Arthur's Seat. It belonged to the cell of a hermit, the vestiges of which still remain near to the chapel.

The ruins are crumbling fast to decay, and have already lost a tower, which, in the time of Maitland, still adorned the western end. The site of the hermitage and chapel are chosen with striking propriety ; and seem, as becomes the abode of ascetic devotion, to frown from their rugged and lofty site upon the abode of Scottish monarchy, and the noise and tumult of the capital, placed, as it were, above the vanities of human life, yet having them full in view. The history of the hermitage has not been handed down to us. The chapel has been a plain but handsome Gothic building. A high rock rises behind the cell, from the foot of which gushes a pure and plentiful fountain, dedicated of course to Saint Anthony, the *Genius Loci*. It is mentioned in a beautiful and well-known Scottish song,

> " Now Arthur's Seat sall be my bed,
> The sheets sall ne'er be fyled by me ;
> Saint Anton's Well sall be my drink,
> Since my true love's forsaken me."

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REGALIA OF SCOTLAND.

THE date of the various articles of the regalia can be precisely ascertained, excepting only that of the CROWN, concerning which something is left to conjecture. Neither does this doubt relate to the crown as it at present appears, because it is certain that the arches, ball, and cross, which close and surmount the original coronet or diadem, were added to it by James V.; so that the question only remains, to what era we ought to refer the diadem itself, which is unquestionably of a date more ancient than the additions made to it.

There is a natural inclination in the mind to ascribe the date of so remarkable a relic to a period of national triumph, and its formation to the commands of a victorious and patriotic monarch: we cannot, therefore, wonder at the fond desire which Scottish antiquaries have shown to refer the date of this diadem, in the language of national song, to

"Days when gude KING ROBERT rang."

And although no direct proof can be produced that this was actually the case, the following circumstances seem to render the conjecture highly probable.

There can be no doubt, that, from an early period, the Scottish, like other European nations, used the crown as a symbol of royalty, and accordingly their historians mention on various occasions the ceremony of coronation at the Abbey of Scone; but the crown used on these occasions, with every other emblem of royalty, was taken from John Baliol by Edward I. of England, in the year 1296. The ceremony of degradation was performed in the Castle of Montrose (or Brechin, according to other authorities), where the unfortunate Baliol was produced before Edward, dressed in the full robes, and adorned with all the ensigns of royalty. The garments were stripped from him one by one: the lining of ermine was torn from his royal vest, from which he acquired the ignominious nickname of *Toom-tabart, or Empty Coat*—the sceptre, sword, crown, and ring, were then severally taken from him, and the degraded monarch was compelled, by the symbol of delivering a white wand, to yield up to Edward his full right of sovereignty.* It cannot be doubted that the English king retained possession of these royal insignia, since he was at the pains to transport to London the celebrated marble stone used at the coronation of the Scottish kings,—an emblem of his victorious usurpation neither so valuable nor so portable.

If farther proof were wanting of the English monarch having car-

* The original account of this mortifying ceremony, as given by the Prior of Lochleven, may be found in the Appendix to this description, No. I.

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ried off or destroyed the regalia of Scotland in the year 1296, it arises out of the fact, that when Bruce first asserted his right to the crown of Scotland, and was crowned king at Scone, a temporary circle, or *coronel* of gold, was used for that purpose, which would have been unnecessary had the ancient Regalia existed, or been within his reach. Even this temporary badge of royalty fell into the hands of the English after Bruce's defeat at the battle of Methven, exactly three months after his coronation. The golden crownlet, after Bruce's defeat and flight, appears for a time to have been concealed by one Geoffrey de Coigners, to whose care it had probably been intrusted. These circumstances we learn from the tenor of a pardon issued by King Edward to Coigners, at the instance of Queen Margaret of England.*

March 29, 1306.

June 19, 1306.

It is certain, therefore, that when the victor of Bannockburn assumed the absolute sovereignty of his dominions, there was no Scottish crown in existence, since that used by his predecessors, as well as the coronel made for his own coronation, had both fallen into the hands of the English. Of their subsequent fate we are entirely ignorant; nor does it clearly appear what measures were ever afterwards taken for their restoration to Scotland. It is indeed sufficiently ascertained, that at the Peace of Northampton, in 1328, it was agreed that the famous stone of Scone, on which the kings of Scotland were wont to sit at their coronation, should be restored to the Scots: † and it seems difficult to suppose that a similar stipulation had not been made for the restitution of the Scottish regalia; unless, perhaps, they had been destroyed during the interval of the English usurpation. ‡ Certain it is, that if any such condition was made, it was not complied with in the case of the regalia, any more than that respecting the stone of Scone, which, notwithstanding the treaty, was still retained in England. The ancient crown of Scotland, therefore, was never restored, which renders it highly probable that the diadem now preserved was made by Bruce's orders, to replace "the golden round

* Appendix, No. II.

† There is in the possession of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, a writ under the Privy Seal of Edward III., dated at Bordesley, in July, 1328, directed to the abbot and convent of Westminster; in which, after reciting that his council had, in his Parliament holden at Northampton, agreed that the stone whereupon the Kings of Scotland used to sit at the time of their coronation, and which was then in the keeping of that abbot and convent, should be sent to Scotland, and that he had ordered the Sheriffs of London to receive the same from them by indenture, and cause it to be carried to the Queen Mother; he commands the abbot and convent to deliver up the said stone to those sheriffs as soon as they should come to them for that purpose.—*Calendars of Ancient Charters, etc. Introd.* p. 58.

‡ The different parts of what has been denominated the Treaty of Northampton, from the place of its final ratification by Edward III. and his parliament, were contained in various instruments and indentures, dated, some of them at York, others at Edinburgh. Of these, the principal are now known to be preserved in the public archives of Scotland; but in none of them is there any stipulation either respecting the Scottish regalia, or the stone of Scone.—See the new Edition of RYMER's *Fœdera*.

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and top of sovereignty," which was the visible emblem of the national independence, recovered by the wisdom and valour of the Scottish deliverer.

At the death of Robert Bruce, such a crown was in existence, for his son, David II., held his coronation with unusual solemnity; and it is particularly noticed, that, by the special directions of the Pope, the ceremony of unction was then, for the first time, used in the inauguration of a Scottish monarch. Where new ceremonies were added, the ancient rites were doubtless carefully observed; and it cannot be doubted, therefore, that David was regularly crowned, and with a diadem suited to his dignity, which crown must have been fabricated betwixt the date of the battle of Bannockburn in 1314, and that of David II.'s coronation in 1329.

The workmanship of the ancient portion of the present crown, and, in particular, the mode in which the gems are set, betoken great antiquity, and appears at least as early as the fourteenth century, which corresponds with the date of Bruce's reign. After this period, precious stones were usually polished and cut into facets, whereas those of the Scottish crown are set rough, and in their natural state, without any attempts to relieve or improve their appearance by the art of the lapidary.

To these observations it may be added, that such representations as exist of the Scottish crown previous to the time of Robert, whether on coins or on the seals of monarchs, are, as far as the rudeness of the delineation enables us to judge, of a different form from that which we are now treating of, and represent a diadem ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis* only, whereas, from the time of Robert Bruce downwards, the *fleurs-de-lis* are interchanged with crosses, as on the present crown. The head of David I. at Melrose Abbey, is in like manner environed with a crown bearing *fleurs-de-lis* only; whereas that supposed to represent Robert Bruce, in the Abbey of Dunfermline, where that great deliverer lies buried, bears the crosses also. These circumstances afford strong indications in support of the hypothesis which assigns the date of the present crown to the happy reign of that great monarch.

There occurs only one argument affecting this hypothesis; namely, that it is possible the crown used at David's coronation may have been again carried off during the brief usurpation of Edward Baliol in 1332. But although it is certain, that in that year Baliol went through the ceremony of a coronation at Scone, and therefore was in possession of the regalia, yet there is nothing in any of the historians which can lead us to suppose that any dilapidation took place on that occasion. Neither could Baliol, whose ambition it was, under the protection of England, to establish himself as king of Scotland, have had the slightest motive for offering such a gratuitous insult to the

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feelings of his subjects. To which it may be added, that his expulsion from Scotland was so sudden and so precipitate, that, far from having time to carry with him any part of the national jewels, Baliol escaped from Annan with scarce a single attendant, and very nearly in a state of nakedness. In the long wars and disturbances which followed, Scotland was indeed repeatedly overrun, but never subjugated; Dumbarton, Dunbar, and other strongholds were usually in possession of the patriots, who had therefore the means of securing the regalia. We cannot suppose that they neglected this; for the silence both of English and Scottish historians, whose exultation or grief would have been sufficiently clamorous, seems to assure us that the crown of Bruce did not again fall into the hands of the enemy.

We ought also to mention, that, as far as the rudeness of the coinage enables us to determine, the coins of Scotland, down to the reign of James IV., exhibit a diadem or circle, relieved with *fleurs-de-lis* and crosses, exactly resembling the original and more ancient part of the present Scottish crown.

In the end of the fifteenth century, the sovereigns of the independent states of Europe began to alter the shape of their crowns, and to close them with arches at the top, in imitation of those which are called imperial. This distinction was formerly proper to emperors. "The crown of the emperor," we translate from Honorius of Augsburg, "represents the circle of the globe. Augustus, therefore, bears it in evidence that he possesses the sovereignty of the world. An arch is bended over the diadem, in order to represent the ocean, by which the world is divided."* But although this mystical explanation seems to render the arched crown peculiar to the imperial dignity, the distinction was soon afterwards assumed by the kings of Europe, in order to establish a suitable distinction between independent monarchs and the petty sovereigns of every description, all of whom assumed the diadem, or open crown. Charles VIII. of France took an arched crown in the year 1495. There is some doubt with regard to the time when the close crown was assumed in England, but the best authorities refer it to the reign of Henry VII. and the year 1485. The practice at length became so general, that the French phrase, *former la couronne*, signifies the effort of a prince to shake himself clear of vassalage to a superior.

The Scottish monarchs had more reason than most others to maintain in every way their title to that independence, which they had been so often obliged to assert against the encroaching pretensions of their neighbours. Accordingly, on James IV.'s second coinage in the year 1483, he is represented with bushy hair, and a close or arched crown, which, as Snelling remarks, is as early, if not an

* *Gemma Animæ*, lib. i. cap. 224.

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earlier assumption of this mark of supremacy, as any that appears in the English series.*

But although this badge of sovereignty was represented as arched upon the Scottish coinage, as a public intimation of independent sovereignty, it is probable that the actual crown itself underwent no change until the reign of James V., who added the two concentric circles surmounted at the point of intersection with a mound of gold enamelled, and a large cross *patée*, upon which are the characters J. R. V. We have already stated, that it is evident that these arches are of a date much posterior to the original crown, from the following circumstances:—1st, They have not originally made a part of the diadem, but are attached to it by tacks of gold. 2dly, The workmanship of the arches is of a different and inferior description. 3dly, The metal differs in quality, the gold of the arches being inferior in purity to that which forms the diadem. When, therefore, we find in the Manuscript Diary of Lord Fountainhall, preserved in the Advocates' Library, a memorandum, stating that "the crown of Scotland is not the ancient one, but was casten of new by King James V.," we must understand it in the limited sense of an alteration of the form by the addition of the arches, not an actual remoulding of the whole substance of the crown.

The SCEPTRE was also made in the reign of James V., as appears by the characters J. R. V. engraved under the figures of the three saints which are placed upon the top of it. It may be presumed that the sceptre was made at the same time when the crown was altered; most probably during the king's visit to Paris in 1536. James when preparing for his intimate alliance with France by marrying one of the princesses, might be naturally induced to repair and augment the splendour of the national regalia; and the advanced state of the arts at Paris afforded him the best opportunity of doing so.†

The SWORD OF STATE has an earlier date than the sceptre. This beautiful specimen of early art was presented to King James IV. by the warlike Pope Julius II., in the year 1507. It was accompanied by a consecrated hat; and both, as we are made acquainted by Lesly,‡ were delivered with great solemnity in the Church of Holyrood by the Papal Legate and the Abbot of Dunfemline. This article of the regalia is not interesting to the antiquary alone; the beautiful and fanciful style of the sculpture upon the handle, and the filigree work

* *Views of the Silver Coinage of Scotland*, 1774, pp. 10, 11.

† The only part of the sceptre which seems of a different age from that of James V. is the large globular mass of rock crystal and its peculiar metallic *settings*, which surmount the sculptured figures near the top, and which indicate a degree of rudeness in the arts that ill accords with the other parts of the workmanship. It seems by no means improbable that this stone (which in the wardrobe inventories is dignified with the name of a *great-beryll*) was an amulet which had made part of the more ancient sceptre of the Scottish kings.

‡ *De Rebus Gestis Scotorum*, edit. 1578, p. 330.

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with which the sheath is covered, carry back the admirer of the arts to the period when they revived in their splendour. The various devices which are interwoven with the chasing represent the Papal tiara and the keys of St Peter,—ornaments appropriate to the See of Rome; and the foliage of oak-leaves and acorns, the personal device of Pope Julius, with which they are intermingled, forms a most beautiful example of the style of ornament commonly termed *grotesque*, which is thus described by Benvenuto Cellini.

"In Italy there is a variety of tastes, and we cut foliages in many different forms; the Lombards make the most beautiful wreaths, representing ivy leaves, and others of the same sort, with agreeable twinings highly pleasing to the eye. The Romans and Tuscans have a much better notion in this respect, for they represent acanthus leaves, with all their festoons and flowers, winding in a variety of forms, and amongst these leaves they insert birds and animals of several sorts, with great ingenuity and elegance in the arrangement. They in part likewise have recourse to wild flowers, such as those called lyon's mouths, accompanied with other fine inventions of imagination, which are termed grotesque by the ignorant."*

Having thus given some account of the external appearance of these regalia, and of the date to which each article may be ascribed, it remains to notice the use which was made of them upon public occasions of solemnity, together with such particulars as can be collected respecting their history.

The chief use of these ornaments, unquestionably, was at the CORONATION of each new monarch.

It happens that the Scottish writers, seldom very full in recording matters of mere ceremonial, have left us no particular account respecting the rites of coronations. One remarkable part of the ceremonial, as practised in the early monarchy, seems to have derived its origin from the ancient Celtic ceremony of placing the new chief, or tanist, upon a stone or rock, when assuming for the first time the command of his tribe. Indeed the stone itself, termed in the Gælic LIAFAIL (the fated grey-stone), is said to have been originally brought from Ireland by Fergus, and (according to the Book of Howth) was vocal in heathen times, like the pulpit of Mahomet or statue of Memnon, and emitted a sound when the lawful heir of the crown first was placed upon it.† The priests, with the art which they so frequently practised, seem to have adopted, and, after their own manner, sanctified this custom; and hence the usage of placing the new-made monarch of Scotland upon the fated stone, which now altered its character without losing its sanctity, and was credulously believed to have been the pillow of the Patriarch Jacob, when he beheld his vision

* *Life of Ben. Cellini*, London, 1771, vol. i., p. 110.
† Ware's *Antiquities of Ireland*, p. 17.

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in the field of Bethel. This part of the ceremonial, the only one very peculiar to Scotland, was abolished by the transference of the *fatal stone* to Westminster, it being of course impossible to find any substitute for so venerable a relic. This loss was sustained several years before any part of the present regalia had an existence, and the sight of the Scottish palladium in the Abbey of Westminster, *is* still an affliction to the eyes of the more zealous Scotsman.

Respecting other parts of the Scottish coronation ceremony, our chief guide must be the account of the ill-omened coronation of Charles II., as it was performed in the Church of Scone on the 1st of January, 1651, when he was called to the throne by the Presbyterian interest, less out of a sense of returning loyalty, than from their strong indignation against their late brethren, the English Independents.

Upon that occasion, the King, clad in a prince's robe, walked in procession from the hall of the palace to the church, the spurs, sword of state, sceptre, and crown, being carried before him by the principal nobility. It was remarkable, that upon this occasion the crown was borne by the unhappy Marquis of Argyle, who was put to death in no very legal manner immediately after the Restoration, using upon the scaffold these remarkable words, " I placed the crown on the King's head, and in reward he brings mine to the block."

Upon entering the church, the King ascended an elevated throne, and listened to a sermon by Mr Robert Douglas, minister of Edinburgh, in which, with more zeal than decency and discretion, the preacher insisted upon the sins of the royal house, not forgetting those of the King himself. King Charles then solemnly swore to the Covenant, which doubtless, in the opinion of many present, was the most substantial and important part of the ceremony. He then took the coronation oath, as contained in the 8th Act of the first Parliament of James VI. This oath was so much altered upon the change of religion, that it no longer resembles the ancient coronation oath of Scotland, which we have reason to believe was far more special in its description of the civil duties of the sovereign to the subject. There exists an unpublished act of a General Council of the Nation in the reign of Robert III., from which the substance of the ancient oath may be collected; and its terms, as adjusted in one of the Parliaments of King James II., may be still more exactly ascertained.*

Charles was then invested with the royal robes by the High Cham-

* The act here alluded to is that of a Council-General, holden at Perth, January 27, 1398, appointing David Duke of Rothesay to be the King's lieutenant throughout the realm; and, besides a special oath, peculiarly applicable to this delegated office, requiring further, " the said Duc be sworne til fulfyl efter his power all the thyngis that the Kyng in his crownyng wes sworne for til do to haly kyrke ande the pupyl,"—" that is to say, the fredome ande the rycht of the kyrke to kepe wndamyste; the lawys ande the lowable custumes to geer be kepit to the pupil; manslaerys, reiferis, brynneris, ande generaly all mysdoeris thruch styrnthe til restreygnyhe and punyse; and specialy

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berlain, girded with the sword of state, and crowned by the Marquis of Argyle with the royal crown. Each of these actions was accompanied by a suitable exhortation.

When the King was thus adorned with all the ensigns of his high dignity, lyon king-at-arms caused a herald to call the nobility before their sovereign, one by one, according to their rank. Each as he passed before the King knelt down, and, with his hand touching the crown on the King's head, swore these words: "By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, I shall support thee to my utmost." This individual homage being rendered, the nobility held up their hands and took a general oath of fidelity.

The earl mareshal and lyon king then went to the four corners of the stage successively, and proclaimed the obligatory oath to be taken by the subjects at large; and the people, holding up their hands, swore: "By the Eternal and Almighty God, who liveth and reigneth for ever, we become your liege-men, and truth and faith shall bear unto you, and live and die with you against all manner of folk whatsoever, in your service, according to the National Covenant and Solemn League and Covenant." The nobility and the lyon king-at-arms then assumed their coronets.

The lord chamberlain next unloosed the sword of state from the King's side, drew it, and delivered it drawn into the King's hand, who gave it to the constable to be borne naked before him.

The Earl of Crawford and Lindsay placed the sceptre in the King's right hand, with a suitable exhortation; and the Marquis of Argyle installed him in the royal throne, saying: "Stand and hold fast from henceforth, the place whereof you are the lawful and righteous heir, by a long and lineal succession of your fathers, which is now delivered unto you by authority of Almighty God." The minister then threw in a long word of exhortation; which finished, a free pardon to all offenders was proclaimed from the four corners of the stage by the lord chancellor and the lyon king-at-arms.

The King then, supported by the chancellor, constable, and mareshal, exhibited himself to the people at the door of the church, who received him with shouts of "God save the King!" The new made Monarch returned into the church and assumed his throne, while the lyon king recited the royal pedigree up to Fergus the First. Then the lyon again called the lords, one by one, to do homage, who, kneeling, and holding their hands betwixt the King's hands, did swear these words: "By the Eternal and Almighty God, who

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cussit men heretekis and put fra the kyrke, at the reqeest of the kyrke, to re-strevgne."

The coronation oath, said to have been made in the Parliament of James II., June 14, 1445, is not preserved on record, but may be found in several ancient manuscripts of Scottish law. From one of these manuscripts, preserved in the Harleian Library, it has been printed in Pinkerton's History, vol. i., App., p. 476.

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liveth and reigneth for ever, I become your liege-man, and truth and faith shall bear unto you, and live and die with you, against all manner of folk whatever, in your service, according to the National Covenant and Solemn League and Covenant."

Another long exhortation, pronounced by the minister, in which again the iniquities of the royal house were not forgotten, showed the ill-timed and intemperate zeal of the Presbyterian party. When this was ended, the King, wearing his royal robes, with the crown on his head, the sceptre in his hand, and the sword of state borne before him, returned to the palace in solemn procession.

Such was the ceremony of Charles II.'s coronation, in which we may presume, that most of the ancient rites, so far as they were known or remembered, were duly observed. The ceremony of anointing the monarch was indeed omitted, either because the ruling powers judged it in itself superstitious, or because they chanced to recollect that it had been introduced into the coronation ritual by a bull of Pope John XXII. Upon the whole, the impertinent zeal of the puritanic clergy, "thrusting the doctor's chair into the crown," marred the dignity of a solemn union betwixt the king and his people, by an over-strained zeal for the Solemn League and Covenant, and by allusions to former disputes, equally rude, impolitic, and mistimed.

During the sittings of the Scottish Parliament, which were usually preceded by a solemn procession of the members, the regalia were borne in state to the hall of the assembly, and, as emblems of the royal authority, were placed on a table before the throne, when they were not worn upon the person of the sovereign.

It has been already mentioned, that the royal assent to the acts of the Scottish Parliament was given by touching them with the sceptre. According to the ancient and established ceremony in such cases, the lord chancellor presented the laws to the sovereign, or, in his absence, to the commissioner who occupied the throne as the King's representative, and the King or his commissioner, touched the bills with the sceptre. James VI. was at great pains to explain this matter to the English Parliament when he adjourned them on the last day of March, 1607. His object was to impress upon his English subjects that the royal authority which he possessed, according to the constitution of Scotland, gave him a negative voice in the proceedings of the national council. "Besides," said the British Solomon, "when they (*i. e.* the Scottish Parliament) have passed them for laws, they are presented unto mee, and I, with my sceptre put into my hand by the chancellor, must say, *I ratifie and approve all thingis done in this present Parliament.* And if there bee any thing that I dislike, they rase it out before. If this may be called a negative voyce, then I have one I am sure in that Parliament."

The production of the honours in Parliament was accounted such

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a necessary part of the solemnity attending the sitting of that national body, that their absence was accounted ominous. When the Articles of Perth, so obnoxious to the Presbyterians, were passed in the year 1621, the discontented party exulted that the tempest upon this occasion (in itself a prodigy) prevented the regalia from being brought in procession to the Parliament, and that the hated articles were not greeted with the presence of the honours when they were adopted.

During the sitting of Parliament, the royal insignia were placed under the care and custody of the Earl Mareshal of Scotland, whose high office of state was hereditary in the family of Keith. It would also appear that the same officer claimed a right to preserve the regalia during the intervals in which parliament was not sitting; but as this must have been attended with much inconvenience, the castles, estates, and vassallage of that great nobleman, by which alone he could protect the regalia, lying far in the north, and at a distance from the seat of government, the honours, excepting upon one memorable occasion, to be hereafter noticed, seem to have been usually lodged, with the rest of the royal treasure, in the jewel-house, under the care of the treasurer for the time. We find them, accordingly, repeatedly given up in the inventories of the royal treasure; as, for example, in the year 1539, when this entry occurs in the inventory of the royal wardrobe:—

"JOWELLIS.

"Item, ane crowne of gold sett with perle and precious stanis.
"Item, in primis diamentis tuenty
"Item, of fyne orient perle thre scoir and aucht, wantand ane floure delice of god.
"Item, ane septour with ane grete bereal and ane perle in the heid of it.
"Item, twa swerdis of honour, with twa beltis, the auld belt wantand foure stu this."*

In a subsequent inventory, given up by John Tennand, 28th November, 1542, a similar entry occurs concerning the regalia.

"Item, in the first his grace's croun, full of precius stanes and orient perle, with ane septur set with ane greit barrell.
"Item, twa swordis of honour, with twa beltis wantand four stuthis.
"Item, ane rob royall of purpour velvatt lynitt with armin, and ane kirtill of the samyne velvott, lynitt in the foir breistis with armyn and heid siclyk."

In these inventories the reader will see mention made of *two* swords of state; the second was probably that which was presented to James V. from the Papal See, upon the 22d February, 1536; a gift which, according to Lesly, was accompanied by an intimation which James, for the time, had the wisdom to disregard, that the

* *Collection of Inventories and other Records of the Royal Wardrobe and Jewel-House, etc.* Edin. 1815, 4to.

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edge of the weapon would be well employed against his heretical neighbour, Henry VIII. of England. This sword appears to have been lost in the lapse of time; or in the dilapidation of the royal treasure which took place during the beginning and latter end of Queen Mary's reign.

Another curious article occurs in Tennand's inventory, namely, "the Queenis Graces crown, set haill with the perle and precious stanis, with ane sceptour with ane quyhte hand." These subordinate articles of the regalia have been also long lost or destroyed.

At the accession of James VI. to the crown of England, it is probable he carried with him to his new kingdom all the personal part of the royal treasure; but the honours, properly so called, remained in Scotland, and continued to be kept by the treasurer during the period when the Parliament was not sitting. Upon the death of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, treasurer depute of Scotland, his son, Sir Patrick Murray, presented a supplication to the Privy Council, setting forth that it had pleased the King's Majesty to commit to *his* deceased father, the keeping of his Majesty's honours, to wit, his Majesty's crown, sceptre, and sword, with his Majesty's whole silver plate of the kingdom of Scotland, and the mace, called the treasurer's mace, of the said kingdom, from the charge of which valuable articles the said Sir Patrick Murray prayed to be relieved. The Lords of the Privy Council ordered the honours, with the great oak chest in which they were usually kept, to be delivered up to the Earl of Mar, then lord high treasurer. At a meeting of the Privy Council, five days afterwards, the lords pronounced an order discharging Sir Patrick Murray of the custody of the regalia, as having been, after exact inspection, delivered in their lordships' presence to the Earl of Mar. The original proceedings, which may be seen in the Appendix, No. III., contain an accurate description of the crown and its jewels, real and counterfeited, mentioning also, that ten of the small *challoms*, or spaces, were filled with blue enamel instead of stones; that there were two *challoms* totally empty, and two filled with flat white stones; all which imperfections exist at the present day. The same accurate description takes notice, that the top of the sceptre has been broken and pieced; and also that the handle and scabbard of the sword of state had sustained some damage; which injuries may be still observed.

There is a constant tradition, for which we are not able to produce a distinct or written authority, that Charles I. desired to have the crown of Scotland sent up to London to be used in his coronation there; but that this having been declined by the Scottish Privy Council, as contrary to the laws of the kingdom, he was induced to undertake a journey to Scotland, in order to be there crowned king,

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Upon this occasion Clarendon informs us, that the king appeared with no less lustre at Edinburgh than at Whitehall; and that the pomp of his coronation passed with all the solemnity and evidence of public joy which could be expected or imagined, —a glimpse of sunshine soon to be overcast by the approachingtempest. Nor did it escape that great historian, that the lavish expense of the Scottish nobility, emulous to support their dignity upon such an occasion, involved their estates in debt, which finally rendered them discontented and ripe for desperate councils. June 8, 1632.

In the beginning of the Scottish civil wars in 1637, while the Marquis of Hamilton was residing at Dalkeith, he appears to have meditated the removal of the regalia, not perhaps conceiving them very safe in the hands of the Earl of Mar, then governor of Edinburgh Castle. But as no defence was ultimately made, the royal insignia fell into the hands of the Covenanters in 1638, as appears from the following passage in Baillie's Letters :—" Dalkeith, in the treasurer's sight, was taken, with the munition that so much din was of, seized on. The crown, sceptre, and sword, which (I know not how) had been transported there, were, with all reverence, brought back by our nobles to their proper place in the Castle of Edinburgh." *

In the year 1650, Charles II., recalled from abroad by the Presbyterian party in Scotland, was crowned at Scone, and we have already noticed the ceremonies which were observed upon that occasion. The subsequent national misfortunes, and the defeat at Worcester, laid Scotland open to the invading army. The regalia had hitherto, according to ancient usage, been regularly delivered to the earl mareshal, to be by him kept during the sitting of Parliament, and again redelivered to the commissioners of the treasury upon the rising or adjournment of that assembly, and instruments were asked and taken upon all these occasions, in evidence that the officers on either side had discharged their duty, and acquitted themselves faithfully of the responsibility annexed to it. Several examples of this formality may be seen in the Appendix, No. IV. But the time now approached rapidly when it became highly desirable to find a more remote and secure place, in which to deposit these national treasures, than any which remained in the power of the lords of the treasury. Edinburgh Castle, and all the strongholds south of the Forth, were already in the hands of the English, so that on the 6th day of June, 1651, being the last day on which the Scottish Parliament sat, they ordered the earl mareshal to transport the regalia to his Castle of Dunnotter, to be kept there until further orders.

Dunnotter Castle, the ancient baronial castle of the mareshal family, is situated near Stonehaven, in Forfarshire, upon a perpendicular

* Baillie's Letters, &c. vol. i., p. 156.

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rock, the top of which forms a space of several acres, walled around the verge of the precipice, and covered with buildings. The rock projects into the German Ocean on the one side; and on the other is separated from the mainland by a chasm of tremendous depth, only accessible by one very steep and narrow path, leading to the castle gate, which opens into a long and intricate covered way.

The strength of Dunnotter is, however, greater in appearance than reality; for though impregnable before the use of artillery, the castle is now commanded from several of the neighbouring heights.

The defence of this place was intrusted to George Ogilvy of Barras, a soldier of experience, trained in the wars in Germany, to whom the earl mareshal, with the title of lieutenant-governor, committed the full command of the castle and the garrison, and whose appointment as such appears to have been directly sanctioned by the King. The garrison amounted only to about one hundred men, a number quite insufficient to man the walls of a castle so extensive; but it was probably thought that the natural strength of the place secured it against every mode of attack but surprise or regular approaches.

The only remaining authority then existing in Scotland, opposed to the English, was that of a Committee of Estates appointed by the King and Parliament in June 1651; and so limited had their means become in consequence of the rapid advances of the English army, that the supplies of ammunition and provisions to the Castle of Dunnotter appear to have depended almost entirely on the private exertions of the lieutenant-governor,* whose resources were drawn

* There is a local tradition, that along with some other artillery sent to Dunnotter Castle, was the celebrated piece of ancient ordnance, familiarly known by the name of Mons Meg. The bed *she* is believed to have occupied during the siege is still shown upon a battery projecting over the sea, of a size far exceeding that of the other embrasures, and from which *she* still gets the credit of having dismasted an English vessel steering for the harbour of Stonehaven, at the distance of a mile and a half. These traditions, however agreeable to our national prejudices, and in harmony with the popular respect which Mons appears always to have commanded, are unhappily falsified by the official documents respecting the surrender of the Castle of Edinburgh in December 1650, published by order of the Parliament of England. Among these is a list of the ordnance taken in the castle on the 24th December, 1650; in which a conspicuous place is given to "the great iron murderer called Muckle Megg." In another list, *she* is denominated "the Great Mag."

Having been thus compelled to deprive "*Muckle Meg*" of a part of her traditionary honours, we shall beg leave to make *l'amende honorable* to this redoubted *female*, by here recording some of the genuine evidence of that special consideration in which she was held at a still earlier period of her history. In the accounts of the high treasurer during the reign of James IV. the following entries are to be found, relative chiefly to *her* transportation from Edinburgh Castle to the Abbey of Holyrood, apparently on some occasion of national festivity.

"Item, to the pyonouris to gang to the castell to help with *Mons* doun . . . x s.
"Item, to the menstrallis that playit befoir *Mons* doun the gait . . . . xiv s.
"Item, giffin for xiii stane of irne to mak grath to *Mons* new cradill, and gavillokkis to ga with hir for ilk stane xxviii d . . . . . xxx s. iv d.
"Item, to vii wrichtis for ii dayis and ane half, that maid *Mons* cradill, to ilk man on the day . . . . . xvi d.
"Item, for walking of *Mons* the xxv, xxvi, xxvii, xxviii, xxix dayis of Julij, and the gunnis in the Abbay ilk nicht . . . . . iii s.
"Item, the last day of August giffyn to Robyn Ker, to fee 100 warkmen to pas with *Mons*, sic like as the laif war feit to ilk man vi s. . . . . xxx li.
"Item for xxiv lib. of talloun for *Mons*.

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chiefly from the neighbouring estates of the earl mareshal, himself by this time a prisoner in the Tower of London.

The regalia had not been long lodged in the fortress of Dunnotter, before the hazard of their falling into the hands of the enemy appeared so imminent, that the Committee of Estates, now returned to Aberdeen, applied to Lieutenant-Governor Ogilvy by letter, directing the honours to be removed from that castle. Upon a further retreat to the western end of Loch Tay, the Committee resumed the subject, and addressed an order to the Earl of Balcarras, authorizing him to receive the regalia from Lieutenant-Governor Ogilvy, whom they directed to deliver them up to his lordship. The lieutenant-governor declined to comply with either of these requisitions, not considering Balcarras as properly authorized to relieve him from the responsibility which had been imposed on him by the ordinance of Parliament. In a personal interview with Lord Balcarras, he renewed this refusal, and expressed his reasons in a letter to the Earl of Loudoun, the lord chancellor, declaring his readiness to surrender the regalia, upon being discharged from his responsibility; or his willingness to defend his charge to the last in the Castle of Dunnotter, if he were supplied with men, provisions, and ammunition, of the want of all which he complained heavily. The Earl of Loudoun returned an answer, which we quote, in order to show the desperate circumstances in which Lieutenant-Governor Ogilvy was supposed to be placed by those best qualified to judge of his situation, as well as the deep personal responsibility at which he undertook to defend the honours of Scotland—a task from which he had so fair an opportunity of escaping, had he been disposed to shelter himself under the opinion of others. Aug. 31. 1651.

"I conceive," says the chancellor in his letter, "that the trust committed to you, and the safe custody of the things under your charge, did require that victual, a competent number of honest and stout soldiers, and all other necessaries, should have been provided and put in the castle before you had been in any hazard; and if you

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"Item, for ½ galloun of tar . . . . . ii s.
"Item, viii elle of canvas to be *Mons* a claith to cover hir . . . . ix s. iiii d.
"Item, for mair talloun to *Mons* . . . . . ii s.
"Item, giffin to John Mawar and ii wrychtis to pas with *Mons* for thair oukis wage xxx s.
"Item, for ii smythis to pas with hir, for ane oukis wage to ilk ane of thame ix s. iiii d.
"Item, 200 spikin nalis to turse with *Mons* . . . . . iii. s.
"Item, to the lede-man makand ledin pellokkis.
"Item, for iiii grete towis to *Mons* weyand xvi stane.
"Item, to bear thame to the Abbay to *Mons*."

In the festivities celebrated at Edinburgh by the Queen-Dowager, Mary of Guise, on the occasion of her daughter's marriage to the Dauphin of France in 1558, Mons Meg was, of course, not allowed to remain silent or inactive. In the treasurer's accounts there is the following article:—

"By the Queenis precept and special command, Item the third day of Julii [1558] to certane pyonaris for thair lauboris in the mounting of *Mons* furth of hir lair to be schote, and for the finding and carying of hir bullet after scho wes schot fra Weirdie Mure to the Castell of Edinburgh," &c.

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be in good condition, or that you can timely supply yourself with all necessaries, and the place be tenable against all attempts of the enemie, I doubt not but you will hold out. But if you want provisions, sogers, and ammunition, and cannot hold out at the assaultis of the enemie, which is feared and thought you cannot doe; if you be hardlye persewed, I know no better expedient than that the honours of the crowne be speedilye and saifflie transported to some remote and strong castle or hold in the Highlands; and I wish you had delivered them to the Lord Balcarras, as was desired by the Committee of Estates; nor doe I know any better way for preservation of the thingis, and your exoneration; and it will be an inexpressable losse and shame if these thingis shall be taken by the enemie, and very dishonourable for yourself. So having granted you the best advice I can at present, I trust you will with all care and faithfulness be answerable, according to the trust committed to you."

Nov. 8. Nov. 22. The country being now overrun by the English, the Castle of Dunnotter was summoned to surrender, with promise of fair terms, by Lieutenant-General Overtoun; and shortly afterward the governor received a similar summons from Lieutenant-Colonel Dutton, warning him of the inutility of resistance when almost all the other national fortresses had surrendered. To both these summonses Ogilvy returned a determined answer, expressing his resolution to defend the castle to the last.

Dec. 20. 1651. But in a letter to the King, the lieutenant-governor gives the following melancholy statement of his condition, and, as is usual in a time of general disaster, not without imputing some blame to his companions in misfortune. "Whereas your Majesty committed the rule of this kingdom to those noblemen who are now in the enemie's hand, among whom is lord mareshal, who, if he had been at liberty, would have done for this place; and those who remained in this kingdom (as Huntly, Balcarras, and others), from whom some help was expected, have laid down their arms and submitted themselves to the enemie; and those forts which might have been preserved for your Majesty's service are given up to them, Dumbarton and this of Dunnotter only excepted, which is more looked upon by the enemy than any place of the kingdom, the honours of this kingdom, that which is preserved of your Majesty's stuffs, and other things of concernment being here; which, although some noblemen (who now have submitted themselves) have required from me, yet I have retained them, being persuaded that they could not be so safe in any other place of this kingdom, if those noblemen had done their duty, and the event declaring that they should have been in the same condition with themselves. Your Majesty will be pleased to take this to your consideration, and see how this place (which, by the Lord's assistance, shall not be delivered into their hands by my

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default) may be provided with ammunition and other necessars; for I have received nothing from the publick (as your Majesty ordained), but have maintained the same upon the small rent my lord mareshal hath in this place; and now am so invironed with the enemy on all hands, that none will come in hither with provisions, only the sea patent if I had friends. Wherefore your majesty will be pleased timeously to send your royal commandments hither (if it be possible) with a sure hand, in a small vessel, which may come to the foot of the house (although the enemy were in leaguer about it) and deliver the same without any danger. Your majesty will be pleased also to look upon an account of my fidelity in relation to the enemie, although they have spread papers to the contrary, which maketh many to have sinistrous opinions of me; but, by the Lord's help, your Majesty shall find me faithful, do what they please, until I either hear from your Majesty, or see you in such condition as those rebels may be forced to submit themselves, which shall ever be the earnest desire and hearty prayer of your Majesty's most loyal and faithful subject—George Ogilvy."

The plan proposed for sending off the regalia by sea was either not adopted, or proved unsuccessful. Meantime the danger darkened on every hand; the whole kingdom was subdued by the English, excepting the remote glens, where Glengarry, Lochiel, and other Highland chiefs, maintained a desultory resistance, more honourable to themselves than useful to the royal cause. Yet, in defiance of the murmurs of his little garrison, whose numbers were totally insufficient for the defence of so large a fortress, in spite also of every deficiency of provisions and ammunition, and of constant attacks from the enemy, the gallant Ogilvy continued to hold out the castle of Dunnotter. His only encouragement seems to have been a letter from the King, written on a small piece of paper for the purpose of concealment, and sent by a special messenger, who succeeded in delivering it. It is addressed, "For the Governor and Gentlemen in the Castle of Dunnotter," and is of the following tenor:—"Gentlemen, assure yourselves I am very carefull of you, and sensible of your affection to me. Give credit to what this bearer shall say to you, and observe the directions you shall receive from Lieutenant-General Middleton. You shall shortly heare againe from me; and I would have you find some way frequently to advertize me of your condition, which I will take all possible care to relieve. "CHARLES R.

"*Paris, March 26th*, 1652."

General Middleton wrote by the same conveyance, in terms highly flattering to the lieutenant-governor; he uses these strong expressions. "My dear friend—I am overjoyed to hear that you in this time doe behave yourselfe so gallantlie, that I shall be most desirous to doe

you a service. The particulars I remit to the bearer, my cozen and yours, to whom give trust, since he is particularlie instructed from him who shall rather perish than be wanting to his friend, and who in all conditions is and shall be yours, J. M."

Notwithstanding the encouragement contained in these letters, it was too plain that the castle could not long hold out. Since the beginning of May it had been closely blockaded, battered from the heights, and harassed by frequent assaults, and the garrison was exhausted with fatigue and by privations. The governor's anxiety about the safety of the regalia rose to the highest pitch. If they fell into the hands of the English, they probably would be destroyed like objects of ordinary plunder,—unless, like the fated stone, they had been carried to London, as trophies of Scotland's disgrace, or that Colonel Overtoun, a fanatical expectant of the fifth monarchy, had thought proper to reserve them to grace the second advent.

In this emergency female ingenuity and courage found a resource. The earl mareshal was a prisoner in England, but his mother, the countess dowager, by birth Lady Margaret Erskine, a daughter of the Earl of Mar, a woman of masculine courage and prudence, was not disposed to forget that the charge of the regalia was one of the honourable duties imposed upon her son as his birth-right inheritance. This lady, in concert with the governor's wife, and with Christian Fletcher, wife of the Rev. James Granger minister of Kinneff, contrived a daring scheme for extricating the honours of Scotland out of their present precarious situation. In prosecution of their plan, Mrs Granger went to the castle of Dunnotter, having obtained permission from the English general to visit the governor's lady. In her charge Mrs Ogilvy placed the regalia. This was done without the lieutenant-governor's knowledge, in order that when obliged to surrender the castle, he might with truth declare he knew nothing of the time and manner of their removal. They were delivered by Mrs Ogilvy to her intrepid confidante, who concealed the crown in her lap, while the sceptre and sword, wrapt up in *hards*, or bundles of flax, were placed upon the back of a female domestic. Mrs Granger's horse had been left in the English camp; for so precipitous is the chasm which divides Dunnotter from the mainland, that the castle gate can neither be approached nor entered by a person on horseback. She returned through the English camp unsuspected, the load of her attendant passing for a quantity of flax, which Mrs Ogilvy, according to the economy of Scottish matrons, destined for the spinning-wheel and loom, and had taken this opportunity to send thither to be manufactured. The English general himself is said courteously to have placed Mrs Granger in her saddle, little dreaming, of course, of the treasure which she had concealed about her person, and alarming her

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much from the hazard of discovery. She kept her composure, however, and so preserved her secret.

The regalia were thus transported in safety to the manse of Kinneff, and there placed under the charge of the Rev. James Granger, husband of the dauntless matron who had brought them from Dunnotter at so much personal risk. They are said to have been concealed for a time in a double-bottomed bed, until Mr Granger had a safe opportunity of interring them in the church. Meantime Mr Granger granted to the countess of mareshal the following authentic account of their secret depositation. "I, Mr James Granger, minister at Kinneff, grant me to have in my custody the honours of the kingdom, viz. the crown, sceptre, and sword. March 31, 1652. For the crown and sceptre I raised the pavement-stone just before the pulpit, in the night tyme, and digged under it ane hole, and put them in there, and filled up the hole, and layed down the stone just as it was before, and removed the mould that remained, that none would have discerned the stone to have been raised at all. The sword again, at the west end of the church, amongst some common saits that stand there, I digged down in the ground betwixt the two foremost of these saits, and laid it down within the case of it, and covered it up, as that removing the superfluous mould, it could not be discerned by any body; and if it shall please God to call me by death before they be called for, your ladyship will find them in that place."

Dunnotter Castle continued to hold out for some time after the removal of the regalia. Whitelock, in his Memorials, notices the preparations for reducing it; and again, twenty days afterwards, he mentions the progress of the siege, and the high terms demanded by the governor. Shortly afterwards, he records its surrender in the following terms:—"That the English forces before *Dunnotter* Castle in *Scotland*, playing with their guns at it, and having shot in about twelve granadoes, which broke into their tower and killed seven men; those in the castle, notwithstanding their high terms before, yielded upon conditions, only to march out half a mile with their arms, and then lay them down. That this was the last garrison in *Scotland* reduced."* May 10, 1652. May 31. June 4.

Besides having every motive which could vindicate a man of honour in the surrender of a fortified place, Lieutenant-Governor Ogilvy received a warrant from the earl mareshal, the proprietor of the castle, stating, that he had resolved "to submit his person, fortune, house, and property, into the hands of the existing government, that he might peaceably enjoy himself and what belonged to him under protection of the Commonwealth of England; and in

* Whitelock's *Memorials of English Affairs in the Year* 1652, p. 510.

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order thereto, as conducing to his good," his lordship required "his assured friend the governor to deliver up his house of Dunnotter to Major-General Deane, who was to receive the same from him in name of his Excellencie, the Lord General Cromwell, for the use of the Commonwealth of England, wherein he must not fail, and for doing which this should be his warrant."

Notwithstanding the injunctions of the lord of the castle, and the straits to which the fortress was reduced, the governor continued to hold out until General Deane granted him terms so advantageous, that they seem to have been dictated by the general's anxiety to possess himself of the regalia. One of the leading articles of the capitulation stipulated, "That the crown and sceptre of Scotland, together with all other ensigns of regalia, should be delivered to the English general, or a good account given thereof, for the use of the Parliament." It was further agreed, "That upon the true performance of the forementioned articles, Captain George Ogilvy, with the officers and soldiers under his command, should have liberty to march forth of the said castle with the usual honours of war," and "to have passes to go to their own homes, and there to live without molestation, etc.; and that the said captain should, free from sequestration, enjoy all the personal estate which he had within the castle of Dunnotter."

On these honourable conditions the last Scottish fortress surrendered to the enemy; but the disappointment of General Deane was extreme, upon finding that the regalia had been removed, and to what place could by no means be discovered. Letters were received by the English government, stating "that great riches were in Dunnotter Castle, the sword, sceptre, and crown, but they could not be found." * The republican general wreaked his disappointment upon Governor Ogilvy, whom he held to have violated the meaning of the capitulation. Heavy fines and rigorous imprisonment were resorted to, to extort from Ogilvy and his lady the secret committed to their charge; but they remained determined to conceal from the public enemy all information on the subject. The health of Mrs Ogilvy sunk under close confinement, but her courage did not give way; and in the spirit of the house of Douglas, to which she belonged, she exhorted her husband with her dying breath to preserve inviolable the secret intrusted to him.

The worthy clergyman and his wife did not escape suspicion and strict examination. The tradition even bears, probably with exaggeration, that Mrs Granger, whose visit to the castle was now remembered, was actually put to the torture. They retained their faith with the same firmness as Mrs Ogilvy and her husband, nor

* Whitelock's *Memorials*, p. 510.

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could any thing be extorted from them concerning the fate of the treasure under their charge.

In the meanwhile the inventive genius of the countess of mareshal had devised a scheme for diverting the suspicions of the enemy into a false channel. Her younger son, the Honourable Sir John Keith, had gone abroad about the time that the regalia were removed; and a report was circulated by his mother, that he had carried the regalia with him beyond seas. To sustain this rumour, the young gentleman wrote home to Scotland, claiming the congratulations of his friends on the safety of these honours of the crown; and shortly after, returning from abroad, and being imprisoned and examined, he took on himself the guilt of having carried the crown, sceptre, and sword, abroad, and delivered them to Charles II. at Paris.* This well-contrived story deceived the English rulers, and farther search after the Scottish regalia was relinquished.

While they were thus the objects of search, the honours of Scotland remained safe in their place of concealment at Kinneff, undisturbed save by the pious care of the clergyman, who occasionally visited them at night, and with the utmost secrecy, in order to change the cloths in which they were wrapt, and secure them, as far as possible, from the risk of injury by damp or otherwise.

Upon the Restoration, the countess of mareshal and Lieutenant Ogilvy hastened to anticipate each other in communicating the important secret to Charles II., and appear to have entered into an acrimonious controversy, which it is unnecessary to revive, upon the degree of merit which each might claim in the course of the transaction.

Charles II. seems to have distributed his rewards with more regard to rank and influence than to justice. The Honourable Sir John Keith, in virtue of his mother's merits and his own, was created Earl of Kintore and Knight Mareshal of Scotland, with a salary of four hundred pounds yearly. The office was made hereditary in his family, but was taken from the second Earl of Kintore on account of his accession to the insurrection of 1715. It has been recently bestowed upon Sir Alexander Keith, of Dunnotter, and Ravelston, descended from, and claiming the representation of, the ancient earls mareshal. The Earl of Kintore, also obtained a coat of augmentation, to be quartered with the arms of Keith, being gules, a sceptre and sword in saltire, with an imperial crown in chief, within an orle of eight thistles, Or, with the motto, "Quæ amissa salva."

The rewards of the gallant lieutenant-governor of Dunnotter were purely honorary, although his patrimonial estate, never a large one, had been impoverished by the fines and sequestration imposed dur-

* Wood's edition of *Douglas's Peerage*, article Earl of Kintore.

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ing the usurpation. He was created a baronet by a diploma, which bears the following testimony to his faithful services :—" Sciatis quandoquidem nos considerantes preclara servitia a dilecto et fideli nostro Georgio Ogilvie de Barras nobis prestita et peracta (utpote qui auxiliarius fuit in conservatione nostre regie corone, sceptri, et gladii, antiquorum insignium et monumentorum hujus regni nostri), ac gravia detrimenta que hanc ob causam diu pertulit et subiit; ac satis compertum habentes ejus constantem fidelitatem et amorem erga nostrum servitium; eum que toto tempore non ita pridem usurpate dominationis spretis omnibus illecebris et minis quibus tunc temporis obnoxius fuit tam candide et ingenue semetipsum gessisse, ut merito symbolum Regii nostri favoris et respectus in eum ejusque familiam in perpetuum conferendum et collocandum censeamus."

The feudal tenure of Sir George Ogilvy's estate of Barras was at the same time changed from ward-holding to that of blanch. In justice to that gallant man, we cannot but record this second acknowledgment of his merit by public instrument, more especially as these empty honours, with an augmented blazon of arms,* were the only rewards which he received for his many sufferings and distinguished services.

The new charter states, that it is granted in respect of Sir George Ogilvy's high services, " In that he wes instrumentall in the preservatione of his highness crown, sceptre, and sword, the ancient honours of this his kingdome of Scotland, and the damadge sustained be the same Sir George Ogilvy theirthrow from the beginning of the usurpation, during which tyme, notwithstanding of all temptationes and threatenings used against him by the usurperis, he carryed himself with so much integrity that his Majestie wes graciously pleased to conceave he deserved ane marke of his Highness favour putt upon him and his family, upon which considerationes his Majestie did, by the foresaid charter, change the holding of his lands of Barras, and of new gave, granted, and disponed to the said Sir George Ogilvy and his foresaids for evir, all and hail the said lands of Wester Barras, with all and sundry the pertinents thairof mentioned in the said chartour, to be halden of his Majestie and his Highness successores in free blanch ferme for yearlie payment of ane penny," etc.

We ought to mention, that the belt belonging to the sword of state was not delivered up to Mrs Granger, but continued in the possession of Governor Ogilvy, who perhaps retained it as a piece of real

* Viz.—" The said Worshipful Sir George Ogilvie of Barras, Knight Baronet, for his atchievement and ensign armoriall, bears *Argent* a lyon passant guardant, holding betwixt his pawes a sword crested in pale, *Gules*, and therewith defending a thistle placed in the dexter chiefe *vert*, crowned, or with the badge of Nova Scotia as being Baronet. Above the shield an helmit befitting his degree, mantled, *Gules* double *Argent*. Next is placed on ane forse for the crest, a demi-man issuing out of a forse armed at all points proper. The motto is ane escroll, Præclarum Regi et Regno servitium."

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evidence of his having had the honours in his custody. It was long afterwards discovered carefully packed up and concealed in the wall of the house of Barras. The belt was easily recognised, being adorned with the same fanciful ciphers and emblems, executed in silver gilt, which appear on the scabbard of the sword. An accurate drawing was taken from the original, in possession of the present Sir George Ogilvy, and it is disposed as a festoon around the regalia on the engraved titlepage and covers of this work.*

While rewards and titles were distributed to those of family and interest concerned in this great piece of national service, we are happy to find room to correct a traditional statement, which has found its way into the statistical account of the parish of Kinneff, that the services of the trusty clergyman and his intrepid wife were passed over without notice or reward. On the contrary, an early act of the Scottish Parliament,† after the Restoration, endowed Christian Fletcher, otherwise Granger, with the sum of 2000 merks Scottish, as a reward of her courageous loyalty,—a sum considerable in those times, though no doubt this high-spirited woman thought herself best remunerated by the successful discharge of her duty to her country, in saving the emblems of its dignity from the irritated grasp of an invading enemy.

From the Restoration to the period of the Union, the regalia of Scotland continued as formerly to be kept in the crown-room of the castle, under the charge of the treasurer or his deputy, during the intervals of the sessions of Parliament. At the beginning of each session they were delivered to the earl mareshal or his deputy, in whose custody they remained while Parliament continued sitting, and were then again formally restored to the charge of the treasurer. The reader will find in the Appendix, No. VI., a few extracts from the records, describing the manner of this transference.

At the period of the Union, every reader must remember the strong agitation which pervaded the minds of the Scottish nation, who could not, for many years, be persuaded to consider this incorporating treaty in any other view than as a wanton surrender of their national independence. So deep was this sentiment, that a popular preacher in the south of Scotland, who died about the middle of the last century, confessed to his friends, that he was never able to deliver a sermon, upon whatever subject, without introducing a hit at the Union.

While the public mind was in such an inflammatory state, and watching as it were for subjects of offence and suspicion, the fate of the regalia, the visible mark and type of Scotland's independence, excited deep interest. The opposers of the Union, availing them-

* [The *Provincial Antiquities*, 2 vols. 4to.]

† See Appendix, No. V.

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selves of this feeling, industriously circulated a report that the honours of the kingdom were to be transported to England, as a token of the complete humiliation of her ancient rival. This surmise was circulated in lampoons too coarse for quotation, and it served to animate one of Lord Belhaven's eloquent invectives against the projected Union. "Hannibal," he exclaimed, calling on the Scottish nobles and commons to unite against the public danger,—"Hannibal is come within our gates: Hannibal is come within the length of this table; he is at the foot of the throne. He will seize upon these regalia, he will take them as his *spolia opima*. He will whip us out of this house, never to return again."

As if to show that these apprehensions were not entertained without grounds, and that the surreptitious removal of the regalia was an evil to be guarded against, it was moved by the opposers of the Union, when the twenty-fourth article of the treaty was under discussion,

Jan. 14, 1707. "That the crown, sceptre, and sword of state, records of Parliament, etc. continue to be kept as they are within that part of the United Kingdom now called Scotland; and that they shall so remain in all times coming, notwithstanding the Union." The amendment was readily adopted by the framers and managers of the treaty, sufficiently willing, in their turn, to show that they meditated no such gratuitous insult upon their country as was imputed to them. The clause passed unanimously, and forms part of the great national treaty.

The sceptre of Scotland performed its last grand legislative office, by ratifying the treaty of Union, on the 16th of January, 1707. The Earl of Seafield, then chancellor, on returning it to the clerk, is reported to have brutally and scornfully applied the vulgar phrase, "There is an end of an auld sang;"—an insult for which he deserved to have been destroyed on the spot by his indignant countrymen. The rest of the session was employed chiefly in passing private bills; on the 25th of March it was adjourned,—never to meet again;—and on the 28th of April, 1707, the Parliament of Scotland was finally dissolved by proclamation.

From this period the charge of the regalia, which devolved on the earl mareshal during the sessions of the Scottish Parliament, terminated for ever; and in surrendering them, for the last time, to the Earl of Glasgow, treasurer-depute of Scotland, William, the ninth earl mareshal, displayed a feeling extremely different from that evinced by Lord Seafield. That noble person having opposed the Union in all its stages, declined witnessing in person the final consummation, by the surrender of the regalia to dust and oblivion. He appeared, however, by his procurator, William Wilson, one of the depute-clerks of Session, who took a long protest, which has been often printed, describing the regalia in terms which lead to an exaggerated idea of

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their value; protesting that they should not be removed from the Castle of Edinburgh, without warning given to him, or to the successor in his title and office.*

A numerous body of respectable witnesses placed their names to this instrument. One copy was deposited in the chest, and many others were distributed by the earl mareshal to the universities and other public bodies throughout the kingdom.

The regalia of Scotland, with the treasurer's mace, were deposited in the great oak chest with three keys, which is often mentioned in the Records as a place wherein they were kept. The chest was left in the crown-room of Edinburgh Castle, a vaulted apartment in the square, having the window defended by strong iron gratings, and the entrance secured by a strong grated door of iron, and an outward door of oak, thick studded with iron nails, both fastened with strong locks andbars. It does not appear to whom the keys of the crown-room and chest were intrusted, nor have they ever since been found.

The government of the day were, no doubt, glad to have these objects removed from the sight of the Scottish public, connected as they now were with feelings irritable and hostile in a high degree to the Union and to the existing state of things. But when the people observed that the regalia were no longer made visible to the subjects, they fell into the error of concluding that they were either no longer in existence, or had been secretly transferred to England. The gratuitous absurdity of so useless a breach of the Union was, in the opinion of many, no reason for disbelieving this injurious surmise. They said such insults were often committed in the mere wantonness of power, or from the desire to mortify a proud people. Mons Meg, it was remarked, though regarded then as a national palladium, and though totally useless except as a curiosity, had been removed to the Tower of London, in the pragmatical wantonness of official authority, and to the great scandal of the Scottish populace. It was argued, that a similar senseless exertion of power might have removed the regalia, or that they might have been withdrawn on mere political grounds, lest they should have fallen into the hands of the Jacobites, who more than once threatened to surprise Edinburgh Castle. These suspicions were strengthened by the recollection, that, from some circumstance which has never been explained, a crown has been always shown in the Jewel Office of the Tower, said to be that of Scotland. Whether the royal ornament be the crown of the Scottish Queen, mentioned in Tennand's Inventory, which may have been carried by James VI. to England, or whether it be the crown made for Mary of Modena, consort of James II., or some other diadem, is a question we have no means of deciding. That it is not the royal

* See the original in Nisbet's *Heraldry*, or in the *Collection of Inventories and Records of the Royal Wardrobe*, &c., printed at Edinburgh, 1815.

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crown of Scotland, is now evident. But it was long suspected to be so; and even Arnot, the historian of Edinburgh, influenced perhaps by certain political prejudices, gives currency to the surmise that the regalia had been secretly removed from the kingdom. "Since the regalia," says that author, "were deposited, no governor of the castle, upon his admission, has made enquiry if they were left secure by his predecessor. No mortal has been known to have seen them. Whether it was, that the government entertained a jealousy that the Scots, in their fickleness or disgust, would repent themselves of the Union, or that they dreaded the regalia might, upon an invasion, fall into the hands of the House of Stuart, it appears probable that the regalia have been privately removed, by a secret order from the court; for it is impossible that any governor of the castle would abstract them without authority. If, after this general surmise, so publicly thrown out, the officers of state and governor of Edinburgh Castle will not make personal enquiry, whether the regalia of Scotland be in the castle, the public will be entitled to conclude, *that they are not there*, and that they have been carried off by private orders from court."*

These feelings however, passed away; the memory of the regalia became like that of a tale which had been told, and their dubious existence was altogether forgotten, excepting when the superstitious sentinel looked up with some feelings of awe at the window of the mysterious chamber which had not been opened for a century; or when some national bard apostrophized

> ——"The steep and iron-belted rock,
> Where trusted lie the monarchy's last gems,
> The sceptre, sword, and crown, that graced the brows,
> Since father Fergus, of an hundred kings."
>
> *Albania, a Poem.*†

In the year 1794, the crown-room was opened by special warrant under the royal sign manual to search for certain records which it was supposed might possibly have been deposited there. The dust of a century was upon the floor; the ashes of the last fire remained still in the chimney; no object was to be seen, excepting the great oak-chest so often mentioned, which the commissioners had no authority to open, their warrant having no relation to the regalia. The crown-room was secured with additional fastenings, and was again left to solitude and silence; the fate of the honours of Scotland remaining thus as uncertain as ever.

At length, in 1817, his royal highness, the Prince Regent, now King GEORGE the FOURTH, influenced by that regard for the history and antiquities of his kingdom which well becomes his high station, and not uninterested, we may presume, in the deve-

* Arnot's *History of Edinburgh*, p. 292.

† These spirited lines have been adopted as the motto of an Account of the Regalia, to be had at the crown-room.

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lopment of the mystery which so long hung over these insignia of royalty, was pleased to issue his warrant to the Scottish officers of state, and other public officers therein named, directing them to open the crown-room and search for the regalia, in order that their existence might be ascertained, and measures taken for their preservation. Oct. 28, 1817.

In virtue of this new warrant, many of the commissioners being detained by absence from Edinburgh, the gentlemen undernamed assembled in the governor's house, for the purpose of executing the duty intrusted to them, viz. the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Lord Justice-Clerk, the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, Major-General John Hope, the Solicitor-General, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Walter Scott, Esq., one of the Principal Clerks of Session, William Clerk, Esq., Principal Clerk to the Jury Court, Henry Jardine, Esq., Deputy King's Remembrancer in the Exchequer, and Thomas Thomson, Esq., Deputy Clerk Register of Scotland. Feb. 4, 1818.

It was with feelings of no common anxiety that the commissioners, having read their warrant, proceeded to the crown-room; and having found all there in the state in which it had been left in 1794, commanded the King's smith, who was in attendance, to force open the great chest, the keys of which had been sought for in vain. The general persuasion that the regalia had been secretly removed, weighed heavy on the mind of all while the labour proceeded. The chest seemed to return a hollow and empty sound to the strokes of the hammer; and even those whose expectations had been most sanguine, felt at the moment the probability of disappointment, and could not but be sensible, that, should the result of the search confirm these forebodings, it would only serve to show that a national affront and injury had been sustained, for which it might be difficult or rather impossible to obtain any redress. The joy was therefore extreme, when, the ponderous lid of the chest being forced open, at the expense of some time and labour, the regalia were discovered lying at the bottom covered with linen cloths, exactly as they had been left in the year 1707, being about a hundred and ten years since they had been surrendered by William the ninth earl mareshal to the custody of the Earl of Glasgow, Treasurer-Depute of Scotland. The relics were passed from hand to hand, and greeted with the affectionate reverence which emblems so venerable, restored to public view after the slumber of more than a hundred years, were so peculiarly calculated to excite. The discovery was instantly communicated to the public by the display of the royal standard from the castle, and was greeted by the shouts of the soldiers in garrison, and of a multitude of persons assembled on the Castle-hill; indeed the rejoicing was so general and sincere, as plainly to show, that,

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however altered in other respects, the people of Scotland had lost nothing of that national enthusiasm which formerly had displayed itself in grief for the loss of these emblematic honours, and now was expressed in joy for their recovery.

There was found in the chest with the regalia a silver rod or mace, topped with a globe, apparently deposited there by the Earl of Glasgow, and which proves to be the mace of office peculiar to the Treasurer of Scotland. It is mentioned in the discharge granted by the Privy-Council to Sir Patrick Murray, in 1621.

[Appendix, No. III.]

In order to gratify a curiosity which has something in it so generous, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, to whom these proceedings were reported, was pleased to commit the charge of the regalia to the officers of state, that they might be exhibited to the public under proper precautions for their preservation.

[July 8, 1818.]

In consequence of the powers intrusted to them, the officers of state named Captain Adam Ferguson, son of the celebrated historian, and long an officer in the Peninsular army, to be the deputy keeper of the regalia. With equal propriety of selection, two yeomen keepers have been chosen, veteran non-commissioned officers of excellent character, who shared the dangers and fate of Waterloo. The room in which the regalia are now exhibited to the curiosity of the public is handsomely fitted up in the form of a tent, and where they are properly protected from the risk of injury. The dress of the attendants, being that of the ancient yeomen of the guards, as represented in a curious picture of the Duke of Albany and Queen Margaret, preserved at Luton, joined to the military medals which the men themselves have gained, has an antique and imposing appearance, well corresponding with the character of the relics of ancient monarchy intrusted to their charge.

Such is the ancient history, and such the present condition of the regalia of Scotland,—a subject so naturally connected with the national antiquities of the kingdom, as to claim an important place in the present work.

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APPENDIX.

No. I.

CEREMONY OF JOHN BALIOL'S DEGRADATION.

FROM WINTON'S CHRONICLE.

NOTE FIRST.

"THIS Jhon the Balliol on purpos
He tuk, and browcht hym till Munros;
And in the castell of that town,
That than was famows in renown;
This Jhon the Balliol dyspoyld he
Of all hys robys of ryalté.
The pelure thai tuk off his tabart,
(Twme Tabart he was callyt eftyrwart)
And all othire insyngnys,
That fel to kyngis on ony wys,
Bathe scepter, swerd, crowne, and ryng
Fra this Jhon that he made kyng,
Halyly fra hym tuk thai thare,
And made hym of the kynryk bare.
Than this Jhon tuk a qwhyt wand,
And gave up in-til Edwardis hand
Of this kynryk all the rycht,
That he than had, or have mycht,
Fra hym and all his ayris thare,
Thareft to claime it nevyr mare."

WYNTOWNIS *Cronykil*, b. viii., chap. xii., v. 13.

No. II.

RYMER, FŒD. I. 1012. Ed. 1816.

Pardonatio concessa Galfrido de Coigners, qui Coronellam Roberti de Brus cum qua se coronari fecit in Scotia, retinuit et concelavit.

REX Omnibus ballivis et fidelibus suis ad quos, &c. Salutem Sciatis quod, ad instantiam Margaretæ, Reginæ Angliæ, consortis nostræ carissimæ, par- donavimus Galfrido de Coigners transgressionem quam fecit, postquam quædam coronella aurea, de quâ Robertus de Brus, inimicus et rebellis noster, in terra nostra Scotiæ, nuper se coronari fecit, ad manus ejusdem Galfridi devenit; Coronellam illam retinendo et concellando, unde idem Galfridus coram nobis et concilio nostro occasionatus extitit et convictus. Nolentes quod dictus Galfridus per nos, vel hæredes nostros, seu ministros nostros quoscumque, inde occasionetur in aliquo seu gravetur. In cujus, &c. Teste Rege apud Karliolum xx die Martii. A. D. 1307. An. 35. Edw. I.

Per ipsum Regem nunciante thesaurio.

No. III.

NOTICES RESPECTING THE STATE OF THE REGALIA; EXTRACTED FROM THE REGISTERS OF PRIVY COUNCIL.

Apud Edinburgh, quinto Julii*, 1621. *Sederunt, etc.

Warrant to Sir Patrick Murray for deliverie of his Majesties Honnouris and Silver Plaitt.

"ANENT the supplicatioun presentit to the Lordis of Secreit Counsaill be Sr Patrick Murray of Elibank, Knight, makand mentioun, that quair the Kingis Majestie being pleasit to

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committ to umquhile Sr Gedeone Murray, fader to the said Sr Patrick, the keeping of his Majesties Honnouris, to witt the Crown, sceptour, and sword, with his Majesties wholl silver plaitt of the kingdome of Scotland, and the maise callit the Thesaurariis maise of the saide kingdome. The said umquhile Sr Gedeone, in his tyme, deliverit the said maise to Johnne Earl of Mar, Lord Heich Thesaurair of this kingdome, to whose charge the keeping of the same apperteyned, and the Honnouris and silver plaitt he retenit in his awne keeping. And now it being the good pleasour of God to call the said umquhile Sr Gedeone to his mercie from this mortall liffe, sua that the burdyne and charge of the saidis Honnouris, silver plaitt, and maise lyis upoun the said Sr Patrick, humelie desyring thairfor the saidis Lordis to tak some ordour quharby the saidis Honnouris and silver plaitt may be tane af his hand, and that he may be fred, exonerit, etc. Thairfoir the saidis Lordis Ordainis the said Sr Patrik To delyver his Majesties saidis Honnouris, to witt, the Crowne, sword, and sceptour, togidder with his Majesties whole silver plaitt, quhairof his said umquhile fader had the charge and keeping, to the said Johne Earle of Marr Lord Heigh Thesaurair of this kingdome, to the effect thay may be put in his Majesties Castell of Edinburgh, and thair to be keepit be the said Lord Thesaurair to his Majesties use, and that the said Sr Patrik delyver the same with the grite aik-kist, quhairin the honnouris are presentlie keepit, upon inventair in presence of Sr Richard Cokburne of Clerkintoun Knight Lord Privie Seill; Sr George Hay of Kinfawnis Knight Clerk of Register; Sr Robert Melvill of Bruntyland Knight, Sr Andro Hamiltoun of Redhous, and Mr. Johne Weymis of Craigtoun, or ony three of thame. The said Clerk of Register being always one whome the saids Lordis hes nominat and appointit to sie the said inventair to be cleirlie and perfytlie maid, conteining the particular nomber and soirtis of the said silver plaitt, and weyght of the same. Anent the delyverie of the quhilkes honnouris and silver plaitt, with the aik-kyst quhairin the honnouris lyis, now appointit to be delyverit to the said Lord Thesaurair, and anent the delyverie of the maise foirsaid formerlie delyverit into him in manner foirsaid. The extract of this present act with the said Lord Thesaurair his acquittance, etc. salbe unto the said Sr Patrick a sufficient warrant.

At Edinburgh the Tent day of July, 1621.

SEDERUNT

CHANCELLOR.	CARNEGY.	MARCHINSTOUN.
THESAURAIR.	Mr OF ELPHINSTOUN.	RIDHOUSE.
St ANDROIS.	PREVIE SEALE.	FOSTERSAIT.
MELROS.	CLERK OF REGISTER.	Sr P. YOUNG.
LAUDERDAILL.	JUSTICE CLERK.	Mr P. ROLLOS.
B. ROS.	ADVOCAT.	CONSERVATOR.
B. DUMBLANE.	KILSAITHE.	
L. ERSKINE.	BRUNTILAND.	

Act in favouris of Sir Patrick Murray of Elibank, anent his Majesties Honnouris and Silver Plaitt.

The quhilk day, in presence of the Lordis of secreit counsaill, compeirit personallie Sr Richard Cokburne of Clerkintoun, Lord Prive Seale; Sr George Hay of Kinfawnis, Clerk of Register; Sr Robert Melvill of Bruntisland; Sr Andro Hamilton of Ridhous; and Mr Johnne Weymis of Craigtoun, and reportit and declairit that they, according to the commissioun and warrant given be the saidis Lordis to thame, Convenit and mett within his Majesties Cunyeehous, within the burgh of Edinburgh, with John Erle of Mar, Lord High Thesaurair of this kingdome, upoun the sevinth day of July instant, quhair Sr Patrik Murray of Elibank, knight, eldest laughfull sone to umquhile Sr Gedeone Murray of Elibank, knight, late Thesaurair Depute of the said kingdome, produceit and exhibeit befoir thame his Majesties honnouris, to witt, his Crowne, sceptour, and sword, togidder with his Majesties silver plaitt, quhairof the said umquhill Sr Gedeone had the charge and keeping; and that thay sighted the saidis honnouris, and remarkit the same verie narrowlie, and fand that the Crowne had in the neder circle thairof nyne garnittes, foure *jasintis*, three counterfeite emeraulds, four amatystis, and twentie-twa pearlis. Abone the neder Circle sax small thine triangle diamontis, ten small triangle challoms, filled with blew amalyne in steade of stones, tua small emptie challoms, haveing no thing in thame bot the blak tent, and tua challoms with tua flatt quhyte stones with the boddum upmost, nixt aboue the small challoms nyntene grite and small rag pearle, and within the roise, betnix the flour de Luce, threttie-fyve pearle sum les sum more, with ten quhyte stonis in the middis thairof. In the foure quartaris of the bonnett of the Crowne foure pearle sett in foure pecis of garniscene of gold enamaled; and in the croce aboue the Crowne, ane amatist and aught perlis. And that the sceptour wes in three peeceis, haveing ane perle in the top, and ane cristell globe benethe, the head quhairof hes been brokin, and mendit with wyre. And that the sword had the plumbett birsit and brokine, with ane voyde place in everie syde thairof, and the scabart thairof riven, birsit, and brokine, wanting some peeceis out of it. And they declairit that they causit confer all the particulars concerning thir Hous

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nouris, with Act of Counsaill quhairby the said umquhile Sr Gedeone ressaved the saidis Honnouris fra umquhile Sr Johne Arnott, and fand thame to be conforme to the said Act in every point, and that nothing was inlaiking that wes contentit in the said Act. And siclyke thay declairit that thay causit nomber the particular soirtis of the silver plaitt, and wey the same, etc. etc. That the said Sr Patrick, immediatelie after the sighting of the saidis Honnouris, and after that the said silver plaitt was nomberit, weyed and inventarit as said is, delyverit the said Honnouris and silver plaitt to the said John Erle of Mar, in thair presence, quho causit pak and put up the silver plaitt in tua cloisse cofferis. The keyis quhairof wer delyverit to the said John Erle of Mar himself, lyke as the said Johne Earl of Mar being personallie present grantit the ressett of the saidis Honnouris, and of ane grite aik-kist, quhairin thay ar keepit, and of the silver plaitt, and maise, called the Thesauraris maise, whilk wes delyverit to him be the said umquhile Sr Gedeone in his awne tyme. Quhilk report and declaratioun maid be the said Commissioneris, and grant foirsaid maid be the said Erle of Mar, in maner foirsaid, being hard and considerit be the said Lordis, and they rypelie advysit thairwith, The Lordis of Secreit Counsaill findis and declairis, that the said umquhile Sr Gedeone hes most faithfullie, cairfullie, and honnestlie, preservit and keepit his Majesties Honnouris and silver plaitt foirsaid, fra the tyme that he ressavit the same untill the tyme of his deceis. And that the said Sr Patrik, his sone, hes most worthelie exonerit himself of the saidis Honnouris and silver plaitt, and of the aik-kist quhairin the Honnouris wer keepit, by making of a full delyverie of the same to the said Erle of Mar, conforme to the warrand and ordinance of the counsell given to him for that effect. And therefore the saidis Lordis exoneris, releeves, and freethis the said umquhile Sr Gedeone, the said Patrik, his sone, and thair airis and executouris of his Majesties saidis Honnouris and silver plaitt, and of the maise, callit the Thesauraris maise, delyverit be the said umquhile Sr Gedeone in his awne tyme to the said Lord Thesaurair, and of the aik-kist foirsaid, and declairis thame to be free thairof for now and ever.

No. IV.

NOTICES RESPECTING THE CUSTODY OF THE REGALIA; EXTRACTED FROM THE ACTS OF THE PARLIAMENT OF SCOTLAND.

In the Parliament held at Edinburgh, Maii 15, 1650.—"Instrumentis takin be the L. M. of Argyll, wpoun the productione of the Honouris in face of Parliament, and delyverie thairoff to the Laird of Scottiscraig, in name of the Erle Marchell."

Jul. 5, 1650.—"Instrumentis takin be Sr Charles Erskein, vpon redelyverie of the Honours to be keiped or transported, as the Committie of Estates shall give ordour."

In the Parliament held at Perth, Nov. 26, 1650.—"The L. M. of Argyle, askit instrumentis wpoun the productione of the Honouris, viz. the Crown, scepter, and sword, in face of Parliament, whiche wes delyvered to the Laird of Scottiscraig, in the name of the Erle of Marischall."

Dec. 30, 1650.—"Scottscraig, in name of the Earle Marshall, tooke instrumentis vpon the production of the Honours quhich the King and Estates ordanes to be delyvered to the Marques of Argyle, in name of the Commissioners of the Thesaurarie, and if any danger be in keiping of thame, to be rewled be the advyse of the Committee of the Estaittis."

In the Parliament held at Perth, Mar. 13, 1651.—"The L. M. of Argyll, for himselff and in name of the remanent Commissioneris of the Thesurarie, did exhibeitt in face of Parliament, the Honouris, viz. the crown, scepter, and sword, and thairupon askit instrumentis, whiche wer delyvered to the L. of Scottiscraig, in name of the E. Marchell, to be keepit by him during this Sessione of Parliament."

Mar. 31, 1651.—"The L. Mongomrie, in name of the E. Marchell, askit instrumentis wpoun the reproductione of the Honouris, viz. the crown, scepter, and sword, in face of Parliament, and protestit for exoneratione thairof, quhilkis wer thane delyvered to the M. of Argyll, in name of the Commissioneris of the Thesaurarie."

In a Parliament held at Stirling on the 23d of May, 1651, *at which the King was present, there is the following entry* —"The L. M. of Argyll, for himselff and in name of the remanent Commissioneris for the Thesurarie, askit instrumentis upoun the productione of the Honouris, viz. the Crown, scepter, and sword, for his and thair exoneratione, and thairupoun askit instrumentis, Lykas thairefter the Honouris wer by his Majesties and the Parliamentis ordour delyvered to Sr Wm Keath of Ludquhairn, in name of the E. Marchell, to be keepit during this Sessione of Parliament."

And on the last day of this Parliament (June 6, 1651), there are

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"Instrumentis takin be the E. Marchell upons the productioun of the Honouris with his desyre represented to the Parliament That the same might be putt in sum pairt of securitie. His Majestie and Parliament ordanes the said Erle of Marchell to caus transport the saidis Honouris to the hous of Dunnottor thair to be keepit by him till farther ordouris."

No. V.

Act of Parliament in favors of Christian Fletcher, spous of Mr James Granger, Minister at Kinneth.

Jan. 11, 1661.—Forasmuch as the Estatis of Parliament doe understand that Christian Fletcher, spous to Mr James Granger, minister at Kinneth, wes most active in conveying the Royall Honours, his Majesties Crown, Sword, and Scepter, out of the Castle of Dunnotter, immediatelie befor it was rendered to the English Usurpers, and that be her care the same wer hid and preserved; Thairfore the Kings Majestie, with advice of his Estates of Parliament, doe appoint *two thousand merks* Scots to be forthwith payed unto her be his Majesties Thesaurer, out of the readiest of his Majesties rents, as a testimony of their sence of her service aformentioned.

[Act. Parl. vol. vii. p. 11.]

No. VI.

Notes from the Records in Exchequer, showing the way and manner in which the Regalia of Scotland were taken down from, and carried up to the Castle, at the commencement and ending of the Sessions of Parliament.

Edinburgh, 9th June, 1702.—The Lord Thesaurer Deput went in his own coach with Moncrief and Mr James M'Kenzie, to the Castle of Edinburgh, and carried down, in one of the Commissioners coaches, the Honours, betwixt 11 and 12 of the clock, viz.—His Lordship the Crown, Moncrief the Scepter, and Mr Mackenzie the Sword. The Erle of Kintor was with them in the coach, and the Honors were delivered by them to Mr Wilson, one of the under Clerks of Session, at the table whereon they ly at the meetings of the Sessions of Parliament; and Deacon Lethan, smith, got the keyes of the vault and chest quhair the honors lay, from Moncrief, to help some defect in the locks, and has not returned them.

Edinburgh, 1st July, 1702, *being the day after the Parliament did rise, betwixt* 11 *and* 12 *of the clock.*—The Honors were carried up to the Castle, and were layed up in the chest within the vault. The Thesaurer Deput Moncrief, and Mr Ja. M'Kenzie, receiving them as above, in the Commissioners coach; the Erle of Kintor being with them.

Edinburgh, 5 *May, about* 8 *o'Clock at night,* 1703.—The Honors were carried from the Castle to the Abay; the Crown by Moncrieff; the Schepter by Mr Ja. M'Kenzie; and the Sword by Forglan, in the Commissioners coach. And the Lord Boyll, Thesaurer Deput cam there in his own coach, and returned to the Abay, where the Honors were laid down on a table in the Commissioners presence.

Edinburgh. 17 *Septr. about* 5 *of the clock at night.*—The Honors wer carried up to the Castle, but were not put in the chest that stands in the vaults until the next morning, at the sight of the Thesaurer Deput.

N. B.—Moncrieffe, mentioned in the foregoing Minutes, was Sir Thomas Moncrieffe of Moncrieffe, and who was, with Mr James Mackenzie, Joint Clerk of the Treasury Exchequer.

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MERCHISTON TOWER.

This fortalice is situated upon the ascent, and nearly about the summit, of the eminence called the Borough-moor-head, within a mile and a half of the city walls. In form, it is a square tower of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, with a projection on one side. The top is battlemented, and within the battlement, by a fashion more common in Scotland than in England, arises a small building, with a steep roof, like a little stone cottage, erected on the top of the tower. This sort of upper story, rising above the battlements, being frequently of varied form, and adorned with notched gables and with turrets, renders a Scottish tower a much more interesting object than those common in Northumberland, which generally terminate in a flat battlemented roof, without any variety of outline. A considerable addition has been made to the house of Merchiston within these thirty years, in the form of which the architect apparently meant to maintain the character of the original building, but his purpose has been more meritorious than the execution.

Merchiston was, from an ancient period, the patrimony of the ancient family of Napier, ennobled in 1627. It is said, to have been possessed by Alexander Napier, Provost of Edinburgh, in 1437, was certainly the property of his son, Sir Alexander Napier of Merchiston, and continued to be the principal seat of that honourable family until the present generation, when it was sold by the present Lord Napier's father, but has been since re-acquired by the family.

Being so near Edinburgh, Merchiston did not escape being garrisoned during the bloody period of Queen Mary's reign, or rather of her son's, which was popularly termed the "Douglass's wars," from the share taken in them by the stern Earl of Morton. Each baron's house in Mid-Lothian was in those melancholy days attacked and defended, and the gibbet was the fate of the prisoners on both sides. Merchiston was at this time garrisoned by Morton, as were the kirk of Corstorphine, Reidhall, Craigmillar, and other tenable places, in order to straiten the Queen's party, who then lay at Edinburgh. On the other hand, the Queen's lords, as they were called, established garrisons at Livingston, Blackness, and, in especial, Seaton-Niddrie, which last, as nearest to Edinburgh, seems to have given great annoyance to the king's party. A soldier in the garrison covenanted to introduce the soldiers of Morton into Seaton-Niddrie, or West-Niddrie, by stratagem, and the night was fixed when they were to make the attempt with scaling ladders. But their accomplice betrayed their purpose. In consequence of the information which he communicated, the governor of the castle suspended beams on the outside of the fort-

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ress by ropes, which were made fast to the battlements. The assailants arrived by night, planted their ladders and receiving an answer from their supposed confederate, began to ascend, when the captain or commander of the garrison caused the ropes to be cut, and the suspended beams tumbling down on the ladders, crushed at once those who were in the act of descending, or were crowded together beneath.

A common stratagem having been thus eluded in an extraordinary manner, the king's party resolved to assail Niddrie by open force; and to deter them from their purpose, the queen's lords issued from Edinburgh, attacked Merchiston with cannon, pierced the wall with bullets, and swept from the adjacent fields a considerable spoil of cattle. But while the garrison were entering into some treaty of surrender, a number of country people, attracted by the noise of the firing, appeared so unexpectedly, and in such numbers as to startle the besiegers, who, conceiving themselves on the point of being attacked by Morton's whole force, gave over their attack on the little fortalice, and withdrew in such disorder that they were assailed by Morton with advantage, and put to flight, throwing away their weapons, and losing some prisoners. After this, we read of another skirmish in which the garrison of Merchiston, interposing to rescue a booty which the Edinburgh soldiers were driving out of the fields, were put to the worst, Patrick Home of Polwart (an ancestor of the Marchmont family) slain, with Home of the Heuch, and others, while the riders lost only one horseman by a shot from the tower of Merchiston.

Such were the transactions of that wild time, when the seats of the barons and gentry around Edinburgh were made fortresses, to be defended to the last extremity, or carried at the point of the sword; and when, according to the authority from which we derive these particulars, "you might have seen the father against the son, and the brother against the brother, some for the defence of lawful authority, others for gain; and the inhabitants of the good town so far divided among themselves, that they spared not to come against each other in hostility as against a foreign and ancient enemy."*

We have touched on those sad times, to illustrate the history of the country. But it is not from the petty incidents of a cruel civil war that Merchiston derives its renown, but as having been the residence of genius and of science. The celebrated John Napier of Merchiston was born in this weather-beaten tower, according to the best accounts, about the year 1550; and a small room in the summit of the building is pointed out as the study in which he secluded himself while engaged in the mathematical researches which led to his great discovery.

To the inventor of the logarithms (called from him Napier's bones), by which process the power of calculation is so much increased,

* *The Historie of King James the Sext.* Edinburgh, 1804.

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David Hume, no grantor of propositions, declares the title of a great man is more justly due, than to any other whom his country ever produced. Yet the sublime genius which marked, by the logarithmic canon, the correspondence betwixt arithmetical and geometrical progression, had his weak points. Napier, like Newton, wasted time in endeavouring to discover the mysteries of the apocalypses,* and to ascertain prophecies, which, if intended for our instant comprehension, would (with deep respect we speak it) have been expressed more clearly; but which, so far as our weak intellects can descry, seemed to be designed for proofs of the Christian religion, which shall emerge, like so many others, when the event, very different probably from all that could have been conjectured *à priori*, shall explain that which was spoken by the prophet.

Neither was the great Napier above the superstition of his age, but believed in the connexion betwixt the mathematical and what were called the occult sciences. At least, all we know of his character inclines us rather to believe that Napier was a dupe to his own imagination, than that he desired to impose upon the opposite party, in a celebrated and very curious contract made in July, 1594, betwixt him and the noted John Logan of Restalrig. This person, renowned for his turbid ambition and dark cupidity, by which he was finally involved in Gowrie's strange and mysterious conspiracy, sets forth, that from all reports and appearances, there was treasure concealed in his old ruinous fortress of Fastcastle, on the verge of the German Ocean, near Saint Abbs-Head; and stipulates, that "John Napier should do his utmost diligence to search and seek, and by all craft and engine to find out the same, or make it sure that no such thing is there." For his reward he was to have the exact third of what was found, and to be safely guarded by Logan back to Edinburgh, with the same. And in case he should find nothing, after all trial and diligence taken, he refers the satisfaction of his travels and pains to the discretion of Logan.†

* [A plaine discovery of the whole Reuelation of St. John, set downe in two treatises; the one searching and prouing the true interpretation thereof; the other applying the same paraphrastically and historically to the text: whereunto are annexed, certaine Oracles of Sibylla, agreeing with the Reuelation and other places of Scripture. Edin. 1593, 4to; Lon. 1611; Edin. 1641, 1645, 4to.]

† It is curious to observe, that amongst the professors of astrology and other occult sciences, who abounded in England in the beginning of the sixteenth century, was a Dr Napper of Sandford, in Buckinghamshire, who, according to that excellent judge Lilly, "outwent Forman in physic and holiness of life (which, by the way, required no great stretch of sanctity), cured the falling sickness perfectly by constellated rings, some diseases by amulets," &c. This person was probably of the stock of the Scottish Napiers, though his family had been settled in England since Henry the Eighth's time. A doubt being started whether his brother, a Turkey merchant, could prove himself a gentleman of three descents, with a view to being made a baronet, King Jamie took the matter on his own knowledge, saying, "By my saul, I will certify for Napper, that he is of above three hundred years standing in his family, all of them, by my saul, gentlemen." It is possible, however, that the British Solomon tendered his evidence thus readily, because his palm itched for the baronet's fees.—See Lilly's *History of his Life and Times*, 1774, p. 11.

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The battlements of Merchiston Tower command an extensive view, of great interest and beauty.

CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE.

This fine old ruin, situated on the top of a gentle eminence, forms one of the most striking features in every view on the south of Edinburgh.

The date of original erection is uncertain, but the castellated wall which surrounds the mansion appears, from a date preserved on it, to have been built in 1427. The castle and estate belonging to the family of Preston, who frequently held the highest offices in the magistracy of Edinburgh. It was acquired by Sir Simon Preston, in 1374, from one John de Capella.

Being so near to Edinburgh, Craigmillar was often occupied as a royal residence. The Earl of Mar, younger brother of *James III.*, was imprisoned here for some time; James V. resided there occasionally during his minority; and, in the eventful 1566, Queen Mary resided there, and held, with her deceitful and double-dealing counsellors, some of those dark and mysterious councils which terminated in Darnley's death, and her own ruin. So often had Craigmillar been honoured with her residence, that the adjacent village acquired the name of Petty France, from her French guards being quartered there.

In point of architecture and accommodation, Craigmillar surpasses the generality of Scottish castles. It consists of a strong keep, or tower, flanked with turrets, and connected with inferior buildings. There is an outer-court in front, defended by a battlemented wall and flankers; and beyond these there was an exterior wall, and, in some places, a deep ditch or moat. On the boundary wall may be seen the arms of Cockburn of Ormiston, Congalton of Congalton, Moubray of Barnbougle, and Otterburn of Redford, allies of the Prestons of Craigmillar. In one corner of the court, over a portal arch, are the arms of the family, three unicorns headcouped, with a cheese-press and barrel or ton, a wretched rebus, to express their name of Preston. The inside of the great hall is stately, though not equal to that of Borthwick. In a stone window-seat is cut a diagram for playing at the game called the Walls of Troy.

Craigmillar, with other fortresses in Mid-Lothian, was burned by the English after Pinkey-fight in 1555, and Captain Grose surmises, with great plausibility, that much of the building, as it now appears, was erected when the castle was repaired after that event.

The ruin is happily surrounded with some fine old trees, which,

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with the varied form of the building, render it a favourite subject for the pencil. It belongs to the descendant of the great lawyer, Sir Thomas Gilmor, who acquired the property about the Revolution.

ROSLIN GLEN, AND HAWTHORNDEN.

Roslin is scarcely more fortunate in its own scenery, than in the romantic and classical vicinage of Hawthornden. The narrow glen which connects these two celebrated spots is one of those beautiful and sequestered valleys, which so often occur in Scotland, and generally where they are least to be expected, from the appearance of the general landscape. It often happens, that, amid an open and comparatively uninteresting country, where there is little to interest the traveller, he is conducted by the course of some fairy stream into a dell abounding with all the romantic varieties of cliff, and copsewood, and waterfall, through which the brook has found itself a more wild and pleasing course than along the surface of the more level ground.

The vale of Roslin is precisely of this description. You may in many places approach its very verge without being aware of its existence; and, on the other hand, when you have descended into its recesses, you seem to be in a primitive wilderness. The cliffs which arise on each side of the dell are pleasingly varied, and present themselves to the spectator as the shattered ruins of some ancient building, of which some parts still stand firm in all their former strength, while others, broken and shattered, impend over and threaten the spectator. The copsewood with which they are clothed, wherever the roots can find room or subsistence among the chasms of the rocks, adds inexpressible beauty to the scene, especially in spring, when the green leaves are in all their first tenderness of colouring, and in autumn, when they have received the gorgeous, but melancholy tints, which betoken their approaching fall. It is only to be regretted that few of these beautiful trees have been permitted to grow to full size. The pathway, alternately ascending towards the verge of the rocks and descending into the bed of the river, winding amongst the various obstacles which the situation of the ground, the digressions of the stream, and the projecting masses of rock, offer to a more direct progress, has that delightful intricacy which at every step presents new and interesting points of view, giving, even to objects which we have already seen, all the interest of novelty as we approach or recede from them. In some places the track has that slight degree of danger which adds pleasure to the walk, to all who are not constitutionally timid. But it is telling a tale which has been repeated a thousand times, to say, that a morning of leisure can scarcely be anywhere more delightfully spent than in the woods

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of Roslin, and on the banks of the Esk. In natural beauty, indeed, the scenery may be equalled, and in grandeur exceeded, by the Cartland Crags, near Lanark, the dell of Craighall, in Angus-shire, and probably by other landscapes of the same character which have been less celebrated. But Roslin and its adjacent scenery have other associations, dear to the antiquary and the historian, which may fairly entitle it to precedence over every other Scottish scene of the same kind.

The architecture of its beautiful Gothic chapel has been elsewhere treated of at length, and by a hand well entitled to classify and particularize its various beauties. The mouldering ruins of the castle, with its tremendous triple tier of vaults, were long the abode of the proud family of the St Clairs, whose titles at one period of their history would have wearied a herald, yet who were, perhaps,

——"not so wealthy as an English yeoman."

This mouldering fabric has been often described in detail, with all the legendary additions extracted from Father Hay's manuscript. Some forty years ago or more, we remember the moderate and comparatively modern mansion, which has been erected amidst the ruins of the old castle, inhabited by a genuine Scottish laird of the old stamp, the lineal descendant of the high race who first founded the pile, and the last male of their long line. His figure was, with exception of that of Douglas Duke of Hamilton, almost the only one we recollect which carried our imagination back to the Scottish barons and warriors of antiquity, who, each lords and monarchs within their own domains, scarce knew how to pay homage to sovereignty itself. The last Roslin (for he was uniformly known by his patrimonial designation, and would probably have deemed it an insult in any who might have termed him Mr Sinclair) was a man considerably above six feet, with dark grey locks, a form upright but gracefully so, thin-flanked and broad-shouldered, but, it would seem, for the business of the war or the chase, a noble eye of chastened pride and undoubting authority, and features handsome and striking in their general effect, though somewhat harsh and exaggerated when considered in detail. His complexion was dark and grizzled, and, as we schoolboys, who crowded to see him perform feats of strength and skill in the old Scottish games of golf and archery, used to think and say amongst ourselves, the whole figure resembled the famous founder of the Douglas race, pointed out, it is pretended, to the Scottish monarch on a conquered field of battle, as the man whose arm had achieved the victory, by the expressive words, *Sholto Dhuglas*—"behold the dark grey man." In all the manly sports which require strength and dexterity, Roslin was unrivalled; but his particular delight was in archery. It was he who announced to each candidate who was ad-

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mitted into the Royal Company of Archers, that he became the member of no private association, but of a body who had the privilege of acting as the King's Body-guard, should his Majesty ever visit his ancient metropolis, the limits of their service being Edgebucklinbrae on the east, and Cramond Bridge on the west of the city. It is not known on what document or tradition Roslin founded this claim; but it was indulged to the Royal Company of Archers by the condescension of his present Majesty, and they had the distinguished honour of performing the functions of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners, in a manner highly creditable to themselves, during the late residence of his Majesty at Holyrood. It was Roslin also, who, possessing the hereditary office of Grand Master of the Scottish Masons, surrendered to the brotherhood the right of electing that officer in future. In grateful acknowledgment of this munificent renunciation of an ancient privilege, the memory of the Laird of Roslin is always remembered among the flowing cups of the fraternity. His last bed is made, where it is said twelve barons of his race lie in their armour, instead of shrouds, betwixt two of the pillars of the chapel, the bases of which are slightly indented to make way for his corpse, in consequence of his uncommon stature. The estate descended to Sir James Erskine St Clair, now Earl of Roslin, who represents the family. Those recollections of boyhood mingle with others of a later and more affecting description. Under the fine Gothic drop called the Star of Bethlem, lies the late beautiful Countess of Roslin [born Miss Bouverie], in whom passed untimeously from the world so much that was amiable, witty, and accomplished. The author of this article, frequently her guide through this admired scenery, may be pardoned so brief a tribute to the memory of a lady whom none who knew can recollect without sorrow.*

After leaving Roslin, we pass the caves of Gorton, situated in the front of a high cliff on the southern side of the stream, yet having their entrances so much obscured by bushes and brambles, that it requires perfect acquaintance with the spot to discern them. These caverns are obviously the work of human hands, and being cut in the form of a cross, it has been supposed they were originally the abode of hermits. The inference does not seem unavoidable; for, besides the religious idea attached to the form of the cross, it presents considerable accommodation to those who might not care to open too extensive a vault for fear of the roof falling in. At any rate, it is well known, that, during the unhappy reign of David II., whilst Scotland was overrun by the English, who had garrisons in the principal fortresses of the country, a gallant knight, Sir Alexander Ramsay of

* [The Countess died in 1810.]

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Dalwolsey, found refuge in these caves, with a band of chosen patriots, and acquired such renown at the time, that no youth was held in account for valour, until he had served a certain time under his standard. With these followers Ramsay not only annoyed the English garrisons, but made excursions as far as Northumberland, and retaliated upon the English frontier the evils of his suffering country.

The local antiquary, also, seldom fails to point out the neighbouring moor of Roslin, as the scene of a celebrated battle, fought 24th February, 1302, in which the Scots, under Comyn, then guardian of the kingdom, and Simon Fraser, attacked and defeated three armies, or, more properly three divisions of the English, on the same day. The action is probably somewhat exaggerated, being one of the brief glimpses of prosperity which shone on the Scottish armies during that disastrous period. But even the English writers acknowledge a considerable defeat, owing to the incautious conduct of Sir John Segrave, who suffered his army to move in three bodies, so far separated from each other, as to be incapable of mutual support.

Amid these scenes of historical remembrance and natural beauty, the footpath down the river conducts the stranger to Hawthornden, the classical habitation of the poet Drummond, which is seen to most advantage from the opposite side of the river. Being built with some view to defence, a consideration in Scotland even till the middle of the seventeenth century and later, the house rises from the very edge of the grey cliff, which descends sheer down to the stream. The house, which is small and not very convenient, was repaired by the poet, with the following inscription:—"Divino munere, Gulielmus Drummondus, ab Hawthornden, Joannis Equitis aurati filius, ut honesto otio quiesceret, sibi et successoribus instauravit, 1638."

Under the mansion lie those subterranean caves which have excited so much speculation amongst antiquaries. They are simply small apartments, hewn out of the solid rock with much labour, which connect with each other by passages of disproportionate length. A spring-well, hewn with much labour, shows that these melancholy dwellings were designed for more than a brief space of retirement. Although it may be difficult to say whether they are the rude dwellings of an aboriginal race, who thus burrowed in the earth like wild beasts, and made their constant abode in the bowels of the rock—or whether they were constructed at a later period, as a temporary retreat, when the public calamities rendered the ordinary habitations of mankind unsafe, we may safely conclude, on the whole, that pressing necessity alone could reconcile human beings to such dreary mansions. Of this latter kind of caves, there are many in Scotland, as upon the banks of the Teviot, the Jed, and other rivers; but they are

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much more rude, and much less complicated, than those of Hawthornden. The entrance to these caves was of late laid bare, by the fall of a part of the cliff in which they are hewed.

On the south side of the house of Hawthornden, and so situated as to have contributed in some sort for its defence, stand the ruins of an old tower, the abode of the poet's ancestors; and save that they enjoyed the benefit of God's daylight, it seems one which cannot have been much more comfortable than the caverns themselves. Through this lies the entrance to the more modern house; and the neighbourhood of the rude and ruinous pile adds much to the romance of the whole situation. A sort of seat, cut in the rock adjacent to the house, is called the Cypress-grove, because frequented by Drummond while engaged in composing a moral treatise on the vanity of human life, to which he gave that name.

It is impossible to see Hawthornden, and mention its poetical owner, without thinking upon the time when

——"Jonson sate in Drummond's social shade."

and lamenting the loss of Ben's

——"journey into Scotland sung,
With all the adventurers."——

And from thence it is with anxiety that we find ourselves urged upon something like a controversy with the learned, acute, and ingenious editor of Jonson's works, who, in his zeal to do full justice to his subject, has, we think, offered some undue injury to the memory of Drummond. The attempt has indeed been prohibited to us, under a heavy denunciation.* We presume, nevertheless, in all honourable courtesy, to take up the gage which is thus thrown down, and venture the following remarks on the memorable interview of Drummond of Hawthornden and the great English dramatist, and the brief account which the former has left of the manners and opinions of Ben Jonson.

That Ben Jonson did Drummond the distinguished honour of visiting Scotland, partly with a view of spending some time with a man whom he esteemed—that he accordingly lived about three weeks at Hawthornden, and was gratified by Drummond's hospitality—that they parted friends, and remained in an amicable intercourse until death—are facts on which all are agreed; as also, that in the shape of loose memoranda, Drummond has preserved some severe censures passed by Jonson upon other poets, and added a very unfavourable picture of the dramatist's self-opinion, as well as of his intemperance, his literary jealousies and peculiarities, the laxity of his speculative

* "Enough of Drummond, with whose 'friendship' for our author the common sense of the reader will, I trust, no longer be insulted, except from the lips of hopeless idiotism—*longa manantia labri saliva.*"—*Memoirs of Ben Jonson*, p. cxxxv. GIFFORD'S edition of *Jonson's Works*, vol. i.

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opinions, and other foibles which darkened his great qualities. "Hinc illæ lachrymæ."

These scraps of information, for they are nothing more, may be considered in two points of view, as they affect the character of Jonson, or that of Drummond; in other words, as they contain truth with respect to the former, or as they infer malice and calumny (whether in themselves true or false) on the part of him who recorded them.

On the first point, it is not easy to discover Mr Gifford's opinion. He seems to receive as truth what circumstances Drummond has narrated concerning Jonson's birth, parentage, and earlier adventures; and far from doubting the accuracy of his report concerning Jonson's criticisms on contemporary authors, he only regrets that they are not sufficiently detailed. It is therefore apparently only where Drummond bears testimony to Jonson's failings, that the editor, in laudable zeal forhe honour of his author, is disposed to impugn his testimony.

If this scepticism were limited to the supposition that Jonson's deficiencies were considerably exaggerated in Drummond's mode of viewing them, we consider it as highly justifiable. They met, probably for the first time, in close and prolonged collision; and it happens almost universally, that disappointment ensues when such familiarity takes place betwixt an author of genius and one of his ardent admirers. Trifling defects, which in other men we do not notice, because they are what we expect to find, strike us powerfully when attached to characters, which, judging from their writings, one would desire to find perfect; as vanity and epicurism, slight faults in ordinary persons, disgust us when we find them unexpectedly united with high intellectual powers and moral qualities. Drummond probably felt disappointed at finding so much genius as Jonson possessed marred by the usual mixture of human frailty; and it might be said in this case, as in a thousand, *Minuit præsentia famam*. Again, it must be allowed, that Drummond and Jonson were men so different in genius and situation, that it may have been difficult for the former to attain a just, or at least an accurate, estimate of the latter. His own powers did not much exceed a decent mediocrity, while Jonson had all the eccentricity of genius. Drummond had lived a retired scholar, within his paternal shades; Jonson was a man of the world, a man of the town, accustomed to the freedoms of the Mermaid, and whom, without doing him much injustice, we may suppose scarce amenable at all times to the rules of strict etiquette. As a person of some quality, and rather an amateur of letters than a professed author, Drummond probably might be cautious and punctilious, timid in delivering his opinions, and apt to be surprised, and even shocked, at the uncompromising strength of conception and expression natural to Jonson, who had struggled during a long life for the character of intellectual superiority,

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amid a body of competitors as bold and as zealous, if not as deserving, as himself. The essential points of difference, without diminishing what regard they had for each other, may have caused Drummond to consider Jonson as an imperious egotist; and perhaps, were we in possession of the Scottish Journal, or the facts on which it was founded, we might learn that Jonson considered his host as pedantic, limited in his views, and attached to the trifling punctilios of ceremony and aristocratic society.

If we allow for the exaggerations arising from these discrepancies, we may perhaps be of opinion that the character of Jonson, as drawn by Drummond, contains much in which we are apt to acquiesce, after perusing his life and his works. He is described as opinionative, and disposed to snatch the laurel, if it was not conceded—such is the tone of his prologues, in which he "swears his play is good." His panegyrics and satires are such, as might well entitle us to think him a partial friend, and a bitter antagonist. Drummond does justice to the generosity of his temper, when he describes him as hasty in censure, but turning his resentment on himself if he was well answered; his being of "imagination all compact," and inclined to hypochondria, is proper to him, both as a poet, and as having a constitution affected by scrofula; his attachment to sack he himself has confessed, and it is recorded by his biographer. Some indifference, if not as to religion, at least as to the distinguishing tenets of the English and Roman, may be allowed to belong to him who changed his faith twice. If these points are admitted, and united with a temper hasty and prone to satire, we see not that Drummond has done Jonson much injustice in what he has recorded concerning him.

It has been, however, very strongly urged, that Drummond, in preserving these memoranda respecting Jonson's manners and disposition, acted with base treachery towards one who had unbosomed himself before him in all the full assurance of confiding friendship, for such a degree of intimacy is assumed to have subsisted between them. Indeed, this seems to be the principal object in the ingenious editor's reasoning, as a skilful counsel, when a hard fact is proved against his client, endeavours to get rid of it by throwing discredit on the evidence. And here we will frankly admit, that if we saw the least purpose, on the part of Drummond, to make these remarks public to the prejudice of Jonson, either before or after his own death, we should think him guilty of a very gross abuse of hospitality. The editor of Jonson seems, indeed, to allege that this latter was Drummond's intention; and he quotes the well-known story of Bolingbroke's legacy to Mallet, which has no other connexion with the case in point, than in so far as there was a Scotchman in both.* And if

* [Lord Bolingbroke bequeathed his library, and the property of all his own writings, to David Mallet the poet, for posthumous publication. "The wild and pernicious ravings,

Drummond's birth-place is to be considered as a misfortune, it is some consolation that it is one which Jonson narrowly escaped.* But not only is there no evidence whatever, that these notes were designed for publication, but every inference, from internal evidence, goes to establish the contrary. Drummond appears to have been, like most authors of his class, rather feverishly anxious about the correction of such works as he designed for the press; and there is a large collection of them in the library of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh. But in these the heads of his conversation with Jonson are not found; nor have they, in any respect, the appearance of having been fairly engrossed or prepared for the press. They are, on the contrary, meagre commonplaces, irregularly and carelessly jotted down as they occurred to the author's recollection, and without the least attempt at those ornaments of style and expression, which Drummond peculiarly affects in the discourses which he designed for the public. Nay, farther, carelessly as they are thrown together and expressed, there is great reason to doubt whether we have them at present in the form in which they were left by the author; for the remarks of the editors are mingled with those of Drummond in such a manner, as to give us no assurance that they either tell us all which he said, or in the order in which he said it. It is therefore not only imperfect as left by the writer, but most probably garbled as published by his executors, with whom accuracy does not seem to have been exactly respected. And this being the case, Drummond, who neither published these obnoxious notices himself, nor left them in a shape to be published by others, may be fairly exculpated from charge of treachery, which has been so harshly urged against him.

If we might hazard a conjecture concerning the purpose of these memoranda, it would be that they were designed, in the first place, to assist the author's own recollections of the conversation and manners of his distinguished guest, and perhaps with the purpose, at some future period, of putting those recollections in a shape fit for publication, when, doubtless, the description of Jonson would have received those softening and alleviating touches, by means of which a painter converts the original caricatured sketch of his portrait into a perfect and pleasing resemblance. We can conceive nothing more reasonable or proper than to have meditated such a design, and nothing

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under the name of 'Philosophy,' which were thus ushered into the world, gave great offence to all well-principled men. Johnson hearing of their tendency, which nobody disputed, was roused with a just indignation, and pronounced this memorable sentence upon the noble author and his editor:—'Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward: a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward, because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death.'"—CROKER'S *Boswell*, vol. i., p. 255.]

* By the way, if Jonson's grandfather actually came from Annandale, his name must have been anglicized on his expatriation. There are no Jonsons, or Johnsons, in that district, but Johnstones full many.

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more natural, than that the author should have neglected to execute it, and left his materials in their original crude state.

With respect to the kind of friendship in which Jonson and Drummond seem to have lived, it was a literary intimacy only; and what is the friendship of wits, no one, says Dr Johnson, was ever fool enough to enquire. These letters, so far as preserved, relate chiefly to literary subjects; nor are we disposed to attach much value to the occasional complimentary expressions, which probably meant no more than similar turns of civility in modern correspondence. Drummond's letters appear to be considerably colder than Jonson's; but, so far as the hospitality of Hawthornden created any obligation (on which we are little disposed to insist), that obligation was conferred by the host, and received by the guest.

We have only to add, that the idea of attaching cold-blooded, premeditated, motiveless calumny to Drummond, on account of his having judged of the manners of a man of genius, with whom he was well acquainted, more harshly than we are disposed to view them at the distance of two centuries, and surrounded with the *halo* of well-earned reputation, is totally inconsistent with all we know of his life and habits. His memory has been uniformly handed down to us as that of an amiable and retired scholar, loved by his friends, and respected by the literary men of his time. There were other points of his character which should entitle him to a candid construction from the ingenious critic, for he did not hesitate to wield his pen in defence of the falling monarchy; and his loyal grief for the death of Charles I. is said to have hastened his own.

Thus much, while strolling around the ruins of Hawthornden, we should have said to any Southern visitor, in defence of its elegant and accomplished owner. There are so many—so very many points on which we should distrust our own judgment, and defer to that of the editor of Jonson, that we may be excused for differing from him respecting the character of Drummond. If Ben Jonson has suffered by the means of these unfortunate memoranda, time has made him amends, by affording him the assistance of the most acute, accurate, and intelligent editor, that ever used his pen in illustration of dramatic antiquity.

"Claudite jam rivos"——

PALACE OF LINLITHGOW.

Linlithgow, distinguished by the combined strength and beauty of its situation, must have been early selected as a royal residence. David, who bought the title of Saint by his liberality to the church,

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refers several of his charters to his town of Linlithgow, and in that of Holy-Rood expressly bestows on the new monastery all the skins of the rams, ewes, and lambs belonging to his Castle of Linlitcu which shall die during the year.

The convenience afforded for the sport of falconry, which was so great a favourite during the feudal ages, was probably one cause of the attachment of the ancient Scottish monarchs to Linlithgow, and its fine lake. The sport of hunting was also followed with success in the neighbourhood, from which circumstance it probably arises that the ancient arms of the city represent a black greyhound-bitch tied to a tree. Tradition, however, ascribes other causes for this remarkable emblem, but is, as usual, rather inconsistent in accounting for it otherwise. One legend says, simply, that such a hound was found so tied on the small island on the east side of the loch. Another tradition hints at a witch who used to assume this shape. A third more ungallantly adopts a metaphorical meaning, and affirms that a mistress of one of the kings was designated under this hieroglyphic. A Celt, according to Chalmers, might plausibly derive the name of Linlithgow from *Lin-liath-cu*, the Lake of the Greyhound. Chalmers himself seems to prefer the Gothic derivation of *Lin-lyth-gow*, or the Lake of the Great Vale. "Non nostrum est."

The Castle of Linlithgow is only mentioned as being a peel (a pile, that is, an embattled tower surrounded by an outwork). In 1300 it was rebuilt or repaired by Edward I., and used as one of the citadels by which he hoped to maintain his usurped dominion in Scotland. It is described by Barbour as "meikle and stark and stuffed weel." Piers Luband, a Gascoigne knight, was appointed the keeper, and appears to have remained there until the autumn of 1313, when the Scots recovered the castle under the following interesting circumstances:—

There was, says our authority, Barbour, dwelling in the neighbourhood of Linlithgow, a stout-hearted husbandman, named William Binnock who, observing that the Scots were on every hand recovering from the English the castles and fortresses which the invaders possessed within Scotland, could not brook that the peel in his vicinity, which was large, strong, and well supplied with arms and garrison, should remain unassailed. He formed a stratagem, equally remarkable for ingenuity and audacity. The garrison was usually supplied by Binnock with hay, and they had lately required from him a fresh supply. He assured them of the excellence of the forage, and undertook to send it in early in the morning. But the hay was so arranged on the wain as to conceal eight well-armed and determined men; the team was driven by a sturdy peasant, who bore a sharp axe under his gaberdion. Binnock himself walked beside the waggon, to superintend, as it seemed, the safe delivery of the

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forage. The porter, on approach of Binnock, with his well-known wain, lowered the drawbridge and raised the portcullis. Just in the very gateway, the driver, has he had been instructed, drew his axe suddenly and cut asunder the soam, or tackle, by which the oxen were attached to the waggon. Binnock at the same instant struck the warder dead, and shouted the signal word, which was "Call all, call all." The assailants jumped from amongst the hay and attacked the astonished garrison. The wain was so placed, that neither could the gate be shut nor the portcullis lowered, nor the bridge raised, and a party of Scots, who were in ambush for the purpose, rushed in to second their forlorn hope, and were soon masters of the place.

Bruce, faithful to his usual policy, caused the peel of Linlithgow to be dismantled, and worthily rewarded William Binnock, who had behaved with such gallantry on the occasion. From this bold yeoman the Binnies of West Lothian are proud to trace their descent; and most, if not all of them, bear in their arms something connected with the waggon, which was the instrument of his stratagem.

When times of comparative peace returned, Linlithgow again became the occasional residence of the sovereign. In 1411 the town was burned by accident, and in 1414 was again subjected to the same calamity, together with the church and palace of the king, as is expressly mentioned by Bower.*

The present church, which is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, having a steeple surmounted by an imperial crown, was probably erected soon after that calamity.

The palace arose from its ashes with greater splendour than before; for the family of Stuart, unhappy in so many respects, were all of them fortunate in their taste for the fine arts, and particularly for that of architecture. The Lordship of Linlithgow was settled as a dowry upon Mary of Gueldres, in 1449, and again upon Margaret of Denmark, in 1468.

James the Fourth, as splendid as gallant, seems to have founded the most magnificent part of Linlithgow palace; together with the noble entrance betwixt two flanking towers bearing on rich entablatures the royal arms of Scotland, with the collar of the Order of the Thistle, Garter, and Saint Michael.

James IV. also erected in the church a throne for himself, and twelve stalls for the Knights-Companions of the Thistle. It was sitting here, in the time of public worship, and musing, perhaps, on his approaching invasion of England, that he received a singular advice from a singular personage, which we cannot express better than in the words of Pitscottie:—

"At this time the King visited Linlithgow, where he was at the

* "Combusta est Villa regia de Linlithqu, navis etiam ecclesiæ ejusdem et palatium regis de nocte."—Bower, b. 14, ch. iii.

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Council, very sad and dolorous, making his prayers to God to send him a good success in voyage. And there came a man clad in a blue gown, belted about him with a roll of lining, and a pair of *brotikines* on his feet, and all other things conform thereto. But he had nothing on his head but side hair to his shoulders, and bald before. He seemed to be a man of fifty years, and came fast forwards, crying among the lords, and specially for the King, saying, that he desired to speak with him; while at the last he came to the desk where the King was at his prayers. But when he saw the King, he gave him no due reverence nor salutation, but leaned him down gruffly upon the desk, and said, 'Sir King, my mother has sent me to thee, desiring thee not to go where thou art purposed, which if thou do, thou shalt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that is with thee. Farther, she forbade thee, not to mell nor use the counsel of women, which if thou do, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.' By [*the time*] this man had spoken these words to the King, the even-song was near done, and the King paused on these words, studying to him an answer. But in the meantime, before the King's eyes, and in presence of the whole lords that were about him for the time, this man evanished away, and could be no more seen. I heard Sir David Lyndsay, Lyon-herald, and John Inglis, the Marishall, who were at that time young men, and speciall servants to the King's grace, thought to have taken this man, but they could not, that they might have speired [*asked*] further tidings at him, but they could not touch him."*

Buchanan confirms this strange story on the word of a spectator, Sir David Lyndsay, whose testimony he describes as unimpeachable. Thus supported, we have only to choose betwixt a deception and a supernatural appearance. The temper of James was one of those described by the poet as being "of imagination all compact." He was amorous, devotional, and chivalrous. This renders it highly probable that the simulated vision was contrived by some of the numerous party who advised a continuance of peace with England, and who might be of opinion that counsels conveyed in this mysterious manner might have some effect on the romantic spirit of the King. It is usually supposed that the vision was intended to represent Saint Andrew; but the use of the words, "my mother," seems rather to imply the apostle John, who indicated by that term the Virgin Mary.

The death of James IV., and rout of his army, clouded for many a day the glory of Scotland, and marred the mirth of her palaces. The next adventure which occurred worthy of notice, relates to a domestic feud.

* Pitscottie, vol. i., p. 264-5. [See *Marmion*—Sir Walter Scott's *Poetical Works.*]

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In 1517 an event took place during the minority of James V., singularly illustrative of the barbarous manners of the age. Squire Meldrum of Binns, whose feats of chivalry have been celebrated in verse by Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, had formed an intrigue with the Lady Gleneaglis. A cruel knight (Sir Luke Stirling of Keir) envied his successful love, and set upon the valiant squire betwixt Leith and Edinburgh with fifty armed men, when Meldrum had only eight in his company. Notwithstanding this fearful odds, Meldrum fought as he was wont, and the good squire would have slain Sir Luke Stirling on the spot, had not the knight's chief servant, Tom Gifford, prevented the blow, receiving in doing so a wound which disabled him for ever. Meldrum was at last borne down to the ground, after the most valiant resistance, in which he slew Sir Luke's principal servant, hurt that knight himself, and killed and wounded six-and-twenty of the party. He was here hamstringed, mutilated, and left for dead on the spot.

But the deed did not pass altogether unavenged. De la Bastie, then Lieutenant-Governor of Scotland under the Duke of Albany, sounded to horse, got his guards together, and pursued the assassins so closely that they were compelled to take refuge in "a peel-house in Linlithgow." This afforded them no refuge, for it was instantly assaulted by De la Bastie, and the defenders compelled to surrender themselves. They were condemned to death, but not executed, though Sir Luke Stirling suffered long imprisonment at Edinburgh and Dunbar. The fair lady for whose sake the skirmish was fought, lamented, as we are assured by Sir David Lyndsay, like Penelope for Ulysses, but the lovers never met more. As for the squire, he forsook the worship of Mars and Cupid, for that of Esculapius, and became, from the interest with which he had seen the medical men operate on his wounds, himself a skilful surgeon. This was rather a derogatory conclusion for so great a champion, but we are assured that he practised his new art without fee or reward.*

Mr Chalmers seems to be of opinion that this peel-house, in which the cruel knight sought for refuge, was the palace of Linlithgow itself, which he observes must have been slightly guarded.† It was

* "Bot he sa lang lay into pane,
He turnit to be ane chirurgiane:
And als be his naturall ingyne,
He learnit the art of medicyne.
He saw thame on his bodie wrocht,
Quharefor the science was deir bocht,
Bot afterward quhen he was haill,
He spairit na coist not yit travaill,
To prief his practikis on the pure,
And on thame previt monie ane cure;
On his expensis without rewaird,
Of money he tuik na regaird."
LYNDSAY'S *Works*, vol. ii. p. 301.

† *Caledonia*, vol. ii., p. 854.

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more probably one of those little towers, of which every town had several at the time, and which were often defended after the town itself was entered by an enemy.

James V. was much attached to Linlithgow, and added to the palace and parliament hall, the last of which is peculiarly striking. So that when he brought his bride Mary of Guise there, amid the festivities which accompanied their wedding, she might have more reasons than mere complaisance for highly commending the edifice, and saying that she never saw a more princely palace. It was long her residence, and that of her royal husband, at Linlithgow. Mary was born there in an apartment still shown; and the ill-fated father dying within a few days of that event, left the ominous diadem which he wore to the still more unfortunate infant.

It is remarkable that during this reign, there was acted at Linlithgow, in presence of the king, queen, and whole court, and, so far as appears, with great applause, a play, or theatrical presentation, by Sir David Lyndsay, called the "Satire of the Three Estaites," in which much coarse and indelicate farce and buffoonery is intermixed with the most pointed censure upon the affairs both of church and state. The comic mummery was undoubtedly thrown in with the purpose of Rabelais, to mitigate the edge of the satire, by representing the whole as matter of idle and extravagant mirth. But when the serious and direct tenor of the piece is considered, no one can doubt that the prince, before whom it was acted, and by whom it seems to have been well received, meditated innovations both in church and state, however diverted from them by the arts of the churchmen.*

In the subsequent reign of Queen Mary, Linlithgow was the scene of several remarkable events; the most interesting of which was the assassination of the Regent Murray by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. This is a story so often, and so well told, that it would be idle for us to do more than merely allude to it. The incident has been lately the subject of a beautiful painting, by William Allan of Edinburgh; now the property of the Duke of Bedford. The house in which Bothwellhaugh lay in ambush is still partly standing, but a modern front has injured its appearance of antiquity. Persons, however, are yet alive who remember the wooden balcony, which, with the narrowness of the street at that particular part, gave advantage to the aim of the lurking assassin. The carabine with which the deed was done is still preserved at Hamilton Palace. Perhaps the recollection of the indomitable spirit of revenge exhibited in this memorable action, led to an atrocious instance of deep vengeance, which was

* [See *ante*, vol. iv, p. 344.]

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taken by a person of lower life for a slight offence, and after a long interval of time, in the same town of Linlithgow.

It occurred in the beginning of the seventeenth century. One Crawford, while a boy at the school at Linlithgow, had been stripped of his coat, by a small proprietor, who found him trespassing on his grounds. Crawford went afterwards abroad, and rose to some rank in the army, but this unatoned event still rankled in his bosom; and returning to Linlithgow, after an absence of many years, he avenged the indignity by poniarding the person at whose hand he had sustained it, and that on the very spot. He was beheaded at the Cross, and his head was long seen on the south side of the Church.* When it is considered that vice is of an epidemic as well as contagious character—that the commission of any act, of horrid notoriety often gives birth to similar conceptions in the minds of kindred spirits—that deep calls to deep, and crime occasions crime—it is not altogether impossible that the murderer Crawford may have been hardened in his deadly purpose by his mind dwelling upon the stern vengeance of Bothwellhaugh.

James VI. loved the royal residence at Linlithgow, and completed the original plan of the palace, closing the great square by a stately range of apartments of great architectural beauty. He also made a magnificent fountain in the palace-yard, now ruinous, as are all the buildings around. Another grotesque Gothic fountain adorns the street of the town, which, with the number of fine springs, leads to the popular rhyme:

"Linlithgow for wells,
Stirling for bells."

The town in other respects is not very remarkable except for some antiquity of appearance which is gradually disappearing, as the citizens require better accommodations than were afforded by the old-fashioned lodgings, which, as in France and Flanders, presented not the front, but their gable ends to the street. It consists of one long street, varying in breadth, and, which is rather unusual, narrowest at the centre of the town.

Among the attendants of James the Sixth was a distinguished personage, of a class which may be found in most places of public resort. This was the celebrated Rob Gibb, the king's fool or jester. Fool as he was, Rob Gibb seems to have understood his own interest. Upon one occasion it pleased his sapient Majesty King Jamie to instal Rob in his own royal chair, the sport being to see how he would demean himself as sovereign. The courtiers entered into the king's humour, overwhelming Rob Gibb with petitions for places, pensions, and benefices, not sorry perhaps to have an opportunity of

* See *Statistical Account of Linlithgow.*

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hinting, in the presence of the real sovereign, secret hopes and wishes, which they might have no other opportunity of expressing. But Rob Gibb sternly repelled the whole supplicants together, as a set of unmercifully greedy sycophants, who followed their worthy king only to see what they could make of him. "Get ye hence, ye covetous selfish loons," he exclaimed, "and bring to me my own dear and trusty servant, Rob Gibb, that I may honour the only one of my court who serves me for stark love and kindness." It would not have been unlike King Jamie to have answered, "that he was but a fool, and knew no better."

Rob's presence of mind probably did not go unrewarded; for either on this, or some future occasion, he was in such "good foolery" as to get a grant of a small estate in the vicinity of the burgh. "Rob Gibb's contract—stark love and kindness"—is still proverbial in Scotland to express a match for pure love. It was happily applied as a toast after a wedding, in which the bridegroom's name happened to be Stark, and that of the clergyman who performed the ceremony Robert Gibb.

When the sceptre passed from Scotland, Oblivion sat down in the halls of Linlithgow; but her absolute desolation was reserved for the memorable era of 1745-6. About the middle of January in that year, General Hawley marched at the head of a strong army to raise the siege of Stirling, then pressed by the Highland insurgents under the adventurous Charles Edward. The English general had expressed considerable contempt of his enemy, who, he affirmed, would not stand a charge of cavalry. On the night of the 17th he returned to Linlithgow, with all the marks of a defeat, having burned his tents, and left his artillery and baggage. His disordered troops were quartered in the Palace, and began to make such great fires on the hearths as to endanger the safety of the edifice. A lady of the Livingston family, who had apartments there, remonstrated with General Hawley, who treated her fears with contempt. "I can run away from fire as fast as you can, general," answered the high-spirited dame, and with this sarcasm took horse for Edinburgh. Very soon after her departure her apprehensions were realized; the Palace of Linlithgow caught fire, and was burned to the ground. The ruins alone remain to show its former splendour.

The situation of Linlithgow Palace is eminently beautiful. It stands on a promontory of some elevation, which advances almost into the midst of the lake. The form is that of a square court, composed of buildings of four stories high, with towers at the angles. The fronts within the square, and the windows, are highly ornamented, and the size of the rooms, as well as the width and character of the staircases are upon a magnificent scale. One banquet-room is ninety-four feet long, thirty feet wide, and thirty-three feet high,

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with a gallery for music. The king's wardrobe, or dressing room, looking to the west, projects over the walls so as to have a delicious prospect on three sides, and is one of the most enviable boudoirs we have ever seen.

There were two main entrances to Linlithgow Palace. That from the south ascends rather steeply from the town, and passes through a striking Gothic archway, flanked by two round towers. The portal has been richly adorned by sculpture, in which can be traced the arms of Scotland, with the collars of the Thistle, the Garter and Saint Michael. This was the work of James V., and is in a most beautiful character.

The other grand entrance is from the eastward. The gateway is at some height from the foundation of the wall, and there are opposite to it the remains of a *perron*, or ramp of mason-work, which those who desired to enter must have ascended by steps. A drawbridge, which could be raised at pleasure, united, when it was lowered, the ramp with the threshold of the gateway, and when raised, left a gap between them, which answered the purpose of a moat. On the inside of the eastern gateway is a figure, much mutilated, said to have been that of Pope Julius II., the same Pontiff who sent to James IV. the beautiful sword which makes part of the regalia.

"To what base offices may we return!" In the course of last war, those beautiful remains, so full of ancient remembrances, very narrowly escaped being defaced and dishonoured, by an attempt to convert them into a barrack for French prisoners of war. The late President Blair, as, zealous a patriot as he was an excellent lawyer, had the merit of averting this insult upon one of the most striking objects of antiquity which Scotland yet affords. I am happy to add, that of late years the Court of Exchequer have, in this and similar cases, showed much zeal to preserve our national antiquities, and stop the dilapidations which were fast consuming them.

In coming to Linlithgow by the Edinburgh road, the first view of the town, with its beautiful steeple, surmounted with a royal crown, and the ruinous towers of the palace arising out of a canopy of trees, forms a most impressive object. All that is wanting is something of more elevated dignity to the margin of the lake. But it is not easy to satisfy the inconsistent wishes of amateurs.

We may, in taking leave of this subject, use once more the words of old Sir David of the Mount, in his complaint of the Papingo :—

> "Farewell, Lithgow, whose palace of pleasaunce
> Might be a pattern in Portugal or France."

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SETON CHAPEL.

The Setons, Earls of Winton, were one of the most distinguished families, whether in respect of wealth, antiquity of descent, or splendour of alliance. They took their original name from their habitation, Seaton, "the dwelling by the sea," in East Lothian, where, it is said, their founder, Secker, was settled by King David I. Others, less probably, suppose that Secker's name being De Say, was conferred on his new acquisition. Here the Setons continued to flourish, producing many characters distinguished in history, until the middle of the fourteenth century, when the estate descended to Margaret Seton, who married Alan de Wyntoun, a neighbouring baron. This match was so displeasing to her own relations, that it occasioned a deadly feud, in consequence of which, as we are assured by the Prior of Lochleven, in his Chronicle, one hundred ploughs in Lothian were laid aside from labour, a circumstance which Lord Hailes justly *founds* upon, as a proof of the advanced state of agriculture in that province at a period so early. A son of this disputed marriage continued the family of Seaton in his eldest son, Sir John; and his second son, Sir Alexander, who married the heiress of the house of Gordon, founded a line still more powerful than his own, who succeeded to the honours of the Huntly family, and founded other subordinate lines of the same genealogy, which is still termed that of the Seton-Gordons.

Passing over many a *Miles acerrimus, Anglisque infestissimus,* who fought and fell in their country's cause, we find, in Queen Mary's time, that George, Lord Seton, was one of her most determined and attached friends, although he seems to have had no marked concern with any of those intrigues which brought on her misfortunes. It was he who attended her with a chosen party of horse after her perilous escape from Lochleven; and after the battle of Langside, this faithful lord was reduced to such extremities during his exile abroad, that for two years he is said to have driven a waggon in Flanders to procure subsistence. His picture in this occupation, and the garb belonging to it, was painted at the lower end of the gallery in the ancient palace of Seton.

There is another picture of this nobleman well worthy of notice. It is a family-piece, comprehending the Lord Seton, his lady, and four children, painted in a hard but most characteristic style, by Sir Antonio More. The group slope from each other like the steps of a stair, and all, from the eldest son down to the urchin of ten years old, who is reading his lesson, have the same grave, haughty, and even *grim* cast of countenance, which distinguishes the high feudal baron, their father. This very curious portrait was published in Mr Pinkerton's Ichnographia, after the original, then in possession of the

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late excellent Lord Somerville, and which is now the property of the present lord, whose ancestor was married to Lord Seton's sister. This picture (often under the eye of the present writer during moments of much social happiness) is one of the most celebrated monuments of art belonging to Scottish history, and cannot be looked on without awaking the most powerful recollection of those feudal times, when conscious power, and the dangers as well as privileges which attend upon it, impressed on the countenance of the possessor a character so different from that worn by his successor, whose voice is no longer law within his baronial domains.

After the time of the Reformation, which was obstinately opposed by George, Lord Seton, his successors, though several of them conformed to the Protestant faith, and though all were devoted royalists, did not much interfere with the management of public affairs. In James VIth's time, they attained the dignity of Earls of Winton, and continued to flourish until the time of George, the fifth and last who enjoyed that dignity, and the large and plentiful fortune which was annexed to it.

This unfortunate nobleman was the son of the fourth Lord Seton, and Christian, daughter of John Hepburne of Aderstone, that nobleman's second wife, whose marriage afterwards became the subject of a law-suit between the young earl and the Viscount Kingston, next heir of the family. The earl had early shown a caprice of temper, said by a contemporary to be a family attribute; * for, having quarrelled with his father, he resided abroad for two years, in the capacity of a journeyman blacksmith, and none of his friends knew where to find him when he succeeded to the earldom. In 1715 he entered into the rebellion, and joined the Viscount of Kenmore with a fine troop of horse. It seems to be intimated in the histories and memoirs of the period, that the higher command was assigned to Lord Kenmore, in consequence of the waywardness and uncertainty of the Earl of Winton's character.

Yet, if we allow for the rashness of entering into this adventure, Lord Winton's opinions, so far as we know them, seem to have been sound and well considered. When, at the instance of the Northumbrian insurgents, the march into England was resolved upon, the Earl of Winton opposed it strenuously, proposing, with great force of reasoning, that they should rather seize upon Glasgow, and then march towards the north-west to join General Gordon with the western clans, who were advancing from Inverary. Favoured by such a diversion, General Gordon would have had little difficulty in crossing at the Heads of Forth, since Mar being at Perth with a considerable army, the Duke of Argyle could have detached no great part

* See his character in Mackay's *Memoirs*.

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of his small force to defend these fords; and thus placed betwixt two armies, he must have abandoned Stirling, and perhaps Edinburgh.

When this plan was rejected, the Earl of Winton, with most of his troop, left the insurgents, and though he afterwards returned, he was never again invited to their councils of war, and was otherwise treated with marked disrespect. These slights, according to Patten, gave the earl but little trouble; he continued to amuse himself with such company as chance threw in his way, and entertained them with stories of his travels and adventures in low life. In the affair of the barricades at Preston he behaved with spirit and gallantry; and afterwards, when waiting his fate in the Tower, made good use of his mechanical skill, sawing through, with great ingenuity, the bars of the windows, through which he made his escape. He ended his motley life at Rome, in 1749, and with him closed the long and illustrious line of Seton, whose male descendants have, by intermarriage, come to represent the great houses of Gordon, Aboyne, and Eglinton. Their estate was forfeited, and has since passed through several hands.

The House, or rather, as it was commonly termed, the Palace of Seton, was destroyed about thirty years since. It was a strong extensive turreted building, was much ornamented after the fashion of the sixteenth century, though some parts were much older. The house, together with the church, or chapel, was surrounded with a loop-holed and turreted wall. It was strong enough to afford a temporary defence to the party of the Highlanders under Mackintosh of Borlum, called Brigadier Mackintosh, who threw themselves into it when sent across the Firth, by the Earl of Mar, in 1715. Mackintosh thus effected his junction with the insurgents under Winton and Kenmore, and finally shared at Preston the fate of the lord of the castle, which had for a time afforded him protection.

The Collegiate Church of Seton, which is now all that remains to attest the splendour of the family, stood within the walls of the palace. It is small, roofed with stone, and exhibits the foundation of a spire, which has never been completed. It was tolerably endowed by the family of Seton, having been founded, at an early period, as the parochial church, and, augmented by the addition of various other establishments, was rendered collegiate by the second lord of that name, in the time of King James IV. Grose has recorded various particulars respecting the foundation, extracted from a curious pedigree of the family of Seton, written by Maitland of Lethington, and continued by Lord Kingston, whose branch of the family was next to the direct line. From this it may be learned how Katherine Sinclair, wife of the first Lord Seton, built an aisle on the south side in addition to the church, and "theek'd" it with stone, with a se-

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pulchre for herself and her issue. Also, how Lord George, the third of Seton, roofed the choir, repaired the desks, glazed the windows of the same, and bestowed vestments on the officiating priests. Moreover, that Jane, widow of this third Lord George, pulled down Dame Katherine Sinclair's aisle, and rebuilt the same in better proportion, so as to complete the figure of the cross; and how her bounty went farther, and equipped the church and priests therein serving with a complete *stand* (*i. e.* suit) of purple velvet, flowered with gold, and another of white crimson velvet, embroidered in the same manner, not to mention suits of white damask, silk-camlet, and black worsted, besides plate for the altar, and other meet ornaments.

In the same work may be found the more melancholy record, how the English, in the inroad under Hertford, 1544, despoiled the church of Seton of those good things, and every thing else which could be carried off, destroyed the kirk, and burned the timber work.

There are still visible some stately monuments of the lords of Seton and their ladies, mouldering into decay, as their race is falling into oblivion. A long Latin epitaph, printed by Grose, extols the fidelity of the fifth Lord Seton, the friend of the unhappy Mary. It commemorates his steadiness amidst the sufferings of a country which English, French, Germans, and Spaniards, had made the theatre of their contentions, rendered more horrible by the civil wars among the Scots themselves, and the prudence with which he thrice restored his house, thrice ruined by the foreign enemy. His courage, his exertions, and his calamities, have been now long forgotten by all but the antiquaries, who can scarce spell out the record of them on the broken inscription. A long addition contains an account of the baron's relatives and descendants, still more forgotten than himself.

With these brief notices we might dismiss farther consideration of the miserable remains of the magnificent house of Seton. Yet it is not altogether alien to a plan, embracing Scottish antiquities of every description, to observe, that there formerly subsisted, close by the palace, a village inhabited by a class of persons termed *Rentallers*, or *Kindly Tenants*; cottagers, that is, who had no right to show for their possession excepting their being entered in the lord's rental-book as possessors of the various petty tenements, which they enjoyed for trifling returns, the principal advantage derived by the baron being, doubtless, his having the benefit of their ready military service in case of his having, in the expressive, though oblique, phrase of those old times, "aught to do." This was a general system throughout Scotland; but it was peculiar to the rentallers of Seton, that they denied the right of the proprietor of this estate, who purchased it from the crown after the forfeiture, to remove them from their pos-

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sessions, and consequently claimed them as a heritage. By a judgment of the Supreme Court they were declared tenants at will, which decision has ruled all such cases in future, excepting that of the kindly tenants of Lochmaben, who, living upon the lands attached to the royal castle of Bruce, and protected by some peculiar provisions in the Scottish statutes, are considered as enjoying a permanent right in their possessions, according to the rental-book.

Indeed, it is evident that the existence of such villages when the cause of their establishment had ceased, as inhabited by mean possessors, independent of the will of the proprietor, and situated at his very door, must have been, while they continued, an exceeding nuisance, which could only be removed by exorbitant purchases, though the rentallers were no longer required to render, or, if demanded, could not legally give, the consideration of personal service, for which the possessions had been granted to their ancestors.

DIRLETON CASTLE.

This castle, situated in the most fertile part of Scotland, became early a place of great importance. It belonged to a branch of the great family of De Vallibus, or De Vaux, which was powerful in both kingdoms. From the ruins still extant, it seems to have been a mighty fabric.

In 1298, after a long and desperate defence, Dirleton surrendered to Antony Beck, the martial Bishop of Durham, who besieged it in behalf of Edward the First. If in the month of July the English soldiers subsisted during this siege upon the beans and peas which they picked up in the fields, it gives, as Lord Hailes observes, a good proof of the attention paid to agriculture in East Lothian even at that early period.

The castle was probably, like other Scottish fortresses, much enlarged and strengthened by the English, after they obtained possession of it. There are many warrants from Edward I. for providing it with stores, and it is given at one time, during that reign, to the keeping of the brother of Thomas de Kingston.

In the reign of Robert Bruce, Dirleton was acquired by the valiant and once powerful family of Haliburton, whose chief intermarried with the daughter and heiress. Their descendants, Lords of Dirleton Castle, made a great figure in Border history, and founded several families of high consequence, not one of which now exists in male succession, excepting the Border family of Haliburton of Muirhouselaw, represented by David Haliburton, Esq.

After the extinction of the Haliburton race, Dirleton seems to have

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passed to the family of Ruthven, and was the bribe which the last unhappy Earl of Gowrie held out to the cupidity of Logan, his associate in the memorable conspiracy. It seems to have been coveted by that person in the highest degree. "I care not," says Logan in his correspondence, "for all the other land I have in the kingdom, if I may grip of Dirleton, for I esteem it the pleasantest dwelling in Scotland." But Dirleton, included in Ruthven's forfeiture, passed to other hands, and was bestowed on Sir Thomas Erskine, who had lent the King active assistance against the efforts of the conspirators. He was created Viscount Fenton Baron Dirleton.

In the civil wars, Dirleton was for a time occupied by a party of the Scottish *guerilla*, called then moss-troopers. Monk marched against them with four pieces of ordnance and a mortar; he was joined by Lambert, and besieged the place, which having surrendered at discretion, the captain of the moss-troopers, one Waite, and two of his followers, were executed by martial law. This was in the year 1650.

Dirleton Castle became, after the Restoration, the property of Sir John Nisbet, King's Advocate. His male line having become extinct in the person of the late Mr Nisbet of Dirleton, the property descended to his daughter, Mrs Fergusson of Raith.

The ruins are situated upon a rock near the village of Dirleton. The parish church stood of old in the village of Gulane, and there is a story of James VI. having deprived a curate of that living, because he persevered in the heinous crime (as it seemed to his Majesty) of smoking tobacco.

INNERWICK CASTLE.

This, as appears from the view, is a ruinous fortress of very small extent, situated, as is usual, on the edge of a precipitous glen. It does not exceed the limits of an ordinary Border place of strength, rather calculated to resist a temporary inroad than to sustain any thing like a siege in war, or in time of peace to accommodate a baronial family. It belonged to a younger branch of the great family of Hamilton, chiefly remarkable for having produced that eminent lawyer and statesman, Sir Thomas Hamilton, familiarly denominated "Tom of the Cowgate," who, acquiring an immense fortune, founded the Earldom of Haddington, a noble house, in which talent has been long hereditary.

The castle itself is mentioned by Patten in his Account of Somerset's expedition, much in the same gossiping, yet lively manner, which renders his journal so interesting. It is founded, as he informs us

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about a mile from Dunglas, and is nearly opposite to a pile or fort, called Thornton, as, by the way, was frequently the situation chosen by contiguous lords, that their dwellings might afford to each other mutual defence. Tom Trotter, the proprietor, or governor, of Thornton, locked up about sixteen foot soldiers in his house, to make the best defence they could, while he himself, after some parley, "pricked off with his prickers," or light horsemen. Innerwick was defended by a similar garrison; and as both refused to surrender to Somerset, they were honoured with an assault with large cannon, while hagbutters were placed so as to prevent the defenders from appearing at the windows. Thus situated, the handful of men in the two towers were soon compelled to retreat to the battlements, while, according to the process used in such attacks, the assailants, forcing the entrance of the lower apartment, filled it with wet straw, and endeavoured, by setting it on fire, to smother the defenders. By these and other means of annoyance, the little garrison of Innerwick was compelled to surrender; but great part were put to the sword before the terms granted by Somerset could be conveyed to the assailants. Thornton was not more fortunate. The defenders, perceiving no chance of relief, showed a white flag in token of submission; but, as it was not immediately accepted, pulled it down, and again commenced their fire. This being considered as an offence against the rules of war, they were condemned to be put to the sword, and had suffered accordingly, but that one amongst them wearing a *red doublet*, was supposed by the assailants to be an Englishman, in consideration of which, not without some gentle animadversions on the part of the reverend author upon ill-timed clemency, they seemed to have been spared.

It must be remarked, the animosity must have been very rancorous which could devote these poor men to death for defending the charge committed to them against such fearful odds, and, notwithstanding the natural humanity of Somerset, there occurred in this expedition several instances of the like inhumanity; and, in truth, the war between the sister countries assumed, about this period, a character of inveterate ferocity unknown to earlier times, when it was waged less in hate than in rivalry of honour.

The means of destruction employed were also more formidably effective. Innerwick was burnt; but Thornton and the neighbouring Castle of Dunglas were blown up with gunpowder, and thus more effectually demolished than had been customary in former wars, when, though the interior of the fortresses was often destroyed, the walls, from their massive thickness, usually remained little injured.

Such is the brief chronicle of the siege of Innerwick, about which the most remarkable circumstance is perhaps that which shows that red was already considered as the national colour of England.

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Pictorial Illus. Scot. III. 390.

CASTLE OF DUNBAR.

The eastern coast of Scotland, from Berwick to the mouth of the Frith of Forth, is bound round with a barrier of inaccessible rocks and shoals, which rendered the few harbours it affords places of the utmost consequence, from an early period of Scottish history. That of Dunbar, though capable only of receiving small vessels, was farther made important by the vicinity of a very strong castle, which, built within the sea-mark upon several rocks, connected together by fortifications, was, before the invention of gunpowder, esteemed almost impregnable. Very little now remains of what was, in former years, an extensive, as well as a formidable castle. The gate leading to the keep or donjon is the most perfect part of the ruins, and still exhibits several shields with armorial bearings, amongst which are those of the Duke of Albany, bearing the arms of the Isle of Man, Dunbar, and Annandale, quartered with those of Scotland, as on the Trinity Church in Edinburgh. We shall presently see that the bearer of these arms had a particular interest in the citadel which they adorn. Of the other coats many are defaced.

Excepting this gate, and one or two fragments presented in the view, the massive vestiges of the castle which remain are scarcely to be discerned, in colour or shape, from the rude dark rocks on which they are founded; yet an antiquary may discover that these fragments belong to different ages, during the course of which the edifice was renewed, or its plan enlarged with additional defences. Beneath the reef of rocks which sustains these stern memorials of a warlike age, run several caverns, some of them to a great extent, through which the tide, when in strong current, rages with awful fury. The highest and largest of these vaults is stated, with little probability, to have been occupied as a prison. It seems more likely to have been used as a place for securing the boats and skiffs belonging to the garrison.

It has frequently happened, in the course of this work, that more frequent and important historical recollections have been attached to places of which slight vestiges now remain, than to others which still continue in a state nearly entire. The remembrances connected with these rude vestiges of former strength and consequence, are interwoven with the History of Scotland. The Castle of Dunbar was accounted, from an early period, the key to the eastern part of that kingdom.

The manor of Dunbar, with many other possessions, was conferred by Malcolm Canmore upon Patrick, Earl of Northumberland, a princely fugitive, who retired into Scotland from the wrath of William the Conqueror, and whose name and title, "Comes Patricius," are

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contracted by our historians into Cos Patrick, or Gospatrick, by which his descendants, created Earls of Dunbar and March, were afterwards for a length of time distinguished. If the Castle of Dunbar does not owe its actual foundation to this illustrious exile, who obtained the grant in 1072, it must have been much enlarged by him.

In the wars of Bruce and Baliol, Patrick, eighth Earl of Dunbar and March, adhered to the English interest, and hence the infamy with which the name of Gospatrick is pursued in history, tradition, and legend. But while the Earl of March followed the English banners, his wife, Margery Comyn, surrendered his castle of Dunbar to her countrymen of Scotland, choosing rather to betray the trust of her husband than the fealty she owed to her country. Earl Warrene was despatched, with Edward I.'s usual celerity, to press the siege of this important place. Unprepared for sustaining a blockade, the garrison agreed to surrender unless relieved within a time specified. The assembled force of Scotland marched to their succour; but, with the same ill conduct which usually attended their military operations on a large scale, they hazarded a battle on disadvantageous ground, and were defeated with great slaughter. The garrison of Dunbar, on approach of the Scottish army, had exultingly spread their banners, and upbraided the English with the popular reproach, that the curse of Saint Augustine had endowed the English with an appendage proper to quadrupeds alone, in all systems except that of Lord Monboddo. "Come hither, ye long-tailed hounds," they exclaimed from their battlements, "and we will cut off your tails for you." Their note was changed, however, on the total defeat of their countrymen, and the castle was forced to surrender at discretion. This fatal battle was fought 28th April, 1296; and about 350 years afterwards, Cromwell defeated the Scots on almost the same ground, and under similar circumstances of rashness on their part, and military skill on that of the English commander.

The ninth Earl of Dunbar and March followed his father's politics, and adhered to the English while they could maintain a party in Scotland. Even after the fatal defeat at Bannockburn, he continued to espouse their interest, opened the gates of his castle of Dunbar to the fugitive Edward II., "full gently" received him, and dismissed him safely to Berwick by sea. This was honourable, because Cospatrick must have had in his thoughts at that time the making his peace with his native monarch, and could not be ignorant how easily and advantageously he might have done so, by detaining in custody the person of the King of England.

Cospatrick afterwards submitted himself and his fortress to Robert Bruce, and continued to serve his country with fidelity until the luckless battle of Halidon Hill, when it was generally thought the Scottish

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nation was so thoroughly subdued, that no man remained, with power to bring an army together, and skill to lead it when assembled.

The Earl of March, who commanded Berwick for the Scottish, surrendered after the loss of the battle, became anew the liegeman of John Baliol, or rather of England, and engaged himself to repair his castle of Dunbar, and garrison it, for the English. This was in 1333; but in 1334, Cospatrick had quitted the English cause once more, and with open solemnity renounced his allegiance to Edward III., as he advanced with a mighty army into Scotland in the autumn of that year. The earl himself kept the field with the Regent of Scotland, and did gallant service. In the meantime, his castle of Dunbar had perhaps its most brilliant epoch.

This stronghold was left by the earl under the command of his heroic countess, Agnes Randolph, daughter of the celebrated Randolph, Earl of Murray, and grand-niece of Robert Bruce. She was well known at the period, and is still dear to popular tradition, by the name of Black Agnes of Dunbar. This heroine, at a time when almost all the fortresses in the south of Scotland were subdued by the enemy, defended Dunbar with a zeal and magnanimity worthy the illustrious blood which flowed in her veins; and, while the captivity of one regent, and the inexperience of another, seemed to precipitate the ruin of the Scottish nation, a woman retained firmly within her grasp one of the most important keys of the kingdom. Dunbar being of the utmost consequence to both parties, the English laid close siege to it, under the command of a renowned leader, Montague, Earl of Salisbury. But he met with a more than equal adversary in Black Agnes, who, surmounting the timidity of her sex, showed herself on the walls with the indifference of a veteran, and when the battering engines flung massive stones and fragments of rock on her battlements, she caused her maidens, as if in scorn, to wipe away the dust with their handkerchiefs. When the Earl of Salisbury caused bring up to the walls a huge military engine, called the sow, intended, like the Roman *testudo*, to protect those employed to undermine the walls, Black Agnes, perceiving him on horseback, directing the operation, called out to him, in a scoffing rhyme,

> "Beware, Montagow,
> For farrow shall thy sow."

An enormous rock was then discharged on the engine by her commands, which crushed it to pieces, while the countess and her attendants ridiculed the unfortunate pioneers, as they escaped in confusion, and termed them the litter of pigs belonging to the English sow. Ritson admitted the Countess Agnes into the list of Scottish poets upon the strength of that single couplet; from the record of Scotland's heroes none can presume to erase her. The obvious jest

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of the sow's farrowing having passed to other countries, the same story is told, perhaps truly, of Judge Banks's lady, while holding out Corfe Castle against the Parliament forces; which I only mention for the sake of introducing my friend Mr William Stewart Rose's lines, as applicable to either the Scottish or English heroine, though written in allusion to the last. The author addresses Corfe Castle, in which the reader may remember that one Edward was murdered, and another detained prisoner. But, continues the poet,

——— "Not the double guilt
Of king captived, or foully spilt,
Hath laid thy towers on earth.
The cause, fair Corfe, which wrought thy fall,
Had brought a blessing on thy wall,
Had fortune followed worth.

"'Twas when you rear'd, mid sap and siege,
The banner of your rightful liege,
At your she-captain's call;
Who, miracle of womankind!
Lent mettle to the meanest hind
That mann'd her castle wall.

"What time the banded zealots swore,
Long foil'd thy hammer'd towers before,
Their fearful entrance made,
To raze thy walls with plough and harrow;
Yet oft the wild sow cast her farrow,
And well the boar was bay'd."

To return from Corfe Castle to that of Dunbar, we must record another remarkable incident which distinguished this memorable siege. The Earl of Salisbury, conceiving he had gained over to his interest the warder of one of the gates of the castle, treated with him for the admittance of an English force, which he proposed to lead in person. The warden, in appearance, agreed to the English general's proposal, but, in reality, betrayed it to his lady. He was directed to promise admission at a certain hour, when, the countess being prepared for their reception, the portcullis was dropped on those who had entered. Salisbury narrowly escaped, but his armour-bearer, Copeland, with others, remained a prisoner. "Aha, lord earl!" exclaimed the countess to Montague, as she saw him retreating in all haste, "you have disappointed us! We thought to have had your company at supper, and that you would have enlisted with us to keep this our castle against the robbers of England."

Nothwithstanding the repeated disappointment of his attempts, Salisbury continued his attack, and the countess her defence, with the same obstinacy, until a long blockade, maintained by sea and land, had reduced the place to extremity. Fortunately the heroic Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsey heard of the distress of the castle. He embarked with forty resolute men, and, under the cover of a dark night, entered the castle by a postern from the sea, relieved the wants of the garrison, and sallying next morning upon the un-

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many besiegers surprised them by storming their posts, and putting all to the sword.

The siege, which had lasted six weeks, was now abandoned by the English, and their leaders even made a truce with the victorious Scots, neither safe, honourable, nor profitable to the English, says one of their own chroniclers, but acceptable and useful to the Scottish; and this turn in her fortunes Scotland owed to the defence of Dunbar by Black Agnes Randolph.

George, tenth Earl of Dunbar and March, the son of the gallant Countess Agnes, was a brave and wise leader, but had not her fortune, or perhaps her spirit of patriotism. At least the bonds of loyalty hung as loose on that powerful Border noble as on some of his predecessors, who seemed to have transferred their precarious allegiance from one kingdom to the other, as best suited their own interest. On a quarrel with Alexander, Duke of Albany, brother of James III., and at that time his brother's chief counsellor, the earl retreated into England, and left his son-in-law, Maitland, to defend his Castle of Dunbar against the Scottish forces. But Maitland seems soon to have surrendered the charge, and while the Earl of March continued in England. The Earl of March himself found refuge at the English court, and rendered various services to Henry IV., not only in the Scottish wars, but at the battle of Shrewsbury, where his military talents contributed to decide the fate of the day against the celebrated Hotspur. And as that memorable name recalls us to the scenes of Shakspeare, we may remark that the letter upon which Percy makes such characteristic comments,* is supposed to have been addressed to him by this same Earl of Dunbar and March, whose concurrence in his conspiracy he had solicited, but who thought it more prudent to remain on the king's side.

While the Earl of March was engaged in the English service, his large estate and seignories underwent forfeiture, and, with his hereditary Castle of Dunbar, passed to the crown nominally, but, in truth, into the hands of his enemy, Alexander Duke of Albany, who was at the same time created Earl of March. And although the Earl Patrick made his peace with his native prince, yet it was at the expense of a considerable part of his domains. Nor does it appear that he obtained repossession of Dunbar Castle, which it perhaps suited the ambitious schemes of Albany to retain. The gateway, already noticed as the most entire part of the present ruins, was probably built by him, as it bears his armorial insignia, in which his native coat of Stewart is quartered with the feudal bearings of Annandale, March, and Man. But the stronghold was wrested from his grasp, as from that of its hereditary owner, after it had sheltered his retreat on a

* [See I. King Henry IV. Act II. Scene III.]

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remarkable occasion, which, though it leads us a little from our present purpose, may serve to enliven a dull series of dates and antiquarian deductions.

Alexander, Duke of Albany, brother of James III., and one of the most remarkable characters in his day, is painted by old Lindsay of Pitscottie in colours proper to the feudal prince. "He was hardy and manly, and wise, so that they (the Lords and barons of Scotland) stood in more awe of him than of the king's grace, for his manhood. This Alexander was of a mid stature, broad shouldered, and well proportioned in all his members, and specially in his face; that is to say, broad-faced, red-nosed, great eared, and of very awful countenance, when he pleased to show himself to his unfriends." We may add from history, that he was as ambitious as he was bold and manly, and exercised in the realm an authority almost equal to that of the sovereign.

A character like the Duke of Albany was easily rendered suspected to a prince of a jealous and timid disposition like James III., who, moved by the insinuations of favourites, and, as it is said, by dread of a prophecy, that he was to fall by means of his nearest of kin, resolved on the destruction of his brother. More than once a reconciliation was patched up between them; and on one of these occasions, James III., having mounted a hackney to ride from the castle to Holyrood Abbey, refused to move on till his brother had mounted behind him, when they rode on the same horse down the High Street of the metropolis, an edifying spectacle of fraternal concord, which, however, did not long remain unbroken. In consequence of new suspicions, or the revival of old griefs betwixt the brothers, Albany was committed to the Castle of Edinburgh, and his death was privately determined by the king at the instance of these plebeian favourites, to whom this weak prince resigned the management of his power and of his conscience.

The imprisoned duke received information of the designs of his brother through the following stratagem.—A vessel from France arrived in the roads of Leith, and sent ashore two small casks of choice wine for the use of the imprisoned prince. These passed through the guards without suspicion, and reached the duke's hands in safety. The prince, with his chamberlain (*Scottice*, chamber-chiel), was confined in a tower or apartment which arose from the northern verge of the rock on which Edinburgh Castle is founded, where the height of the precipice seemed to bar all possibility of escape. But the means for surmounting this obstacle were afforded by the contents of the barrels, one of which, besides wine, contained a coil of ropes, and a letter, enclosed within a cake of wax, warning the Duke of Albany that his life depended on his immediately breaking from his confinement. His scheme was quickly formed, and daringly executed.

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The captain of the castle, after he had gone his rounds, was invited into the Duke's apartment to partake of a collation, and to play at dice with his princely captive, as well as to taste the excellent wine with which the duke had recently been supplied. He came accordingly, with three attendants, who were heartily plied with wine, while the duke engaged the officer in a game of tables. The game interested the officer deeply, and the heat of the fire and rapid supply of wine diminished his caution so much, that the duke struck him to the heart with a whinger ere he was aware that violence was intended. His three attendants, disordered with liquor, and taken by surprise, shared the same fate; four men being thus assaulted and slain by two. The duke cast their bodies upon the ample grate, in which a large fire was burning. The keys, which were at the captain's belt, supplied them with the means of escaping from the strong room to the battlements. The chamberlain then essayed to descend by means of the rope which had been provided; but, as it proved several yards too short, he fell, and broke his leg in the fall. The sheets on the duke's bed supplied the means of lengthening the rope, and he himself descended without injury. Notwithstanding the exigence of the moment, he scorned to leave his faithful domestic to the fate which awaited him when his master's escape was discovered; but, taking him upon his back, transported him to a place where he might be safely concealed, and then completed his own escape by going down to the sea-coast, where a skiff lay ready to carry him on board the French vessel.

According to most authorities, and especially to that of Lesley, the Duke of Albany landed at his Castle of Dunbar, and put it in order of defence, then proceeded to France, where he afterwards married the Duchess of Bouillon, and resided in that kingdom until 1482.

Meanwhile his Castle of Dunbar was besieged by the royal army, under the command of Lord Evandale, then chancellor. The place does not appear to have made a strenuous resistance on this occasion; but by a singular fatality, three knights, and one of distinction, amongst the besiegers, the Lairds of Luss and Craigie-wallace, with Sir William Shaw of Sauchie, were killed by the same canon-ball. The garrison of the castle, and other aiders of the Duke of Albany, Home of Polwarth, Andrew Jackson, David Chirnside, and others, who, by their names, seem to belong to the Merse or East-Lothian, were declared forfeited by parliament, 1480.

In 1482, the Duke of Albany left France for England, and by a disgraceful league with the English monarch, who promised him a dependent sceptre, and a dilapidated kingdom, when their joint arms could subdue it, entered Scotland, and took possession of Berwick. Here a peace was patched up between the nations, by the terms of which Albany, renouncing his more ambitious pretensions, was restored to his Scottish domains, and amongst others to the possession

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of Dunbar Castle. But he had not been in Scotland many months ere the nobility, suspecting his views, compelled him to a second flight. On this occasion, which occurred in 1483, Albany left his Castle of Dunbar in the hands of an English garrison, who defended it vigorously and successfully against the efforts of the Scottish, then much disunited, to wrest it from their hands. On the 21st September, 1484, a truce of three years was concluded betwixt England and Scotland, in which a singular clause respected Dunbar. That fortress and its garrison were to have for six months the full benefit of the cessation of arms; but the king of Scotland was to be at liberty, within six weeks after the lapse of that term, to notify to the King of England his intention that Dunbar should no longer be comprehended within the pacification, and, having done so, was to be at liberty to recover that important possession by force, if he could. Such was the weakness of King James III., that he could not avail himself of this provision until the midst of the winter of 1486–6, when, advancing to Dunbar in the depth of winter, he once more restored that important place to its native sovereign.

It was the general policy of Scotland that very few castles should be maintained on the frontiers, both because the poverty of the kingdom was unequal to sustaining adequate garrisons, and because, as we observe in the history of Dunbar, they often fell into the hands of an enemy better skilled than the Scottish in the art of attacking and defending strong places. In the spirit of this policy, and moved by late events, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1488, which directs the Castle of Dunbar to be casten down and utterly destroyed, in such manner as to render it incapable of repairs in time to come, "because," said the statute, "it has done great skaith in time bygone, and it were great danger to the realme if it were negligently keeped in future."

It does not appear that this ordinance was carried into execution till near a century afterwards. Dunbar is one of the royal castles in which James IV. infefts his Bride, Queen Margaret of England, in security of her marriage contract.

Dunbar is not much mentioned in history after the surrender in 1486, until the minority of Queen Mary. From the account of Patten, it would seem that Somerset, during the invasion of Scotland in 1547, passed the castle under the fire of some of its artillery, from which he experienced no damage.

During the eventful regency of Mary of Guise, Dunbar, garrisoned by her French troops, was a cause of great jealousy to the Lords of the Congregation, and their allies of England. By the final treaty betwixt these parties, in 1560, it is agreed that all the French soldiers were to be dismissed, excepting sixty to garrison Inchkeith, and as many in Dunbar; and it is especially stipulated, that the new

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works which had been added to the fortress should be demolished without delay.

In the year 1567, the unfortunate Queen Mary had conferred the keeping of this important place on the object of her misplaced favour, the too celebrated Bothwell, in part the recompense of his "great service and exorbitant expenses," and also because his friends, kinsmen, tenants, and servants, dwelt for the most part adjacent to the said castle and strength of Dunbar. For maintaining this service, she assigns the crown lands of Easter and Wester Barnes, the lands of Newtoun-Leyis, the lands called Waldaue, the lands of Rig and Fluris, the lands of Myreside, with the links, coning-yairs, etc., the mill called Brandsmyth, the mill called West Barnes Mill, with the mill lands of both, ten pounds of annual rent, to be taken out of the lands of Lochend, with all and sundrie lands and profits besides belonging to the keeping of the said castle.

Thus governed and endowed, Dunbar Castle twice received the unhappy Mary. After the death of Rizzio, she fled to this stronghold, where she was speedily joined by such a number of her friends as gave her a temporary ascendency over the actors in that cruel tragedy. Hither she fled with her ill-chosen husband, Bothwell, whom, nearly surprised, she made her escape from Borthwick Castle, in the disguise of a page, and, closely pursued by Lord Home, with difficulty found refuge within its walls. Here also she assembled, by proclamation, the unwilling and faint-hearted army by which she was deserted at Carberry-hill, when she was compelled to surrender herself prisoner, and was imprisoned in Lochleven Castle.

The place was, even after this event, for a short time defended by the Laird of Whitelaw, whom Bothwell had left in charge; but the garrison being in despair of obtaining relief, and the regent having, with his usual decisive celerity, brought cannon from Edinburgh to batter the place, Dunbar surrendered for the last time, was dismantled, and the artillery carried to Edinburgh.

The Earl of Moray and the Parliament now resumed the policy of James IV.'s reign, and among other particulars referred to the Lords of the Articles, they are required to consider what order shall be taken anent the manner of demolishing the Castle of Dunbar and the Inche, and to consider the 15th act of King James the Fourth, touching Dunbar. On the margin of the record is an imperfect note of the following purport:—"25th December, 1567. Ordains the Inche and Dunbar to be demolished and taken down, in respect of K. Jas——." There are obvious reasons why the regent held it more politic to carry on the demolition as if in execution of an ancient statute, than to take the odium of it on his own government. There can be no doubt that the castle was at this time completely de-

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stroyed, and that nothing, save the present vestiges, were left of its ancient strength.

In the year 1581, among a number of grants excepted by James VI. from the general revocation of his Deeds of gift made through importunity, mention is made of the "forthe of Dunbar granted to William Boncle, burgess of Dunbar." This probably referred to the site of the fortress, and perhaps some grounds adjacent, allowed in gratuity to some citizen of the burgh.

TANTALLON CASTLE.

The ruins of Tantallon, or Temptallon, according to the more ancient orthography, occupy a promontory which projects from the rocky coast of East-Lothian, and, hanging over the German Ocean just at the entrance of the Frith of Forth, forms a grand feature in the general picture as a vessel enters the estuary. The castle is situated about two miles from the little town of North Berwick, and commands a view of the wild and romantic rock called Bass, which, till the time of the Revolution, was also the site of a fortress, strong in its insular situation and the inaccessible cliffs of the islet; long the hereditary castle of the ancient family of Lauder; then a crown fortress, and chiefly used as a state prison.

The ruins of Tantallon, though with little magnificence of architecture, have, from their extent, the strength of their original construction, and their striking situation, overhanging the billows of a wide and often troubled ocean, an imposing effect on the imagination. From the land side they are scarce visible, until the curious visitor, surmounting a height which conceals them, finds himself close under the external walls. This circumstance, which would render the castle an easy conquest since modern improvements in the art of war, took nothing in ancient times from its supposed impregnability. When the beseiger appeared in front of the only side of Tantallon which is not secured by the sea, he found opposed to him a strong curtain, flanked by towers of a massive construction, and had to pass two ditches, the inner of uncommon depth, ere he could approach the guarded entrance, while, in his attack, he lay fully exposed to the arrows and shot of the defenders.

In form the fortress is an irregular hexagon, occupying the whole promontory with strong walls and high towers, and turrets designed to flank them; and in the interior is, as usual, a keep, or Gothic citadel, with many other buildings of great size and extent, and vaults beneath them for receiving provisions, and often, doubtless, for se-

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curing prisoners. The mind, when we enter the dilapidated court of this ancient and frowning ruin, is involuntarily carried back to the era of the mighty House of Douglas, so long the Lords of Tantallon, amidst whose numerous fortresses and houses of defence, this was the principal on the eastern border, while that of Hermitage, equally solitary and formidable, was, on the more western skirts of the island, their chief baronial castle; these were the extreme bulwarks of a power which extended from sea to sea, matched and bade defiance to the authority of sovereigns, and, but for a concurrence of circumstances which could scarce have been expected, threatened to place their owners on the throne of Scotland. Let it be remembered, however, in honour of this potent line, that if the pride and ambition of the Douglasses often fostered civil discord in their native country, their breasts were yet more frequently its barriers against foreign foes; that they repeatedly saved the crown, at which they sometimes appear to have aimed; and that, if we take into consideration both their high rank, and the distinguished military talents which seem to have been hereditary in the race, we will not deem an exaggeration the proud lines which they inscribed upon their swords, and which are still fondly quoted by local tradition:

> "Sae many sae good as of Douglas bluid hae been,
> In ae kinricke never yet were seen."

Tantallon, however, was not an early possession of this distinguished family. It is believed to have belonged in more ancient times to the Earls of Fife, the descendants of Macduff, and was certainly in the possession of Isabel, the last countess of that renowned line, and was comprehended in the settlement which she made of her honours and estates upon Robert Stuart, Earl of Menteith, whom she recognised by that deed as her lawful and nearest heir, in the year 1371. The castle, with his other domains, was forfeited to the crown in 1425, by Murdoch, Duke of Albany, son of the Earl Robert, and must have been soon afterwards bestowed by royal grant on the family of Douglas, which was then in the full pitch of its grandeur.

Many of the deeds and indentures of these too-powerful subjects are dated from these, their now ruinous towers of strength; and here barons, not inferior to them in rank or antiquity, subscribed bonds of man-rent, rendering themselves rather the subjects than the allies of the Douglas.* There are also extant deeds, by which nobles who had offended them or their followers, bound themselves by way of atonement to enter the "iron grate" of their castles of Hermitage or

* By a bond of man-rent, dated at Tantallon, 13th May, 1457, James, Lord Hamilton, became "Man of special service and retinue, for all the days of his life, to an high and mighty Lord, George Earl of Angus, Lord Douglas, &c."—See Godscroft, folio edit. p. 215.

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Tantallon, upon the summons of their formidable owners.* When we remember that the one of these castles is embosomed amongst lonely hills and impassable morasses, and that the other is surrounded on one side by ramparts deemed impregnable, and on others by the raging ocean, we may conceive the predominant terror of the Douglasses, which could induce nobles of high birth, and in all the pride of feudal independence, thus to place themselves within the absolute power of their offended foemen. It may be doubted whether the kings of Scotland themselves frequently received such marks of dependence and humility from their haughty nobles.

But at the eventful period, when the power of the great Earls of Douglas was actually placed in array against that of the crown, the better star of the Stuarts prevailed; and partly through the wisdom of James the Second's chief counsellor, Kennedy, Archbishop of Saint Andrews, partly that the coronet of Douglas was for once placed on a head of inferior capacity, the family was totally broken, ruined, and exiled.

Tantallon, however, amid the general confiscation of the domains of the ancient Earls of Douglas, passed, with the castle and lordship of Douglas itself, from the elder branch, but not from the family. George Douglas, fifth Earl of Angus, had, as is well known, adhered to the royal family in the hard strife betwixt them and the power of the crown, which he had aided against his kinsman, the last earl of the elder line, with such activity and zeal, that he contributed much to the success of the royal party, and gave occasion to the popular saying, that the Red Douglas (such being the complexion of Angus) had put down the Black. His services were rewarded with such ample grants of his kinsman's forfeited domains, that the power of the earl and his successors became as awful to the subject, and nearly as formidable to the crown, as the ancient line had formerly been. Tantallon and Hermitage belonged to the Earls of Angus, as they had formerly done to those of Douglas; and although James IV. compelled the earl, called Bell-the-Cat, to exchange the former for that of Bothwell in Clydesdale, yet the latter continued to be the principal fortress of the family, until the beginning of the eighteenth century.

In 1528, the same act of Parliament which appoints the royal castles of Edinburgh and Dunbar to be put in a state of defence, strongly recommends to the subjects who had defensible castles on the sea-coast, to fortify them against the expected approach of the English invaders; and Tantallon is distinguished amongst others.

* Robert Fleming of Cumbernauld, ancestor of the Lords Fleming, on 24th September, 1444, entered into bond to James Earl of Angus, Lord of Liddesdale and Jedward Forest, engaging to enter within the iron grate of the Castle of Tantallon or Hermitage, upon eight days' warning under a penalty of 2000 merks. The offence given was his burning the Earl's corn within the barony of North Berwick, and taking away his cattle on Eastern's-Even.—Godscroft, p. 210.

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The house of Angus was destined to experience reverses, as well as their predecessors of the direct line of Douglas. They had risen nearly as high, but their fall was neither so calamitous nor so irretrievable. In the minority of James V., the head of that family, partly by his marriage with Margaret of England, the Queen-Mother, had climbed to a mighty pitch of power, and abused it by keeping the person of the king in a sort of durance, and obstructing the course of justice wherever it affected any of his personal followers. "There durst none strive with a Douglas," says Pitscottie, "nor yet with a Douglas's man; for if he did, he was sure to get the worse." When James V., therefore, escaping from the thraldom in which Angus restrained him, fled to Stirling, summoned the nobility of the north around him, and banished the Douglasses from his presence and councils, he was so readily supported by the bulk of the kingdom, that he was soon at the head of a numerous army, with which he proceeded to expel the obnoxious earl from his kingdom.

Angus for a time stood his ground, victualled and fortified his Castle of Tantallon, and placed there as governor Simon Panango, who, from his name, was probably a foreigner. He did not, however, shut himself up within its walls; but having ever in his mouth, says Hume of Godscroft, the maxim of his forefathers, that it was better to hear the lark sing than the mouse *cheep*, he kept the field, and fixed his headquarters at Billie, near Coldingham, with a considerable force of horsemen.

The King, in the meantime, advanced to the siege of Tantallon, and heavy ordnance were transported from Dunbar to reduce the fortress. Pitscottie, with laudable minuteness, informs us that two of the guns were called Thrawn-mouthed Meg and her Marrow. There were also considerable efforts employed to subdue the place, and lives were lost and damage received on both sides. But thrawn-mouthed Meg and her marrow did not make the expected impression on the walls of Tantallon, and there was considerable loss sustained by an accidental explosion of the ammunition destined to serve them. Simon Panango showed both skill and manhood; and the besiegers, straitened by the operations of Angus and his cavalry, were obliged at last to retreat with little credit. The horsemen of Angus attacked the rear of the royal army, did considerable damage, took some of the guns, and slew David Falconer, who had the charge of the royal artillery; at which the young king felt so much displeasure, that he is said to have vowed that no Douglas should in his lifetime be ever permitted to reside in Scotland.

The Earl of Argyle was next sent against Angus, but he was defeated near the pass called the *Peaths*, or *Pease*, where, as Cromwell afterwards said, "One man may do more to hinder than ten to make way." Godscroft has preserved a rude rhyme, by which the Border-

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ers ridiculed the rude appointments of the cavalry who attended the northern Earl.

"The Earl of Argyle he was bowne him to ride,
From the borders of Edgebuckling brae,
With all his habergeons by his side,
Ilk man upon a sonke of strae."

But after this transient success, the royal forces advancing in great strength, Angus was compelled to fly to England. The Castle of Tantallon was then surrendered, as Pitscottie intimates, by the submission of Stephen Panango, the captain, which is most probable, although Godscroft would insinuate that it was yielded in consequence of the Earl of Angus's orders, upon a secret understanding that he was to preserve his estate and honours. Of this there is no evidence, excepting the authority of the somewhat partial historian of the house of Douglas. It is certain that the Earl of Angus was attainted in 1528, and Tantallon, and all his other castles and estates, were forfeited to the Crown.

These events caused the strength of Tantallon to pass into a proverb, and indeed into a sort of song, of which the words preserved are

"Ding down Tantallon,
Make a brigg to the Bass."

These two lines, recording the two attempts as equally impossible, were sung to the military air which formed the old Scotch reveillee.

James V. during his lifetime, retained the most implacable resentment to Angus, but after that monarch's death, the earl obtained permission to return to Scotland, and was admitted to plead in Parliament for a revocation of his forfeiture. One alleged reason for revoking the attainder was, that whereas an alleged ground had been the "stuffing of his castles of Newark and Tantallon against the king," the doom of forfeiture did not state precisely by what agents, or on what occasion, this act of disloyalty was committed. The earl was favourably heard, and his restoration took place in 1567.

But Angus was impoverished by his long exile, and though restored to the possession of his castles and manors, he was unable, it would seem, to restore the interior of Tantallon to its original grandeur, or render it habitable as a mansion, though it remained defensible as a castle. This we learn from Sir Ralph Sadler, who had been despatched by Henry VIII. to negotiate the proposed match betwixt Prince Edward, afterwards Edward the VIth, and the infant Queen of Scotland. The impolitic violence and haughtiness of Henry, threatening when he ought to have soothed, had moved to such a pitch the equally proud spirit of the Scottish nation, that the safety of his ambassador, Sadler, became problematical; and the Earl of Angus, bound to the English king by protection and benefits received during his exile, found himself obliged to grant the envoy an escort

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to conduct him in safety from Edinburgh, and shelter him in the Castle of Tantallon. Sadler, from the dilapidated condition of the castle in point of accommodation, seems to have considered it as a miserable place of refuge, and expresses himself with that regard to his personal comforts, which has in all ages characterised the English so much more than their northern neighbours. "I could perceive," said the envoy of the privy council, "the Earl of Angus had no great good will to let me be in his house of Temptallon, because the same is unfurnished, and almost all the lodgings taken down to be new builded." And again, that the earl had promised that the house should be made ready for him. "But I sent a servant of mine," says Sadler, "who brought me word that the house was cleanly unfurnished both of bedding and all manner of household stuff, and none to be bought or hired, nor no manner of provision to be made thereof, nor any kind of victual nearer than this town, which is twenty miles off." He dates a subsequent letter from Temptallon, "where," said he, "though it be but easily furnished, and slender lodging in it, yet, I assure you, it is of such strength, as I must not fear the malice of mine enemies, and therefore do now think myself to be out of danger." Sir Ralph Sadler appears to have remained at Tantallon, nursing an expiring negotiation, from the 6th November to beginning of December, 1543. Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers, vol. i., p. 319, *et sequen.*

During the subsequent regency, the Dowager Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, became desirous of putting a French garrison into Tantallon, as she had into Dunbar and Inchkeith, in order the better to bridle the lords and barons who inclined to the reformed faith, and to secure by citadels the sea-coast of the Frith of Forth. For this purpose the regent, to use the phrase of the time, "dealed with" the Earl of Angus for his consent to the proposed measure. He occupied himself, while she was speaking, in feeding a falcon which sat upon his wrist, and only replied by addressing the bird, but leaving the Queen to make the application, "The devil is in this greedy gled—she will never be fou." But when the Queen, without appearing to notice this hint, continued to press her obnoxious request, Angus replied, in the true spirit of a feudal noble, "Yea, madam, the castle is yours; God forbid else. But by the might of God, madam!" such was his usual oath, "I must be your captain and keeper for you, and I will keep it as well as any you can place there."

This nobleman, whose life had been spent in continued action, and who makes an important figure in the chronicles of his time, died at Tantallon about 1556 or 1557.

No other facts of consequence appear respecting Tantallon, until the middle of the seventeenth century, by which time the Douglasses of the house of Angus, though elevated to the Marquisate of Douglas,

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seem to have been depressed in circumstances, as many debts are about that period found affecting their East-Lothian domains.

Tantallon, like other fortresses of Scotland, was garrisoned by the Covenanters against the king in 1639, in despite, it may be presumed, of the inclination of its owner, the Marquis of Douglas.

Finally, it was defended against Oliver Cromwell, and taken after a short siege, the disadvantage of the rising ground in front being found fatal to the defenders.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Marquis, afterwards Duke of Douglas, sold the estate of North Berwick, with the castle of Tantallon, to Sir Hugh Dalrymple, president of the Court of Session, who had been one of his guardians. The castle, which till that period had continued in a habitable condition, was then dismantled entirely, and left to decay; while the lapse of a century, in a situation so much exposed, as well as the depredations of those who carried off stones from the ruins for rural purposes, have reduced the remains to their present condition.

In the vaults of the castle was found a seal, bearing the arms of the Douglas family, rudely carved, which is now in the possession of Sir Hew Hamilton Dalrymple, Bart. of North Berwick, the present proprietor of the castle, and the representative of the president, by whom it was acquired.

THE BASS ROCK.

Proc. Ant. Scot. III. 127.

The Bass is an island, or rather a tremendous rock, about 800 feet in height, starting out of the sea, just opposite to the formidable castle of Tantallon, upon the shore of East Lothian. It is about a mile in circumference, and is conical on the one side, presenting on the other an abrupt and overhanging precipice. It may be well termed—

> ——— "An island salt and bare,
> The haunt of seals and orcs and sea-mews' clang."

Upon the top of the rock gushes out a spring of clear water, and there is verdure enough to support a few sheep. But its chief inhabitants are sea-fowl, in such immense quantities, that they literally darken the air when the discharge of a gun puts them on the wing. They are of all sizes that swim the sea, and scream in all variety of notes. To visit the place at sunrise, when all the feathered tribes are preparing to take wing, gives one of the most extraordinary sights which Scotland affords.

On this rock, in the midst of a tempestuous ocean, and hardly accessible to boats, save at one precarious and hazardous passage, one

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would scarce have expected to find habitation, save for the sea-fowl which we have noticed. But in barbarous times, a sense of safety supersedes all considerations of comfort or convenience, and the island was long the chosen stronghold of the Lauders, originally of that ilk, and afterwards called Lauders of the Bass.

In the time of Mary of Guise's regency, Beague thus describes the castle of the Bass, which, by the way, he terms the Isle of Goose, according to the ancient French custom of new-christening or mutilating the names of the places they have occasion to mention:—

"Now, the island in which the castle stands is itself an impregnable rock, of a small extent and oval figure, cut out by the hands of nature; it has only one avenue that leads to it, and that is towards the castle, but so very difficult and uneasy, that by reason of the hidden sands that surround the rock, nothing can approach it but one little boat at a time. The island is so exorbitantly uneven, that till one reach the wall of the castle, he cannot have sure footing in any one place; so that (as I have often observed) those that enter it must climb up by the help of a strong cable thrown down for the purpose; and when they have got with much ado to the foot of the wall, they sit down in a wide basket, and in this posture are mounted up by strength of hands. There is no getting into this wonderful fortress by any other means. Formerly, it had a postern-gate which facilitated the entry, but it is now thrown down, and fortified in such a manner as is incredible."

Beague gives a farther account of the castle being summoned by an English officer, who approached it in a boat, and offered the governor 4000 nobles, and to each private soldier 300, providing they would yield up the castle. The governor returned an answer of defiance. The French author also says, that the garrison consisted of 120 men. If that was the case, it must have been garrisoned by the crown, with consent of the owner. The French officer has also the credulity to believe that so many men were in a considerable degree subsisted on the fish brought to the island by the solan-geese, and that they had no other firing during the whole year than the sticks with which the sea-fowl build their nests.

It is said that the Kings of Scotland, valuing its strength and position, were very desirous to acquire this fortress, and that one of the Stuart dynasty, when Lauder, succeeding as heir to his father, resigned into the royal hands the island of the Bass, in order to receive new infeofment, addressed him thus: "You draw little income from this barren rock: let it remain in my hands, and ask from me the best barony at the crown's disposal in the stead of the Bass." Lauder hesitated, looked hither and thither, but ended with shrugging up his shoulders, and replying, "In troth your Grace maun just give me the auld craig back again." In the wars between Mary and her son, the Regent Murray is represented, or misrepresented, by Lethington, as extremely desirous to strengthen his party by the possession of the Bass.

But the island, so much envied, was not acquired by the crown until 1671, when the Lauder family sold it to Charles II., by whom it was converted into a royal fortress and state-prison.

The castle, situated on the south side of the island, is now ruinous.

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From the Views of Slezer,* it seems to have consisted of a curtain, with four square towers, or bastions, well mounted with cannon, and having within its enclosures the necessary barracks. A lower battery of three guns, commanded the landing-place, which, indeed, was scarcely entitled to the name, for there was properly no landing-place, as both boat and men were hoisted up within into the higher part of the fortress, by means of a machine resembling a crane. On the very summit of the rock was a small tower for an out-look, on which the flag was displayed.

This dreary, desolate, and probably unhealthy island, was the usual state-prison for those accused of high treason, or who were guilty of opposing the arbitrary measures adopted in Scotland in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. The celebrated John Blackadder, a covenanting divine of great eminence, was long prisoner in the Bass, and died there of a complaint caught from the dampness of the situation. Here, too, the no less celebrated Alexander Peden poured forth at least two of his prophetic effusions. On one occasion, a girl of fourteen years old came to his chamber-door, and mocked him, as she heard him in earnest prayer. "Poor thing," answered the covenanter, "thou dost mock at the worship of God; but ere long a strange and surprising judgment shall stay thy mirth." Shortly after, as the unlucky maiden walked along the verge of the rock, a sudden blast of wind swept her into the sea, where she perished. The other anecdote was of a less severe character. The imprisoned divine heard one of the soldiers swear at him as he passed, and replied mildly, "Poor man, thou knowest not what thou sayest, but thou shalt repent of it." The soldier was struck with remorse, even as he heard the words, and went to the main guard in horrors of conscience. On being ordered to his arms, he refused, saying he had borne them too long against Christ, his cause, and his people. The governor, finding the man deaf to reasoning and threats, considered him probably as insane, and sent him ashore out of the garrison. Having a wife and children, he took a house in East-Lothian, and became a singular Christian. This, which is recorded by Patrick Walker as a miracle, will probably be now regarded as a remarkable instance of the force of imagination, working, no doubt, in this case, to the spiritual welfare of the patient.

The Revolution found the Bass governed by about fifty men, under the command of Captain Maitland, who held it out for King James, but at length was compelled to surrender it to the new government, who placed Fletcher of Salton in command of the place.

* [Captain John Slezer's "Theatrum Scotiæ; containing the prospects of their Majesty's castles and palaces, together with those of the most considerable towns and colleges; the ruins of many ancient abbey's, churches, monasteries, and convents, within the said kingdom: all curiously engraven on copperplates, with a short description of each place." London, 1693, folio; Edin. 1814, folio.]

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But there were three officers of King James confined in the fortress, who, contriving to draw over part of the garrison to their opinions, rose on the others, and possessed themselves of the place in name of the exiled monarch. Having received some assistance of arms and provisions from France, they took several vessels with their armed row-boats, and greatly incommoded the navigation of the Firth. Two men of war, carrying fifty and sixty guns, were sent to reduce the place; but after two days' constant firing on both sides, the ships did so little damage and received so much, that the vessels, much shattered, were sent to Leith for repairs, and smaller ships employed to cruize off the island and convert the siege into a blockade.

The garrison soon became much straitened for provisions; and to deter any one from assisting them, a gentleman named Trotter, who was condemned to death for having afforded them some supplies, was ordered for execution on the mainland opposite to the island. But when he was brought to the gallows, which had been erected at the little village of Castletown, a cannon was fired from the Bass among the crowd, which occasioned such a panic that they fled in all directions. The condemned man was removed to a gibbet erected at a safer distance, and there suffered in terms of his sentence.

At length, the garrison having lost their boat, and being reduced to the last straits for want of provisions, were compelled to make proposals for capitulation, and two of the Scottish Privy Council were sent to receive their terms. The governor received these deputies honourably, treated them with French wine and other delicacies, in order to exclude the idea of the real distress for provisions; and when they rowed off, caused all the hats and cloaks he could collect to be disposed on pikes and muskets along the walls, so as to intimate that the place was full of men. Impressed with what they had seen, the deputies reported to the Privy Council that the Bass was well provided, and recommended their granting favourable terms, which were as follows: 1. The garrison were to retain their swords, such as pleased were to be transported to France, and the rest were to have permission to remain at home unmolested. 2. They were permitted to dispose of all that belonged to them in the garrison, together with their boats and private property, to the best advantage. 3. It was stipulated that such of the garrison as were to go abroad, should remain unmolested at Edinburgh, with some allowance for subsistence, until means of transportation should be procured. 4. The benefit of the capitulation was extended to all soldiers of the garrison not at present in the island, and to all accused of aiding and assisting them, who might claim the benefit of the treaty.

Upon these honourable terms, the last strength in Britain which displayed the flag of James II. was surrendered to King William.

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The castle was demolished, and the island was soon after bestowed by the crown on Sir James Dalrymple, Lord President of the Court of Session, who was possessed of the Barony of North Berwick and Castle of Tantallon, on the neighbouring mainland. The Bass is now the property of his lordship's descendant, Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton, of Bargany and North Berwick. The greatest delicacy which the rock produces is the solan-goose, remarkable for its maintaining exactly the same price in the Edinburgh market which it did one hundred years ago, namely, two shillings and fourpence. It would be highly censurable, in the present day, to omit the mention of any circumstance connected with *gastronomie;* but being ourselves by no means connoisseurs on such subjects, we will content ourselves with stating the opinion of Daniel de Foe.

"They [solan-geese] feed on the herrings, and therefore 'tis observed they come just before, or with them, and go away with them also; though 'tis evident they do not follow them, but go all away to the north, whither none knows but themselves, and he that guides them. As they live on fish, so they eat like fish, which, together with their being so exceeding fat, makes them, in my opinion, a very coarse dish, rank, and ill relished, and soon gorging the stomach. But as they are looked upon there as a dainty, I have no more to say; all countries have their several gusts and particular palates. Onions and garlick were dainties, it seems, in Egypt, and horse-flesh is so to this day in Tartary, and much more may a solan goose be so in other places.

"It is a large fowl, rather bigger than an ordinary goose; 'tis duck-footed, and swims as a goose; but the bill is long, thick, and pointed like a crane or heron, only the neck much thicker, and not above five inches long. Their laying but one egg, which sticks to the rock, and will not fall off, unless pulled off by force, and then not to be stuck on again, though we thought them fictions, yet, being there at the season, we found true; as also their hatching by holding the egg fast in their foot. What Nature meant by giving these singularities to a creature, that has nothing else in it worth notice, we cannot determine."*

FAST-CASTLE.

THESE remarkable ruins do not fall, properly speaking, within the bounds of the Lothians. But they are objects of considerable interest, and, we believe, have not hitherto been engraved. They are the remains of a gloomy border fortress, situated near to Saint Abb's Head, on the iron-girdled shores of the German Ocean. Imagination can scarce form a scene more striking, yet more appalling, than this rugged and ruinous stronghold, situated on an abrupt and inaccessible precipice, overhanging the raging ocean, and tenanted of yore by men stormy and gloomy as the tempests they looked down upon. Viewed from the sea, Fast-Castle is more like the nest of some gigantic roc or condor, than a dwelling for human creatures, being so completely allied in colour and rugged appearance with the huge cliffs, amongst which it seems to be jammed, that it is difficult to discover what is rock and what is building. To the land side, the only access is by a rocky path of a very few feet wide, bordered on either

* Description of Scotland, p. 21, in Tour through Great Britain, vol. iii.

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hand by a tremendous precipice. This leads to the castle, a donjon tower of moderate size, surrounded by flanking walls, as usual, which, rising without interval and abruptly from the verge of the precipice, must, in ancient times, have rendered the place nearly impregnable.

Fast-Castle was in former days a place of retreat of the great Earls of Home, which they used on particular occasions, when safety and privacy were at once desirable. Notwithstanding its strength, it was repeatedly taken and recaptured during the Border wars. In the period following the battle of Homildown, it fell into the hands of the English, and was garrisoned by troops under the command of one Thomas Holden, who harassed the neighbouring counties of the Merse and Lothian by perpetual excursions. But in 1460 it was recovered to the Scottish allegiance, being surprised (" tam subtiliter quam viriliter," says Bower) by Patrick Dunbar, a younger son of the Earl of March.

After the disastrous defeat of Pinkie, in 1547, Fast-Castle had the lot of other fortresses on the Scottish border, and again fell into the power of the English, and was recovered in the following gallant manner, in 1548 :—

j "Not long after, when the captain of Fast-Castle had commanded the husbandmen adjoining to bring thither [at a certain day] great store of victuals. The young men thereabouts having that occasion, assembled thither at the day appointed, who taking their burdens from the horses, and laying them on their shoulders, were received [after they had passed the bridge, which was made over two high rocks] into the castle, where [laying down that which they brought] they suddenly [by a sign given] set upon the keepers of the gates, slew them, and [before the other Englishmen could be assembled] possessed the other places, weapons, and artillery of the castle, and then receiving the rest of their company into the same [through the same great and open gate], they wholly kept and enjoyed the castle for their countrymen."—*Holinshed*, vol. v., p. 561. Edit. 1808.

In 1570, when the Earl of Sussex marched into Scotland to punish the Borderers who had harboured Westmoreland, and other northern rebels of the 12th of Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Home's principal fortress of Home Castle having been taken, Drury, marshal of Berwick, was sent to invest Fast-Castle with two thousand men. There were only about ten Scots in the fort, who, on seeing themselves attacked by so great a force, surrendered the place on the first summons. Yet Drury was content to garrison it with ten or twelve Englishmen only, " which were thought able and number sufficient enough to keep it against all the power of Scotland, the situation thereof is so strong." *

In the reign of James VI. of Scotland, Fast-Castle became the appropriate stronghold of one of the darkest characters of that dark age, the celebrated Logan of Restalrig. By what means this personage obtained a place of refuge so fitted to his character and condition, we are ignorant, and only know that property changed owners

* Holinshed, vol. iv., p. 243.

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frequently in that period of headlong revolutions and proscriptions. Logan was ambitious, expensive, avaricious, at once unlimited in his wishes, and unscrupulous of the means he adopted for their gratification.

There is a contract existing in the charter-chest of Lord Napier, betwixt Logan and a very opposite character, the celebrated inventor of the logarithms, the terms of which are extremely singular. The paper, which is in the possession of Lord Napier, is dated July 1594, and sets forth,—

"Forasmuch as there were old reports and appearances that a sum of money was hid within John Logan's house of Fast-Castle, John Napier should do his utmost diligence to search and seek out, and by all craft and ingine to find out the same, and by the grace of God shall either find out the same, or make it sure that no such thing has been there."

For his reward he was to have the exact third of what was found, and to be safely guarded by Logan back to Edinburgh with the same. And in case he should find nothing, after all trial and diligence taken, he refers the satisfaction of his travel and pains to the discretion of Logan.

The fate of this investigation is unknown. The contract evinces much credulity on the part of the great Napier; but the bounds of knowledge were then so indistinctly fixed, that there lay a waste of *terra incognita* between physical science and mystical doctrines, in which the wisest philosophers often are found to have bewildered themselves. As for Logan, he probably soon discovered that he could win his way to wealth better through the assistance of ambitious men than of astral or earthly spirits. He was a friend of the turbulent Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell,* and made his boast that he could maintain him within his house of Fast-Castle, let king and council say what they would. But his grand effort for attaining wealth was his connexion with the Gowrie Conspiracy, an event so strangely incredible on all sides, that it is difficult to form a consistent opinion on the subject. Still, notwithstanding all that ingenuity has urged against the reality of the conspiracy, and much doubtless may be urged from the incongruity of the evidence, the opinion of Dr Robertson seems distinctly to preponderate.

The historian states it to have been the purpose of the Earl of Gowrie and his brother to have made themselves masters of the king's person, forced him into a boat, which might have been easily brought up the Tay to the bottom of the garden of Gowrie House, and thus conducted him by sea to Logan's stronghold on the shores of Berwickshire, there to remain at the disposal of the conspirators, or it may be at that of Queen Elizabeth. This was no doubt a very wicked and very wild scheme; but it was quite consistent with the

* [See Note, *ante*, p. 150.]

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practices of the time, and with the character of the powerful Scottish barons, who were wont to seize upon the person of the king as the briefest mode of changing an administration. Such enterprises were repeatedly undertaken by the Earl of Bothwell, and a similar purpose had been to a certain degree accomplished by what was called the Raid of Ruthven, in which the father of the Earl of Gowrie had been concerned, and for which he suffered death. When we consider that the unhappy brethren may have been blinded by ambition and revenge to the dangers of the enterprise, and reflect that, strangely as it was planned, it had wellnigh succeeded, we may indeed wonder at their conduct, but ought not to consider it as altogether incredible.

On the other hand, to suppose that James got up a supposititious plot, to have an opportunity of murdering the Ruthvens, is totally inconsistent with the king's well-known character. James, whatever failings he had, was a man of a lenient disposition; but had he been otherwise, he was by no means a man likely to put his person into bodily peril, in order to obtain by doing so an ostensible cause for satiating his revenge. Construe the account how we will, it is evident that a violent and doubtful skirmish was to be the prelude to the slaughter of the Ruthvens; and can it be supposed that James was a person who would risk his life on the issue? He could not hope to murder the Earl of Gowrie in a town of which he was the provost, and in a castle where he was surrounded by retainers, without such a scuffle as actually took place; and having, as a king, many other modes of gratifying his resentment against the Ruthvens (though there is no proof he entertained such a feeling), we cannot, on a general view of the subject, consider any hypothesis as probable which throws upon him the blame of the slaughter.

Nine years after the event, Logan being then dead, his part in the Gowrie conspiracy became known by a correspondence betwixt him and the unfortunate Earl, previous to the attempt. These letters were strangely discovered in the possession of one Sprott, a notary-public. Logan had intrusted them to the custody of one John Bour, a friend of Sprott, but who was dead when they were discovered. One of them was of Gowrie's writing, five others in that of Logan. These dangerous letters were stolen from Bour by Sprott, who, for his own misfortune, kept them rather as a curiosity, it would seem, than for any other purpose. They go every length necessary to confirm Robertson's theory, and show that the purpose was to imprison the king at Fast-Castle. Logan boasts repeatedly how well his house is situated for the purpose, directs the Earl of Gowrie to come by sea, and make a private signal when opposite Fast-Castle, and declares his determination to stand by him at all hazards, and, like a daring old ruffian as he was, he seasons all these dark proposals with "*hæc jo-*

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cose."* In a subsequent letter, the nature of the proposed conspiracy is more plainly indicated.† He again recommends Fast Castle as the scene where all should be concluded—recommends that the two brothers, with only another man, should bring *him* (the king, doubtless) by sea to Fast-Castle, and show a signal. He cautions Gowrie against betraying him to his (Logan's) brother, or Mr William Rhind, lest the one should object motives of policy, or the other reasons of religion, "which," says Logan, "I cannot abide." Lastly, he stirs up the Ruthvens to obtain a contented revenge for the death of Greysteil, meaning the Earl of Gowrie, their father, who, from his personal strength and deeds of chivalry, had obtained that epithet. This remarkable passage, unless we hold the whole correspondence a forgery, is decisive proof of the reality of the Gowrie Conspiracy, and its general purport, although it may be doubtful whether the king's death or captivity was ultimately intended. Perhaps that was a point left to be settled afterwards, as ambition or revenge should dictate.

Logan's letters are dated from Gun's Green, a place near Fast-Castle, where he had a house, the fortress itself being reserved for extraordinary occasions.

Sprott's confession contained some farther pieces of evidence. He

* "My Lord, you may easily understand that such a purpose as your lordship intendeth cannot be done rashly, but with deliberation. And I think for myself that it were most meet to have the men your lordship spake of ready in a boat or bark, and address them as if they were taking pastime on the sea, in such fair summer-time. And if your lordship could think good, either yourself to come to my house of Fast Castle by sea, or to send your brother, I should have the place very quiet and well provided, after your lordship's advertisement, where we should have no scant of the best venison can be had in England. And no others should have access to haunt the place during your lordship's being here, but all things very quiet. And if your lordship doubt of safe landing, I shall provide all such necessaries as may serve for your lordship's arrival within a flight-shot of the house; and persuade your lordship you shall be as sure and quiet here, while we have settled our plot, as if you were in your own chamber: for I trust, and am assured, we shall hear word within a few days from them your lordship knoweth of; [*this passage probably refers to some communication with England by sea;*] for I have care to see what ships come home by. Your lordship knoweth I have kept the Lord Bothwell quietly in this house in his greatest extremity, say both king and council what they liked. I hope, if all things come to pass, as I trust they shall, to have both your lordship and his lordship at one good dinner before I die. *Hæc jocose*, to animate your lordship: I doubt not, my lord, but all things shall be well. And I am resolved whereof your lordship shall not doubt of any thing on my part, yea, to peril life, land, honour and goods; yea, the hazard of hell shall not affray me from that, yea, although the scaffold were already set up. The sooner the matter were done it were the better; for the king's buck-hunting will be shortly, and I hope it shall prepare some dainty cheer for us to dine against the next year."

† At the risk of lengthening the article, we cannot help quoting this remarkable passage: "I think all matters shall be concluded at my house of Fast Castle; for I and Mr Alexander Ruthven concluded, that ye should come with him and his lordship, and only another man with you, being but only four in company, until one of the great fishing-boats by sea to my house, where ye shall land as safely as on Leith shore; and the house against your lordship's coming to be quiet; and when you are about half a mile from shore, as it were passing by the house, to gar set forth a waff. But for God's sake let neither any knowledge come to my lord, my brother's ears, nor yet to Mr W. R., my lord's old pedagogue; for my brother is kittle to shoe behind, and dare not enterprise for fear, and the other will dissuade us from our purpose with reasons of religion, which I can never abide. I think there is none of a noble heart, or carries a stomach worth a penny, but they would be content and glad to see a contented revenge of Greysteil's death."

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had screwed himself into the partial confidence of Laird Bour, and had caught up many expressions which tallied with the letters.

The fair barony of Dirleton was, it seems, to be the stipulated reward of Logan's services. His confidant, Bour, alluded to this in his intercourse with Sprott, while the correspondence was going on, and hinted to him that Logan would obtain Dirleton without gold or silver, but that he would buy it dearly notwithstanding; and on another occasion, that he feared the Laird would in short time be either landless or lifeless.

The government proceeded with such severity against Sprott, as if they meant that his blood should seal his evidence. His silence, after the conspiracy had been defeated by Gowrie's death, could not injure the King's safety, and was certainly a weakness rather than a crime. Yet he was tried, condemned, and executed for misprision of treason, and died strongly avouching on the scaffold all the circumstances of his confession. "Shame to myself," he said, "shame to the devil —but all glory to Almighty God!" and proceeded to lay the blame of his crime towards the King upon his haunting the company of Restalrig, who was a man void of religion, and stained with many other vices, and of his confederate and emissary, Bour, who likewise was irreligious and without the fear of God. This familiarity, he said, led him to pry into their guilty secrets, which otherwise not knowing, he could not have been guilty of concealing. He concluded by assuring the persons, ministers, and others, who were present, that he would give a sign, after he was thrown from the gallows, that he adhered to his confession. It is said that, accordingly, he lifted up his hands, and clapped them three times while yet in the death struggle.

The punishment of Sprott appears cruel; that of Logan, who was tried and condemned for high treason after death, his bones for that purpose being brought into court, was at once horrible and absurd. Such extravagant proceedings always weaken the cause they are designed to support, by giving men reason to suspect the motives of extravagant severity. The execution of Sprott was said to be resolved on in order to conceal the forgery of the letters, and the conviction of Logan after death was alleged to have been obtained for the purpose of bestowing his estate of Restalrig upon the Earl of Murray. Neither of these deductions are correct. The late acute and ingenious Malcolm Laing examined the letters with the utmost care, and though strongly prejudiced against their authenticity when he commenced his task, ended by considering them as amply established. And from the Records of the transmission of property in the Register House of Edinburgh, it appears that Robert Logan was divested of his estate of Restalrig near Edinburgh, long before his death, so that there could be no room for a claim of forfeiture, nine years after that event,

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to place it in the king's hands. James, who was vexed and disturbed by the incredulity with which some of the clergy and others heard his narrative of the Gowrie Conspiracy, was probably disposed to make the most which was possible of this additional evidence, and by the extreme proceedings in the case, rather hurt than benefited his own cause.

Such are the mysterious and guilty remembrances which hang round the frowning ruins of this ancient strength. Fast-Castle now belongs to a gentleman, distinguished for the zeal with which he has both patronised and prosecuted geological science, Sir James Hall of Dunglas, Bart.*

* [The Baronet died in June 1832.]

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ABSTRACT

OF THE

EYRBIGGIA-SAGA;

BEING THE EARLY ANNALS OF THAT DISTRICT OF ICELAND LYING AROUND THE PROMONTORY CALLED SNÆFELLS.*

Of the various records of Icelandic history and literature, there is none more interesting than the Eyrbiggia-Saga, composed (as has been conjectured by the learned Thorkelin) before the year 1264, when Iceland was still subject to the dominion of Norway. The name of the author is unknown, but the simplicity of his annals seems a sufficient warrant for their fidelity. They contain the history of a particular territory of the Island of Iceland, lying around the promontory called Snæfells, from its first settlement by emigrants from Norway: and the chronicle details, at great length, the feuds which took place among the families by whom the land was occupied, the advances which they made towards a more regular state of society, their habits, their superstitions, and their domestic laws and customs. If the events which are commemorated in these provincial annals are not in themselves of great importance, the reader may, in recompense, derive, from the minuteness with which they are detailed, an acquaintance with the manners of the northern nations, not to be acquired from the perusal of more general history. It is, therefore, presumed, that an abstract of the more interesting parts of the Eyrbiggia-Saga may be acceptable to the readers of the Northern Antiquities. The learned Thorkelin published a correct edition of this history in 1787, executed at the expense of Suhm, the illustrious and munificent patron of northern literature. A Latin version, supplied by the well-known accuracy of the editor, assists the difficulties of those who are imperfectly acquainted with the original Icelandic.

* This article first appeared in a work entitled Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, published under the charge of two distinguished Antiquaries, Robert Jamieson, Esquire, of Edinburgh, and the late Henry Weber. [Edinburgh, 4to, 1814.] The extremely curious information, on the subject of Scandinavian Antiquities, which the volume contains, (it will be easily supposed the author is not speaking of his own slight share in it), deserved a better reception than it met with, as the public gave no encouragement to continue the work.

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In the year of God 883, a Norwegian nobleman, named Biorn, having been declared an exile by Harold, King of Norway, had recourse to the protection of Rolf, or Rollo, who united the qualities of a priest and a warrior, and kept the temple of Thor in the Island of Mestur. Biorn was kindly received, and furnished with a vessel to pursue his fortune in the spring. But finding that by this proceeding he had incurred the resentment of Harold, Rolf, or, as he was called from his sacred office, Thorolf, (quasi Thor's-Rolf), resolved to abandon his habitation and to set sail for Iceland, where, ten years before, a colony had been settled by Ingolf, the son of Arne. Thorolf made a very great sacrifice to Thor preparatory to his departure; and having received, or fabricated, an oracle authorizing his change of residence, he set sail, carrying with him the earth upon which the throne of Thor had been placed, the image of the Mace-Bearer itself, and the wooden work of his temple.

When the vessel of the adventurer approached Iceland, Thorolf cast the columns of the idol's sanctuary into the sea, and declared his purpose of establishing his new residence wherever they should be thrown on shore. Chance, and the current of the tides, directed the pillars to a promontory or peninsula, called from that circumstance Thorsness.* Here, therefore, Thorolf established himself and his followers, and, mindful of his tutelar deity, erected a temple for Thor, the ample scale of which testified the zeal of his devotion. An inner sanctuary contained the altar of the deity, on which was placed a silver ring, weighing two ounces, which was used in the ministration of every solemn oath, and which decorated the person of the priest of Thor upon all occasions of public meeting. Here also was deposited the vessel which contained the blood of the sacrifices, and the sacred implement for sprinkling it upon the altar and the worshippers. Idols, representing the various deities of Scandinavian mythology, were placed around the altar, and a tax was imposed upon all the settlers for the maintenance of the solemn rites and sacrifices by which they were to be propitiated; Thorolf reserving to himself the office of high-priest, with the duty of maintaining the temple and superintending the ritual.

A series of curious ordinances marked the foundation and extent of his authority. The whole promontory of Thorsness was under the protection of the deity, but a small eminence, entitled Helgafels, (*i. e.* the Holy Mount,) was so peculiarly sacred, that none of the settlers were to look upon it until they had performed their morning ablutions,

* Thorsness seems to have been that small peninsula, mentioned by Sir George Mackensie in his Survey of the Goldbringe Syssell of Iceland, which is itself a huge indented promontory on the south-western coast of that island. Near the peninsula the travellers saw the Helgafels, on which there is still a small hamlet, which, they observe, derives its name from the superstitious usages with which it was anciently connected.—*Travels in Iceland*, pp. 186, 187.

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and each living creature which should trespass upon its precincts was liable to be punished with death. To the terrors of religion were added the solemnities of legal authority. Near the Holy Mount was established the place of justice, where the popular assemblies were held.* This spot was also sacred, neither to be defiled by blood, nor polluted by any of the baser necessities of nature, for satisfying which a neighbouring rock was appointed. In these institutions we recognise the rude commencement of social order and public law. The infant settlement of Thorolf was strengthened by the arrival of Biorn, the fugitive upon whose account he had incurred the indignation of King Harold, and by that of other northern chiefs, whom the fate of war, or the love of adventure, had banished from their respective homes. Each chose his habitation according to his pleasure, and the settlement began to be divided into three districts, called Eyrarvert, Alpta-fiord, and Breida-wick, all of which acknowledged the authority of the Pontiff Thorolf, and the sanctity of his institutions.

The death of Thorolf, however, led the way to internal dissension. A patriarch, called, from the number of his family, Barna-Kiallak (rich in children), was tempted to dispute the sanctity of the territory of Thorsness, which had been sedulously stipulated. His tribe confident in their numbers, openly disputed the power of Thorstein, who had succeeded his father Thorolf as pontiff, and announced that when occasion pressed they would pay no more respect to the soil of the sacred territory than to unconsecrated ground, nor would they take the trouble to secede to the rock appointed for such purposes. With this foul intent they marched towards Thorsness, and were met by Thorstein at the head of his tribe, servants, and allies, who, after a sharp skirmish, was fortunately able to prevent the intended profanation of the sacred soil. But as neither party could boast decisive success, an armistice was agreed upon, and a congress opened under the mediation of an aged settler called Thordus. This ingenious referee at once removed the ostensible cause of dispute, by declaring, that the territory having been polluted by human blood shed in the conflict, it had lost its sanctity in future; and to take away the secret cause of contention, he declared that Thorgrim, one of the sons of Kiallak, should be conjoined with Thorstein in the charge of the temple of Thor with an equal share in the duties and revenues of the office of pontiff, and in the charge of protecting from sacrilege a new place of justice, which was now to be established. It is described as a circular range of upright stones, within which one more eminent marked the Stone of Thor, where human victims

* Each little district of settlers had its provincial assembly, for the purpose of making laws, imposing punishments, and accommodating differences. At a later period, general assemblies of the whole Icelandic people, called Althing, were held at a place called Thingvalla, on the shores of a salt-water lake.—See MACKENZIE'S *Travels*. The word *thing* answers to the *negotium* of the Romans.

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were immolated to the Thunderer, by breaking or crushing the spine. And this description may confute those antiquaries who are disposed to refer such circles exclusively to the Celtic tribes, and their priests the Druids.

Thorstein, son of Thorolf, perished by shipwreck. His grandson Snorro became the most distinguished support of his family, and the following commencement of his history marks the singular system of laws which already prevailed in Iceland, as well as the high honour in which the female sex was held in that early period of society. The tutelage of Snorro, whose father died young, had devolved upon Borko, the Fat, his father's brother, who had married Thordisa, his mother, and was thus at once his uncle and father-in-law. At the age of fourteen, Snorro, with two companions, went abroad to visit his relations in Norway, and returned to Iceland after the lapse of a year. His companion Thorlef was splendid in dress, arms, and equipment, being girded with a sword of admirable workmanship, and bearing a shield painted blue, and exquisitely gilded, and a spear, the handle of which was plated with gold. But Snorro was dressed in a dark garment, mounted upon a black mare, and his whole appearance intimated want and dejection. This assumed poverty rendered Snorro more acceptable at Helgafels, the abode of his uncle Borko. For, by the law of descent, Snorro was entitled to one-half of the possessions of his grandfather, now administered by Borko; and his mean appearance gave the latter ground to think that he would sell them in his necessity for an inconsiderable price. He was, therefore, not displeased to see his nephew return in a condition which did not seem to supply to him the means of escaping from his tutelage. A singular incident, however, interrupted their family concord.

Shortly after Snorro had taken up his abode with his uncle, a party of twelve armed men, headed by Eyulf Gray, suddenly appeared at Helgafels, and their leader announced that he had lately slain a relative of Thordisa, the mother of Snorro. Borko, to whom the slaughter was indifferent, and who was connected with Eyulf, received him joyfully, and commanded his wife to make him good cheer. While she obeyed his commands with undisguised reluctance, Eyulf chanced to drop the spoon with which he was eating; as he stooped to recover it, the vindictive matron, unable to suppress her indignation, snatched his sword, and severely wounded him ere he could recover his erect posture. Borko, incensed at this attack upon his guest, struck his wife, and was about to repeat the blow, when Snorro, throwing himself between them, repelled his attack, and placing his mother by his side, announced haughtily his intention to protect her. Eyulf escaped with difficulty, and afterwards recovered from Borko a fine for the wound which he had sustained; and the uncle and nephew were obliged to have recourse to justice, to

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arrange their mutual claims, which were rendered yet more inextricable by this brawl.

When the litigants appeared before the assembled patriarchs of the settlement, Borko admitted that his nephew, in right of his father deceased, was entitled to one half of the territory of Helgafels, and he also agreed that they could not conveniently possess it in community. Wherefore he offered to purchase that property from Snorro, and to make payment of an adequate price. To this proposal Snorro replied, that his uncle ought first to fix the price to be given, and that he himself, as descended of the elder brother, should then have it in his option either to sell his own share in the property, or to purchase Borko's moiety at the price to be so named. Borko, confident in the supposed poverty of his nephew, estimated the half of the joint property at sixty ounces of silver, a sum far beneath the real value; when, to his astonishment, Snorro at once made payment of the stipulated sum, and obtained full possession of his paternal mansion and estate.

Nor did the vexations of Borko end here. For when he was about to depart from Helgafels, his wife Thordisa invoked witnesses to bear testimony that she solemnly divorced her husband Borko, alleging, as a sufficient reason, that he had raised his hand against her person. And such were the rights of an Icelandic Mater-familias, that the divorce and division of goods immediately took place between her and her husband, although one would have presumed that the attempt to murder a guest in his own presence, might have been admitted as a satisfactory apology for the violence of the husband. Snorro having thus at an easy rate obtained possession of his whole paternal inheritance of Helgafels, lost no time in assuming the sacred character of priest of Thor, and continued, from his boldness, craft, and dexterity, to act a conspicuous part in the various feuds which agitated the settlers in this sterile and dreary country, as fiercely as if they had been contending for the mines of Peru, or the vineyards of Italy; so that the subsequent part of this history may be considered as the annals of Snorro's pontificate.

Our annalist has not left the scene altogether unvaried. Wars and prosecutions before the assembly of the people are indeed the ground-work; but such spells and supernatural incidents as the superstition of the age believed in, are introduced, like the omens and miracles of classic history. Such incidents, indeed, make an invariable part of the history of a rude age, and the chronicles which do not afford these marks of human credulity, may be grievously suspected as deficient in authenticity. The following account of a trial of skill between two celebrated sorceresses, occupies several pages of the Eyrbiggia-Saga.

"Tell me," said Katla, a handsome and lively widow, to Gunlaugar, an accomplished and gallant young warrior, "tell me why

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thou goest so oft to Mahfahlida?—Is it to caress an old woman?"—"Thine own age, Katla," answered the youth inconsiderately, "might prevent thy making that of Geirrida a subject of reproach."—"I little deemed," replied the offended matron, "that we were on an equality in that particular—but thou, who supposest that Geirrida is the sole source of knowledge, mayst find that there are others who equal her in science." It happened in the course of the following winter that Gunlaugar, in company with Oddo, the son of Katla, had renewed one of those visits to Geirrida, with which Katla had upbraided him. "Thou shalt not depart to-night," said the sage matron; "evil spirits are abroad, and thy bad destiny predominates."—"We are two in company," answered Gunlaugar, "and have therefore nothing to fear."—"Oddo," replied Geirrida, "will be of no aid to thee; but go, since thou wilt go, and pay the penalty of thy rashness."—In their way they visited the rival matron, and Gunlaugar was invited to remain in her house that night. This he declined, and passing forward alone, was next morning found lying before the gate of his father Thorbiorn, severely wounded and deprived of his judgment. Various causes were assigned for this disaster, but Oddo, asserting that they had parted in anger that evening from Geirrida, insisted that his companion must have sustained the injury through her sorcery. Geirrida was accordingly cited to the popular assembly, and accused of witchcraft. But twelve witnesses, or compurgators, having asserted upon their oath the innocence of the accused party, Geirrida was honourably freed from the accusation brought against her.* Her acquittal did not terminate the rivalry between the two sorceresses, for Geirrida belonging to the family of Kiliakan, and Katla to that of the pontiff Snorro, the animosity which still subsisted between these septs became awakened by the quarrel.

It chanced that Thorbiorn, called Digri (or the corpulent), one of the family of Snorro, had some horses which fed in the mountain pastures, near to those of Thorarin, called the Black, the son of the enchantress Geirrida. But when autumn arrived, and the horses were to be withdrawn from the mountains, and housed for the winter, those of Thorbiorn could nowhere be found, and Oddo, the son of Katla, being sent to consult a wizard, brought back a dubious answer, which seemed to indicate that they had been stolen by Thorarin. Thorbiorn, with Oddo, and a party of armed followers, immediately set forth for Mahfahlida, the dwelling of Geirrida and her son Thorarin. Arrived before the gate, they demanded permission to search for the horses which were amissing. This Thorarin refused, alleging, that

* This ceremony of compurgation formed, as is well known, the remote origin of the trial by jury. The compurgators were at first a kind of witnesses, who, upon their general knowledge of the character of the accused, gave evidence of his being incapable of committing the crime imputed, but gradually obtained the character of judges, who formed their opinion upon the evidence of others adduced in their presence.

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neither was the search demanded duly authorized by law, nor were the proper witnesses cited to be present, nor did Thorbiorn offer any sufficient pledge of security, when claiming the exercise of so hazardous a privilege. Thorbiorn replied, that as Thorarin declined to permit a search, he must be held as admitting his guilt; and constituting for that purpose a temporary court of justice, by choosing out six judges, he formally accused Thorarin of theft before the gate of his own house. At this the patience of Geirrida forsook her. "Well," said she to her son Thorarin, "is it said of thee, that thou art more a woman than a man, or thou wouldst not bear these intolerable affronts." Thorarin, fired at the reproach, rushed forth with his servants and guests: a skirmish soon disturbed the legal process which had been instituted, and one or two of both parties were wounded or slain, before the wife of Thorarin, and the female attendants, could separate the fray by flinging their mantles over the weapons of the combatants. Thorbiorn and his party retreating, Thorarin proceeded to examine the field of battle. Alas! among the relics of the fight was a bloody hand, too slight and fair to belong to any of the combatants. It was that of his wife Ada, who had met this misfortune in her attempts to separate the skirmish. Incensed to the uttermost, Thorarin threw aside his constitutional moderation, and mounting on horseback, with his allies and followers pursued the hostile party, and overtook them in a hay-field, where they had halted to repose their horses, and to exult over the damage they had done to Thorarin. At this moment he assailed them with such fury, that he slew Thorbiorn upon the spot, and killed several of his attendants; although Oddo, the son of Katla, escaped free from having been dressed by his mother in an invulnerable garment. After this action, more bloody than usually happened in an Icelandic engagement, Thorarin returned to Mahfahlida, and being questioned by his mother concerning the events of the skirmish, he answered in the improvisatory and enigmatical poetry of his age and country,—

"From me the foul reproach be far,
With which a female waked the war,
From me, who shunned not in the fray,
Through foemen fierce to hew my way;
(Since meet it is the eagle's brood
On the fresh corpse should find their food,)
Then spared I not in fighting field,
With stalwart hand my sword to wield;
And well may claim at Odin's shrine,
The praise that waits this deed of mine."

To which effusion Geirrida answered, "Do these verses imply the death of Thorbiorn?"—And Thorarin, alluding to the legal process which Thorbiorn had instituted against him, resumed his song:

"Sharp bit the sword beneath the hood
Of him whose zeal the cause pursued,
And ruddy flowed the stream of death,
Ere the grim brand resumed the sheath;

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Now, on the buckler of the slain
The raven sits, his draught to drain,
For gore-drench'd is his visage bold,
That hither came his courts to hold."

As the consequence of this slaughter was likely to be a prosecution at the instance of the pontiff Snorro, Thorarin had now recourse to his allies and kindred, of whom the most powerful were Arnkill, his maternal uncle, and Verimond, who readily promised their aid both in the field and in the Comitia, or popular meeting, in spring, before which it was to be presumed Snorro would indict Thorarin for the slaughter of his kinsman. Arnkill could not, however, forbear asking his nephew how he had so far lost his usual command of temper. He replied in verse—

"Till then, the master of my mood,
Men call'd me gentle, mild, and good;
But yon fierce dame's sharp tongue might wake
In wintry den the frozen snake."

While Thorarin spent the winter with his uncle Arnkill, he received information from his mother Geirrida, that Oddo, son of her old rival Katla, was the person who had cut off the hand of his wife Ada, and that he gloried in the fact. Thorarin and Arnkill determined on instant vengeance, and travelling rapidly, surprised the house of Katla. The undismayed sorceress, on hearing them approach, commanded her son to sit close beside her, and when the assailants entered they only beheld Katla, spinning coarse yarn from what seemed a large distaff, with her female domestics seated around her.—"Her son," she said, "was absent on a journey;" and Thorarin and Arnkill having searched the house in vain, were obliged to depart with this answer.

They had not, however, gone far, before the well-known skill of Katla in optical delusion occurred to them, and they resolved on a second and stricter search. Upon their return they found Katla in the outer apartment, who seemed to be shearing the hair of a tame kid, but was in reality cutting the locks of her son Oddo. Entering the inner-room, they found the large distaff flung carelessly upon a bench. They returned yet a third time, and a third delusion was prepared for them; for Katla had given her son the appearance of a hog, which seemed to grovel on the heap of ashes. Arnkill now seized and split the distaff which he had at first suspected, upon which Katla tauntingly observed, that if their visits had been unusually frequent that evening, they could not be said to be altogether ineffectual, since they had destroyed a distaff.

They were accordingly returning completely baffled, when Geirrida met them, and upbraided them with carelessness in searching for their enemy. "Return yet again," she said, "and I will accompany you."—Katla's maidens, still upon the watch, announced

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to her the return of the hostile party, their number augmented by one who wore a blue mantle. "Alas!" cried Katla, "it is the sorceress Geirrida against whom spells will be of no avail." Immediately rising from the raised and boarded seat which she occupied, she concealed Oddo beneath it, and covered it with cushions as before, on which she stretched herself, complaining of indisposition. Upon the entrance of the hostile party, Geirrida, without speaking a word, flung aside her mantle, took out a piece of seal's-skin, in which she wrapped up Katla's head, and commanded that she should be held by some of the attendants, while the others broke open the boarded space beneath which Oddo lay concealed, seized upon him, bound him, and led him away captive with his mother. Next morning Oddo was hanged, and Katla stoned to death; but not until she had confessed that through her sorcery she had occasioned the disaster of Gunlaugar, which first led the way to these feuds. This execution is remarkable, because it seems to have taken place without any previous ceremony of judicial procedure, which, in general, we find the Icelanders considered as necessary preliminaries to the condemnation and execution of criminals.

Spring now approached, and it became necessary for Thorarin to take some resolution; for, although it seemed possible that the slaughter which had taken place on occasion of this unhappy feud might be atoned by a pecuniary imposition, yet so many persons had been slain, that the usual fines corresponding to their rank were more than sufficient to exhaust his fortune: And, to hasten his determination, Snorro, accompanied by a band of eighty horsemen, appeared before the house of Arnkill, for the purpose of citing Thorarin to answer for the slaughter of Thorbiorn. This citation was performed in obedience to the Icelandic law, which permitted no accusation to be brought against any party, who had not been previously apprized of the charge by a summons delivered to him personally, or at his dwelling place.* The ceremony being peaceably performed, Thorarin, observing the strong party in attendance upon Snorro, broke forth into a poetical rhapsody:

"No feeble force, no female hand,
Compels me from my native land;
O'ermatch'd in numbers and in might,
By banded hosts in armour bright,
In vain attesting laws and gods,
A guiltless man, I yield to odds."

Accordingly, ere the popular assembly met, Thorarin, with his relative Verimond, embarked in a vessel for Scandinavia. Of the former, the history tells us no more; but Verimond, who separated from

* This law of summons is often mentioned, and seems to have been regularly insisted upon. It was attended with some risk to the party who ventured to make the citation, and often ended in a skirmish.

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him, and spent the subsequent winter at the court of Count Haco, son of Sigurd, then regent of Norway, continues to make a figure in the Eyrbiggia-Saga.

It seems that Haco had at his court two of those remarkable champions, called Berserkir; men, who, by moral or physical excitation of some kind or other, were wont to work themselves into a state of frenzy, during which they achieved deeds passing human strength, and rushed, without sense of danger, or feeling of pain, upon every species of peril that could be opposed to them. They used no defensive armour, and fought at times only covered with their underg arments; hence, perhaps, their name, *Berserkir*, *Bare* but for the *Sark*, or shirt. Verimond contracted a sort of friendship with these champions, who, unless when seized with their fits of fury, were not altogether discourteous or evil-disposed. But as any contradiction was apt to excite their stormy passions, their company could not be called very safe or commodious. Verimond, however, who now desired to return to Iceland, conceived that in the feuds to which he might be there exposed, the support of the two Berserkir would be of the greatest advantage to him. Acting upon this idea, when Haco at his departure offered him any reasonable boon which he might require, he prayed that he would permit these two champions to accompany him to his native country: The Count assented, but not without showing him the danger of his request. They are only accustomed, said Haco, to submit to men of great power and high rank, and will be reluctant and disobedient stipendiaries to a person of a meaner station.

Verimond, however, grasped at the permission of the Count, though reluctantly granted, and was profuse in promises to Halli and Leikner, providing they would accompany him to Iceland. They frankly objected to the poverty of the country, yet agreed to go thither, apprising their conductor at the same time, that their friendship would not endure long if he refused them any boon which was in his power to grant, and which they might choose to demand. Verimond again assured them of his anxious wish to gratify them in every particular, and transported them to Iceland, where he was not long of discovering that he had burdened himself with a very difficult task. Halli's first request was, that he should be provided with a spouse, rich, nobly born, and beautiful. But, as it was not easy to find a maiden so gifted, who would unite her fate with a foreigner of mean birth, who was besides a Berserkar, Verimond was compelled to elude the request of his champion.

This was likely to occasion such enmity, that Verimond began to think of transferring his troublesome and ungovernable satellites to his brother Arngrim, a man of a stern, fierce, and active disposition, who had carried on numerous feuds, and in every case refused to make

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pecuniary compensation for the slaughters which he had committed. Thus he was usually called Styr (i.e. the Stirring or Tumultuous), as Verimond was termed Miöfii, or the Delicate. Styr, nevertheless, tumultuous, as he was, could not be prevailed upon to accept of the patronage of the Berserkir. It was in vain that Verimond protested that he gifted him with two such champions as would enable him to become an easy victor in every quarrel he might engage in, and that he designed this present as a gage of their fraternal union. Styr, professing a sincere confidence in his brotherly affection, intimated, that he had heard enough of the disposition of these foreign warriors, to satisfy him that they would be rather embarrassing than useful dependents, and was fully determined never to admit them within his family.

Verimond was therefore obliged to change his tone, to acknowledge the dread in which he stood of the Berserkir, and request his brother's advice and assistance to rid him of them; "That," answered Styr, "is a different proposal. I could never have accepted them as a pledge of favour or friendship; but to relieve thee from danger and difficulty, I am content to encumber myself with the charge of thy associates." The next point was to reconcile the Berserkir (who might resent being transferred like bondsmen from the one brother to the other) to this change of masters.

The warlike and fierce disposition of Styr seemed, however, so much more suitable to their own, than that of Verimond, that they speedily acquiesced, and accompanying their new patron upon a nocturnal excursion, evinced their strength in breaking to pieces a strong wooden frame, or bed, in which his enemy had taken refuge, so that Styr had an opportunity of slaying him. The presumption of Halli, however, soon discomposed their union. The champion cast the eyes of affection on Asdisa, the daughter of his patron, a haughty, fiery, and robust damsel, well qualified to captivate the heart of a Berserkar. He formally announced to Styr that he demanded her hand in marriage, that a refusal would be a breach of their friendship, but that if he would accept of his alliance, he and his brother would render him the most powerful man in Iceland.

At this unexpected proposal Styr for a time remained silent, considering how best he might evade the presumptuous demand of this frantic champion, and at length observed, that the friends of his family must be consulted upon his daughter's establishment. "Three days' space," answered Halli, "will suffice for that purpose, and be mindful that our friendship depends on thine answer." Styr in great doubt and trouble journeyed to Helgafels, to consult the experience of the pontiff Snorro. When Snorro learned that he came to ask advice, "Let us ascend," he said, "the sacred mount; for such councils as are taken on that holy spot rarely prove unpropitious." They re-

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mained in deep conference on the mount of Thor until evening, nor did any one know the purpose which they agitated, but what followed sufficiently shows the nature of the councils suggested upon the holy ground.

Styr, so soon as he returned home, announced to Halli his expectation, that since he could not redeem his bride by payment of a sum of money as was usual, he should substitute in lieu thereof, according to ancient right and custom, the performance of some unusual and difficult task. "And what shall that task be?" demanded the suitor. "Thou shalt form," said Styr, "a path through the rocks at Biarnarhaf, and a fence betwixt my property and that of my neighbours; also thou shalt construct a house for the reception of my flocks, and these tasks accomplished thou shalt have Asdisa to wife." "Though unaccustomed to such servile toil," replied the Berserkar, "I accept of the terms thou hast offered." And by the assistance of his brother he accomplished the path required, a work of the greatest labour, and erected the bound-fence, of which vestiges remained in the days of our historian.

The Berserkir were now labouring at the stable for the flocks, while the servants of Styr were employed in the construction of a subterranean bath, so contrived that it could on a sudden be deluged with boiling water, or heated to a suffocating degree. On the last day, when the brethren were approaching the conclusion of their task, Asdisa, the daughter of Styr, passed by them splendily arrayed. Then sung Halli,—

"Oh whither dost thou wend thy way,
Fair maiden, in such rich array,
For never have I seen thee roam
So gaily dressed, so far from home?"

Then Leikner also sung,—

"Till now that stole of purple rare
Full seldom did the maiden wear,
Why is she now attired so fair?
The cause, O maid benign, display,
Of that unwonted raiment gay,
Nor thus disdainful pass us by,
With silent lip and scornful eye."

But Asdisa, disliking either the bard or the poetry, or both, passed on without making any answer.

Evening now approached, and, the stipulated task being ended, the champions returned to the dwelling of Styr. The Berserkir were extremely exhausted, as was common with persons of their condition, whose profuse expenditure of strength and spirits induced a proportional degree of relaxation after severe labour. They, therefore, gladly accepted Styr's proposal, that they should occupy the newly constructed bath. When they had entered, their insidious patron caused the trap-door to be blockaded, and a newly-stripped bullock's skin to be stretched before the entrance, and then proceeded to pour

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in scalding water through the aperture contrived for that purpose, and to heat the bath to an intolerable pitch. The unfortunate Berserkir endeavoured to break out, and Halli succeeded in forcing the door, but his feet being entangled in the slippery hide, he was stabbed by Styr ere he could make any defence; his brother attempting the entrance, was forced headlong back into the bath, and thus both perished. Styr caused their bodies to be interred in a narrow glen, of such depth that nothing but the sky was visible from its recesses. Then Styr composed this song concerning his exploit:—

"These champions from beyond the main
Of Iceland's sons I deem'd the bane,
Nor fear'd I to endure the harm
And frantic fury of their arm,
But, conqueror, gave this valley's gloom
To be the grim Berserkir's tomb."

When the pontiff Snorro heard that the stratagem of Styr had proved successful, he paid him a visit, in which, after a day's consultation, Asdisa the daughter of Styr, was betrothed to Snorro. The marriage was solemnized shortly afterwards, and the activity and intrepidity of Styr being aided by, and aiding in turn, the wisdom and experience of Snorro, the power of both was greatly extended and fortified by this alliance.

Passing some feuds of less interest, we come to the history of Thorolf Bægifot. This chief had in his youth defied to combat an aged champion called Ulfar, for the sake of acquiring his territory. Ulfar, though old and dim of sight, preferred death to dishonour, and met Thorolf in single combat. Ulfar fell, but Thorolf received a wound in the leg, of which he ever after halted, and thus acquired the name of Bægifot, or the Crook-footed. Thorolf had one son, the same Arnkill who figured in the history of Thorarin the Black, and two daughters, one of whom was the celebrated enchantress Geirrida. As Thorolf waxed aged, he became of a cankered and savage disposition, and as crooked in his mind as in his limbs. Many causes of discord occurred betwixt him and his son Arnkill, until at length they were in a state of utter enmity.

The nearest neighbour of Thorolf Bægifot was Ulfar, a freedman of Thorbrand, possessed of a fair property. It was said of this cultivator, that he understood the art of making hay better than any man in Iceland, and that his crop was never injured by the rain, or his cattle by the storms. Thorolf went to consult this sage upon the management of the hay-crop on a field which they possessed in common. "This week," said Ulfar, "will be rainy; let us use it in cutting the hay; it will be followed by a fortnight of dry weather, which we will employ in drying it." Thorolf, however, became impatient, and dubious of a change of weather, ordered his hay to be carried to his yard, and ricked up, while that of Ulfar was yet lying

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in the swathe; and at the same time, whether impelled by cupidity, caprice, or jealousy, does not appear, he carried home also that part of the crop which belonged to the weather-wise Ulfar. The latter reclaimed his property; but, after some altercation, saw no means of redress so effectual as to appeal to the justice of Arnkill, the son of Thorolf. Arnkill, after vain applications for justice to his father, was at length contented to indemnify Ulfar by making payment to him of the value of the hay, a proposal to which his father had refused to accede, saying, in the plenitude of oppressive power, "That the churl was already too wealthy." Arnkill, however, indemnified himself of the price of the hay by driving off twelve fat oxen belonging to his father, which he alleged were compensated by the money thus advanced to Ulfar.

It was now the feast of Jol, and Thorolf, who had drank freely, and circulated much liquor among his bondsmen, was so incensed against Ulfar, that he offered liberty to any of his serfs who would burn his house, and consume him among the flames. Six of his bondsmen set out on this neighbourly exploit; but the flames, as they began to rise, became visible to Arnkill, who hastened with his followers to the house of Ulfar, extinguished the fire, and made prisoners the incendiaries. These he transported to his own house, and hanged them next morning without ceremony, to the great increase of his father's discontent. Ulfar, on the other hand, rejoiced at having acquired so active and powerful a protector, chose Arnkill for his immediate patron, to the displeasure of the family of his original master Thorbrand, who viewed with resentment the chance of losing the inheritance of their father's ancient freedman.

In consequence of this transaction, the wrath of Thorolf grew so high against his son, that he went to the pontiff Snorro, to prevail on him to prosecute Arnkill to the uttermost, for the slaughter of his six bondsmen. Snorro, at first, declined to have any interference with the matter, alleging the good character of Arnkill, and the foul treason in which the serfs of Thorolf had been engaged when seized and executed. "I wot well the cause of thy regard for Arnkill," answered Thorolf; "thou thinkest he will pay for thy support in the assembly more freely than I. But hearken: I know thy desire to possess the fair woods of Krakaness, which pertain to me. I will bestow them on thee, if thou wilt prosecute the cause arising from the slaughter of my bondsmen with the utmost severity, without sparing, on account of Arnkill's relation to me, or his friendship to thyself." Snorro could not resist the prospect of gain thus artfully held out to him, and agreed to prosecute the cause to the uttermost.

The pleadings were ingenious on both sides, the age and country considered, and show some progress in the intricate punctilios of mu-

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nicipal jurisprudence. The death of the bondsmen was urged by Snorro as inflicted without legal process. The accused defended himself upon the fact of their being apprehended in the act of burning Ulfar's habitation. It was replied, that though this might have justified their being slain on the spot, yet it gave those who seized them no right to execute them after a day's interval. At length the matter was referred to the award of the two brethren, Styr and Verimond, who appointed Arnkill to pay a fine of twelve ounces of silver for each domestic. Thorolf, incensed to the highest pitch at this lenient imposition, broke forth into complaints against Snorro, whom he considered as having betrayed his cause, and retired from the convention to meditate a bloody revenge against all his enemies.

Ulfar, the most helpless and inoffensive, was the first to experience Thorolf's resentment. He had been feasting with his patron Arnkill, and had departed loaded with arms and other presents, when he was waylaid and assassinated by Spagil, a villain whom Thorolf had hired to the deed by an ample bribe. Arnkill, who chanced to be abroad that evening, observed a man at a distance bearing the shield which he had so lately bestowed on Ulfar. "That buckler," said he, "Ulfar hath not parted from willingly; pursue the bearer of it, and if, as I dread, he has slain my client through my father's instigation, bring him not before my sight, but slay him instantly." A party of his followers instantly pursued Spagil, and having seized and compelled him to avow his crime and confess by whom it was prompted, they killed him on the spot, and brought back to Arnkill the spoils of the unhappy Ulfar.

The disputes concerning the inheritance of Ulfar now augmented the dissensions of the settlement. It was claimed by the family of Thorbrand, as Ulfar had been his freedman, and by Arnkill as his immediate patron and protector. The former, however, proved the weaker party; and on having recourse to Snorro, received little encouragement to cope with Arnkill: "You share only," said the wily pontiff, "the general lot of the tribe, which, while Arnkill lives, must put up with such aggressions unavenged."—"Most truly spoken," replied the sons of Thorbrand, "nor can we complain of thee, Snorro, for refusing to advocate our cause, who art so tame and cold in asserting thine own." With these words of reproach, they left the assembly in great discontent.

Thorolf Bægifot began now to repent having bestowed upon Snorro the woods of Krakaness without obtaining the stipulated gratification of his resentment. He went to the pontiff and demanded restitution, alleging that he had transferred the woods in loan, not as a gift. But Snorro refused to listen to his demand, and appealed to the testimony of those who witnessed the transaction, that he had received the woods in full property. In the warmth of passion, Tho-

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rolf now had recourse to his son, and proposed to him to renew their natural alliance, and that the pledge of their friendship should be the union of their forces, to recover from Snorro the woods of Krakaness. "It was not for love of me," said Arnkill, "that thou gavest Snorro possession of these woods; and although I know he has no just title to them, I will not enter into feud with the pontiff to gratify thy resentment by quarrelling with him."—"Thy cowardice," said Thorolf, "rather than any other motive, causes thy affected moderation."—"Think on the matter what thou wilt," said Arnkill, "but I will not enter into feud with Snorro on that subject."

Thus repulsed at every hand, and in all the agony of impotent fury, Thorolf Bægifot returned to his own house. He spoke to no one, partook not of the evening meal, but, sitting in silence at the highest part of the table, suffered his domestics to retire to rest without quitting his chair. In the morning he was found dead in the same place and posture.

A message instantly conveyed to Arnkill the news of his father's death. When he came, the corpse remained seated in the posture in which Thorolf had expired, and the terrified family hinted that he had fallen by the mode of death of all others the most dreaded by the Icelanders.* Arnkill entered the apartment, but in such a manner as to approach the body from behind; and he cautioned the attendants that no one should look upon the face of the corpse until the due propitiatory rites were performed. It was not without application of force that the corpse could be removed from the seat which it occupied; the face was then veiled, and the customary ceremonies paid to the dead body. This done, Arnkill commanded the wall of the apartment to be broken down behind the spot where Thorolf had died, and the corpse being raised up with difficulty, and transported through the breach,† was deposited in a grave strongly built.

But these meet honours, and this grave, however fortified, could not appease or retain the restless spirit of Thorolf Bægifot. He appeared in the district by night and day, slew men and cattle, and harrowed the country so much by his frequent apparition and mischievous exploits, that his son Arnkill, on the repeated complaints of the inhabitants, resolved to change the place of his father's sepulture. Some opposition was threatened by the sons of Thorbrand, who refused to permit the corpse to be carried through their domains, until reminded by their father, that it was illegal to refuse passage to those who were travelling in discharge of a duty imposed

* Suicide seems to be indicated.

† It is still an article of popular superstition in Scotland, that the corpse of a suicide ought not to be carried out of the apartment by the door, but lowered through a window, or conveyed through a breach in the wall. Neglect of this observance is supposed to expose the house to be haunted.

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by law, and such was the burial of the dead. The body of Thorolf was found on opening the tomb, but his aspect was fearful and grisly to a preternatural degree. He was placed on a bier between two strong oxen, which, nevertheless, were worn out by fatigue ere they had transported him a few miles. Others were substituted in their room, but when they attained the summit of a hill, at some distance from the destined place of sepulture, the harnessed steers became frantic, and, breaking their yokes, rushed down the precipice and perished. The corpse, too, became of such ponderous weight, that it could not be transported any farther, so that Arnkill was fain to consign it to the earth on the ridge of the hill where it lay, and which took its name henceforward from that of Bægifot. Arnkill caused a mound of immense height to be piled above the grave, and Thorolf, during the lifetime of his son, remained quiet in his new abode, although, as will be hereafter shown, he gave further disturbance after Arnkill's death.

After the death of Thorolf, Arnkill engaged in various disputes with the pontiff Snorro for the recovery of the woods of Krakaness, and with the sons of Thorbrand, on account of their old feud. He had the better in many skirmishes, and in many debates before the national convention. Nor was Snorro for a length of time successful in his various efforts to remove this powerful rival;—for, although a priest, he was not in any respect nice in his choice of means on such occasions, and practised repeatedly against Arnkill's life by various attempts at assassination. At length, however, irritated to the highest pitch, by a conversation in which he heard strangers extol the power and courage of Arnkill above his own, the pontiff resolved to employ in his revenge the sons of Thorbrand. To Thorlef Kimbi, the strongest of these champions, he gave a choice war axe, and, bidding him observe the length of the handle, added, "Yet it is scarce long enough to reach the head of Arnkill while making hay at the farm of Ulfar." It must be observed, that Arnkill durst not occupy the farm of Ulfar, which had been so fiercely disputed between him and the sons of Thorbrand, otherwise than by sending labourers there in the day, and withdrawing them before night-fall. In the hay-season, however, he also employed his wains by moonlight to transport the hay from these possessions to his own domain. The sons of Thorbrand, embracing the hint of the pontiff, watched his motions; and learning that one moonlight night Arnkill had himself accompanied three of his bondsmen for the above purpose, they despatched a messenger to inform Snorro, that "the old eagle had taken his flight towards Orligstad." The pontiff instantly rose, and, accompanied by nine armed followers, traversed the ice to Altifiord, where he joined the party of the sons of Thorbrand, six in number. Arnkill, who descried his enemies advancing towards him, despatched his unarmed

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attendants to his dwelling, to summon his servants to his assistance. "I meantime," said he, "will defend myself on the heap of hay, nor will I afford an easy victory to my foemen." But of these messengers, one perished in crossing a torrent, the other loitered by the way. Meantime Arnkill, after defending himself valiantly, was finally overpowered and slain. Of which sings the Scald Thormoda Ulfilson:—

"A noble meal the pontiff strew'd
For the wild eagle's hungry brood;
A noble corpse hath filled the tomb,
When valiant Arnkill met his doom."

Arnkill is regretted by the annalist as a model of the qualities most valued in an Icelandic chief. He excelled all in accurate observance of ancient rites and customs, was stout-hearted and brave in enterprise, and so prudent and eloquent, that he was always successful in the causes which he prosecuted in the popular assemblies—qualities which drew upon him the envy that occasioned his death. His sepulchral mound, raised upon the sea-shore, was still conspicuous in the time of the historian. The property of Arnkill, and the charge of exacting vengeance for his blood, passed to females, and hence the duty was but indifferently discharged. Thorolf Kimbi, who had struck the deadly blow, was banished for three years from Iceland, a poor atonement for the slaughter of such a champion. And hence, says the annalist, it was enacted that neither a woman, nor a youth under sixteen years, should prosecute in a cause for avenging of blood. Arnkill was slain in the year 993.

Omitting a desperate feud between the sons of Thorbrand and those of Thorlak, we shall only notice the accuracy with which the *compensatio injuriarum* was weighed in the Comitia of Helgafels, when the quarrel was accommodated. Every disaster which had been sustained by the one party, was weighed against one of a similar nature inflicted upon the other. Life for life, wound for wound, eye for eye, and tooth for tooth, were adjusted with the utmost precision, and the balance arising in favour of one of the contending septs was valued and atoned for by a pecuniary mulct. This compact, which was followed by an internal peace of unusual duration, took place in the year 999.

In the year 1000, the Christian religion was introduced into Iceland by her apostles Gizur the White, and Hialto.* Snorro became a convert, and lent the greatest assistance in extending the new faith.†

* Hialto was an Icelander by birth, but had been banished for composing a song in disparagement of the heathen deities, of which the following is a literal version:—

"I will not serve an idle log.
For me, I care not which,
But either Odin is a dog,
Or Freya is a bitch."

Historia Ecclesiastica Islandiæ, vol. i., p. 57.

† We learn from another authority, that the heathen priests and nobles held a public conference with the Christian missionaries in the general assembly of the tribes of Iceland.

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It is not easy to see what motive the priest of Thor could have for exchanging a worship, over which he himself presided, for a new religion, since the unprincipled cunning and selfish character of Snorro seem to deprive him of the credit of having acted upon conviction. He procured the erection, nevertheless, of a Christian church at Helgafels, upon the site of the temple dedicated to Thor, and acted in every other respect as a sincere convert. As this was the third attempt to preach Christianity in the island, it seems probable that the good sense of the Icelanders had already rejected in secret the superstitions of paganism, and that the worship of Thor had declined in the estimation of the people. Snorro, therefore, in consistence with his character, placed himself at the head of the revolution in religion, which he saw could not be resisted.

The same year is assigned as the date of a very curious legend. A ship from Iceland chanced to winter in a haven near Helgafels. Among the passengers was a woman named Thorgunna, a native of the Hebrides, who was reported by the sailors to possess garments and household furniture of a fashion far surpassing those used in Iceland. Thurida, sister of the pontiff Snorro, and wife of Thorodd, a woman of a vain and covetous disposition, and, as was believed, of licentious manners, attracted by these reports, made a visit to the stranger, but could not prevail upon her to display her treasures. Persisting, however, in her enquiries, she pressed Thorgunna to take up her abode at the house of Thorodd. The Hebridean reluctantly assented, but added, that as she could labour at every usual kind of domestic industry, she trusted in that manner to discharge the obligation she might lie under to the family, without giving any part of her property, in recompense of her lodging. As Thurida continued to urge her request, Thorgunna accompanied her to Froda, the house of Thorodd, where the seamen deposited a huge chest and cabinet, containing the property of her new guest, which Thurida viewed with curious and covetous eyes. So soon as they had pointed out to Thorgunna the place assigned for her bed, she opened the chest, and took forth such an embroidered bed coverlid, and such a splendid and complete set of tapestry hangings, and bed furniture of English linen, interwoven with silk, as had never been seen in Iceland. "Sell to me," said the covetous matron, "this fair bed furniture."—"Believe me," answered Thorgunna, "I will not lie upon straw in order to feed thy pomp and vanity;" an answer which so greatly displeased Thurida, that she never again repeated her request.

While the argument was yet in discussion, news arrived that an eruption of lava was laying waste a neighbouring district. "It is the effect of the wrath of our offended deities," exclaimed the worshippers of Odin and Thor. "And what excited their wrath," answered Snorro, the hero of the Eyrbiggia-Saga, though still himself a heathen, "what excited their wrath when these rocks of lava, which we ourselves tread, were themselves a glowing torrent?" This ready answer silenced the advocates of heathenism.—*Historia Ecclesiastica Islandiæ*, vol. i., p. 62.

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Thorgunna, to whose character subsequent events added something of a mystical solemnity, is described as being a woman of a tall and stately appearance, of a dark complexion, and having a profusion of black hair. She was advanced in age; assiduous in the labours of the field and the loom; a faithful attendant upon divine worship, after the Christian rites; grave, silent, and solemn in domestic society. She had little intercourse with the household of Thorodd, and showed particular dislike to two of its inmates. These were Thorer, who having lost a leg in the skirmish between Thorbiorn and Thorarin the Black, was called Thorer-Widlegr (wooden-leg), from the substitute he had adopted; and his wife, Thorgrima, called Galldra-Kinna (wicked sorceress), from her supposed skill in enchantments. Kiartan, a boy of excellent promise, was the only person of the household to whom Thorgunna showed much affection; and she was much vexed at times when the childish petulance of the boy made an indifferent return to her kindness.

We must here digress a little upon the subject of Kiartan. He was the son of Thurida, sister of the pontiff Snorro, and also passed for the son of her husband Thorodd, but this was not so certain. Biorn, a stranger, who had acquired the name of the Hero of Bradwick, had been assiduous in his visits to Thurida in the year preceding the birth of Kiartan. The jealousy of the husband was awakened, and he employed a sorceress to raise a nocturnal tempest to destroy Biorn on his way to his mistress. This attempt proved in vain, as well as several others to take his life by violence. At length, while Snorro was about to surround Biorn with a body of horse, conceiving his own honour interested in that of his sister Thurida, the champion perceiving their purpose, suddenly seized on the pontiff, and, holding a dagger to his throat, compelled him to a treaty, by which Snorro agreed to withdraw his followers; and Biorn, on his part, consented to remove all further stain upon Thurida's reputation, by departing from Iceland. Biorn kept his word, and for a long time was not heard of. Many years afterwards, however, an Icelandic vessel, while on the western coast of Iceland, was surprised by a storm, which drove her beyond the knowledge of the pilot into the Atlantic Ocean. After sailing far to the west they reached an unknown land, occupied by a savage people, who immediately seized on the merchants and crew of the vessel, and began to dispute whether they should reduce them to a state of slavery, or kill them on the spot. At this moment there came up a body of horsemen, headed by a leader of eminent stature and distinguished appearance, whom the assembled natives seemed to respect as their chief. He addressed the merchants in the Norse language, and learning that they came from Iceland, made many inquiries concerning the pontiff Snorro and his sister Thurida, but especially concerning her son Kiartan. Being satisfied

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on these points, he intimated his intention to set them at liberty, cautioning them never to return to that country, as the inhabitants were hostile to strangers. The merchants ventured to enquire the name of their benefactor. This he refused to communicate, lest his Icelandic friends, coming to seek him, should encounter the danger from which his present guests had been delivered, without his having the same power to protect them; for in this region there were chiefs, he said, more powerful than he himself. When they were about to depart, he requested them to present, on his behalf, a sword to Kiartan, and a ring to Thurida, as coming from one who loved the sister of Snorro better than the pontiff himself. These words were supposed to indicate Biorn, the hero of Bradwick, and father of Kiartan, by his clandestine intrigue with Thurida; and the whole story serves to show that the Icelanders had some obscure tradition, either founded on conjecture, or accidental intercourse, concerning the existence of land to the westward of the Atlantic.

We now return to Thorgunna, the guest, as we have seen, of Thorodd and his wife. After this mysterious stranger had dwelt at Froda for some time, and while she was labouring in the hayfield with other members of the family, a sudden cloud from the northern mountain led Thorodd to anticipate a heavy shower. He instantly commanded the hay-workers to pile up in ricks the quantity which each had been engaged in turning to the wind. It was afterwards remembered that Thorgunna did not pile up her portion, but left it spread on the field. The cloud approached with great celerity, and sunk so heavily around the farm, that it was scarce possible to see beyond the limits of the field. A heavy shower next descended, and so soon as the clouds broke away, and the sun shone forth, it was observed that it had rained blood. That part of the portentous shower which fell upon the ricks of the other labourers soon dried up, but the hay which Thorgunna had wrought upon remained wet with gore.

The unfortunate Hebridean, appalled at the omen, betook herself to her bed, and was seized with a mortal illness. On the approach of death she summoned Thorodd, her landlord, and intrusted to him the disposition of her property and effects. "Let my body," said she, "be transported to Skalholt, for my mind presages that in that place shall be founded the most distinguished church in this island. Let my golden ring be given to the priests who shall celebrate my obsequies, and do thou indemnify thyself for the funeral charges out of my remaining effects. To thy wife I bequeath my purple mantle, in order that, by this sacrifice to her avarice, I may secure the right of disposing of the rest of my effects at my own pleasure. But for my bed, with its coverings, hangings, and furniture, I entreat they may be all consigned to the flames. I do not desire this because I envy any one the possession of these things after my death, but be-

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cause I wish those evils to be avoided which I plainly foresee will happen if my will be altered in the slightest particular."

Thorodd promised faithfully to execute this extraordinary testament in the most pointed manner.

Accordingly, so soon as Thorgunna was dead, her faithful executor prepared a pile for burning her splendid bed. Thurida entered, and learned with anger and astonishment the purpose of these preparations. To the remonstrances of her husband she answered, that the menaces of future danger were only caused by Thorgunna's selfish envy, who did not wish that any one should enjoy her treasures after her decease. Then, finding Thorodd inaccessible to argument, she had recourse to caresses and blandishments, and at length extorted permission to separate from the rest of the bed-furniture, the tapestried curtains and coverlid: the rest was consigned to the flames, in obedience to the will of the testator.

The body of Thorgunna being wrapt in new linen, and placed in a coffin, was next to be transported through the precipices and morasses of Iceland to the distant district she had assigned for the place of sepulture. A remarkable incident occurred on the way. The transporters of the body arrived at evening late, weary, and drenched with rain, in a house called Nether-Ness, where the niggard hospitality of the proprietor only afforded them house-room, without any supply of food or fuel. But so soon as they entered, an unwonted noise was heard in the kitchen of the mansion, and the figure of a woman, soon recognised to be the deceased Thorgunna, was seen busily employed in preparing victuals. Their inhospitable landlord being made acquainted with this frightful apparition, readily agreed to supply every refreshment which was necessary, on which the vision instantly disappeared. The apparition having become public, those who accompanied the body had no reason to ask twice for hospitality, as they proceeded no their journey, and arrived safely at Skalholt, where Thorgunna, with all due ceremonies of religion, was deposited quietly in the grave. But the consequences of the breach of her testament were felt severely at Froda.

The author, for the better understanding of the prodigies which happened, describes the manner of living at Froda; a simple and patriarchal structure, built according to the fashion used by the wealthy among the Icelanders. The eating apartment was very large, and a part boarded off contained the beds of the family. On either side was a sort of store-room, one of which contained meal, the other dried fish. Every evening large fires were lighted in this apartment, for dressing the victuals; and the domestics of the family usually sat around them for a considerable time, until supper was prepared. On the night when the conductors of Thorgunna's funeral returned to Froda, there appeared, visible to all who were present, a meteor, or spectral

appearance, resembling a half-moon, which glided around the boarded walls of the mansion in an opposite direction to the course of the sun,* and continued to perform its revolutions until the domestics retired to rest. This apparition was renewed every night during a whole week, and was pronounced by Thorer with the wooden leg, to presage pestilence or mortality. Shortly after a herdsman showed signs of mental alienation, and gave various indications of having sustained the persecution of evil demons. This man was found dead in his bed one morning, and then commenced a scene of ghost-seeing unheard of in the annals of superstition.

The first victim was Thorer, who had presaged the calamity. Going out of doors one evening, he was grappled by the spectre of the deceased shepherd as he attempted to re-enter the house. His wooden leg stood him in poor stead in such an encounter; he was hurled to the earth, and so fearfully beaten, that he died in consequence of the bruises. Thorer was no sooner dead, than his ghost associated itself to that of the herdsman, and joined him in pursuing and assaulting the inhabitants of Froda. Meantime an infectious disorder spread fast among them, and several of the bondsmen died one after the other. Strange portents were seen within doors, the meal was displaced and mingled, and the dried fish flung about in a most alarming manner, without any visible agent. At length, while the servants were forming their evening circle round the fire, a spectre, resembling the head of a seal-fish, was seen to emerge out of the pavement of the room, bending its round black eyes full on the tapestried bed-curtains of Thorgunna. Some of the domestics ventured to strike at this figure, but, far from giving way to their efforts, it rather erected itself further from the floor, until Kiartan, who seemed to have a natural predominance over these supernatural prodigies, seizing a huge forge-hammer, struck the seal repeatedly on the head, and compelled it to disappear, forcing it down into the floor, as if he had driven a stake into the earth.

This prodigy was found to intimate a new calamity. Thorodd, the master of the family, had some time before set forth on a voyage to bring home a cargo of dried fish; but, in crossing the river Enna, the skiff was lost, and he perished, with the servants who attended him. A solemn funeral feast was held at Froda in memory of the deceased, when, to the astonishment of the guests, the apparitions of Thorodd and his followers seemed to enter the apartment dropping with water.

* This is an important circumstance. Whatever revolved with the sun was reckoned a fortunate movement. Thus, the Highlanders in making the *deasil*, a sort of benediction which they bestow in walking round the party to be propitiated, always observe the course of the sun. And witches, on the other hand, made their circles, *widdershins*, as the Scottish dialect expresses it, (*widder-sins*, Germ.) or in opposition to the course of the orb of light. The apparition of the half-moon reminds us of Hecate, of the mysteries of Isis in Apuleius, and of a passage in Lucian's "Lears," where the moon is forced down by magical invocation.

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Yet this vision excited less horror than might have been expected; for the Icelanders, though nominally Christians, retained, among other pagan superstitions, a belief that the spectres of such drowned persons as had been favourably received by the goddess Rana, were wont to show themselves at their funeral feast They saw, therefore, with some composure, Thorodd, and his dripping attendants, plant themselves by the fire, from which all mortal guests retreated to make room for them. It was supposed this apparition would not be renewed after conclusion of the festival. But so far were their hopes disappointed, that, so soon as the mourning guests had departed, the fires being lighted, Thorodd and his comrades marched in on one side, drenched as before with water: on the other entered Thorer, heading all those who had died in the pestilence, and who appeared covered with dust. Both parties occupied the seats by the fire, while the half-frozen and terrified domestics spent the night without either light or warmth. The same phenomenon took place the next night, though the fires had been lighted in a separate house, and at length Kiartan was obliged to compound matters with the spectres by kindling a large fire for them in the principal apartment, and one for the family and domestics in a separate hut. This prodigy continued during the whole feast of Jol. Other portents also happened to appal this devoted family. The contagious disease again broke forth, and when any one fell a sacrifice to it, his spectre was sure to join the troop of persecutors, who had now almost full possession of the mansion of Froda. Thorgrima Galldra-Kinna, wife of Thorer, was one of these victims, and, in short, of thirty servants belonging to the household, eighteen died, and five fled for fear of the apparitions; so that only seven remained in the service of Kiartan.

Kiartan had now recourse to the advice of his maternal uncle Snorro, in consequence of whose counsel, what will perhaps appear surprising to the reader, judicial measures were instituted against the spectres. A Christian priest was, however, associated with Thordo Kausa, son of Snorro, and with Kiartan, to superintend and sanctify the proceedings. The inhabitants were regularly summoned to attend upon the inquest, as in a cause between man and man, and the assembly was constituted before the gate of the mansion, just as the spectres had assumed their wonted station by the fire. Kiartan boldly ventured to approach them, and snatching a brand from the fire, he commanded the tapestry belonging to Thorgunna to be carried out of doors, set fire to it, and reduced it to ashes with all the other ornaments of her bed, which had been so inconsiderately preserved at the request of Thurida. A tribunal being then constituted with the usual legal solemnities,* a charge was preferred by Kiartan against Thorer

* It does not appear that the judges in Iceland were a separate order. On the contrary, every tribunal appears to have been constituted by a selection, *ex astantibus*; and so far

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with the wooden leg, by Thordo Kausa against Thorodd, and by others chosen as accusers against the individual spectres present, accusing them of molesting the mansion, and introducing death and disease among its inhabitants. All the solemn rites of judicial procedure were observed on this singular occasion; evidence was adduced, charges given, and the cause formally decided. It does not appear that the ghosts put themselves on their defence, so that sentence of ejectment was pronounced against them individually in due and legal form.

When Thorer heard the judgment, he arose, and saying, "I have sate while it was lawful for me to do so," left the apartment by the door opposite to that at which the judicial assembly was constituted. Each of the spectres, as they heard their individual sentence, left the place, saying something which indicated their unwillingness, until Thorodd himself was solemnly appointed to depart. "We have here no longer," said he, "a peaceful dwelling, therefore will we remove."

Kiartan then entered the hall with his followers, and the priest with holy water, and celebration of a solemn mass, completed the conquest over the goblins, which had been commenced by the power and authority of the Icelandic law.

We have perhaps dwelt too long on this legend, but it is the only instance in which the ordinary administration of justice has been supposed to extend over the inhabitants of another world, and in which the business of exorcising spirits is transferred from the priest to the judge. Joined to the various instances in the Eyrbiggia-Saga, of a certain regard to the forms of jurisprudence, even amid the wildest of their feuds, it seems to argue the extraordinary influence ascribed to municipal law by this singular people, even in the very earliest state of society.

Snorro, who upon the whole may be considered as the hero of the history, was led into fresh turmoils and litigation by the death of his brother-in-law, Styr, slain by the inhabitants of a neighbouring district, for which slaughter neither Snorro's eloquence in the popular assembly, nor his power in the field, were able to procure adequate vengeance. He came off with more credit in his feud with Ospakar.

This Ospakar, a man of huge stature, and great personal strength, surrounded always by satellites of the same description, differed from the other Icelandic chiefs, in the open disregard which he professed for the laws of property. He kept a stout vessel, always ready for piratical excursions, and surrounded his house with a mound so as to convert it into a kind of citadel. It happened that a whale had been cast ashore upon a part of the island, where the law assigned a part of

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every court of justice resembled a jury chosen to decide a special cause, and dissolved when that task was performed.

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it in property to the pontiff Snorro, and part to his neighbour Thorer. While, however, Thorer, and Alfar, called the Little, steward of the pontiff, were engaged in making the partition, Ospakar appeared at the head of his armed followers, and, after stunning Thorer with a blow of his war-axe, appropriated the whole whale to himself. Skirmish followed skirmish, and blood was spilled on both sides, until Snorro bestirred himself in invoking the justice of the Comitia against the lawless Ospakar, and obtained a sentence condemning him and his followers to banishment. They submitted to this doom for a time, and Snorro caused the effects of Ospakar to be divided among those who had sustained the greatest losses by his rapine, of which spoil Thorer and Alfar obtained the largest share. It was, however, a gift fatal to the former. Ospakar, who still followed his piratical profession, made a sudden descent on the coast, and seizing Thorer, put him to death before his own door. Alfar, escaping with difficulty, fled to the protection of Snorro; and Ospakar, in defiance of the sentence pronounced against him, resumed possession of his fortified mansion, and furnished it with provisions to stand a siege. Snorro proceeded on this occasion with his characteristic caution. It has been seen that an ordinary hay-stack was accounted a strong post in Icelandic tactics, but a house surrounded with a bank of earth was a much more respectable fortification; nor did Snorro deem it safe to attempt storming the pirate's stronghold, till he had assembled his most chosen friends and satellites.

Amongst these was Thrandar, who, before assuming the Christian faith, had been a Berserkar, and although he had lost the supernatural strength exercised by such persons, which the author states to have been the usual consequence of baptism, probably because the christened champion disused the intoxicating drugs which excited his fierce exertions, he nevertheless retained his natural vigour and prowess, which were very formidable.

On the slightest hint from Snorro's messenger, Thrandar attended the pontiff, armed as one who has a dangerous task in hand. Snorro's other allies being assembled, they made a hasty march to the fortress of Ospakar, and summoned him to surrender at discretion. The robber having refused compliance, the mound was valiantly assaulted on the one part, and stoutly defended on the other. Thrandar, by striking the steel of his battle-axe into the top of the rampart, actually scaled it, raising himself by the handle, and slew Rafen, a pirate of great fame, who assaulted him upon his ascent. Ospakar himself fell by a stroke of a lance, and his followers surrendered, upon the sole condition of escaping with life and limb. On this conflict, the Scald Thormodar composed his poem called Rafn-maal, or the Death of Rafen.

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"The birds of Odin found their prey
When slaughter raged in Bitra's bay;
There lay extended on the vale
The three fierce plunderers of the whale,
And all his toils of rapine past,
Grim Rafen found repose at last."]

After the death of the gallant Arnkill, the spirit of his father, Thorolf Bægifot, or the Crook-footed, began, as before hinted, again to be troublesome. He issued by night from the mound which had been heaped over him, and wandered through the country, blighting crops, laming cattle, and terrifying the inhabitants to the uttermost, so that there was risk of the whole country being rendered uninhabitable. General complaints on this subject being made to Thorodd, he resolved to take measures for putting to rest that sullen and implacable spirit.

Having carried a party of men along with him, Thorodd ascended the ridge on which Arnkill had entombed his father's body. The mound which was piled over it was next opened, and the body of Thorolf was found undecayed, but swollen to the size of an ox; with a countenance horrible to behold, and livid as the darkness of hell. As it was evident that the spirit of the resentful suicide, or some evil fiend in its place, made use of his mortal remains, like the Hungarian vampire, to commit his nightly enormities, Thorodd resolved to proceed on this supposition. Accordingly, he commanded the body to be removed from the tomb, which, such was its portentous weight, could only be done by means of levers. Next, he caused the accursed corpse to be removed to the sea-shore, and there laid upon a large pile of blazing wood, and consumed. It was long ere this could be accomplished, for the fire seemed for some time to have no influence over Thorolf. He was, however, at length reduced to ashes, which were partly dispersed in the wind, and partly thrown into the sea. After this, the Crook-footed Spectre was not again seen, and yet his relics continued to occasion fresh prodigies.

"*It was milking-time, about nine in the evening, when Thorodd returned from the burning of Thorolf's body; and as he rode towards the stable, a cow, running before him, broke her foot. The cow, which was barren, was taken; and, being too lean to be slaughtered, Thorodd caused her foot to be bound up; and, as soon as it was strong enough, she was sent to Ulfarsfell to be fattened, as the pasture there was as good as on the holms. While at pasture there, the cow often went down to the sea-shore, where the funeral pile of Thorolf Bægifot had been built, and licked the

* The following legend of the Elf Bull was omitted in the original sketch of this little work, because the story occurred in another part of the Northern Antiquities, in illustration of the curious Danish ballad of Rosmer Hafmand. It is now restored to the work of which it is a part, and it is proper to say, that the legend is given, with the exception of some of the rhymes, from the version of Mr Robert Jamieson, by whom it was translated from the Icelandic.

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stones on the seabeach, on which the wind had scattered part of the ashes. There are some who say the islanders, when carrying their dried fish to the inner part of the creek, saw with the cow, as she was feeding upon the side of the fell, a strange bull of a mouse-colour, that nobody knew. Next autumn Thorodd thought of killing the cow; but those who were sent to fetch her could nowhere find her. After much search to no purpose, they at last gave her up for lost, supposing she must either have been dead or stolen. A little before the *Iol*-time, one morning as the neat-herd at Kœrstead was going as usual to the cow-house, he saw the broken-footed cow, that had been so industriously sought for, standing before the door. Turning her into the cow-house, and tying her up, he carried the news to Thorodd, who, entering the cow-house, and viewing and handling the cow, discovered that she was with calf, and therefore not fit for a mart, especially as he had flesh enough besides for his family. About the end of the following spring, she had a *quey*-calf, and shortly after a bull-calf, which was so large that the cow died soon after calving. This large bull-calf was brought into the house; it was of a mouse-colour, and seemed well worth preserving. When the calves were carried into the room, there happened to be present an old carline, who had been foster-mother to Thorodd, and was now become blind. In her younger days she had been reputed to have the second sight; but as she grew old, her predictions were regarded as the ravings of dotage, although many of them were verified by the events. The calf, with his legs bound, being laid on the floor, bellowed aloud, on which the carline, in the greatest terror, cried out, 'that is the low of an Elf's imp, and of no earthly creature; and you will do well to destroy it immediately!' Thorodd said it would be a pity to kill such a fine calf, which, if properly taken care of, must turn out an excellent steer. The calf then lowed a second time; on which the carline threw away what she had in her hand, and said, 'My bairn! let the calf be killed; for if he is brought up, we shall all one day have great cause to rue it.'—'Well, nurse, since you will have it so,' said Thorodd, 'he shall be killed.' Both calves were then taken out of the room, and Thorodd gave orders to kill the *quey*, and carry the bull into the barn, to be brought up, with strict injunctions that nobody should undeceive the old nurse.

"This bull-calf grew so fast, that before spring he was full as large as those that had been calved several months before him. When let out, he ran very much about the meadow, and roared like a full-grown bull, so loud that it was heard in the house. Then the carline said, 'As this monster is not killed, he will assuredly do us more mischief than words can express!'—The calf grew apace, and that summer was turned into a field of saved grass; and by autumn, he was so large that few year-olds could match him. He

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was well-horned, and of all the cattle the most sleek and beautiful to see, and was thence called *Glæsir*. Before he was two years old he was as large as a five-year-old ox; fed mostly among the cows, not far from the house; and as often as Thorodd went into the fold, Glæsir went up and smelled him, and licked his clothes, and Thorodd patted him. He was gentle as a lamb both to men and cattle; but when he roared, it was tremendous, and the old woman never heard it without expressing the greatest consternation and horror. When Glæsir was four years old, if women, or children, or striplings, went near him, he took no notice of them; but if men passed, he chafed and threatened, and was so surly and unruly that he would hardly suffer himself to be driven out of the way.

"Glæsir continuing to be unmanageable, and to roar as terribly as ever, Thorodd, moved by the continual warnings and apprehensions of his nurse, promised in good earnest to slaughter him next autumn, as soon as he should be fat enough. But the old spae-wife tells him that it will be too late; and again hearing him bellow fiercely, she broke forth, as usual among the Icelanders, into a sort of poetic rapture—

'The horned monarch of the herd
Threats death to men of middle eard;
He bends his brows and shakes his head,
Betokening blood that he shall shed.
To thee these hideous bellowings say,
That ere the winning of the hay,
The sullen monster dooms thy death—
Sooth are the words the spae-wife saith.'

"'You dote, nurse,' replied Thorodd, 'instead of prophesying.' To which she replied—

'Ay, if her tongue the old wife wag,
They'll all her but a doting hag.
But on thy bloody breast I see
A wound unseen, unfelt by thee
This bull looks harmfully on men,
And I—a doting woman—ken,
That while the hay is in the swathe,
Glæsir shall do thee unto death.'

'So it fell out, that same summer, that one day after Thorodd had got the hay in the hay-field raked together, and made up into cocks, there fell a great deal of rain. Next morning the servants going out, observed Glæsir in the hay-field, disencumbered from the board which, since he became vicious, had been fastened upon his horns, running about, overturning the cocks, and scattering the hay all over the field, which he had never been accustomed to do; at the same time that his roarings and bellowings so terrified the servants, that no one durst venture to go and drive him away. On their telling Thorodd what Glæsir was doing, he ran out, and snatching up a large birchen stake by the two forks, hastened into the field, with that weapon over his shoulder, to attack the bull. Glæsir, seeing this,

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desisted from the havoc which he was making, and advanced to meet his master, regardless of his threats, and the noise he made to intimidate him. On this Thorodd struck him so hard between the horns, that the stake broke short close by the forks. Glæsir then rushed upon Thorodd, who seizing him by the horns turned his head aside; and in this manner they struggled for some time; Glæsir always pushing, and Thorodd avoiding, till the latter began to be fatigued. Then Thorodd leaping upon his neck, and leaning over between his horns, clasped his hands under his throat, which he griped with all his might, in hopes of stifling him, or tiring him out; and in this manner the bull ran about the field, carrying him upon his neck.

"The servants seeing their master in such danger, and being weaponless, not daring to interfere, ran home to arm themselves, and returned with spears and other weapons. When the bull saw that, he stooped his head between his legs, and shook it till he got one of his horns under Thorodd, then raised it with a jerk so suddenly, that he threw up Thorodd's legs, so that he stood almost upon his head upon the bull's neck. When his legs fell down again, Glæsir stooped his head once more, and struck him with his other horn in the belly, goring him so dreadfully that he let go his hold, and the bull, roaring tremendously, ran along the meadow towards the river. The servants pursued him through a ravine of the mountain called Geirvaur, till he reached a fen below the farm-stead of Hello, where he ran into a pool, dived, and never after came up again; and ever since the fen has been called Glæsiskellda—Returning to the house, they found Thorodd dead of his wound."*

The annals proceed to inform us of the death of Snorro, during the winter after the death of St Olave, leaving a powerful and flourishing family to support the fame which he had acquired. He was buried in the church at Tunga, which he himself had founded; but when it was removed, his bones were transported to its new site. From these relics the celebrated Snorro seemed to have been a man of ordinary stature; nor indeed, does it anywhere appear that he attained the ascendency which he possessed in the island by personal strength, but rather by that subtlety of spirit which he displayed in conducting his enterprises, and by his address and eloquence in the popular assembly. Although often engaged in feuds, his valour seems to have been duly mingled with discretion, and the deeds of war for which he was celebrated in poetry, were usually achieved by the strong arm of some ally or satellite. He was so equal in his demeanour, that it was difficult to observe

* Referring the curious to the notes of Mr Jamieson, it is only necessary to say here, that no tradition is so universal in the Scottish highlands and lowlands, as well as in Ireland, as the belief in a water-bull; a creature in some degree supernatural, but yet in part supposed to be a creature of this world. In their belief of its qualities and habits, the people among whom the legend is current, agree, with wonderful correctness; so that it would almost seem that these reports have been founded on the existence, at a very distant period of some species of amphibious animal, which has now become extinct.

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what pleased or displeased him; slow and cautious in resolving upon revenge, but tenacious and implacable in pursuing it; an excellent counsellor to his friends, but skilful in inducing his enemies to take measures which afterwards proved fatal to them. In fine, as the ecclesiastical historian of Iceland sums up his attributes, if Snorro were not a good and pious man, he was to be esteemed wise, prudent, and sagacious, beyond the usual pitch of humanity. This pontiff, or prefect, is mentioned with great distinction in other Icelandic chronicles, as well as in the Eyrbiggia-Saga. In the LANDNAMA BOK, part II., chapter 13, many of the foregoing incidents are alluded to, and also in the LAXDÆLA-SAGA, and the SAGA of OLUF TRYGGASON.

That such a character, partaking more of the jurisconsult or statesman than of the warrior, should have risen so high in such an early period, argues the preference which the Icelanders already assigned to mental superiority over the rude attributes of strength and courage, and furnishes another proof of the early civilisation of this extraordinary commonwealth. In other respects, the character of Snorro was altogether unamiable, and blended with strong traits of the savage. Cunning and subtlety supplied the place of wisdom, and an earnest and uniform attention to his own interests often, as in the dispute between Arnkill and his father, superseded the ties of blood and friendship. Still, however, his selfish conduct seems to have been of more service to the settlement in which he swayed, than would have been that of a generous and high-spirited warrior who acted from the impulse of momentary passion. His ascendency, though acquired by means unworthy of praise, seems, in his petty canton, to have had the effect produced by that of Augustus in the Roman Empire; although, more guiltless than the emperor of the world, the pontiff of Helgafels neither subverted the liberties of his country, nor bequeathed the domination he had acquired to a tyrannical successor. His son succeeded to the paternal property, but not to the political power of their father, and his possessions being equally divided amongst them, they founded several families, long respected in Iceland as descendants of the pontiff Snorro.

ABBOTSFORD, *October*, 13, 1813.

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Drake in his Shaksp. vol. II. book
of fairy myths in all countries &c.
in connection with Mr Thomson's
Night's Dream. + vol I p 344 of the Sylvan
of Shakspeare
The Supernatural - 967 Dr Aikin 506;

LETTERS

ON

DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT.

See Observer vol II nos. 32, 34.

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s and report where the ordi-
ated. These are nice fellows
Prize fighters to fill such of-
not responsible! For he is in-
question.

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lptor Crawford have arrived,
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Crawford's works, of which
in Boston, ought to be col-
the benefit of his family. In
the *Cosmopolitan Art Jour-*
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to be written by the venera-
ancis of this city, an uncle
ceased. The catalogue of his
ter than was generally sup-
make a most interesting and
It is rumored that the "Cos-
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ary for their next year's pre-
know they give the "Greek
talogue of the Dusseldorf pic-
mptation for three dollars a
or the three dollar subscrip-
the three dollar magazines for
Art Journal, (worth $2,) and
g, called "Manifest Destiny,"
tiful young women engaged
wonder the subscribers'
t the rate of five hundred a
on" takes place, I believe, in

not. ront of the Hotel Meurice, with
his tongue hanging out of his mouth. "What th
d—l are you doing that for?" asked his intimat
friend, Potier. "Why," replied the eccentric mar
"I'm learning your language, and I want to catc
the accent."

—— Whipple, the daguerreotypist, who is so f
mous for his successful efforts in taking pictures
little children, has introduced a new feat by which h
astonishes the little ones while the camera is levell
at them. He now balances a cushion on his he
with wonderful skill, and to the delight of the juv
niles. Old Job was not more patient than Whipp

—— The Illusion of a Painter, announced at t
Boston Theatre as a new ballet, first time in Americ
as produced in this city at least some ten or twe
- s ago, as "The Painter's Vision." Our corr
po nt who thought he had seen something lik
befo was evidently in his proper senses. It wa
"revi,,

HARD TIMES.

"Hard Times!" The cry is wafted on each breeze;
Men draw their purse-strings tighter with a groan;
"Hard Times!" The rumor comes across the seas
That Europe echoes Jonathan's sad moan.
"Hard Times!" And housewives quickly take to mending
Making last winter's stock do o'er again;
"Hard Times!" And solid men let up on spending,
Disbursing one cent where the first gave ten.
I saw a carriage on Thanksgiving day
Which held four jolly fellows on a wonder;
They had a reckless look that seemed to say
"Hard Times" should never force them to surrender.
I thought while looking at their go cart go by,
Ere the next sun they'd have the "hardest times" we kne

—— The origin of the phrase, "that's my t
der," was this: In the reign of Queen Anne
was a sage and grave critic by the name of De
who in his old age got it into his head that h
written all the good plays that were acted at
time. At last a tragedy came forth with a mos
posing display of hail and thunder. At the
storm, Dennis exclaimed, "That's my thunder.

—— At the time when the blacksmith of G
Green was in the full exercise of his vocation, a c
presented themselves before him. "It is five gu
in advance," said he. "What!" said the wou
husband, "my friend, Smuggins, only paid
twenty shillings." "True, but as I had al
married Smuggins five times, I made him s
count."

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LETTERS.

LETTER I.

Origin of the general Opinions respecting Demonology among Mankind—The Belief in the Immortality of the Soul is the main inducement to credit its occasional reappearance—the Philosophical Objections to the Apparition of an Abstract Spirit little understood by the Vulgar and Ignorant—The situations of excited Passion incident to Humanity, which teach men to wish or apprehend Supernatural Apparitions—They are often presented by the Sleeping Sense—Story of Somnambulism—The Influence of Credulity contagious, so that Individuals will trust the evidence of others in despite of their own Senses—Examples from the "Historia Verdadera" of Bernal Dias del Castillo, and from the Works of Patrick Walker—The apparent Evidence of Intercourse with the Supernatural World is sometimes owing to a depraved State of the bodily Organs—Difference between this Disorder and Insanity, in which the Organs retain their tone, though that of the Mind is lost—Rebellion of the Senses of a Lunatic against the current of his Reveries—Narratives of a contrary Nature, in which the evidence of the Eyes overbore the Conviction of the Understanding—Example of a London man of Pleasure—Of Nicolai, the German Bookseller and Philosopher—Of a Patient of Dr Gregory—Of an Eminent Scottish Lawyer deceased—Of this same fallacious Disorder are other instances, which have but sudden and momentary endurance—Apparition of Maupertuis—Of a late illustrious modern Poet—The Cases quoted chiefly relating to false Impressions on the Visual Nerve, those upon the Ear next considered—Delusions of the Touch chiefly experienced in Sleep—Delusions of the Taste—and of the Smelling—Sum of the Argument.

You have asked of me, my dear friend, that I should assist the Family Library, with the history of a dark chapter in human nature, which the increasing civilisation of all well-instructed countries has now almost blotted out, though the subject attracted no ordinary degree of consideration in the older times of their history.

Among much reading of my early days, it is no doubt true that I travelled a good deal in the twilight regions of superstitious disquisitions. Many hours have I lost,—"I would their debt were less!"—in examining old, as well as more recent narratives of this character, and even in looking into some of the criminal trials so frequent in early days, upon a subject which our fathers considered as matter of the last importance. And, of late years, the very curious extracts published by Mr Pitcairn, from the Criminal Records of Scotland, are, besides their historical value, of a nature so much calculated to illustrate the credulity of our ancestors on such subjects, that, by perusing them, I have been induced more recently to recall what I had read and thought upon the subject at a former period.

As, however, my information is only miscellaneous, and I make no pretensions, either to combat the systems of those by whom I am

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anticipated in consideration of the subject, or to erect any new one of my own, my purpose is, after a general account of Demonology and Witchcraft, to confine myself to narratives of remarkable cases, and to the observations which naturally and easily arise out of them;—in the confidence that such a plan is, at the present time of day, more likely to suit the pages of a popular miscellany, than an attempt to reduce the contents of many hundred tomes, from the largest to the smallest size, into an abridgment, which, however compressed, must remain greatly too large for the reader's powers of patience.

A few general remarks on the nature of Demonology, and the original cause of the almost universal belief in communication betwixt mortals and beings of a power superior to themselves, and of a nature not to be comprehended by human organs, are a necessary introduction to the subject.

The general, or, it may be termed, the universal belief of the inhabitants of the earth, in the existence of spirits separated from the encumbrance and incapacities of the body, is grounded on the consciousness of the divinity that speaks in our bosoms, and demonstrates to all men, except the few who are hardened to the celestial voice, that there is within us a portion of the divine substance, which is not subject to the law of death and dissolution, but which, when the body is no longer fit for its abode, shall seek its own place, as a sentinel dismissed from his post. Unaided by revelation, it cannot be hoped that mere earthly reason should be able to form any rational or precise conjecture concerning the destination of the soul when parted from the body; but the conviction that such an indestructible essence exists, the belief expressed by the poet in a different sense, *Non omnis moriar*, must infer the existence of many millions of spirits, who have not been annihilated, though they have become invisible to mortals, who still see, hear, and perceive, only by means of the imperfect organs of humanity. Probability may lead some of the most reflecting to anticipate a state of future rewards and punishments; as those experienced in the education of the deaf and dumb, find that their pupils, even while cut off from all instruction by ordinary means, have been able to form, out of their own unassisted conjectures, some ideas of the existence of a Deity, and of the distinction between the soul and body—a circumstance which proves how naturally these truths arise, in the human mind. The principle that they do so arise being taught or communicated, leads to further conclusions.

These spirits, in a state of separate existence, being admitted to exist, are not, it may be supposed, indifferent to the affairs of mortality, perhaps not incapable of influencing them. It is true, that, in a more advanced state of society, the philosopher may challenge the possibility of a separate appearance of a disembodied spirit, unless in the case of

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a direct miracle, to which, being a suspension of the laws of nature, directly wrought by the Maker of these laws, for some express purpose, no bound or restraint can possibly be assigned. But under this necessary limitation and exception, philosophers might plausibly argue, that, when the soul is divorced from the body, it loses all those qualities which made it, when clothed with a mortal shape, obvious to the organs of its fellow men. The abstract idea of a spirit certainly implies, that it has neither substance, form, shape, voice or any thing which can render its presence visible or sensible to human faculties. But these sceptic doubts of philosophers on the possibility of the appearance of such separated spirits, do not arise till a certain degree of information has dawned upon a country, and even then only reach a very small proportion of reflecting and better-informed members of society. To the multitude, the indubitable fact, that so many millions of spirits exist around and even amongst us, seems sufficient to support the belief that they are, in certain instances at least, by some means or other, able to communicate with the world of humanity. The more numerous part of mankind cannot form in their mind the idea of the spirit of the deceased existing, without possessing or having the power to assume the appearance which their acquaintance bore during his life, and do not push their researches beyond this point.

Enthusiastic feelings of an impressive and solemn nature, occur both in private and public life, which seem to add ocular testimony to an intercourse betwixt earth and the world beyond it. For example, the son who has been lately deprived of his father, feels a sudden crisis approach in which he is anxious to have recourse to his sagacious advice—or a bereaved husband earnestly desires again to behold the form of which the grave has deprived him for ever—or, to use a darker, yet very common instance, the wretched man who has dipped his hand in his fellow-creature's blood, is haunted by the apprehension that the phantom of the slain stands by the bedside of his murderer. In all, or any of these cases, who shall doubt that imagination, favoured by circumstances, has power to summon up to the organ of sight, spectres which only exist in the mind of those by whom their apparition seems to be witnessed?

If we add, that such a vision may take place in the course of one of those lively dreams, in which the patient, except in respect to the single subject of one strong impression, is, or seems, sensible of the real particulars of the scene around him, a state of slumber which often occurs —If he is so far conscious, for example, as to know that he is lying on his own bed, and surrounded by his own familiar furniture, at the time when the supposed apparition is manifested, it becomes almost in vain to argue with the visionary against the reality of his dream, since the spectre, though itself purely fanciful, is inserted amidst so many circumstances which he feels must be true beyond the reach of doubt or question. That which is undeniably certain, becomes in a manner a

warrant for the reality of the appearance to which doubt would have been otherwise attached. And if any event, such as the death of the person dreamt of, chances to take place, so as to correspond with the nature and the time of the apparition, the coincidence, though one which must be frequent, since our dreams usually refer to the accomplishment of that which haunts our minds when awake, and often presage the most probable events, seems perfect, and the chain of circumstances touching the evidence may not unreasonably be considered as complete. Such a concatenation, we repeat, must frequently take place, when it is considered of what stuff dreams are made—how naturally they turn upon those who occupy our mind while awake, and, when a soldier is exposed to death in battle, when a sailor is incurring the dangers of the sea, when a beloved wife or relative is attacked by disease, how readily our sleeping imagination rushes to the very point of alarm, which when waking it had shuddered to anticipate! The number of instances in which such lively dreams have been quoted, and both asserted and received as spiritual communications, is very great at all periods; in ignorant times, where the natural cause of dreaming is misapprehended, and confused with an idea of mysticism, it is much greater. Yet perhaps, considering the many thousands of dreams, which must, night after night, pass through the imagination of individuals, the number of coincidences between the vision and real event, are fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chances would warrant us to expect. But in countries where such presaging dreams are subjects of attention, the number of those which seemed to be coupled with the corresponding issue, is large enough to spread a very general belief of a positive communication betwixt the living and the dead.

Somnambulism and other nocturnal deceptions frequently lend their aid to the formation of such *phantasmata* as are formed in this middle state betwixt sleeping and waking. A most respectable person, whose active life had been spent as master and part owner of a large merchant vessel in the Lisbon trade, gave the writer an account of such an instance which came under his observation. He was lying in the Tagus, when he was put to great anxiety and alarm, by the following incident and its consequences. One of his crew was murdered by a Portuguese assassin, and a report arose that the ghost of the slain man haunted the vessel. Sailors are generally superstitious, and those of my friend's vessel became unwilling to remain on board the ship; and it was probable they might desert rather than return to England with the ghost for a passenger. To prevent so great a calamity, the Captain determined to examine the story to the bottom. He soon found, that though all pretended to have seen lights, and heard noises and so forth, the weight of the evidence lay upon the statement of one of his own mates, an Irishman and a Ca-

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tholic, which might increase his tendency to superstition, but in other respects a veracious, honest, and sensible person, whom Captain —— had no reason to suspect would wilfully deceive him. He affirmed to Captain S——, with the deepest obtestations, that the spectre of the murdered man appeared to him almost nightly, took him from his place in the vessel, and, according to his own expression, worried his life out. He made these communications with a degree of horror, which intimated the reality of his distress and apprehensions. The Captain, without any argument at the time, privately resolved to watch the motions of the ghost-seer in the night; whether alone, or with a witness, I have forgotten. As the ship bell struck twelve, the sleeper started up, with a ghastly and disturbed countenance, and, lighting a candle, proceeded to the galley or cook-room of the vessel. He sate down with his eyes open, staring before him as on some terrible object which he beheld with horror, yet from which he could not withhold his eyes. After a short space he arose, took up a tin can or decanter, filled it with water, muttering to himself all the while—mixed salt in the water, and sprinkled it about the galley. Finally, he sighed deeply, like one relieved from a heavy burden, and, returning to his hammock, slept soundly. In the next morning, the haunted man told the usual precise story of his apparition, with the additional circumstances, that the ghost had led him to the galley, but that he had fortunately, he knew not how, obtained possession of some holy water, and succeeded in getting rid of his unwelcome visitor. The visionary was then informed of the real transactions of the night, with so many particulars as to satisfy him he had been the dupe of his imagination; he acquiesced in his commander's reasoning, and the dream, as often happens in these cases, returned no more after its imposture had been detected. In this case, we find the excited imagination acting upon the half-waking senses, which were intelligent enough for the purpose of making him sensible where he was, but not sufficiently so to judge truly of the objects before him.

But it is not only private life alone, or that tenor of thought which has been depressed into melancholy by gloomy anticipations respecting the future, which disposes the mind to mid-day fantasies, or to nightly apparitions—a state of eager anxiety, or excited exertion, is equally favourable to the indulgence of such supernatural communications. The anticipation of a dubious battle, with all the doubt and uncertainty of its event, and the conviction that it must involve his own fate, and that of his country, was powerful enough to conjure up to the anxious eye of Brutus the spectre of his murdered friend Cæsar, respecting whose death he perhaps thought himself less justified than at the Ides of March, since, instead of having achieved the freedom of Rome, the event had only been the renewal

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of civil wars, and the issue might appear most likely to conclude in the total subjection of liberty. It is not miraculous, that the masculine spirit of Marcus Brutus, surrounded by darkness and solitude, distracted probably by recollection of the kindness and favour of the great individual whom he had put to death to avenge the wrongs of his country, though by the slaughter of his own friend, should at length place before his eyes in person the appearance which termed itself his evil Genius, and promised again to meet him at Philippi. Brutus' own intentions, and his knowledge of the military art, had probably long since assured him that the decision of the civil war must take place at or near that place; and, allowing that his own imagination supplied that part of his dialogue with the spectre, there is nothing else which might not be fashioned in a vivid dream or a waking reverie, approaching, in absorbing and engrossing character, the usual matter of which dreams consist. That Brutus, well acquainted with the opinions of the Platonists, should be disposed to receive without doubt the idea that he had seen a real apparition, and was not likely to scrutinize very minutely the supposed vision, may be naturally conceived; and it is also natural to think, that although no one saw the figure but himself, his contemporaries were little disposed to examine the testimony of a man so eminent, by the strict rules of cross-examination and conflicting evidence, which they might have thought applicable to another person, and a less dignified occasion.

Even in the field of death, and amid the mortal tug of combat itself, strong belief has wrought the same wonder, which we have hitherto mentioned as occurring in solitude and amid darkness; and those who were themselves on the verge of the world of spirits, or employed in dispatching others to these gloomy regions, conceived they beheld the apparitions of those beings whom their national mythology associated with such scenes. In such moments of undecided battle, amid the violence, hurry, and confusion of ideas incident to the situation, the ancients supposed that they saw their deities, Castor and Pollux, fighting in the van for their encouragement; the heathen Scandinavian beheld the Chusers of the slain; and the Catholics were no less easily led to recognise the warlike Saint George or Saint James in the very front of the strife, showing them the way to conquest. Such apparitions being generally visible to a multitude, have in all times been supported by the greatest strength of testimony. When the common feeling of danger, and the animating burst of enthusiasm, act on the feelings of many men at once, their minds hold a natural correspondence with each other, as it is said is the case with stringed instruments tuned to the same pitch, of which, when one is played, the chords of the others are supposed to vibrate in unison with the tones produced. If an artful or enthusiastic in-

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dividual exclaims, in the heat of action, that he perceives an apparition of the romantic kind which has been intimated, his companions catch at the idea with emulation, and most are willing to sacrifice the conviction of their own senses, rather than allow that they did not witness the same favourable emblem, from which all draw confidence and hope. One warrior catches the idea from another; all are alike eager to acknowledge the present miracle, and the battle is won before the mistake is discovered. In such cases, the number of persons present, which would otherwise lead to detection of the fallacy, becomes the means of strengthening it.

Of this disposition, to see as much of the supernatural as is seen by others around, or, in other words, to trust to the eyes of others rather than to our own, we may take the liberty to quote two remarkable instances.

The first is from the "Historia Verdadera" of Don Bernal Dias del Castillo, one of the companions of the celebrated Cortez, in his Mexican conquest. After having given an account of a great victory over extreme odds, he mentions the report inserted in the contemporary Chronicle of Gomara, that Saint Iago had appeared on a white horse in van of the combat, and led on his beloved Spaniards to victory. It is very curious to observe the Castilian cavalier's internal conviction, that the rumour arose out of a mistake, the cause of which he explains from his own observation; whilst, at the same time, he does not venture to disown the miracle. The honest Conquestador owns, that he himself did not see this animating vision; nay, that he beheld an individual cavalier, named Francisco de Morla, mounted on a chestnut horse, and fighting strenuously in the very place where Saint James is said to have appeared. But instead of proceeding to draw the necessary inference, the devout Conquestador exclaims,—"Sinner that I am, what am I that I should have beheld the blessed apostle!"

The other instance of the infectious character of superstition occurs in a Scottish book, and there can be little doubt that it refers, in its first origin, to some uncommon appearance of the aurora borealis, or the northern lights, which do not appear to have been seen in Scotland so frequently as to be accounted a common and familiar atmospherical phenomenon, until the beginning of the eighteenth century. The passage is striking and curious, for the narrator, Patrick Walker, though an enthusiast, was a man of credit, and does not even affect to have seen the wonders, the reality of which he unscrupulously adopts on the testimony of others, to whose eyes he trusted rather than to his own. The conversion of the sceptical gentleman of whom he speaks, is highly illustrative of popular credulity, carried away into enthusiasm, or into imposture, by the evidence of those around; and at once shows the imperfection of such a general

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testimony, and the ease with which it is procured, since the general excitement of the moment impels even the more cold-blooded and judicious persons present to catch up the ideas, and echo the exclamations of the majority, who, from the first, had considered the heavenly phenomenon as a supernatural weapon-schaw, held for the purpose of a sign and warning of civil wars to come.

"In the year 1686, in the months of June and July," says the honest chronicler, "many yet alive can witness, that about the Crossford Boat, two miles beneath Lanark, especially at the Mains, on the water of Clyde, many people gathered together for several afternoons, where there were showers of bonnets, hats, guns, and swords, which covered the trees and the ground; companies of men in arms marching in order upon the water side; companies meeting companies, going all through other, and then all falling to the ground and disappearing; other companies immediately appeared, marching the same way. I went there three afternoons together, and as I observed there were two-thirds of the people that were together saw, and a third that saw not, and *though I could see nothing*, there was such a fright and trembling on those that did see, that was discernible to all from those that saw not. There was a gentleman standing next to me, who spoke as too many gentlemen and others speak, who said, 'A pack of damned witches and warlocks that have the second sight! the devil ha't do I see;' and immediately there was a discernible change in his countenance. With as much fear and trembling as any woman I saw there, he called out, 'All you that do not see, say nothing; for I persuade you it is matter of fact, and discernible to all that is not stone-blind.' And those who did see told what works (*i. e.* locks) the guns had, and their length and wideness, and what handles the swords had, whether small or three-barr'd, or Highland guards, and the closing knots of the bonnets, black or blue; and those who did see them there, whenever they went abroad, saw a bonnet and a sword drop in the way."*

This singular phenomenon, in which a multitude believed, although only two-thirds of them saw what must, if real, have been equally obvious to all, may be compared with the exploit of a humourist, who planted himself in an attitude of astonishment, with his eyes riveted on the well-known bronze lion that graces the front of Northumberland-house in the Strand, and having attracted the attention of those who looked at him by muttering, "By Heaven, it wags!—it wags again!" contrived in a few minutes to blockade the whole street with an immense crowd, some conceiving that they had absolutely seen the lion of Percy wag his tail, others expecting to witness the same phenomenon.

On such occasions as we have hitherto mentioned, we have supposed that the ghost-seer has been in full possession of his ordinary powers of perception, unless in the case of dreamers, in whom they may have been obscured by temporary slumber, and the possibility of correcting vagaries of the imagination, rendered more difficult by want of the ordinary appeal to the evidence of the bodily senses. In other respects, their blood beat temperately, they possessed the ordinary capacity of ascertaining the truth, or discerning the falsehood, of external appearances, by an appeal to the organ of sight.

* Walker's *Lives*, Edinburgh, 1827. vol. I, p. xxxvi. It is evident that honest Patrick believed in the apparition of this martial gear, on the principle of Partridge's terror for the ghost of Hamlet—not that he was afraid himself, but because Garrick showed such evident marks of terror.

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Unfortunately, however, as is now universally known and admitted, there certainly exists more than one disorder known to professional men, of which one important symptom is a disposition to see apparitions.

This frightful disorder is not properly insanity, although it is somewhat allied to that most horrible of maladies, and may, in many constitutions, be the means of bringing it on, and although such hallucinations are proper to both. The difference I conceive to be, that, in cases of insanity, the mind of the patient is principally affected, while the senses, or organic system, offer in vain to the lunatic their decided testimony against the fantasy of a deranged imagination. Perhaps the nature of this collision—between a disturbed imagination and organs of sense possessed of their usual accuracy—cannot be better described than in the embarrassment expressed by an insane patient confined in the Infirmary of Edinburgh. The poor man's malady had taken a gay turn. The house, in his idea, was his own, and he contrived to account for all that seemed inconsistent with his imaginary right of property;—there were many patients in it, but that was owing to the benevolence of his nature, which made him love to see the relief of distress. He went little, or, rather never abroad—but then his habits were of a domestic and rather sedentary character. He did not see much company—but he daily received visits from the first characters in the renowned medical school of this city, and he could not therefore be much in want of society. With so many supposed comforts around him—with so many visions of wealth and splendour, one thing alone disturbed the peace of the poor optimist, and would indeed have confounded most *bons vivans*, —"He was curious," he said, "in his table, choice in his selection of cooks, had every day a dinner of three regular courses and a dessert; and yet, somehow or other, every thing he eat *tasted of porridge*." This dilemma could be no great wonder to the friend to whom the poor patient communicated it, who knew the lunatic eat nothing but this simple aliment at any of his meals. The case was obvious; the disease lay in the extreme vivacity of the patient's imagination, deluded in other instances, yet not absolutely powerful enough to contend with the honest evidence of his stomach and palate, which, like Lord Peter's brethren in the Tale of a Tub, were indignant at the attempt to impose boiled oatmeal upon them, instead of such a banquet as Ude would have displayed when peers were to partake of it. Here, therefore, is one instance of actual insanity, in which the sense of taste controlled and attempted to restrain the ideal hypothesis adopted by a deranged imagination. But the disorder to which I previously alluded is entirely of a bodily character, and consists principally in a disease of the visual organs, which present to the patient a set of spectres or appearances, which have

no actual existence. It is a disease of the same nature, which renders many men incapable of distinguishing colours; only the patients go a step further, and pervert the external form of objects. In their case, therefore, contrary to that of the maniac, it is not the mind, or rather the imagination, which imposes upon, and overpowers, the evidence of the senses, but the sense of seeing (or hearing) which betrays its duty, and conveys false ideas to a sane intellect.

More than one learned physician, who have given their attestations to the existence of this most distressing complaint, have agreed that it actually occurs, and is occasioned by different causes. The most frequent source of the malady is in the dissipated and intemperate habits of those who, by a continued series of intoxication, become subject to what is popularly called the Blue Devils, instances of which mental disorder may be known to most who have lived for any period of their lives in society where hard drinking was a common vice. The joyous visions suggested by intoxication when the habit is first acquired, in time disappear, and are supplied by frightful impressions and scenes, which destroy the tranquillity of the unhappy debauchee. Apparitions of the most unpleasant appearance are his companions in solitude, and intrude even upon his hours of society; and when, by an alteration of habits, the mind is cleared of these frightful ideas, it requires but the slightest renewal of the association to bring back the full tide of misery upon the repentant libertine.

Of this the following instance was told to the author by a gentleman connected with the sufferer. A young man of fortune, who had led what is called so gay a life as considerably to injure both his health and fortune, was at length obliged to consult a physician upon the means of restoring at least the former. One of his principal complaints was the frequent presence of a set of apparitions, resembling a band of figures dressed in green, who performed in his drawing-room a singular dance, to which he was compelled to bear witness, though he knew, to his great annoyance, that the whole *corps de ballet* existed only in his own imagination. His physician immediately informed him that he had lived upon town too long and too fast not to require an exchange to a more healthy and natural course of life. He therefore prescribed a gentle course of medicine, but earnestly recommended to his patient to retire to his own house in the country, observe a temperate diet and early hours, practising regular exercise, on the same principle avoiding fatigue, and assured him that by doing so he might bid adieu to black spirits and white, blue, green, and grey, with all their trumpery. The patient observed the advice, and prospered. His physician, after the interval of a month, received a grateful letter from him, acknowledging the success of his regimen. The green goblins had disappeared, and with them the unpleasant train of emotions to

which their visits had given rise, and the patient had ordered his town-house to be disfurnished and sold, while the furniture was to be sent down to his residence in the country, where he was determined in future to spend his life, without exposing himself to the temptations of town. One would have supposed this a well-devised scheme for health. But, alas! no sooner had the furniture of the London drawing-room been placed in order in the gallery of the old manor-house, than the former delusion returned in full force! the green *figurantes*, whom the patient's depraved imagination had so long associated with these moveables, came capering and frisking to accompany them, exclaiming with great glee, as if the sufferer should have been rejoiced to see them, "Here we all are—here we all are!" The visionary, if I recollect right, was so much shocked at their appearance, that he retired abroad, in despair that any part of Britain could shelter him from the daily persecution of this domestic ballet.

There is reason to believe that such cases are numerous, and that they may perhaps arise not only from the debility of stomach brought on by excess in wine or spirits, which derangement often sensibly affects the eyes and sense of sight, but also because the mind becomes habitually predominated over by a train of fantastic visions, the consequence of frequent intoxication; and is thus, like a dislocated joint, apt again to go wrong, even when a different cause occasions the derangement.

It is easy to be supposed that habitual excitement by means of any other intoxicating drug, as opium, or its various substitutes, must expose those who practise the dangerous custom to the same inconvenience. Very frequent use of the nitrous oxide which affects the senses so strongly, and produces a short but singular state of ecstasy, would probably be found to occasion this species of disorder. But there are many other causes which medical men find attended with the same symptom, of embodying before the eyes of a patient imaginary illusions which are visible to no one else. This persecution of spectral deceptions is also found to exist when no excesses of the patient can be alleged as the cause, owing, doubtless, to a deranged state of the blood, or nervous system.

The learned and acute Dr Ferriar of Manchester was the first who brought before the English public the leading case, as it may be called, in this department, namely, that of M. Nicolai, the celebrated bookseller of Berlin. This gentleman was not a man merely of books, but of letters, and had the moral courage to lay before the Philosophical Society of Berlin an account of his own sufferings, from having been, by disease, subjected to a series of spectral illusions. The leading circumstances of this case may be stated very shortly, as it

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has been repeatedly before the public, and is insisted on by Dr Ferriar, Dr Hibbert, and others who have assumed Demonology as a subject. Nicolai traces his illness remotely to a series of disagreeable incidents which had happened to him in the beginning of the year 1791. The depression of spirits which was occasioned by these unpleasant occurrences, was aided by the consequences of neglecting a course of periodical bleeding which he had been accustomed to observe. This state of health brought on the disposition to see *phantasmata*, who visited, or, it may be more properly said, frequented, the apartments of the learned bookseller, presenting crowds of persons who moved and acted before him, nay, even spoke to and addressed him. These phantoms afforded nothing unpleasant to the imagination of the visionary, either in sight or expression, and the patient was possessed of too much firmness to be otherwise affected by their presence than with a species of curiosity as he remained convinced, from the beginning to the end of the disorder, that these singular effects were merely symptoms of the state of his health, and did not in any other respect regard them as a subject of apprehension. After a certain time, and some use of medicine, the phantoms became less distinct in their colouring, faded, as it were, on the eye of the patient, and at length totally disappeared.

The case of Nicolai has unquestionably been that of many whose love of science has not been able to overcome their natural reluctance to communicate to the public the particulars attending the visitation of a disease so peculiar. That such illnesses have been experienced, and have ended fatally, there can be no doubt; though it is by no means to be inferred, that the symptom of importance to our present discussion has, on all occasions, been produced from the same identical cause.

Dr Hibbert, who has most ingeniously, as well as philosophically, handled this subject, has treated it also in a medical point of view, with science to which we make no pretence, and a precision of detail to which our superficial investigation affords us no room for extending ourselves.

The visitation of spectral phenomena is described by this learned gentleman as incidental to sundry complaints; and he mentions, in particular, that the symptom occurs not only in plethora, as in the case of the learned Prussian we have just mentioned, but is a frequent hectic symptom—often an associate of febrile and inflammatory disorders—frequently accompanying inflammation of the brain—a concomitant also of highly excited nervous irritability—equally connected with hypochondria—and finally, united in some cases with gout, and in others with the effects of excitation produced by several gases. In all these cases there seems to be a morbid degree of sensibility, with which this symptom is ready to ally itself, and which,

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though inaccurate as a medical definition, may be held sufficiently descriptive of one character of the various kinds of disorder with which this painful symptom may be found allied.

A very singular and interesting illustration of such combinations as Dr Hibbert has recorded of the spectral illusion with an actual disorder, and that of a dangerous kind, was frequently related in society by the late learned and accomplished Dr Gregory of Edinburgh, and sometimes, I believe, quoted by him in his lectures. The narrative, to the author's best recollection, was as follows :—A patient of Dr Gregory, a person, it is understood, of some rank, having requested the Doctor's advice, made the following extraordinary statement of his complaint. "I am in the habit," he said, "of dining at five, and exactly as the hour of six arrives, I am subjected to the following painful visitation. The door of the room, even when I have been weak enough to bolt it, which I have sometimes done, flies wide open; an old hag, like one of those who haunted the heath of Forres, enters with a frowning and incensed countenance, comes straight up to me with every demonstration of spite and indignation which could characterise her who haunted the merchant Abudah, in the Oriental tale; she rushes upon me; says something, but so hastily, that I cannot discover the purport, and then strikes me a severe blow with her staff. I fall from my chair in a swoon, which is of longer or shorter endurance. To the recurrence of this apparition I am daily subjected. And such is my new and singular complaint." The Doctor immediately asked, Whether his patient had invited any one to sit with him when he expected such a visitation? He was answered in the negative. The nature of the complaint, he said, was so singular, it was so likely to be imputed to fancy, or even to mental derangement, that he had shrunk from communicating the circumstance to any one. "Then," said the Doctor, "with your permission, I will dine with you to-day, tête-à-tête, and we will see if your malignant old woman will venture to join our company." The patient accepted the proposal with hope and gratitude, for he had expected ridicule rather than sympathy. They met at dinner, and Doctor Gregory, who suspected some nervous disorder, exerted his powers of conversation, well known to be of the most varied and brilliant character, to keep the attention of his host engaged, and prevent him from thinking on the approach of the fated hour, to which he was accustomed to look forward with so much terror. He succeeded in his purpose better than he had hoped. The hour of six came almost unnoticed, and it was hoped, might pass away without any evil consequence; but it was scarce a moment struck when the owner of the house exclaimed, in an alarmed voice—"The hag comes again!" and dropped back in his chair in a swoon, in the way he had himself described. The physician caused him to be let blood, and satisfied

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himself that the periodical shocks of which his patient complained arose from a tendency to apoplexy.

The phantom with the crutch was only a species of machinery, such as that with which fancy is found to supply the disorder called *Ephialtes*, or nightmare, or indeed any other external impression upon our organs in sleep, which the patient's morbid imagination may introduce into the dream preceding the swoon. In the nightmare an oppression and suffocation is felt, and our fancy instantly conjures up a spectre to lie on our bosom. In like manner it may be remarked, that any sudden noise which the slumberer hears, without being actually awakened by it—any casual touch of his person occurring in the same manner—becomes instantly adopted in his dream, and accommodated to the tenor of the current train of thought, whatever that may happen to be; and nothing is more remarkable than the rapidity with which imagination supplies a complete explanation of the interruption, according to the previous train of ideas expressed in the dream, even when scarce a moment of time is allowed for that purpose. In dreaming, for example, of a duel, the external sound becomes, in the twinkling of an eye, the discharge of the combatants' pistols;—is an orator haranguing in his sleep, the sound becomes the applause of his supposed audience;—is the dreamer wandering among supposed ruins, the noise is that of the fall of some part of the mass. In short, an explanatory system is adopted during sleep with such extreme rapidity, that, supposing the intruding alarm to have been the first call of some person to awaken the slumberer, the explanation, though requiring some process of argument or deduction, is usually formed and perfect before the second effort of the speaker has restored the dreamer to the waking world and its realities. So rapid and intuitive is the succession of ideas in sleep, as to remind us of the vision of the prophet Mahommed, in which he saw the whole wonders of heaven and hell, though the jar of water which fell when his ecstacy commenced, had not spilled its contents when he returned to ordinary existence.

A second, and equally remarkable instance, was communicated to the author by the medical man under whose observation it fell, but who was, of course, desirous to keep private the name of the hero of so singular a history. Of the friend by whom the facts were attested, I can only say, that if I found myself at liberty to name him, the rank which he holds in his profession, as well as his attainments in science and philosophy, form an undisputed claim to the most implicit credit.

It was the fortune of this gentleman to be called in to attend the illness of a person now long deceased, who in his lifetime stood, as I understand, high in a particular department of the law, which often placed the property of others at his discretion and control, and whose

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conduct, therefore being open to public observation, he had for many years borne the character of a man of unusual steadiness, good sense, and integrity. He was, at the time of my friend's visits, confined principally to his sick-room, sometimes to bed, yet occasionally attending to business, and exerting his mind, apparently with all its usual strength and energy, to the conduct of important affairs intrusted to him; nor did there, to a superficial observer, appear any thing in his conduct, while so engaged, that could argue vacillation of intellect, or depression of mind. His outward symptoms of malady argued no acute or alarming disease. But slowness of pulse, absence of appetite, difficulty of digestion, and constant depression of spirits, seemed to draw their origin from some hidden cause, which the patient was determined to conceal. The deep gloom of the unfortunate gentleman —the embarrassment, which he could not conceal from his friendly physician—the briefness and obvious constraint with which he answered the interrogations of his medical adviser, induced my friend to take other methods for prosecuting his inquiries. He applied to the sufferer's family, to learn, if possible, the source of that secret grief which was gnawing the heart and sucking the life-blood of his unfortunate patient. The persons applied to, after conversing together previously, denied all knowledge of any cause for the burden which obviously affected their relative. So far as they knew—and they thought they could hardly be deceived—his worldly affairs were prosperous; no family loss had occurred which could be followed with such persevering distress; no entanglements of affection could be supposed to apply to his age, and no sensation of severe remorse could be consistent with his character. The medical gentleman had finally recourse to serious argument with the invalid himself, and urged to him the folly of devoting himself to a lingering and melancholy death rather than tell the subject of affliction which was thus wasting him. He specially pressed upon him the injury which he was doing to his own character, by suffering it to be inferred that the secret cause of his dejection and its consequences, was something too scandalous or flagitious to be made known, bequeathing in this manner to his family a suspected and dishonoured name, and leaving a memory with which might be associated the idea of guilt, which the criminal had died without confessing. The patient, more moved by this species of appeal than by any which had yet been urged, expressed his desire to speak out frankly to Dr. ———. Every one else was removed, and the door of the sick-room made secure, when he began his confession in the following manner:—

"You cannot, my dear friend, be more conscious than I, that I am in the course of dying under the oppression of the fatal disease which consumes my vital powers; but neither can you understand the nature of my complaint, and manner in which it acts upon me, nor, if you did

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I fear, could your zeal and skill avail to rid me of it."—"It is possible," said the physician, "that my skill may not equal my wish of serving you; yet medical science has many resources, of which those unacquainted with its powers never can form an estimate. But until you plainly tell me your symptoms of complaint, it is impossible for either of us to say what may or may not be in my power, or within that of medicine."—"I may answer you," replied the patient, "that my case is not a singular one, since we read of it in the famous novel of Le Sage. You remember, doubtless, the disease of which the Duke d'Olivarez is there stated to have died?"—"Of the idea," answered the medical gentleman, "that he was haunted by an apparition, to the actual existence of which he gave no credit, but died, nevertheless, because he was overcome and heart-broken by its imaginary presence."—"I, my dearest Doctor," said the sick man, "am in that very case; and so painful and abhorrent is the presence of the persecuting vision, that my reason is totally inadequate to combat the effects of my morbid imagination, and I am sensible I am dying, a wasted victim to an imaginary disease." The medical gentleman listened with anxiety to his patient's statement, and for the present judiciously avoiding any contradiction of the sick's man's pre-conceived fancy, contented himself with more minute inquiry into the nature of the apparition with which he conceived himself haunted, and into the history of the mode by which so singular a disease had made itself master of his imagination, secured, as it seemed, by strong powers of the understanding, against an attack so irregular. The sick person replied by stating, that its advances were gradual, and at first not of a terrible or even disagreeable character. To illustrate this, he gave the following account of the progress of his disease.

"My visions," he said, "commenced two or three years since, when I found myself from time to time embarrassed by the presence of a large cat, which came and disappeared I could not exactly tell how, till the truth was finally forced upon me, and I was compelled to regard it as no domestic household cat, but as a bubble of the elements, which had no existence, save in my deranged visual organs, or depraved imagination. Still I had not that positive objection to the animal entertained by a late gallant Highland Chieftain, who has been seen to change to all the colours of his own plaid, if a cat by accident happened to be in the room with him, even though he did not see it. On the contrary, I am rather a friend to cats, and endured with so much equanimity the presence of my imaginary attendant, that it had become almost indifferent to me; when within the course of a few months it gave place to, or was succeeded by, a spectre of a more important sort, or which at least had a more imposing appearance. This was no other than the apparition of a gentleman-usher, dressed as if to wait upon a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, or any other who bears on his brow the rank and stamp of delegated sovereignty.

"This personage, arrayed in a court dress, with bag and sword, tamboured waistcoat, and chapeau-bras, glided beside me like the ghost of Beau Nash; and whether in my own house or in another, ascended the stairs before me, as if to announce me in the drawing-room; and at some times appeared to mingle with the company, though it was sufficiently evident that they were not aware of his presence, and that I alone was sensible of the visionary honours which this imaginary being seemed desirous to render me. This freak of the fancy did not produce

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much impression on me, though it led me to entertain doubts on the nature of my disorder, and alarm for the effect it might produce upon my intellects. But that modification of my disease also had its appointed duration. After a few months, the phantom of the gentleman-usher was seen no more, but was succeeded by one horrible to the sight, and distressing to the imagination, being no other than the image of death itself—the apparition of a *skeleton*. Alone or in company," said the unfortunate invalid, "the presence of this last phantom never quits me. I in vain tell myself a hundred times over that it is no reality, but merely an image summoned up by the morbid acuteness of my own excited imagination, and deranged organs of sight. But what avail such reflections, while the emblem at once and presage of mortality is before my eyes, and while I feel myself, though in fancy only, the companion of a phantom representing a ghastly inhabitant of the grave, even while I yet breathe on the earth? Science, philosophy, even religion, has no cure for such a disorder; and I feel too surely that I shall die the victim to so melancholy a disease, although I have no belief whatever in the reality of the phantom which it places before me."

The physician was distressed to perceive, from these details, how strongly this visionary apparition was fixed in the imagination of his patient. He ingeniously urged the sick man, who was then in bed, with questions concerning the circumstances of the phantom's appearance, trusting he might lead him, as a sensible man, into such contradictions and inconsistencies as might bring his common sense, which seemed to be unimpaired, so strongly into the field, as might combat successfully the fantastic disorder which produced such fatal effects. "This skeleton, then," said the Doctor, "seems to you to be always present to your eyes?"—"It is my fate, unhappily," answered the invalid, "always to see it."—"Then I understand," continued the physician, "it is now present to your imagination?"—"To my imagination it certainly is so," replied the sick man.—"And in what part of the chamber do you now conceive the apparition to appear?" the physician inquired. "Immediately at the foot of my bed; when the curtains are left a little open," answered the invalid, "the skeleton, to my thinking, is placed between them, and fills the vacant space."—"You say you are sensible of the delusion," said his friend; "have you firmness to convince yourself of the truth of this? Can you take courage enough to rise and place yourself in the spot so seeming to be occupied, and convince yourself of the illusion?" The poor man sighed, and shook his head negatively. "Well," said the Doctor, "we will try the experiment otherwise." Accordingly, he rose from his chair by the bedside, and placing himself between the two half-drawn curtains at the foot of the bed, indicated as the place occupied by the apparition, asked if the spectre was still visible? "Not entirely so," replied the patient, "because your person is betwixt him and me; but I observe his skull peering above your shoulder."

It is alleged the man of science started on the instant, despite philosophy, on receiving an answer ascertaining, with such minuteness, that the ideal spectre was close to his own persen. He

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resorted to other means of investigation and cure, but with equally indifferent success. The patient sunk into deeper and deeper dejection, and died in the same distress of mind in which he had spent the latter months of his life; and his case remains a melancholy instance of the power of imagination to kill the body, even when its fantastic terrors cannot overcome the intellect, of the unfortunate persons who suffer under them. The patient, in the present case, sunk under his malady; and the circumstances of his singular disorder remaining concealed, he did not, by his death and last illness, lose any of the well-merited reputation for prudence and sagacity which had attended him during the whole course of his life.

Having added these two remarkable instances to the general train of similar facts quoted by Ferriar, Hibbert, and other writers who have more recently considered this subject, there can, we think, be little doubt of the proposition, that the external organs may, from various causes, become so deranged, as to make false representations to the mind; and that, in such cases, men, in the literal sense, really *see* the empty and false forms, and *hear* the ideal sounds, which, in a more primitive state of society, are naturally enough referred to the action of demons or disembodied spirits. In such unhappy cases, the patient is intellectually in the condition of a general whose spies have been bribed by the enemy, and who must engage himself in the difficult and delicate task of examining and correcting, by his own powers of argument, the probability of the reports which are too inconsistent to be trusted to.

But there is a corollary to this proposition, which is worthy of notice. The same species of organic derangement which, as a continued habit of his deranged vision, presented the subject of our last tale with the successive apparitions of his cat, his gentleman-usher, and the fatal skeleton, may occupy, for a brief or almost momentary space, the vision of men who are otherwise perfectly clear-sighted. Transitory deceptions are thus presented to the organs, which, when they occur to men of strength of mind and education, give way to scrutiny, and, their character being once investigated, the true takes the place of the unreal representation. But in ignorant times, those instances in which any object is misrepresented, whether through the action of the senses, or of the imagination, or the combined influence of both, for however short a space of time, may be admitted as direct evidence of a supernatural apparition; a proof the more difficult to be disputed, if the phantom has been personally witnessed by a man of sense and estimation, who, perhaps, satisfied in general as to the actual existence of apparitions, has not taken time and trouble to correct first impressions. This species of deception is so frequent, that one of the greatest poets of the present time answered a

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lady who asked him if he believed in ghosts,—"No, madam; I have seen too many myself." I may mention one or two instances of the kind, to which no doubt can be attached.

The first shall be the apparition of Maupertuis, to a brother professor in the Royal Society of Berlin.

This extraordinary circumstance appeared in the Transactions of the Society, but is thus stated by M. Thiebault, in his "Recollections of Frederick the Great and the Court of Berlin." It is necessary to premise that M. Gleditsch, to whom the circumstance happened, was a botanist of eminence, holding the professorship of natural philosophy at Berlin, and respected as a man of an habitually serious, simple, and tranquil character.

A short time after the death of Maupertuis,* M. Gleditsch being obliged to traverse the hall in which the Academy held its sittings, having some arrangements to make in the cabinet of natural history, which was under his charge, and being willing to complete them on the Thursday before the meeting, he perceived, on entering the hall, the apparition of M. de Maupertuis, upright and stationary, in the first angle on his left hand, having his eyes fixed on him. This was about three o'clock afternoon. The professor of natural philosophy was too well acquainted with physical science to suppose that his late president, who had died at Bâle, in the family of Messrs Bernoullie, could have found his way back to Berlin in person. He regarded the apparition in no other light than as a phantom produced by some derangement of his own proper organs. M. Gleditsch went to his own business, without stopping longer than to ascertain exactly the appearance of that object. But he related the vision to his brethren, and assured them that it was as defined and perfect as the actual person of Maupertuis could have presented. When it is recollected that Maupertuis died at a distance from Berlin, once the scene of his triumphs—overwhelmed by the petulant ridicule of Voltaire, and out of favour with Frederick, with whom to be ridiculous was to be worthless—we can hardly wonder at the imagination even of a man of physical science calling up his Eidolon in the hall of his former greatness.

The sober-minded professor did not, however, push his investigation to the point to which it was carried by a gallant soldier, from whose mouth a particular friend of the author received the following circumstances of a similar story.

Captain C—— was a native of Britain, but bred in the Irish Brigade. He was a man of the most dauntless courage, which he displayed in some uncommonly desperate adventures during the first

* Long the president of the Berlin Academy, and much favoured by Frederick II, till he was overwhelmed by the ridicule of Voltaire. He retired, in a species of disgrace, to his native country of Switzerland, and died there shortly afterwards.

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years of the French Revolution, being repeatedly employed by the royal family in very dangerous commissions. After the King's death he came over to England, and it was then the following circumstance took place.

Captain C—— was a Catholic, and, in his hour of adversity at least, sincerely attached to the duties of his religion. His confessor was a clergyman who was residing as chaplain to a man of rank in the west of England, about four miles from the place where Captain C—— lived. On riding over one morning to see this gentleman, his penitent had the misfortune to find him very ill from a dangerous complaint. He retired in great distress and apprehension of his friend's life, and the feeling brought back upon him many other painful and disagreeable recollections. These occupied him till the hour of retiring to bed, when, to his great astonishment, he saw in the room the figure of the absent confessor. He addressed it, but received no answer—the eyes alone were impressed by the appearance. Determined to push the matter to the end, Captain C—— advanced on the phantom, which appeared to retreat gradually before him. In this manner he followed it round the bed, when it seemed to sink down on an elbow chair, and remain there in a sitting posture. To ascertain positively the nature of the apparition, the soldier himself sat down on the same chair, ascertaining thus, beyond question, that the whole was illusion; yet he owned that, had his friend died about the same time, he would not well have known what name to give to his vision. But as the confessor recovered, and, in Dr Johnson's phrase, "nothing came of it," the incident was only remarkable as showing that men of the strongest nerves are not exempted from such delusions.

Another illusion of the same nature we have the best reason for vouching as a fact, though, for certain reasons, we do not give the names of the parties. Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom the deceased had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall, rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book, and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw, right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact

representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious poet. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. These were merely a screen, occupied by great-coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as usually are found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured, with all his power, to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity; and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or, more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to return into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured.

There is every reason to believe that instances of this kind are frequent among persons of a certain temperament, and when such occur in an early period of society, they are almost certain to be considered as real supernatural appearances. They differ from those of Nicolai, and others formerly noticed, as being of short duration, and constituting no habitual or constitutional derangement of the system. The apparition of Maupertuis to Monsieur Gleditsch, that of the Catholic clergyman to Captain C——, that of a late poet to his friend, are of the latter character. They bear to the former the analogy, as we may say, which a sudden and temporary fever-fit has to a serious feverish-illness. But, even for this very reason, it is more difficult to bring such momentary impressions back to their real sphere of optical illusions, since they accord much better with our idea of glimpses of the future world than those in which the vision is continued or repeated for hours, days, and months, affording opportunities of discovering, from other circumstances, that the symptom originates in deranged health.

Before concluding these observations upon the deceptions of the senses, we must remark, that the eye is the organ most essential to the purpose of realizing to our mind the appearance of external objects, and that when the visual organ becomes depraved for a greater or less time, and to a farther or more limited extent, its misrepresentation of the objects of sight is peculiarly apt to terminate in such hallucinations as those we have been detailing. Yet the other senses or organs, in their turn, and to the extent of their power, are as ready, in their various departments, as the sight itself, to retain false or doubtful impressions, which mislead, instead of informing, the party to whom they are addressed.

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Thus, in regard to the ear, the next organ in importance to the eye, we are repeatedly deceived by such sounds as are imperfectly gathered up and erroneously apprehended. From the false impressions received from this organ, also arise consequences similar to those derived from erroneous reports made by the organs of sight. A whole class of superstitious observances arise, and are grounded upon inaccurate and imperfect hearing. To the excited and imperfect state of the ear, we owe the existence of what Milton sublimely calls

> The airy tongues that syllable men's names,
> On shores, in desert sands, and wildernesses.

These also appear such natural causes of alarm that we do not sympathize more readily with Robinson Crusoe's apprehensions when he witnesses the print of the savage's foot in the sand, than in those which arise from his being waked from sleep by some one calling his name in the solitary island, where there existed no man but the shipwrecked mariner himself. Amidst the train of superstitions deduced from the imperfections of the ear, we may quote that visionary summons which the natives of the Hebrides acknowledged as one sure sign of approaching fate. The voice of some absent, or, probably, some deceased, relative was, in such cases, heard as repeating the party's name. Sometimes the aerial summoner intimated his own death, and at others, it was no uncommon circumstance that the person who fancied himself so called, died in consequence;—for the same reason that the negro pines to death who is laid under the ban of an Obi woman, or the Cambro-Briton, whose name is put into the famous cursing well with the usual ceremonies, devoting him to the infernal gods, wastes away and dies, as one doomed to do so. It may be remarked also, that Dr Johnson retained a deep impression that, while he was opening the door of his college chambers, he heard the voice of his mother, then at many miles' distance, call him by his name; and it appears he was rather disappointed that no event of consequence followed a summons sounding so decidedly supernatural. It is unnecessary to dwell on this sort of auricular deception, of which most men's recollection will supply instances. The following may be stated as one serving to show by what slender accidents the human ear may be imposed upon. The author was walking, about two years since, in a wild and solitary scene with a young friend, who laboured under the infirmity of a severe deafness, when he heard what he conceived to be the cry of a distant pack of hounds, sounding intermittedly. As the season was summer, this, on a moment's reflection, satisfied the hearer that it could not be the clamour of an actual chase, and yet his ears repeatedly brought back the supposed cry. He called upon his own dogs, of which two or three were with the walking party. They came in quietly, and obviously had no ac-

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cession to the sounds which had caught the author's attention, so that he could not help saying to his companion, "I am doubly sorry for your infirmity at this moment, for I could otherwise have let you hear the cry of the Wild Huntsman." As the young gentleman used a hearing tube, he turned when spoken to, and, in doing so, the cause of the phenomenon became apparent. The supposed distant sound was in fact a nigh one, being the singing of the wind in the instrument which the young gentleman was obliged to use, but which, from various circumstances, had never occurred to his elder friend as likely to produce the sounds he had heard.

It is scarce necessary to add, that the highly imaginative superstition of the Wild Huntsman in Germany seems to have had its origin in strong fancy, operating upon the auricular deceptions, respecting the numerous sounds likely to occur in the dark recesses of pathless forests. The same clew may be found to the kindred Scottish belief, so finely embodied by the nameless author of "Albania:"—

"There, since of old the haughty Thanes of Ross
Were wont, with clans and ready vassals throng'd,
To wake the bounding stag, or guilty wolf;
There oft is heard at midnight or at noon,
Beginning faint, but rising still more loud,
And louder, voice of hunters, and of hounds,
And horns hoarse-winded, blowing far and keen.
Forthwith the hubbub multiplies, the air
Labours with louder shouts and rifer din
Of close pursuit, the broken cry of deer
Mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men,
And hoofs, thick-beating on the hollow hill:
Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
Starts at the tumult, and the herdsman's ears
Tingle with inward dread. Aghast he eyes
The upland ridge, and every mountain round,
But not one trace of living wight discerns,
Nor knows, o'erawed and trembling as he stands,
To what or whom he owes his idle fear—
To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend,
But wonders, and no end of wondering finds." *

It must also be remembered, that to the auricular deceptions practised by the means of ventriloquism or otherwise, may be traced many of the most successful impostures which credulity has received as supernatural communications.

The sense of touch seems less liable to perversion than either that of sight or smell, nor are there many cases in which it can become accessary to such false intelligence, as the eye and ear, collecting their objects from a greater distance, and by less accurate inquiry, are but too ready to convey. Yet there is one circumstance in which the sense of touch as well as others is very apt to betray its posses-

* The poem of "Albania" is, in its original folio edition, so extremely scarce, that I have only seen a copy belonging to the amiable and ingenious Dr Beattie, besides the one which I myself possess, printed in the earlier part of last century. It was reprinted by my late friend Dr Leyden, in a small volume, entitled "Scottish Descriptive Poems." "Albania" contains the above, and many other poetical passages of the highest merit.

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sor into inaccuracy, in respect to the circumstances which it impresses on its owner. The case occurs during sleep, when the dreamer touches with his hand some other part of his own person. He is clearly, in this case, both the actor and patient, both the proprietor of the member touching, and of that which is touched; while, to increase the complication, the hand is both toucher of the limb on which it rests, and receives an impression of touch from it; and the same is the case with the limb, which at one and the same time receives an impression from the hand, and conveys to the mind a report respecting the size, substance, and the like, of the member touching. Now, as, during sleep, the patient is unconscious that both limbs are his own identical property, his mind is apt to be much disturbed by the complication of sensations arising from two parts of his person being at once acted upon, and from their reciprocal action; and false impressions are thus received, which, accurately inquired into, would afford a clew to many puzzling phenomena in the theory of dreams. This peculiarity of the organ of touch, as also that it is confined to no particular organ, but is diffused over the whole person of the man, is noticed by Lucretius:—

> "Ut si forte manu, quam vis jam corporis, ipse
> Tute tibi partem ferias, æque experiare."

A remarkable instance of such an illusion was told me by a late nobleman. He had fallen asleep, with some uneasy feelings arising from indigestion. They operated in their usual course of visionary terrors. At length they were all summed up in the apprehension, that the phantom of a dead man held the sleeper by the wrist, and endeavoured to drag him out of bed. He awaked in horror, and still felt the cold dead grasp of a corpse's hand on his right wrist. It was a minute before he discovered that his own left hand was in a state of numbness, and with it he had accidentally encircled his right arm.

The taste and the smell, like the touch, convey more direct intelligence than the eye and the ear, and are less likely than those senses to aid in misleading the imagination. We have seen the palate, in the case of the porridge-fed lunatic, enter its protest against the acquiescence of eyes, ears, and touch, in the gay visions which gilded the patient's confinement. The palate, however, is subject to imposition as well as the other senses. The best and most acute *bon vivant* loses his power of discriminating betwixt different kinds of wine, if he is prevented from assisting his palate by the aid of his eyes,—that is, if the glasses of each are administered indiscriminately while he is blind-folded. Nay, we are authorized to believe, that individuals have died in consequence of having supposed themselves to have taken poison, when, in reality, the draught they had swallowed as such, was of an innoxious or restorative quality. The

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delusions of the stomach can seldom bear upon our present subject, and are not otherwise connected with supernatural appearances, than as a good dinner and its accompaniments are essential in fitting out a daring Tam of Shanter, who is fittest to encounter them, when the poet's observation is not unlikely to apply—

> " Inspiring bauld John Barleycorn,
> What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
> Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil,
> Wi' usquebae we 'll face the devil.
> The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
> Fair play, he caredna deils a bodle!"

Neither has the sense of smell, in its ordinary state much connexion with our present subject. Mr. Aubrey tells us, indeed, of an apparition, which disappeared with a curious perfume as well as a most melodious twang; and popular belief ascribes to the presence of infernal spirits, a strong relish of the sulphureous element of which they are inhabitants. Such accompaniments, therefore, are usually united with other materials for imposture. If, as a general opinion assures us, which is not positively discountenanced by Dr Hibbert, by the inhalation of certain gases or poisonous herbs, necromancers can dispose a person to believe he sees phantoms, it is likely that the nostrils are made to inhale such suffumigation, as well as the mouth.*

I have now arrived, by a devious path, at the conclusion of this letter, the object of which is to show, from what attributes of our nature, whether mental or corporeal, arises that predisposition to believe in supernatural occurrences. It is, I think, conclusive, that mankind, from a very early period, have their minds prepared for such events by the consciousness of the existence of a spiritual world, inferring in the general proposition the undeniable truth, that each man, from the monarch to the beggar, who has once acted his part on the stage, continues to exist, and may again, even in a disembodied state, if such is the pleasure of Heaven, for aught that we know to the contrary, be permitted or ordained to mingle amongst those who yet remain in the body. The abstract possibility of apparitions must be admitted by every one who believes in a Deity, and his superintending omnipotence. But imagination is apt to intrude its explanations and inferences founded on inadequate evidence. Sometimes our violent and inordinate passions, originating in sorrow for our friends, remorse for our crimes, our eagerness of patriotism, or our deep sense of devotion—these or other violent excitements of

* Most ancient authors who pretend to treat of the wonders of natural magic give receipts for calling up phantoms. The lighting lamps fed by peculiar kinds of medicated oil, and the use of suffumigation of strong and deleterious herbs, are the means recommended. From these authorities, perhaps, a professor of legerdemain assured Dr Alderson of Hull, that he could compose a preparation of antimony, sulphur, and other drugs, which, when burnt in a confined room, would have the effect of causing the patient to suppose he saw phantoms.—*See* HIBBERT *on Apparitions*, p. 120.

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a moral character, in the visions of night, or the rapt ecstacy of the day, persuade us that we witness, with our eyes and ears, an actual instance of that supernatural communication, the possibility of which cannot be denied. At other times, the corporeal organs impose upon the mind, while the eye, and the ear, diseased, deranged, or misled, convey false impressions to the patient. Very often both the mental delusion and the physical deception exist at the same time, and men's belief of the phenomena presented to them, however erroneously, by the senses, is the firmer and more readily granted, that the physical impression corresponded with the mental excitement.

So many causes acting thus upon each other in various degrees, or sometimes separately, it must happen early in the infancy of every society, that there should occur many apparently well authenticated instances of supernatural intercourse, satisfactory enough to authenticate peculiar examples of the general proposition which is impressed upon us by belief of the immortality of the soul. These examples of undeniable apparitions (for they are apprehended to be incontrovertible), fall like the seed of the husbandman, into fertile and prepared soil, and are usually followed by a plentiful crop of superstitious figments, which derive their sources from circumstances and enactments in sacred and profane history, hastily adopted, and perverted from their genuine reading. This shall be the subject of my next letter.

LETTER II.

Consequences of the Fall on the communication between Men and the Spiritual World—Effects of the Flood—Wizards of Pharaoh—Text in Exodus against Witches—The word Witch is by some said to mean merely Poisoner—Or if in the Holy Text it also means a Divineress; she must, at any rate, have been a character very different to be identified with it—The original, *Chasaph*, said to mean a person who dealt in Poisons, often a traffic of those who dealt with familiar Spirits—But different from the European Witch of the Middle Ages—Thus a Witch is not accessary to the temptation of Job—The Witch of the Hebrews probably did not rank higher than a Divining Woman—Yet it was a crime deserving the doom of death, since it inferred the disowning of Jehovah's Supremacy—Other texts of Scripture, in like manner, refer to something corresponding more with a Fortune-teller or Divining Woman, than what is now called a Witch—Example of the Witch of Endor—Account of her Meeting with Saul—Supposed by some a mere Impostor—By others, a Sorceress powerful enough to raise the Spirit of the Prophet by her own art—Difficulties attending both positions—A middle course adopted, supposing that, as in the case of Balak, the Almighty had, by exertion of his will, substituted Samuel, or a good spirit in his character, for the deception which the Witch intended to produce—Resumption of the Argument, showing that the Witch of Endor signified something very different from the modern ideas of Witchcraft—The Witches mentioned in the New Testament are not less different from modern ideas than those of the Books of Moses, nor do they appear to have possessed the power ascribed to Magicians—

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Articles of Faith which we may gather from Scripture on this point—That there might be certain Powers permitted by the Almighty to inferior, and even evil Spirits, is possible, and in some sense, the Gods of the Heathens might be accounted Demons—More frequently, and in a general sense, they were but logs of wood, without sense or power of any kind, and their worship founded on imposture—Opinion that the Oracles were silenced at the Nativity adopted by Milton—Cases of Demoniacs—The incarnate Possessions probably ceased at the same time as the intervention of Miracles—Opinion of the Catholics—Result that Witchcraft, as the word is interpreted in the Middle Ages, neither occurs under the Mosaic or Gospel Dispensation—It arose in the ignorant period, when the Christians considered the Gods of the Mahomedan or Heathen Nations as Fiends, and their Priests as Conjurors or Wizards—Instance as to the Saracens, and among the Northern Europeans yet unconverted—The Gods of Mexico and Peru explained on the same system—Also the Powahs of North America—Opinion of Mather—Gibb, a supposed Warlock, persecuted by the other Dissenters—Conclusion.

WHAT degree of communication might have existed between the human race and the inhabitants of the other world, had our first parents kept the commands of the Creator, can only be subject of unavailing speculation. We do not, perhaps, presume too much when we suppose, with Milton, that one necessary consequence of eating the "fruit of that forbidden tree" was removing to a wider distance from celestial essences the beings, who, although originally but a little lower than the angels, had, by their own crime, forfeited the gift of immortality, and degraded themselves into an inferior rank of creation.

Some communication between the spiritual world, by the union of those termed in Scripture "Sons of God" and the daughters of Adam, still continued after the fall, though their interalliance was not approved of by the Ruler of mankind. We are given to understand, darkly indeed, but with as much certainty as we can be entitled to require, that the mixture between the two species of created beings was sinful on the part of both, and displeasing to the Almighty. It is probable, also, that the extreme longevity of the antediluvian mortals prevented their feeling sufficiently that they had brought themselves under the banner of Azrael, the angel of death, and removed to too great a distance the period between their crime and its punishment. The date of the avenging Flood gave birth to a race, whose life was gradually shortened, and who, being admitted to slighter and rarer intimacy with beings who possessed a higher rank in creation, assumed, as of course, a lower position in the scale. Accordingly, after this period, we hear no more of those unnatural alliances which preceded the Flood, and are given to understand that mankind, dispersing into different parts of the world, separated from each other, and began, in various places, and under separate auspices, to pursue the work of replenishing the world, which had been imposed upon them as an end of their creation. In the mean time, while the Deity was pleased to continue his manifestations to those who were destined to be the fathers of his elect people, we are made to un-

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derstand that wicked men, it may be by the assistance of fallen angels, were enabled to assert rank with, and attempt to match, the prophets of the God of Israel. The matter must remain uncertain, whether it was by sorcery or legerdemain that the wizards of Pharaoh, King of Egypt, contended with Moses, in the face of the prince and people, changed their rods into serpents, and imitated several of the plagues denounced against the devoted kingdom. Those powers of the Magi, however, whether obtained by supernatural communications, or arising from knowledge of legerdemain and its kindred accomplishments, were openly exhibited; and who can doubt that, though we may be left in some darkness, both respecting the extent of their skill and the source from which it was drawn, we are told all which it can be important for us to know? We arrive here at the period when the Almighty chose to take upon himself directly to legislate for his chosen people without having obtained any accurate knowledge, whether the crime of witchcraft, or the intercourse between the spiritual world and embodied beings, for evil purposes, either existed after the Flood, or was visited with any open marks of Divine displeasure.

But in the Law of Moses, dictated by the Divinity himself, was announced a text, which, as interpreted literally, having been inserted into the criminal code of all Christian nations, has occasioned much cruelty and bloodshed, either from its tenor being misunderstood, or that, being exclusively calculated for the Israelites, it made part of the judicial Mosaic dispensation, and was abrogated, like the greater part of that law, by the more benign and clement dispensation of the Gospel.

The text alluded to is that verse of the twenty-second chapter of Exodus, bearing, "men shall not suffer a witch to live." Many learned men have affirmed, that in this remarkable passage the Hebrew word CHASAPH means nothing more than poisoner, although, like the word *veneficus*, by which it is rendered in the Latin version of the Septuagint, other learned men contend, that it hath the meaning of a witch also, and may be understood as denoting a person who pretended to hurt his or her neighbours in life, limb, or goods, either by noxious potions, by charms, or similar mystical means. In this particular the witches of Scripture had probably some resemblance to those of ancient Europe, who, although their skill and power might be safely despised, as long as they confined themselves to their charms and spells, were very apt to eke out their capacity of mischief by the use of actual poison, so that the epithet of sorceress and poisoner were almost synonymous. This is known to have been the case in many of those darker iniquities, which bear as their characteristic something connected with hidden and prohibited arts. Such was the statement in the indictment of those concerned in the famous murder

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of Sir Thomas Overbury, when the arts of Forman and other sorcerers having been found insufficient to touch the victim's life, practice by poison was at length successfully resorted to; and numerous similar instances might be quoted. But supposing that the Hebrew witch proceeded only by charms, invocations, or such means as might be innoxious, save for the assistance of demons or familiars, the connexion between the conjuror and the demon must have been of a very different character under the law of Moses from that which was conceived in latter days to constitute witchcraft. There was no contract of subjection to a diabolic power, no infernal stamp or sign of such a fatal league, no revellings of Satan and his hags, and no infliction of disease or misfortune upon good men. At least there is not a word in Scripture authorising us to believe that such a system existed. On the contrary, we are told (how far literally, how far metaphorically, it is not for us to determine), that, when the Enemy of mankind desired to probe the virtue of Job to the bottom, he applied for permission to the Supreme Governor of the world, who granted him liberty to try his faithful servant with a storm of disasters, for the more brilliant exhibition of the faith which he reposed in his Maker. In all this, had the scene occurred after the manner of the like events in latter days, witchcraft, sorceries, and charms, would have been introduced, and the Devil, instead of his own permitted agency, would have employed his servant the witch, as the necessary instrument of the man of Uzz's afflictions. In like manner, Satan desired to have Peter, that he might sift him like wheat. But neither is there here the agency of any sorcerer or witch. *Luke*, xxii, 31.

Supposing the powers of the witch to be limited, in the time of Moses, to inquiries at some pretended deity or real evil spirit, concerning future events, in what respect, may it be said, did such a crime deserve the severe punishment of death? To answer this question, we must reflect, that the object of the Mosaic dispensation being to preserve the knowledge of the True Deity within the breasts of a selected and separated people, the God of Jacob necessarily showed himself a jealous God to all who, straying from the path of direct worship of Jehovah, had recourse to other deities, whether idols or evil spirits, the gods of the neighbouring heathen. The swerving from their allegiance to the true Divinity, to the extent of praying to senseless stocks and stones, which could return them no answer, was, by the Jewish law, an act of rebellion to their own Lord God, and as such most fit to be punished capitally. Thus the prophets of Baal were deservedly put to death, not on account of any success which they might obtain by their intercessions and invocations, (which, though enhanced with all their vehemence, to the extent of cutting and wounding themselves, proved so utterly unavailing, as to incur the ridicule of the prophet), but because they were guilty of apostacy

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from the real Deity, while they worshipped, and encouraged others to worship, the false divinity Baal. The Hebrew witch, therefore, or she who communicated, or attempted to communicate, with an evil spirit, was justly punished with death, though her communication with the spiritual world might either not exist at all, or be of a nature much less intimate than has been ascribed to the witches of later days; nor does the existence of this law, against the witches of the Old Testament, sanction, in any respect, the severity of similar enactments subsequent to the Christian revelation, against a different class of persons, accused of a very different species of crime.

In another passage, the practices of those persons termed witches in the Holy Scriptures, are again alluded to; and again it is made manifest that the sorcery or witchcraft of the Old Testament resolves itself into a trafficking with idols, and asking counsel of false deities; in other words, into idolatry, which, notwithstanding repeated prohibitions, examples, and judgments, was still the prevailing crime of the Israelites. The passage alluded to is in Deuteronomy, xviii, 10, 11. —"There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer." Similar denunciations occur in the nineteenth and twentieth chapters of Leviticus. In like manner, it is a charge against Manasses, 2 Chron. xxxviii, that he caused his children to pass through the fire, observed times, used enchantments and witchcraft, and dealt with familiar spirits and with wizards. These passages seem to concur with the former, in classing witchcraft among other desertions of the prophets of the Deity, in order to obtain responses by the superstitious practices of the pagan nations around them. To understand the texts otherwise, seems to confound the modern system of witchcraft, with all its unnatural and improbable outrages on common sense, with the crime of the person who, in classical days, consulted the oracle of Apollo;—a capital offence in a Jew, but surely a venial sin in an ignorant and deluded pagan.

To illustrate the nature of the Hebrew witch and her prohibited criminal traffic, those who have written on this subject have naturally dwelt upon the interview between Saul and the Witch of Endor, the only detailed and particular account of such a transaction which is to be found in the Bible;—a fact, by the way, which proves that the crime of witchcraft (capitally punished as it was when discovered) was not frequent among the chosen people, who enjoyed such peculiar manifestations of the Almighty's presence. The Scriptures seem only to have conveyed to us the general fact (being what is chiefly edifying) of the interview between the Witch and the King of Israel. They inform us, that Saul, disheartened and discouraged by the ge-

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neral defection of his subjects, and the consciousness of his own unworthy and ungrateful disobedience, despairing of obtaining an answer from the offended Deity, who had previously communicated with him through his prophets, at length resolved, in his desperation, to go to a divining woman, by which course he involved himself in the crime of the person whom he thus consulted, against whom the law denounced death,—a sentence which had been often executed by Saul himself on similar offenders. Scripture proceeds to give us the general information, that the king directed the Witch to call up the Spirit of Samuel, and that the female exclaimed, that gods had arisen out of the earth—that Saul, more particularly requiring a description of the apparition (whom, consequently, he did not himself see), she described it as the figure of an old man with a mantle. In this figure the king acknowledges the resemblance of Samuel, and, sinking on his face, hears from the apparition, speaking in the character of the prophet, the melancholy prediction of his own defeat and death.

In this description, though all is told which is necessary to convey to us an awful moral lesson, yet we are left ignorant of the minutiæ attending the apparition, which perhaps we ought to accept as a sure sign, that there was no utility in our being made acquainted with them. It is impossible, for instance, to know with certainty whether Saul was present when the woman used her conjuration, or whether he himself personally ever saw the appearance which the Pythoness described to him. It is left still more doubtful whether any thing supernatural was actually evoked, or whether the Pythoness and her assistant meant to practise a mere deception, taking their chance to prophesy the defeat and death of the broken-spirited king, as an event which the circumstances in which he was placed rendered highly probable, since he was surrounded by a superior army of Philistines, and his character as a soldier rendered it likely that he would not survive a defeat, which must involve the loss of his kingdom. On the other hand, admitting that the apparition had really a supernatural character, it remains equally uncertain what was its nature, or by what power it was compelled to an appearance, unpleasing, as it intimated, since the supposed spirit of Samuel asks wherefore he was disquieted in the grave. Was the power of the witch over the invisible world so great, that, like the Erictho of the heathen poet, she could disturb the sleep of the just, and especially that of a prophet so important as Samuel; and are we to suppose that he, upon whom the Spirit of the Lord was wont to descend, even while he was clothed with frail mortality, should be subject to be disquieted in his grave, at the voice of a vile witch, and the command of an apostate prince? Did the true Deity refuse Saul the response of his prophets, and could a witch compel the actual spirit of Samuel to make answer notwithstanding?

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Embarrassed by such difficulties, another course of explanation has been resorted to, which, freed from some of the objections which attend the two extreme suppositions, is yet liable to others. It has been supposed that something took place upon this remarkable occasion, similar to that which disturbed the preconcerted purpose of the prophet Balaam, and compelled him to exchange his premeditated curses for blessings. According to this hypothesis, the divining woman of Endor was preparing to practice upon Saul those tricks of legerdemain or jugglery by which she imposed upon meaner clients who resorted to her oracle. Or we may conceive that, in those days, when the laws of nature were frequently suspended by manifestations of the Divine Power, some degree of juggling might be permitted between mortals and the spirits of lesser note; in which case, we must suppose that the woman really expected or hoped to call up some supernatural appearance. But in either case, this second solution of the story supposes that the will of the Almighty substituted, on that memorable occasion, for the phantasmagoria intended by the witch, the spirit of Samuel, in his earthly resemblance—or, if the reader may think this more likely, some good being, the messenger of the divine pleasure, in the likeness of the departed prophet—and, to the surprise of the Pythoness herself, exchanged the juggling farce of sheer deceit or petty sorcery which she had intended to produce, for a deep tragedy, capable of appalling the heart of the hardened tyrant, and furnishing an awful lesson to future times.

This exposition has the advantage of explaining the surprise expressed by the Witch at the unexpected consequences of her own invocation, while it removes the objection of supposing the spirit of Samuel subject to her influence. It does not apply so well to the complaint of Samuel, that he was *disquieted*, since neither the prophet, nor any good angel wearing his likeness, could be supposed to complain of an apparition which took place in obedience to the direct command of the Deity. If, however, the phrase is understood, not as a murmuring against the pleasure of Providence, but as a reproach to the prophet's former friend Saul, that his sins and discontents, which were the ultimate cause of Samuel's appearance, had withdrawn the prophet, for a space, from the enjoyment and repose of heaven, to review this miserable spot of mortality, guilt, grief, and misfortune, the words may, according to that interpretation, wear no stronger sense of complaint than might become the spirit of a just man made perfect, or any benevolent angel by whom he might be represented. It may be observed, that, in Ecclesiasticus, xlvi, 19, 20, the opinion of Samuel's actual appearance is adopted, since it is said of this man of God, that "after death he prophesied, and showed the king his latter end."

Leaving the further discussion of this dark and difficult question to those whose studies have qualified them to give judgment on so obscure

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a subject, it so far appears clear, that the Witch of Endor was not a being such as those believed in by our ancestors, who could transform themselves and others into the appearance of the lower animals, raise and allay tempests, frequent the company and join the revels of evil spirits, and, by their counsel and assistance, destroy human lives, and waste the fruits of the earth, or perform feats of such magnitude as to alter the face of nature. The Witch of Endor was a mere fortune-teller, to whom, in despair of all aid or answer from the Almighty, the unfortunate King of Israel had recourse in his despair, and by whom, in some way or other, he obtained the awful certainty of his own defeat and death. She was liable, indeed, deservedly, to the punishment of death, for intruding herself upon the task of the real prophets, by whom the will of God was, in that time, regularly made known. But her existence and her crimes can go no length to prove the possibility that another class of witches, no otherwise resembling her than as called by the same name, either existed at a more recent period, or were liable to the same capital punishment, for a very different and much more doubtful class of offences, which, however odious, are nevertheless to be proved possible before they can be received as a criminal charge.

Whatever may be thought of other occasional expressions in the Old Testament, it cannot be said, that, in any part of that sacred volume, a text occurs, indicating the existence of a system of witch-craft, under the Jewish dispensation, in any respect similar to that against which the law-books of so many European nations have, till very lately, denounced punishment; far less under the Christian dispensation—a system under which the emancipation of the human race from the Levitical law was happily and miraculously perfected. This latter crime is supposed to infer a compact implying reverence and adoration on the part of the witch who comes under the fatal bond, and patronage, support, and assistance, on the part of the diabolical patron. Indeed, in the four Gospels, the word, under any sense, does not occur; although, had the possibility of so enormous a sin been admitted, it was not likely to escape the warning censure of the Divine Person who came to take away the sins of the world. St Paul, indeed, mentions the sin of witchcraft in a cursory manner, as superior in guilt to that of ingratitude; and in the offences of the flesh, it is ranked immediately after idolatry; which juxta-position inclines us to believe that the witchcraft mentioned by the Apostle must have been analogous to that of the Old Testament, and equivalent to resorting to the assistance of soothsayers, or similar forbidden arts, to acquire knowledge of futurity. Sorcerers are also joined with other criminals, in the Book of Revelations, as excluded from the city of God. And with these occasional notices, which indicate that there was a transgression so called, but leave us ignorant of its exact nature,

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the writers upon witchcraft attempt to wring out of the New Testament proofs of a crime in itself so disgustingly improbable. Neither do the exploits of Elymas, called the Sorcerer, or Simon, called Magus or the Magician, entitle them to rank above the class of impostors, who assumed a character to which they had no real title, and put their own mystical and ridiculous pretensions to supernatural power in competition with those which had been conferred on purpose to diffuse the gospel, and facilitate its reception by the exhibition of genuine miracles. It is clear that, from his presumptuous and profane proposal to acquire, by purchase, a portion of those powers which were directly derived from inspiration, Simon Magus displayed a degree of profane and brutal ignorance, inconsistent with his possessing even the intelligence of a skilful impostor; and it is plain that a leagued vassal of hell, should we pronounce him such, would have better known his own rank and condition, compared to that of the Apostle, than to have made such a fruitless and unavailing proposal, by which he could only expose his own impudence and ignorance.

With this observation we may conclude our brief remarks upon *witchcraft*, as the word occurs in the Scripture; and it now only remains to mention the nature of the *demonology*, which, as gathered from the sacred volumes, every Christian believer is bound to receive as a thing declared and proved to be true.

And in the first place, no man can read the Bible, or call himself a Christian, without believing that, during the course of time comprehended by the divine writers, the Deity, to confirm the faith of the Jews, and to overcome and confound the pride of the heathens, wrought in the land many great miracles, using either good spirits, the instruments of his pleasure, or fallen angels, the permitted agents of such evil as it was his will should be inflicted upon, or suffered by, the children of men. This proposition comprehends, of course, the acknowledgment of the truth of miracles during this early period, by which the ordinary laws of nature were occasionally suspended, and recognises the existence in the spiritual world of the two grand divisions of angels and devils, severally exercising their powers according to the commission or permission of the Ruler of the universe.

Secondly, wise men have thought and argued, that the idols of the heathen were actually fiends, or rather, that these enemies of mankind had power to assume the shape and appearance of those feeble deities, and to give a certain degree of countenance to the faith of the worshippers, by working seeming miracles, and returning, by their priests or their oracles, responses which "palter'd in a double sense" with the deluded persons who consulted them. Most of the fathers of the Christian church have intimated such an opinion. This doctrine has the advantage of affording, to a certain extent, a confirmation of many miracles related in pagan or classical history, which are thus

ascribed to the agency of evil spirits. It corresponds also with the texts of Scripture, which declare that the gods of the heathen are all devils and evil spirits; and the idols of Egypt are classed, as in Isaiah, chap. xix, ver. 2, with charmers, those who have familiar spirits, and with wizards. But whatever license it may be supposed was permitted to the evil spirits of that period,—and although, undoubtedly, men owned the sway of deities who were, in fact, but personifications of certain evil passions of humanity, as for example, in their sacrifices to Venus, to Bacchus, to Mars, etc. and, therefore, might be said, in one sense, to worship evil spirits—we cannot, in reason, suppose that every one, or the thousandth part of the innumerable idols worshipped among the heathen, was endowed with supernatural power; it is clear that the greater number fell under the description applied to them in another passage of Scripture, in which the part of the tree burned in the fire for domestic purposes is treated as of the same power and estimation, as that carved into an image, and preferred for Gentile homage. This striking passage, in which the impotence of the senseless block, and the brutish ignorance of the worshipper, whose object of adoration is the work of his own hands, occurs in the 44th chapter of the prophecies of Isaiah, verse 10, *et seq*. The precise words of the text, as well as common sense, forbid us to believe that the images so constructed by common artisans, became the habitation or resting-place of demons, or possessed any manifestation of strength or power, whether through demoniacal influence or otherwise. The whole system of doubt, delusion, and trick exhibited by the oracles, savours of the mean juggling of impostors, rather than the audacious intervention of demons. Whatever degree of power the false gods of heathendom, or devils in their name, might be permitted occasionally to exert, was, unquestionably, under the general restraint and limitation of Providence; and though, on the one hand we cannot deny the possibility of such permission being granted, in cases unknown to us, it is certain, on the other, that the Scriptures mention no one specific instance of such influence, expressly recommended to our belief.

Thirdly, as the backsliders among the Jews repeatedly fell off to the worship of the idols of the neighbouring heathens, so they also resorted to the use of charms and enchantments, founded on a superstitious perversion of their own Levitical ritual, in which they endeavoured by sortilege, by Teraphim, by observation of augury, or the flight of birds, which they called *Nahas*, by the means of Urim and Thummim, to find as it were a by-road to the secrets of futurity: But for the same reason that withholds us from delivering any opinion upon the degree to which the devil and his angels might be allowed to countenance the impositions of the heathen priesthood, it is impossible for us conclusively to pronounce what effect might be permitted by supreme Providence, to the ministry of such evil spirits as

presided over, and, so far as they had liberty, directed, these sinful inquiries among the Jews themselves. We are indeed assured from the sacred writings, that the promise of the Deity to his chosen people, if they conducted themselves agreeably to the law which he had given, was, that the communication with the invisible world would be enlarged, so that in the fulness of his time, he would pour out his spirit upon all flesh, when their sons and daughters should prophesy, their old men see visions, and their young men dream dreams. Such were the promises delivered to the Israelites by Joel, Ezekiel, and other holy seers, of which St Peter, in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, hails the fulfilment in the mission of our Saviour. And on the other hand, it is no less evident that the Almighty, to punish the disobedience of the Jews, abandoned them to their own fallacious desires, and suffered them to be deceived by the lying oracles, to which, in flagrant violation of his commands, they had recourse. Of this the punishment arising from the Deity abandoning Ahab to his own devices, and suffering him to be deceived by a lying spirit, forms a striking instance.

Fourthly, and on the other hand, abstaining with reverence from accounting ourselves judges of the actions of Omnipotence, we may safely conclude, that it was not his pleasure to employ in the execution of his judgments, the consequences of any such species of league or compact betwixt devils and deluded mortals, as that denounced in the laws of our own ancestors under the name of *witchcraft*. What has been translated by that word seems little more than the art of a medicator of poisons, combined with that of a Pythoness, or false prophetess; a crime, however, of a capital nature by the Levitical law, since, in the first capacity, it implied great enmity to mankind, and in the second, direct treason to the divine Legislator. The book of Tobit contains, indeed, a passage resembling more an incident in an Arabian tale, or Gothic romance, than a part of inspired writing. In this, the fumes produced by broiling the liver of a certain fish are described as having power to drive away an evil genius who guards the nuptial chamber of an Assyrian princess, and who has strangled seven bridegrooms in succession, as they approached the nuptial couch. But the romantic and fabulous strain of this legend has induced the fathers of all Protestant churches to deny it a place amongst the writings sanctioned by divine origin, and we may, therefore, be excused from entering into discussion on such imperfect evidence.

Lastly, in considering the incalculable change which took place upon the Advent of our Saviour and the announcement of his law, we may observe, that according to many wise and learned men, his mere appearance upon earth, without awaiting the fulfilment of his mission, operated as an act of banishment of such heathen deities as

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had hitherto been suffered to deliver oracles, and ape in some degree the attributes of the Deity. Milton has, in the Paradise Lost, it may be upon conviction of its truth, embraced the theory which identifies the followers of Satan with the gods of the heathen; and, in a tone of poetry almost unequalled, even in his own splendid writings, he thus describes, in one of his earlier pieces, the departure of these pretended deities on the eve of the blessed Nativity.

"The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving;
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving;
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priests from the prophetic cell.

"The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent:
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

"In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

"Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

"And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of darkest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring,
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the Dog Anubis, haste."

The quotation is a long one, but it is scarcely possible to shorten what is so beautiful and interesting a description of the heathen deities, whether in the classic personifications of Greece, the horrible shapes worshipped by mere barbarians, or the hieroglyphical enormities of the Egyptian mythology. The idea of identifying the pagan deities, especially the most distinguished of them, with the manifestation of demoniac power, and concluding that the descent of our Saviour struck them with silence, so nobly expressed in the poetry of Milton, is not certainly to be lightly rejected. It has been asserted in simple prose by authorities of no mean weight; nor does there appear

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any thing inconsistent in the faith of those who, believing that in the elder time fiends and demons were permitted an enlarged degree of power in uttering predictions, may also give credit to the proposition, that at the Divine Advent that power was restrained, the oracles silenced, and those demons who had aped the Divinity of the place, were driven from their abode on earth, honoured as it was by a guest so awful.

It must be noticed, however, that this great event had not the same effect on that peculiar class of fiends who were permitted to vex mortals by the alienation of their minds, and the abuse of their persons, in the cases of what is called Demoniacal possession. In what exact sense we should understand this word *possession*, it is impossible to discover; but we feel it impossible to doubt (notwithstanding learned authorities to the contrary), that it was a dreadful disorder, of a kind not merely natural; and may be pretty well assured that it was suffered to continue after the incarnation, because the miracles effected by our Saviour and his apostles, in curing those tormented in this way, afforded the most direct proofs of his divine mission, even out of the very mouths of those ejected fiends, the most malignant enemies of a power to which they dared not refuse homage and obedience. And here is an additional proof that witchcraft, in its ordinary and popular sense, was unknown at that period: although cases of possession are repeatedly mentioned in the Gospels, and Acts of the Apostles, yet in no one instance do the devils ejected mention a witch or sorcerer, or plead the commands of such a person, as the cause of occupying or tormenting the victim;—whereas, in a great proportion of those melancholy cases of witchcraft with which the records of later times abound, the stress of the evidence is rested on the declaration of the possessed, or the demon within him, that some old man or woman in the neighbourhood had compelled the fiend to be the instrument of evil.

It must also be admitted, that in another most remarkable respect, the power of the Enemy of mankind was rather enlarged than bridled or restrained, in consequence of the Saviour coming upon earth. It is indisputable, that in order that Jesus might have his share in every species of delusion and persecution which the fallen race of Adam is heir to, he personally suffered the temptation in the wilderness at the hand of Satan, whom, without resorting to his divine power, he drove, confuted, silenced, and shamed, from his presence. But it appears, that although Satan was allowed upon this memorable occasion to come on earth with great power, the permission was given expressly because his time was short.

The indulgence which was then granted to him in a case so unique and peculiar, soon passed over, and was utterly restrained. It is evident, that after the lapse of the period during which it pleased the

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Almighty to establish his own Church by miraculous displays of power, it could not consist with his kindness and wisdom to leave the enemy in the possession of the privilege of deluding men by imaginary miracles calculated for the perversion of that faith which real miracles were no longer present to support. There would, we presume to say, be a shocking inconsistency in supposing that false and deceitful prophecies and portents should be freely circulated by any demoniacal influence, deceiving men's bodily organs, abusing their minds, and perverting their faith, while the true religion was left by its great Author devoid of every supernatural sign and token, which, in the time of its Founder and his immediate disciples, attested and celebrated their inappreciable mission. Such a permission on the part of the Supreme Being would be (to speak under the deepest reverence) an abandonment of his chosen people, ransomed at such a price, to the snares of an enemy, from whom the worst evils were to be apprehended. Nor would it consist with the remarkable promise in Holy Writ, that "God will not suffer his people to be tempted above what they are able to bear." 1 Cor. x, 13. The Fathers of the Faith are not strictly agreed at what period the miraculous power was withdrawn from the Church; but few Protestants are disposed to bring it down beneath the accession of Constantine, when the Christian religion was fully established in supremacy. The Roman Catholics, indeed, boldly affirm, that the power of miraculous interference with the course of nature is still in being; but the enlightened even of this faith, though they dare not deny a fundamental tenet of their church, will hardly assent to any particular case without nearly the same evidence which might conquer the incredulity of their neighbours the Protestants. It is alike inconsistent with the common sense of either, that fiends should be permitted to work marvels which are no longer exhibited on the part of Heaven, or in behalf of religion.

It will be observed that we have not been anxious to decide upon the limits of probability on this question. It is not necessary for us, to ascertain in what degree the power of Satan was at liberty to display itself during the Jewish dispensation, or down to what precise period in the history of the Christian church cures of demoniacal possession, or similar displays of miraculous power, may have occurred. We have avoided controversy on that head, because it comprehends questions not more doubtful than unedifying. Little benefit could arise from attaining the exact knowledge of the manner in which the apostate Jews practised unlawful charms or auguries. After their conquest and dispersion, they were remarked among the Romans for such superstitious practices; and the like, for what we know, may continue to linger among the benighted wanderers of their race at the present day. But all these things are extraneous to our

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inquiry, the purpose of which was to discover whether any real evidence could be derived from sacred history, to prove the early existence of that branch of demonology which has been the object, in comparatively modern times, of criminal prosecution and capital punishment. We have already alluded to this as the contract of witchcraft, in which, as the term was understood in the middle ages, the demon and the witch or wizard combined their various powers of doing harm to inflict calamities upon the person and property, the fortune and the fame, of innocent human beings; imposing the most horrible diseases, and death itself, as marks of their slightest ill-will; transforming their own persons and those of others at their pleasure; raising tempests to ravage the crops of their enemies, or carrying them home to their own garners; annihilating or transferring to their own dairies the produce of herds; spreading pestilence among cattle, infecting and blighting children; and, in a word, doing more evil than the heart of man might be supposed capable of conceiving, by means far beyond mere human power to accomplish. If it could be supposed that such unnatural leagues existed, and that there were wretches wicked enough, merely for the gratification of malignant spite or the enjoyment of some beastly revelry, to become the wretched slaves of infernal spirits, most just and equitable would be those laws which cut them off from the midst of every Christian commonwealth. But it is still more just and equitable, before punishment be inflicted for any crime, to prove that there is a possibility of that crime being committed. We have, therefore, advanced an important step in our inquiry, when we have ascertained that the *witch* of the Old Testament was not capable of any thing beyond the administration of baleful drugs, or the practising of paltry imposture; in other words, that she did not hold the character ascribed to a modern sorceress. We have thus removed out of the argument the startling objection, that, in denying the existence of witchcraft, we deny the possibility of a crime which was declared capital in the Mosaic law; and are left at full liberty to adopt the opinion, that the more modern system of witchcraft was a part, and by no means the least gross, of that mass of errors which appeared among the members of the Christian Church, when their religion, becoming gradually corrupted by the devices of men, and the barbarism of those nations among whom it was spread, showed a light, indeed, but one deeply tinged with the remains of that very pagan ignorance which its divine founder came to dispel.

We will, in a future part of this inquiry, endeavour to show that many of the particular articles of the popular belief respecting magic and witchcraft were derived from the opinions which the ancient heathens entertained as part of their religion. To recommend them, however, they had principles lying deep in the human mind and

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heart of all times; the tendency to belief in supernatural agencies is natural, and indeed seems connected with, and deduced from, the invaluable conviction of the certainty of a future state. Moreover, it is very possible that particular stories of this class may have seemed undeniable in the dark ages, though our better instructed period can explain them in a satisfactory manner, by the excited temperament of spectators, or the influence of delusions produced by derangement of the intellect, or imperfect reports of the external senses. They obtained, however, universal faith and credit; and the churchmen, either from craft or from ignorance, favoured the progress of a belief which certainly contributed, in a most powerful manner, to extend their own authority over the human mind.

To pass from the pagans of antiquity—the Mahometans, though their profession of faith is exclusively unitarian, were accounted worshippers of evil spirits, who were supposed to aid them in their continual warfare against the Christians, or to protect and defend them in the Holy Land, where their abode gave so much scandal and offence to the devout. Romance, and even history, combined in representing all who were out of the pale of the Church as the personal vassals of Satan, who played his deceptions openly amongst them; and Mahound, Termagaunt, and *Apollo* were, in the opinion of the Western Crusaders, only so many names of the Arch-fiend and his principal angels. The most enormous fictions, spread abroad and believed through Christendom, attested the fact, that there were open displays of supernatural aid afforded by the evil spirits to the Turks and Saracens; and fictitious reports were not less liberal in assigning to the Christians extraordinary means of defence through the direct protection of blessed saints and angels, or of holy men, yet in the flesh, but already anticipating the privileges proper to a state of beatitude and glory, and possessing the power to work miracles.

To show the extreme grossness of these legends, we may give an example from the romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, premising, at the same time, that, like other romances it was written in what the author designed to be the style of true history, and was addressed to hearers and readers, not as a tale of fiction, but a real narrative of facts, so that the legend is a proof of what the age esteemed credible, and were disposed to believe, as much as if it had been extracted from a graver chronicle.

The renowned Saladin, it is said, had dispatched an embassy to King Richard, with the present of a colt, recommended as a gallant war-horse, challenging Cœur de Lion to meet him in single combat between the armies, for the purpose of deciding at once their pretensions to the land of Palestine, and the theological question, whether the God of the Christians, or *Jupiter*, the deity of the Saracens, should be the future object of adoration by the subjects of both mo-

narchs. Now, under this seemingly chivalrous defiance, was concealed a most unknightly stratagem, and which we may, at the same time, call a very clumsy trick for the devil to be concerned in. A Saracen clerk had conjured two devils into a mare and her colt, with the instruction, that whenever the mare neighed, the foal, which was a brute of uncommon size, should kneel down to suck his dam. The enchanted foal was sent to King Richard, in the belief that, the foal obeying the signal of its dam as usual, the Soldan, who mounted the mare, might get an easy advantage over him.

But the English king was warned by an angel in a dream of the intended stratagem, and the colt was, by the celestial mandate, previously to the combat, conjured, in the holy name, to be obedient to his rider during the encounter. The fiend-horse intimated his submission by drooping his head, but his word was not entirely credited. His ears were stopped with wax. In this condition, Richard, armed at all points, and with various marks of his religious faith displayed on his weapons, rode forth to meet Saladin, and the Soldan, confident of his stratagem, encountered him boldly. The mare neighed till she shook the ground for miles around. But the sucking devil, whom the wax prevented from hearing the summons, could not obey the signal. Saladin was dismounted, and narrowly escaped death, while his army were cut to pieces by the Christians. It is but an awkward tale of wonder, where a demon is worsted by a trick which could hardly have cheated a common horse-jockey; but by such legends our ancestors were amused and interested, till their belief respecting the demons of the Holy Land seems to have been not very far different from that expressed in the title of Ben Jonson's play, "The Devil is an Ass."

One of the earliest maps ever published, which appeared at Rome in the 16th century, intimates a similar belief in the connexion of the heathen nations of the north of Europe with the demons of the spiritual world. In Esthonia, Lithuania, Courland, and such districts, the chart, for want, it may be supposed, of an accurate account of the country, exhibits rude cuts of the fur-clad natives paying homage at the shrines of demons, who make themselves visibly present to them; while at other places they are displayed as doing battle with the Teutonic knights, or other military associations formed for the conversion or expulsion of the heathens in these parts. Amid the pagans, armed with scimitars, and dressed in caftans, the fiends are painted as assisting them, pourtrayed in all the modern horrors of the cloven-foot, or, as the Germans term it, horse's-foot, bat-wings, saucer-eyes, locks like serpents, and tail like a dragon. These attributes, it may be cursorily noticed, themselves intimate the connexion of modern demonology with the mythology of the ancients. The cloven foot is the attribute of Pan, to whose talents for inspiring terror

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we owe the word *panic*—the snaky tresses are borrowed from the shield of Minerva, and the dragon train alone seems to be connected with the scriptural history. *

Other heathen nations, whose creeds could not have directly contributed to the system of demonology, because their manners and even their very existence was unknown when it was adopted, were nevertheless involved, so soon as Europeans became acquainted with them, in the same charge of witchcraft and worship of demons brought by the Christians, of the middle ages, against the heathens of northern Europe and the Mahommetans of the East. We learn from the information of a Portuguese voyager, that even the native Christians (called those of St Thomas), whom the discoverers found in India when they first arrived there, fell under suspicion of diabolical practices. It was almost in vain that the priests of one of their chapels produced to the Portuguese officers and soldiers a holy image, and called on them, as good Christians, to adore the blessed Virgin. The sculptor had been so little acquainted with his art, and the hideous form which he had produced resembled an inhabitant of the infernal regions so much more than Our Lady of Grace, that one of the European officers, while like his companions, he dropped on his knees, added the loud protest, that if the image represented the Devil, he paid his homage to the Holy Virgin.

In South America the Spaniards justified the unrelenting cruelties exercised on the unhappy natives, by reiterating, in all their accounts of the countries which they discovered and conquered, that the Indians, in their idol worship, were favoured by the demons with a direct intercourse, and that their priests inculcated doctrines and rites the foulest and most abhorrent to Christian ears. The great Snake-god of Mexico and other idols, worshipped with human sacrifices, and bathed in the gore of their prisoners, gave but too much probability to this accusation; and, if the images themselves were not actually tenanted by evil spirits, the worship which the Mexicans paid to them was founded upon such deadly cruelty and dark superstition as might easily be believed to have been breathed into mortals by the agency of hell.

Even in North America, the first settlers in New England, and other parts of that immense continent, uniformly agreed that they detected among the inhabitants traces of an intimate connexion with Satan. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that this opinion was founded exclusively upon the tricks practised by the native Powahs, or cunning men, to raise themselves to influence among the chiefs, and to obtain esteem with the people, which, possessed as they were

* The chart alluded to is one of the *fac-similes* of an ancient planisphere engraved in bronze, about the end of the 15th century, and called the Borgian Table, from its possessor, Cardinal Stephen Borgia, and preserved in his Museum at Veletri.

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professionally of some skill in jugglery, and the knowledge of some medical herbs and secrets, the understanding of the colonists was unable to trace to their real source—legerdemain and imposture. By the account, however, of the Rev. Cotton Mather, in his Magnalia, book vi, he does not ascribe to these Indian conjurors any skill greatly superior to a maker of almanacks, or common fortune-teller. "They," says the Doctor,* "universally acknowledged and worshipped many gods, and therefore highly esteemed and reverenced their priests, powahs, or wizards, who were esteemed as having immediate converse with the gods. To them, therefore, they addressed themselves in all difficult cases; yet could not all that desired that dignity, as they esteemed it, obtain familiarity with the infernal spirits. Nor were all powahs alike successful in their addresses; but they became such, either by immediate revelation, or in the use of certain rites and ceremonies, which tradition had left as conducing to that end. In so much that parents, out of zeal, often dedicated their children to the gods, and educated them accordingly, observing a certain diet, debarring sleep, etc.: yet of the many designed, but few obtain their desire. Supposing that where the practice of witchcraft has been highly esteemed, there must be given the plainest demonstration of mortals having familiarity with infernal spirits, I am willing to let my reader know that, not many years since, here died one of the powahs, who never pretended to astrological knowledge, yet could precisely inform such who desired his assistance from whence goods stolen from them were gone, and whither carried, with many things of the like nature; nor was he ever known to endeavour to conceal his knowledge to be immediately *from a god subservient to him that the English worship*. This powah being, by an Englishman worthy of credit (who lately informed me of the same), desired to advise him who had taken certain goods which had been stolen, having formerly been an eye-witness of his ability, the powah, after a little pausing, demanded why he requested that from him, since himself served another God? that therefore he could not help him; but added, '*If you can believe that my god may help you, I will try what I can do;*' which diverted the man from further inquiry. I must a little digress, and tell my reader that this powah's wife was accounted a godly woman, and lived in the practice and profession of the Christian religion, not only by the approbation, but encouragement of her husband. She constantly prayed in the family, and attended the public worship on the Lord's days. He declared that he could not blame her, for that she served a god that was above his; but that as to himself, his god's continued kindness obliged him not to forsake his service." It appears, from the above

* *On Remarkable Mercies of Divine Providence.*

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and similar passages, that Dr Cotton Mather, an honest and devout, but sufficiently credulous man, had mistaken the purpose of the tolerant powah. The latter only desired to elude the necessity of his practices being brought under the observant eye of a European, while he found an ingenious apology in the admitted superiority which he naturally conceded to the Deity of a people advanced, as he might well conceive, so far above his own in power and attainments, as might reasonably infer a corresponding superiority in the nature and objects of their worship.

From another narrative, we are entitled to infer that the European wizard was held superior to the native sorcerer of North America. Among the numberless extravagances of the Scottish Dissenters of the 17th century, now canonized in a lump by those who view them in the general light of enemies to Prelacy, was a certain ship-master, from his size called Meikle John Gibb. This man, a person called Jamie, and one or two other men, besides twenty or thirty females who adhered to them, went the wildest lengths of enthusiasm. Gibb headed a party, who followed him into the moorlands, and at the Ford Moss, between Airth and Stirling, burned their Bibles, as an act of solemn adherence to their new faith. They were apprehended in consequence and committed to prison; and the rest of the Dissenters, however differently they were affected by the persecution of Government, when it applied to themselves, were nevertheless much offended that these poor mad people were not brought to capital punishment for their blasphemous extravagances; and imputed it as a fresh crime to the Duke of York, that, though he could not be often accused of toleration, he considered the discipline of the house of correction as more likely to bring the unfortunate Gibbites to their senses, than the more dignified severities of a public trial and the gallows. The Cameronians, however, did their best to correct this scandalous lenity. As Meikle John Gibb, who was their comrade in captivity, used to disturb their worship in jail by his maniac howling, two of them took turn about to hold him down by force, and silence him by a napkin thrust into his mouth. This mode of quieting the unlucky heretic, though sufficiently emphatic, being deemed ineffectual or inconvenient, George Jackson, a Cameronian, who afterwards suffered at the gallows, dashed the maniac with his feet and hands against the wall, and beat him so severely, that the rest were afraid that he had killed him outright. After which specimen of fraternal chastisement, the lunatic, to avoid the repetition of the discipline, whenever the prisoners began worship, ran behind the door, and there, with his own napkin crammed into his mouth, sat howling like a chastised cur. But on being finally transported to America, John Gibb, we are assured, was much admired by the heathen for his familiar converse with the devil bodily, and offering

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sacrifices to him. "He died there," says Walker, "about the year 1720." * We must necessarily infer, that the pretensions of the natives to supernatural communication could not be of a high class, since we find them honouring this poor madman as their superior; and, in general, that the magic, or powahing, of the North American Indians, was not of a nature to be much apprehended by the British colonists, since the natives themselves gave honour and precedence to those Europeans who came among them with the character of possessing intercourse with the spirits whom they themselves professed to worship.

Notwithstanding this inferiority on the part of the powahs, it occurred to the settlers that the heathen Indians and Roman Catholic Frenchmen were particularly favoured by the demons, who sometimes adopted their appearance, and showed themselves in their likeness, to the great annoyance of the colonists. Thus, in the year 1692, a party of real or imaginary French and Indians exhibited themselves occasionally to the colonists of the town of Gloucester, in the county of Essex, New England, alarmed the country around very greatly, skirmished repeatedly with the English, and caused the raising of two regiments, and the dispatching a strong reinforcement to the assistance of the settlement. But as these visitants, by whom they were plagued more than a fortnight, though they exchanged fire with the settlers, never killed or scalped any one, the English became convinced that they were not real Indians and Frenchmen, but that the devil and his agents had assumed such an appearance, although seemingly not enabled effectually to support it, for the molestation of the colony.†

It appears, then, that the ideas of superstition which the more ignorant converts to the Christian faith borrowed from the wreck of the classic mythology, were so rooted in the minds of their successors, that these found corroboration of their faith in demonology in the practice of every pagan nation whose destiny it was to encounter them as enemies, and that as well within the limits of Europe, as in every other part of the globe to which their arms were carried. In a word, it may be safely laid down, that the commonly received doctrine of demonology, presenting the same general outlines, though varied according to the fancy of particular nations, existed through all Europe. It seems to have been founded originally on feelings incident to the human heart, or diseases to which the human frame is liable,—to have been largely augmented by what classic superstitions survived the ruins of paganism,—and to have

* See PATRICK WALKER'S *Biographia Presbyteriana*, vol. ii, p. 23; also *God's Judgment upon Persecutors*, and WODROW'S *History*, upon the article John Gibb.

† *Magnalia*, book vii, article xviii. The fact is also alleged in the *Life of Sir William Phipps*.

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received new contributions from the opinions collected among the barbarous nations, whether of the east or of the west. It is now necessary to enter more minutely into the question, and endeavour to trace from what especial sources the people of the middle ages derived those notions, which gradually assumed the shape of a regular system of demonology.

LETTER III.

Creed of Zoroaster—received partially into most Heathen Nations—Instances among the Celtic Tribes of Scotland—Beltane Feast—Gudeman's Croft—Such abuses admitted into Christianity after the earlier Ages of the Church—Law of the Romans against Witchcraft—Roman Customs survive the fall of their Religion—Instances—Demonology of the Northern Barbarians—Nicksas—Bhar-geist—Correspondence between the Northern and Roman Witches—The power of Fascination ascribed to the Sorceresses—Example from the Eyrbiggia-Saga—The Prophetesses of the Germans—The Gods of Valhalla not highly regarded by their Worshippers—Often defied by the Champions—Demons of the North—Story of Assueit and Asmund—Action of Ejectment against Spectres—Adventure of a Champion with the Goddess Freya—Conversion of the Pagans of Iceland to Christianity—Northern Superstitions mixed with those of the Celts—Satyrs of the North—Highland Ourisk—Meming the Satyr.

THE creed of Zoroaster, which naturally occurs to unassisted reason as a mode of accounting for the mingled existence of good and evil in the visible world—that belief which, in one modification or another, supposes the co-existence of a benevolent and malevolent principle, which contend together without either being able decisively to prevail over his antagonist, leads the fear and awe deeply impressed on the human mind to the worship as well of the author of evil, so tremendous in all the effects of which credulity accounts him the primary cause, as to that of his great opponent, who is loved and adored as the father of all that is good and bountiful. Nay, such is the timid servility of human nature, that the worshippers will neglect the altars of the Author of good, rather than that of Arimanes, trusting with indifference to the well-known mercy of the one, while they shrink from the idea of irritating the vengeful jealousy of the awful father of evil.

The Celtic tribes, by whom, under various denominations, Europe seems to have been originally peopled, possessed, in common with other savages, a natural tendency to the worship of the evil principle. They did not, perhaps, adore Arimanes under one sole name, or consider the malignant divinities as sufficiently powerful to undertake a direct struggle with the more benevolent gods; yet they thought it worth while to propitiate them by various expiatory rites and prayers, that they and the elementary tempests, which they

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conceived to be under their direct command, might be merciful to suppliants who had acknowledged their power and deprecated their vengeance

Remains of these superstitions might be traced till past the middle of the last century, though fast becoming obsolete, or passing into mere popular customs of the country, which the peasantry observe without thinking of their origin. About 1769, when Mr Pennant made his tour, the ceremony of the Baaltein, Beltane, or First of May, though varying in different districts of the Highlands, was yet in strict observance; and the cake, which was then baken with scrupulous attention to certain rites and forms, was divided into fragments, which were formally dedicated to birds or beasts of prey, that they, or rather the being whose agents they were, might spare the flocks and herds.*

Another custom of similar origin lingered late among us. In many parishes of Scotland, there was suffered to exist a certain portion of land, called *the gudeman's croft*, which was never ploughed or cultivated, but suffered to remain waste, like the TEMENOS of a pagan temple. Though it was not expressly avowed, no one doubted that the goodman's croft was set apart for some evil being; in fact, that it was the portion of the archfiend himself, whom our ancestors distinguished by a name, which, while it was generally understood, could not, it was supposed, be offensive to the stern inhabitant of the regions of despair. This was so general a custom, that the church published an ordinance against it as an impious and blasphemous usage.

This singular custom sunk before the efforts of the clergy in the seventeenth century; but there must still be many alive, who in childhood have been taught to look with wonder on knolls and patches of ground left uncultivated, because, whenever a ploughshare entered the soil, the elementary spirits were supposed to testify their displeasure by storm and thunder. Within our own memory, many such places, sanctified to barrenness by some favourite popular superstition, existed, both in Wales and Ireland, as well as in Scotland; but the high price of agricultural produce during the late war, renders it doubtful if a veneration for greybearded superstition has suffered any one of them to remain undesecrated. For the same reason, the mounts called Sith Bhruaith were respected, and it was deemed unlawful and dangerous to cut wood, dig earth and stones, or otherwise disturb them.†

Now, it may at first sight seem strange that the Christian religion should have permitted the existence of such gross and impious relics

* See PENNANT's *Scottish Tour*, vol. i, p. 111. The traveller mentions that some festival of the same kind was, in his time, observed in Gloucestershire.

† See *Essay on the Subterranean Commonwealth*, by Mr ROBERT KIRKE, Minister of Aberfoyle.

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of heathenism, in a land where its doctrines had obtained universal credence. But this will not appear so wonderful, when it is recollected that the original Christians under the heathen emperors were called to conversion by the voice of apostles and saints, invested for the purpose with miraculous powers, as well of language, for communicating their doctrine to the Gentiles, as of cures, for the purpose of authenticating their mission. These converts must have been in general such elect persons as were effectually called to make part of the infant church; and when hypocrites ventured, like Ananias and Sapphira, to intrude themselves into so select an association, they were liable, at the Divine pleasure, to be detected and punished. On the contrary, the nations who were converted after Christianity had become the religion of the empire were not brought within the pale upon such a principle of selection, as when the church consisted of a few individuals, who had, upon conviction, exchanged the errors of the pagan religion for the dangers and duties incurred by those who embraced a faith inferring the self-denial of its votaries, and at the same time exposing them to persecution. When the cross became triumphant, and its cause no longer required the direction of inspired men, or the evidence of miracles, to compel reluctant belief, it is evident that the converts who thronged into the fold must have, many of them, entered, because Christianity was the prevailing faith —many because it was the church, the members of which rose most readily to promotion—many, finally, who, though content to resign the worship of pagan divinities, could not, at once, clear their minds of heathen ritual and heathen observances, which they inconsistently laboured to unite with the more simple and majestic faith that disdained such impure union. If this was the case, even in the Roman empire, where the converts to the Christian faith must have found, among the earlier members of the church, the readiest and the soundest instruction, how much more imperfectly could those foreign and barbarous tribes receive the necessary religious information from some zealous and enthusiastic preacher, who christened them by hundreds in one day? Still less could we imagine them to have acquired a knowledge of Christianity, in the genuine and perfect sense of the word, when, as was frequently the case, they only assumed the profession of the religion that had become the choice of some favoured chief, whose example they followed in mere love and loyalty, without, perhaps, attaching more consequence to a change of religion than to a change of garments. Such hasty converts, professing themselves Christians, but neither weaned from their old belief, nor instructed in their new one, entered the sanctuary without laying aside the superstitions with which their young minds had been imbued; and accustomed to a plurality of deities, some of them, who bestowed unusual thought on the matter, migh t

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be of opinion, that, in adopting the God of the Christians, they had not renounced the service of every inferior power.

If, indeed, the laws of the empire could have been supposed to have had any influence over those fierce barbarians, who conceived that the empire itself lay before them as a spoil, they might have been told that Constantine, taking the offence of alleged magicians and sorcerers in the same light in which it was viewed in the law of Moses, had denounced death against any who used these unlawful inquiries into futurity. "Let the unlawful curiosity of prying into futurity," says the law, "be silent in every one henceforth and for ever. * For, subjected to the avenging sword of the law, he shall be punished capitally who disobeys our commands in this matter."

If, however, we look more closely into this enactment, we shall be led to conclude that the civil law does not found upon the prohibitions and penalties in Scripture; although it condemns the *ars mathematica* (for the most mystic and uncertain of all sciences, real or pretended, at that time held the title which now distinguishes the most exact) as a damnable art, and utterly interdicted, and declares that the practitioners therein should die by fire, as enemies of the human race—yet the reason of this severe treatment seems to be different from that acted upon in the Mosaical institutions. The weight of the crime among the Jews was placed on the blasphemy of the diviners, and their treason against the theocracy instituted by Jehovah. The Roman legislators were, on the other hand, moved chiefly by the danger arising to the person of the prince and the quiet of the state, so apt to be unsettled by every pretence or encouragement to innovation. The reigning emperors, therefore, were desirous to place a check upon the mathematics (as they termed the art of divination), much more for a political than a religious cause, since we observe, in the history of the empire, how often the dethronement or death of the sovereign was produced by conspiracies or mutinies which took their rise from pretended prophecies. In this mode of viewing the crime, the lawyers of the lower empire acted upon the example of those who had compiled the laws of the twelve tables.† The mistaken and misplaced devotion which Horace recommends to the rural nymph, Phidyle, would have been a crime of a deep dye in a Christian convert, and must have subjected him to excommunication, as

* *Codex*, lib. ix, tit. 18, cap. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8.

† By this more ancient code, the punishment of death was indeed denounced against those who destroyed crops, awakened storms, or brought over to their barns and garners the fruits of the earth; but, by good fortune, it left the agriculturists of the period at liberty to use the means they thought most proper to render their fields fertile and plentiful. Pliny informs us that one Caius Furius Cresinus, a Roman of mean estate, raised larger crops from a small field, than his neighbours could obtain from more ample possessions. He was brought before the judge, upon a charge, averring that he conjured the fruits of the earth, produced by his neighbours' farms, into his own possession. Cresinus appeared, and having proved the return of his farm to be the produce of his own hard and unremitting labour, as well as superior skill, was dismissed with the highest honours.

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one relapsed to the rites of paganism; but he might indulge his superstition, by supposing, that though he must not worship Pan or Ceres as gods, he was at liberty to fear them in their new capacity of fiends. Some compromise between the fear and the conscience of the new converts, at a time when the church no longer consisted exclusively of saints, martyrs, and confessors, the disciples of inspired Apostles, led them, and even their priestly guides, subject like themselves to human passions and errors, to resort as a charm, if not as an act of worship, to those sacrifices, words, and ritual, by which the heathen, whom they had succeeded, pretended to arrest evil, or procure benefits.

When such belief in a hostile principle and its imaginations was become general in the Roman empire, the ignorance of its conquerors, those wild nations, Franks, Goths, Vandals, Huns, and similar classes of unrefined humanity, made them prone to an error which there were few judicious preachers to warn them against; and we ought rather to wonder and admire the Divine clemency, which imparted to so rude nations the light of the Gospel, and disposed them to receive a religion so repugnant to their warlike habits, than that they should, at the same time, have adopted many gross superstitions, borrowed from the pagans, or retained numbers of those which had made part of their own national forms of heathenism.

Thus, though the thrones of Jupiter, and the superior deities of the heathen Pantheon, were totally overthrown and broken to pieces, fragments of their worship, and many of their rites, survived the conversion to Christianity,—nay, are in existence even at this late and enlightened period, although those by whom they are practised have not preserved the least memory of their original purpose. We may hastily mention one or two customs of classical origin, in addition to the Beltane and those already noticed, which remain as examples that the manners of the Romans once gave the tone to the greater part of the island of Britain, and at least to the whole which was to the south of the wall of Severus.

The following customs still linger in the south of Scotland, and belong to this class: The bride, when she enters the house of her husband, is lifted over the threshold, and to step on it, or over it, voluntarily, is reckoned a bad omen. This custom was universal in Rome, where it was observed as keeping in memory the rape of the Sabines, and that it was by a show of violence towards the females that the object of peopling the city was attained. On the same occasion, a sweet cake, baked for the purpose, is broken above the head of the bride; which is also a rite of classic antiquity.

In like manner, the Scottish, even of the better rank, avoid contracting marriage in the month of May, which genial season of flowers and breezes might, in other respects, appear so peculiarly favourable for that purpose. It was specially objected to the marriage

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of Mary with the profligate Earl of Bothwell, that the union was formed within this interdicted month. This prejudice was so rooted among the Scots, that, in 1684, a set of enthusiasts, called Gibbites, proposed to renounce it, among a long list of stated festivals, fast days, popish relics, not forgetting the profane names of the days of the week, names of the months, and all sorts of idle and silly practices which their tender consciences took an exception to. This objection to solemnize marriage in the merry month of May, however fit a season for courtship, is also borrowed from the Roman pagans, which, had these fanatics been aware of it, would have been an additional reason for their anathema against the practice. The ancients have given us as a maxim, that it is only bad women who marry in that month.*

The custom of saying, God bless you, when a person in company sneezes, is, in like manner, derived from sternutation being considered as a crisis of the plague at Athens, and the hope that, when it was attained, the patient had a chance of recovery.

But besides these, and many other customs which the various nations of Europe received from the classical times, and which it is not our object to investigate, they derived from thence a shoal of superstitious beliefs, which, blended and mingled with those which they brought with them out of their own country, fostered and formed the materials of a demonological creed, which has descended down almost to our own times. Nixas, or Nicksa, a river or ocean god, worshipped on the shores of the Baltic, seems to have taken uncontested possession of the attributes of Neptune. Amid the twilight winters and overpowering tempests of these gloomy regions, he had been not unnaturally chosen as the power most adverse to man, and the supernatural character with which he was invested has descended to our time under two different aspects. The Nixa of the Germans is one of those fascinating and lovely fays whom the ancients termed Naiads; and unless her pride is insulted, or her jealousy awakened, by an inconstant lover, her temper is generally mild, and her actions beneficent. The Old Nick, known in England, is an equally genuine descendant of the northern sea god, and possesses a larger portion of his powers and terrors. The British sailor, who fears nothing else, confesses his terror for this terrible being, and believes him the author of almost all the various calamities to which the precarious life of a seaman is so continually exposed.

The Bhar-guest, or Bhar-geist, by which name it is generally acknowledged through various country parts of England, and particularly in Yorkshire, also called a Dobie—a local spectre which haunts a particular spot under various forms—is a deity, as his

* "Malæ nubent Maia."

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name implies, of Teutonic descent; and if it be true, as the author has been informed, that some families bearing the name of Dobie carry a phantom, or spectre passant, in their armorial bearings,* it plainly implies, that, however the word may have been selected for a proper name, its original derivation had not then been forgotten.

The classic mythology presented numerous points in which it readily coalesced with that of the Germans, Danes, and Northmen of a later period. They recognised the power of Erictho, Canidia, and other sorceresses, whose spells could perplex the course of the elements, intercept the influence of the sun, and prevent his beneficial operation upon the fruits of the earth; call down the moon from her appointed sphere, and disturb the original and destined course of nature by their words and charms, and the power of the evil spirits whom they evoked. They were also professionally implicated in all such mystic and secret rites and ceremonies as were used to conciliate the favour of the infernal powers, whose dispositions were supposed as dark and wayward, as their realms were gloomy and dismal. Such hags were frequent agents in the violation of unburied bodies, and it was believed, by the vulgar at least, that it was dangerous to leave corpses unguarded, lest they should be mangled by the witches, who took from them the most choice ingredients composing their charms. Above all, it must not be forgotten that these frightful sorceresses possessed the power of transforming themselves and others into animals, which are used in their degree of quadrupeds, or in whatever other laborious occupation belongs to the transformed state. The poets of the heathens, with authors of fiction, such as Lucian and Apuleius, ascribe all these powers to the witches of the pagan world, combining them with the art of poisoning, and of making magical philtres, to seduce the affections of the young and beautiful; and such were the characteristics which, in greater or less extent, the people of the middle ages ascribed to the witches of their day.

But in thus adopting the superstitions of the ancients, the conquerors of the Roman empire combined them with similar articles of belief which they had brought with them from their original settlements in the North, where the existence of hags of the same character formed a great feature in their Sagas and their Chronicles. It requires but a slight acquaintance with these compositions, to enable the reader to recognise in the Galdrakinna of the Scalds, the *Stryga*, or witch-woman of more classical climates. In the northern ideas of witches, there was no irreligion concerned with their lore;

* A similar bearing has been ascribed, for the same reason, to those of the name of Fantome, who carried of old a goblin, or phantom, in a shroud sable passant, on a field azure. Both bearings are founded on what is called canting heraldry: a species of art disowned by the writers on the science, yet universally made use of by those who practise the art of blazonry.

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on the contrary, the possession of magical knowledge was an especial attribute of Odin himself; and to intrude themselves upon a deity, and compel him to instruct them in what they desired to know, was accounted not an act of impiety, but of gallantry and high courage, among those sons of the sword and the spear. Their matrons possessed a high reputation for magic, for prophetic powers, for creating illusions; and, if not capable of transformations of the human body, they were at least able to impose such fascination on the sight of their enemies, as to conceal for a period the objects of which they were in search.

There is a remarkable story in the Eyrbiggia-Saga (Historia Eyranorum), giving the result of such a controversy between two of these gifted women, one of whom was determined on discovering and putting to death the son of the other, named Katla, who in a brawl had cut off the hand of the daughter-in-law of Geirada. A party detached to avenge this wrong, by putting Oddo to death, returned deceived by the skill of his mother. They had found only Katla, they said, spinning flax from a large distaff. "Fools," said Geirada "that distaff was the man you sought." They returned, seized the distaff, and burnt it. But this second time, the witch disguised her son under the appearance of a tame kid. A third time he was a hog, which grovelled among the ashes. The party returned yet again; augmented, as one of Katla's maidens, who kept watch, informed her mistress, by one in a blue mantle. "Alas!" said Katla "it is the sorceress Geirada, against whom spells avail not." Accordingly, the hostile party, entering for the fourth time, seized on the object of their animosity, and put him to death.* This species of witchcraft is well known in Scotland as the *glamour*, or *deceptio visus*, and was supposed to be a special attribute of the race of Gipsies.

Neither are those prophetesses to be forgotten, so much honoured among the German tribes, that, as we are assured by Tacitus, they rose to the highest rank in their councils, by their supposed supernatural knowledge, and even obtained a share in the direction of their armies. This peculiarity in the habits of the North was so general, that it was no unusual thing to see females, from respect to their supposed views into futurity and the degree of divine inspiration which was vouchsafed to them, arise to the degree of HAXA, or chief priestess, from which comes the word *Hexe*, now universally used for a witch; a circumstance which plainly shows, that the mythological system of the ancient natives of the North had given to the modern language an appropriate word for distinguishing those females who had intercourse with the spiritual world.†

* See *ante Eyrbiggia-Saga.*

† It may be worth while to notice, that the word Haxa is still used in Scotland in its sense of a druidess, or chief priestess, to distinguish the places where such females exercised

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It is undeniable that these Pythonesses were held in high respect while the pagan religion lasted; but for that very reason they became odious so soon as the tribe was converted to Christianity. They were, of course, if they pretended to retain their influence, either despised as impostors, or feared as sorceresses; and the more that, in particular instances, they became dreaded for their power, the more they were detested, under the conviction that they derived it from the enemy of man. The deities of the northern heathens underwent a similar metamorphosis, resembling that proposed by Drawcansir in the Rehearsal, who threatens "to make a god subscribe himself a devil."

The warriors of the North received this new impression concerning the influence of their deities, and the source from which it was derived, with the more indifference, as their worship, when their mythology was most generally established, was never of a very reverential or devotional character. Their ideas of their own merely human prowess was so high, that the champions made it their boast as we have already hinted, they would not give way in fight even to the immortal gods themselves. Such, we learn from Cæsar, was the idea of the Germans concerning the Suevi or Swabians, a tribe to whom the others yielded the palm of valour; and many individual stories are told in the Sagas concerning bold champions, who had fought not only with the sorcerers, but with the demi-gods of the system, and come off unharmed, if not victorious in the contest. Hother, for example, encountered the god Thor in battle, as Diomede, in the Iliad, engages with Mars, and with like success. Bartholine* gives us repeated examples of the same kind. "Know this," said Kiartan to Olaus Trigguasen "that I believe neither in idols or demons. I have travelled through various strange countries, and have encountered many giants and monsters, and have never been conquered by them; I therefore put my sole trust in my own strength of body and courage of soul." Another yet more broad answer was made to St Olaus, King of Norway, by Gaukater. "I am neither Pagan nor Christian. My comrades and I profess no other religion than a perfect confidence in our own strength and invincibility in battle." Such chieftains were of the sect of Mezentius—

> "Dextra mihi Deus, et telum, quod missile libro,†
> Nunc adsint!"

their ritual. There is a species o fsmall intrenchment on the western descent of the Eildon hills, which Mr Milne, in his account of the parish of Melrose, drawn up about eighty years ago, says was denominated *Bourjo*, a word of unknown derivation, by which the place is still known.—Here a universal and subsisting tradition bore, that human sacrifices were of yore offered, while the people assisting could behold the ceremony from the elevation of the glacis, which slopes inward. With this place of sacrifice communicated a path, still discernible, called the *Haxell-gate*, leading to a small glen, or narrow valley, called the *Haxellcleuch*—both which words are probably derived from the Haxa, or chief priestess of the pagans.

* *De Causis Contemptæ Necis*, lib. i, cap. 6.

† *Æneid*, lib. x, line 773.

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And we cannot wonder that champions of such a character, careless of their gods while yet acknowledged as such, readily regarded them as demons after their conversion to Christianity.

To incur the highest extremity of danger became accounted a proof of that insuperable valour for which every Northman desired to be famed, and their annals afford numerous instances of encounters with ghosts, witches, furies, and fiends, whom the Kiempé, or champions, compelled to submit to their mere mortal strength, and yield to their service the weapons or other treasures which they guarded in their tombs.

The Norsemen were the more prone to these superstitions, because it was a favourite fancy of theirs that, in many instances, the change from life to death altered the temper of the human spirit from benignant to malevolent; or perhaps, that when the soul left the body, its departure was occasionally supplied by a wicked demon, who took the opportunity to enter and occupy its late habitation.

Upon such a supposition the wild fiction that follows is probably grounded; which, extravagant as it is, possesses something striking to the imagination. Saxo Grammaticus tells us of the fame of two Norse princes or chiefs, who had formed what was called a brotherhood in arms, implying not only the firmest friendship and constant support during all the adventures which they should undertake in life, but binding them by a solemn compact, that after the death of either, the survivor should descend alive into the sepulchre of his brother-in-arms, and consent to be buried along with him. The task of fulfilling this dreadful compact fell upon Asmund, his companion, Assueit, having been slain in battle. The tomb was formed after the ancient northern custom in what was called the age of hills,—that is, when it was usual to bury persons of distinguished merit or rank on some conspicuous spot, which was crowned with a mound. With this purpose a deep narrow vault was constructed, to be the apartment of the future tomb over which the sepulchral heap was to be piled. Here they deposited arms, trophies, poured forth, perhaps, the blood of victims, introduced into the tomb the war-horses of the champions, and when these rites had been duly paid, the body of Assueit was placed in the dark and narrow house, while his faithful brother-in-arms entered and sat down by the corpse, without a word or look which testified regret or unwillingness to fulfil his fearful engagement. The soldiers who had witnessed this singular interment of the dead and living, rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the tomb, and piled so much earth and stones above the spot as made a mound visible from a great distance, and then, with loud lamentation for the loss of such undaunted leaders, they dispersed themselves like a flock which has lost its shepherd.

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Years passed away after years, and a century had elapsed, ere a noble Swedish rover, bound upon some high adventure and supported by a gallant band of followers, arrived in the valley which took its name from the tomb of the brethren-in-arms. The story was told to the strangers, whose leader determined on opening the sepulchre, partly because, as already hinted, it was reckoned an heroic action to brave the anger of departed heroes by violating their tombs; partly to attain the arms and swords of proof with which the deceased had done their great actions. He set his soldiers to work and soon removed the earth and stones from one side of the mound, and laid bare the entrance. But the stoutest of the rovers started back when, instead of the silence of a tomb, they heard within horrid cries, the clash of swords, the clang of armour, and all the noise of a mortal combat between two furious champions. A young warrior was let down into the profound tomb by a cord, which was drawn up shortly after, in hopes of news from beneath. But when the adventurer descended, some one threw him from the cord, and took his place in the noose. When the rope was pulled up, the soldiers, instead of their companion, beheld Asmund, the survivor of the brethren-in-arms. He rushed into the open air, his sword drawn in his hand, his armour half torn from his body, the left side of his face almost scratched off, as by the talons of some wild beast. He had no sooner appeared in the light of day, than, with the improvisatore poetic talent, which these champions often united with heroic strength and bravery, he poured forth a string of verses containing the history of his hundred years' conflict within the tomb. It seems that no sooner was the sepulchre closed than the corpse of the slain Assueit arose from the ground, inspired by some ravenous goule, and having first torn to pieces and devoured the horses which had been entombed with them, threw himself upon the companion who had just given him such a sign of devoted friendship, in order to treat him in the same manner. The hero, no way discountenanced by the horrors of his situation, took to his arms, and defended himself manfully against Assueit, or rather against the evil demon who tenanted that champion's body. In this manner the living brothers waged a preternatural combat, which had endured during a whole century, when Asmund, at last obtaining the victory, prostrated his enemy, and by driving, as he boasted, a stake through his body, had finally reduced him to the state of quiet becoming a tenant of the tomb. Having chanted the triumphant account of his conquest and victory, this mangled conqueror fell dead before them. The body of Assueit was taken out of the tomb, burnt, and the ashes dispersed to heaven; whilst that of the victor, now lifeless, and without a companion, was deposited there, so that it was hoped his slumbers might remain un-

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disturbed.* The precautions taken against Assueit's reviving a second time, remind us of those adopted in the Greek islands, and in the Turkish provinces, against the Vampire. It affords also a derivation of the ancient English law in case of suicide, when a stake was driven through the body, originally to keep it secure in the tomb.

The Northern people also acknowledged a kind of ghosts, who, when they had obtained possession of a building, or the right of haunting it, did not defend themselves against mortals on the knightly principle of duel, like Assueit, nor were amenable to the prayers of the priest or the spells of the sorcerer, but became tractable when properly convened in a legal process. The Eyrbiggia-Saga acquaints us, that the mansion of a respectable landholder in Iceland was, soon after the settlement of that island, exposed to a persecution of this kind. The molestation was produced by the concurrence of certain mystical and spectral phenomena, calculated to introduce such persecution. About the commencement of winter, with that slight exchange of darkness and twilight which constitutes night and day in these latitudes, a contagious disease arose in a family of consequence, and in the neighbourhood, which, sweeping off several members of the family at different times, seemed to threaten them all with death. But the death of these persons was attended with the singular consequence, that their spectres were seen to wander in the neighbourhood of the mansion-house, terrifying, and even assaulting, those of the living family who ventured abroad. As the number of the dead members of the devoted household seemed to increase in proportion to that of the survivors, the ghosts took it upon them to enter the house, and produce their aerial forms and wasted physiognomy even in the stove where the fire was maintained for the general use of the inhabitants, and which, in an Iceland winter, is the only comfortable place for assembling the family. But the remaining inhabitants of the place, terrified by the intrusion of these spectres, chose rather to withdraw to the other extremity of the house, and abandon their warm seats, than to endure the neighbourhood of the phantoms. Complaints were at length made to a pontiff of the god Thor, named Snorro, who exercised considerable influence in the Island. By his counsel, the young proprietor of the haunted mansion assembled a jury, or inquest, of his neighbours, constituted in the usual judicial form as if to judge an ordinary civil matter, and proceeded, in their presence, to cite individually the various phantoms and resemblances of the deceased members of the family, to show by what warrant they disputed with him and his servants the quiet possession of his property, and what defence they could plead for thus interfering

* See *Saxo Grammaticus, Hist. Dan.* lib. v.

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with and incommoding the living. The spectres of the dead, by name, and in order as summoned, appeared on their being called, and muttering some regrets at being obliged to abandon their dwelling, departed, or vanished, from the astonished inquest. Judgment then went against the ghosts by default, and the trial by jury, of which we here can trace the origin, obtained a triumph unknown to any of the great writers who have made it the subject of eulogy.*

It was not only with the spirits of the dead that the warlike people of the North made war without timidity, and successfully entered into suits of ejectment. These daring champions often braved the indignation even of the superior deities of their mythology, rather than allow that there existed any being before whom their boldness could quail. Such is the singular story, how a young man of high courage, in crossing a desolate ridge of mountains, met with a huge waggon, in which the goddess Freya (*i. e.* a gigantic idol formed to represent her), together with her shrine, and the wealthy offerings attached to it, was travelling from one district of the country to another. The shrine, or sanctuary, of the idol was, like a modern caravan travelling with a show, screened by boards and curtains from the public gaze, and the equipage was under the immediate guidance of the priestess of Freya, a young, good-looking, and attractive woman. The traveller naturally associated himself with the priestess, who, as she walked on foot, apparently was in no degree displeased with the company of a powerful and handsome young man as a guide and companion on the journey. It chanced, however, that the presence of the champion, and his discourse with the priestess, was less satisfactory to the goddess than to the parties principally concerned. By a certain signal the divinity summoned the priestess to the sanctuary, who presently returned with tears in her eyes and terror in her countenance, to inform her companion that it was the will of Freya that he should depart, and no longer travel in their company. "You must have mistaken the meaning of the goddess," said the champion; "Freya cannot have formed a wish so unreasonable, as to desire I should abandon the straight and good road, which leads me directly on my journey, to chuse precipitous paths and bye-roads, where I may break my neck." —"Nevertheless," said the priestess," the goddess will be highly offended if you disobey her commands, nor can I conceal from you that she may personally assault you."—"It will be at her own peril if she should be so audacious," said the champion," for I will try the power of this axe against the strength of beams and boards." The priestess chid him for his impiety; but being unable to compel him to obey the goddess's mandate, they again relapsed into familiarity, which advanced to such a point, that a clattering noise within the

*See *ante, Eyrbiggia-Saga.*

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tabernacle, as of machinery put in motion, intimated to the travellers that Freya, who perhaps had some qualities in common with the classical Vesta, thought a personal interruption of this tête-à-tête ought to be deferred no longer. The curtains flew open, and the massive and awkward idol, who, we may suppose, resembled in form the giant created by Frankenstein, leapt lumbering from the carriage, and rushing on the intrusive traveller, dealt him with her wooden hands and arms such tremendous blows as were equally difficult to parry or to endure. But the champion was armed with a double-edged Danish axe, with which he bestirred himself with so much strength and activity, that at length he split the head of the image, and with a severe blow hewed off its left leg. The image of Freya then fell motionless to the ground, and the demon which had animated it fled yelling from the battered tenement. The champion was now victor; and, according to the law of arms, took possession of the female and the baggage. The priestess, the divinity of whose patroness had been, by the event of the combat, sorely lessened in her eyes, was now easily induced to become the associate and concubine of the conqueror. She accompanied him to the district whither he was travelling, and there displayed the shrine of Freya, taking care to hide the injuries which the goddess had received in the brawl. The champion came in for a share of a gainful trade driven by the priestess, besides appropriating to himself most of the treasures which the sanctuary had formerly contained. Neither does it appear that Freya, having perhaps a sensible recollection of the power of the axe, ever again ventured to appear in person for the purpose of calling her false stewards to account.

The national estimation of deities, concerning whom such stories could be told and believed, was, of course, of no deep or respectful character. The Icelanders abandoned Odin, Freya, Thor, and their whole pagan mythology, in consideration of a single disputation between the heathen priests and the Christian missionaries. The priests threatened the island with a desolating eruption of the volcano called Hecla, as the necessary consequence of the vengeance of their deities. Snorro, the same who advised the inquest against the ghosts, had become a convert to the Christian religion, and was present on the occasion, and as the conference was held on the surface of what had been a stream of lava, now covered with vegetable substances, he answered the priests with much readiness, "To what was the indignation of the gods owing, when the substance on which we stand was fluid and scorching? Believe me, men of Iceland, the eruption of the volcano depends on natural circumstances, now as it did then, and is not the engine of vengeance intrusted to Thor and Odin." It is evident, that men who reasoned with so much accuracy concerning the imbecility of Odin and Thor, were well prepared, on

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abandoning their worship, to consider their former deities, of whom they believed so much that was impious, in the light of evil demons.

But there were some particulars of the northern creed, in which it corresponded so exactly with that of the classics, as leaves room to doubt whether the original Asæ, or Asiatics, the founders of the Scandinavian system had, before their migration from Asia, derived them from some common source with those of the Greeks and Romans; or whether, on the other hand, the same proneness of the human mind to superstition, has caused that similar ideas are adopted in different regions, as the same plants are found in distant countries, without the one, as far as can be discovered, having obtained the seed from the others.

The classical fiction, for example, of the satyrs, and other subordinate deities of wood and wild, whose power is rather delusive than formidable, and whose supernatural pranks intimate rather a wish to inflict terror than to do hurt, was received among the northern people, and perhaps transferred by them to the Celtic tribes. It is an idea which seems common to many nations. The existence of a satyr, in the sylvan form, is even pretended to be proved by the evidence of Saint Anthony, to whom one is said to have appeared in the desert. The Scottish Gael have an idea of the same kind respecting a goblin called *Ourisk*, whose form is like that of Pan, and his attendants something between a man and a goat, the nether extremities being in the latter form. A species of cavern, or rather hole, in the rock, affords to the wildest retreat in the romantic neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, a name taken from classical superstition. It is not the least curious circumstance, that from this sylvan deity the modern nations of Europe have borrowed the degrading and unsuitable emblems of the goat's visage and form, the horns, hoofs, and tail, with which they have depicted the author of evil when it pleased him to show himself on earth. So that the alteration of a single word, would render Popes well-known line more truly adapted to the fact, should we venture to read,

And Pan to *Satan* lends his heathen horn.

We cannot attribute the transference of the attributes of the northern satyr, or Celtic ourisk, to the arch-fiend, to any particular resemblance between the character of these deities and that of Satan. On the contrary, the ourisk of the Celts was a creature by no means peculiarly malevolent, or formidably powerful; but rather a melancholy spirit, which dwelt in wildernesses far removed from men. If we are to identify him with the Brown Dwarf of the Border moors, the ourisk has a mortal term of life, and a hope of salvation, as indeed the same high claim was made by the satyr who appeared to St Anthony. Moreover, the Highland ourisk was a species of lubber fiend,

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and capable of being over-reached by those who understood philology. It is related of one of these goblins, which frequented a mill near the foot of Loch Lomond, that the miller, desiring to get rid of this meddling spirit, who injured the machinery by setting the water on the wheel when there was no grain to be grinded, contrived to have a meeting with the goblin by watching in his mill till night. The ourisk then entered, and demanded the miller's name, and was informed that he was called *Myself;* on which is founded a story almost exactly like that of OUTIS in the Odyssey, a tale which, though classic, is by no means an elegant or ingenious fiction, but which we are astonished to find in an obscure district, and in the Celtic tongue, seeming to argue some connexion or communication between these remote Highlands of Scotland and the readers of Homer in former days, which we cannot account for. After all, perhaps, some church-man more learned than his brethren may have transferred the legend from Sicily to Duncrune, from the shores of the Mediterranean to those of Loch Lomond. I have heard it also told, that the celebrated freebooter, Rob Roy, once gained a victory by disguising a part of his men with goat-skins, so as to resemble the *ourisk*, or Highland satyr.

There was an individual satyr called, I think, Meming, belonging to the Scandinavian mythology, of a character different from the ourisk though similar in shape, whom it was the boast of the highest champions to seek out in the solitudes which he inhabited. He was an armourer of extreme dexterity, and the weapons which he forged were of the highest value. But as club-law pervaded the ancient system of Scandinavia, Meming had the humour of refusing to work for any customer save such as compelled him to it with force of arms. He may be, perhaps, identified with the recusant smith who fled before Fingal from Ireland to the Orkneys, and being there overtaken, was compelled to forge the sword which Fingal afterwards wore in all his battles, and which was called the Son of the dark brown Luno, from the name of the armourer who forged it.*

From this it will appear that there were originals enough in the mythology of the Goths, as well as Celts, to furnish the modern attributes ascribed to Satan in later times, when the object of painter or poet was to display him in his true form, and with all his terrors. Even the genius of Guido and of Tasso have been unable to surmount this prejudice, the more rooted, perhaps, that the wicked are described as goats in Scripture, and that the devil is called the old dragon. In Raffael's famous painting of the arch-angel Michael binding Satan, the dignity, power, and angelic character expressed by the seraph, form an extraordinary contrast to the poor conception of

* The weapon is often mentioned in Mr Mac Pherson's paraphrases; but the Irish ballad, which gives a spirited account of the debate betwen the champion and the armourer, is nowhere introduced.

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a being who ought not, even in that lowest degradation, to have seemed so unworthy an antagonist. Neither has Tasso been more happy, where he represents the divan of darkness, in the enchanted forest, as presided over by a monarch having a huge tail, hoofs, and all the usual accompaniments of popular diablerie. The genius of Milton alone could discard all these vulgar puerilities, and assign to the author of evil the terrible dignity of one who should seem not "less than arch-angel ruin'd." This species of degradation is yet grosser when we take into consideration the changes which popular opinions have wrought respecting the taste, habits, powers, modes of tempting, and habits of tormenting, which are such as might rather be ascribed to some stupid superannuated and doting ogre of a fairy tale, than to the powerful-minded demon, who fell through pride and rebellion, not through folly or incapacity.

Having, however, adopted our present ideas of the devil as they are expressed by his nearest acquaintances, the witches, from the accounts of satyrs, which seem to have been articles of faith both among the Celtic and Gothic tribes, we must next notice another fruitful fountain of demonological fancies. But as this source of the mythology of the middle ages must necessarily comprehend some account of the fairy folk, to whom much of it must be referred it is necessary to make a pause before we enter upon the mystic and marvellous connexion supposed to exist between the impenitent kingdom of Satan, and those merry dancers by moonlight.

LETTER IV.

The Fairy Superstition is derived from different sources—The Classical Worship of the Sylvans, or Rural Deities, proved by Roman Altars discovered—The Gothic Duergar, or Dwarfs—supposed to be derived from the Northern Laps, or Fins—The Niebelungen-Lied—King Laurin's Adventures—Celtic Fairies of a gayer character, yet their pleasures empty and illusory—Addicted to carry off Human Beings, both Infants and Adults—Adventures of a Butler in Ireland—The Elves supposed to pay a Tax to Hell—The Irish, Welsh, Highlanders, and Manxmen, held the same belief—It was rather rendered more gloomy by the Northern Traditions—Merlin and Arthur carried off by the Fairies—also Thomas of Erceldoune—His Amour with the Queen of Elfland—His reappearance in latter times—another Account from Reginald Scot—Conjectures on the derivation of the word Fairy.

We may premise by observing, that the classics had not forgotten to enrol in their mythology a certain species of subordinate deities, resembling the modern elves in their habits. Good old Mr Gibb of the Advocates' Library (whom all lawyers, whose youth he assisted in their studies by his knowledge of that noble collection, are bound

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to name with gratitude), used to point out amongst the ancient altars under his charge, one which is consecrated, *Diis compestribus*, and usually added, with a wink, "The Fairies, ye ken."* This relic of antiquity was discovered near Roxburgh Castle, and a vicinity more delightfully appropriate to the abode of the sylvan deities can hardly be found. Two rivers of considerable size, made yet more remarkable by the fame which has rendered them in some sort classical, unite their streams beneath the vestiges of an extensive castle, renowned in the wars with England, and for the valiant, noble, and even royal blood, which has been shed around and before it;—a landscape, ornamented with the distant village and huge abbey tower of Kelso, arising out of groves of aged trees;—the modern mansion of Fleurs, with its terrace, its woods, and its extensive lawn, form altogether a kingdom for Oberon and Titania to reign in, or any spirit who, before their time, might love scenery, of which the majesty, and even the beauty, impress the mind with a sense of awe mingled with pleasure. These sylvans, satyrs, and fauns, with whom superstition peopled the lofty banks and tangled copses of this romantic country, were obliged to give place to deities very nearly resembling themselves in character, who probably derive some of their attributes from their classic predecessors, although more immediately allied to the barbarian conquerors;—we allude to the fairies, which, as received into the popular creed, and as described by the poets who have made use of them as machinery, are certainly among the most pleasing legacies of fancy.

Dr Leyden, who exhausted on this subject, as upon most others, a profusion of learning, found the first idea of the Elfin people in the northern opinions concerning the duergar, or dwarfs.† These were, however, it must be owned, spirits of a coarser sort, more laborious vocation, and more malignant temper, and in all respects less propitious to humanity, than the fairies, properly so called, which were the invention of the Celtic people, and displayed that superiority of taste and fancy which, with the love of music and poetry, has been generally ascribed to their race, through its various classes and modifications.

In fact, there seems reason to conclude that these duergar were originally nothing else than the diminutive natives of the Lappish, Lettish, and Finnish nations, who, flying before the conquering wea-

* Another altar of elegant form, and perfectly preserved, was, within these few weeks, dug up near the junction of the Leader and the Tweed, in the neighbourhood of the village of Newstead, to the east of Melrose. It was inscribed by Carrius Domitianus, the prefect of the 20th legion, to the god SYLVANUS, forming another instance how much the wild and sylvan character of the country disposed the feelings of the Romans to acknowledge the presence of the rural deities. The altar is preserved at Drygrange, the seat of Mr Tod.

† See the *Essay on the Fairy Superstition*, in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, of which many of the materials were contributed by Dr Leyden, and the whole brought into its present form by the author.

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pons of the Asæ, sought the most retired regions of the north, and there endeavoured to hide themselves from their eastern invaders. They were a little diminutive race, but possessed of some skill probably in mining or smelting minerals, with which the country abounds; perhaps also they might, from their acquaintance with the changes of the clouds, or meteorological phenomena, be judges of weather, and so enjoy another title to supernatural skill. Atany rate, it has been plausibly supposed, that these poor people, who sought caverns and hiding-places from the persecution of the Asæ, were in some respects compensated for inferiority in strength and stature, by the art and power with which the superstition of the enemy invested them. These oppressed, yet dreaded fugitives, obtained, naturally enough, the character of the German spirits called Kobold, from which the English Goblin, and the Scottish Bogle, by some inversion and alteration of pronunciation, are evidently derived.

The Kobolds were a species of gnomes, who haunted the dark and solitary places, and were often seen in the mines, where they seemed to imitate the labours of the miners, and sometimes took pleasure in frustrating their objects, and rendering their toil unfruitful. Sometimes they were malignant, especially if neglected or insulted; but sometimes also they were indulgent to individuals whom they took under their protection. When a miner, therefore, hit upon a rich vein of ore, the inference commonly was, not that he possessed more skill, industry, or even luck, than his fellow workmen, but that the spirits of the mine had directed him to the treasure. The employment and apparent occupation of these subterranean gnomes, or fiends, led very naturally to identify the Fin, or Laplander, with the Kobold; but it was a bolder stretch of the imagination, which confounded this reserved and sullen race with the livelier and gayer spirit which bears correspondence with the British fairy. Neither can we be surprised that the Duergar, ascribed by many persons to this source, should exhibit a darker and more malignant character, than the elves that revel by moonlight in more southern climates.

According to the old Norse belief, these dwarfs form the current machinery of the northern Sagas, and their inferiority in size is represented as compensated by skill and wisdom superior to those of ordinary mortals. In the Niebelungen-Lied, one of the oldest romances of Germany, and compiled, it would seem, not long after the time of Attila, Theodorick of Bern, or of Verona, figures among a cycle of champions, over whom he presides, like the Charlemagne of France, or Arthur of England. Among others vanquished by him is the Elf King, or Dwarf Laurin, whose dwelling was in an enchanted garden of roses, and who had a body-guard of giants, a sort of persons seldom supposed to be themselves conjurors. He becomes a formidable opponent to Theodorick and his chivalry; but as he attempted

by treachery to attain the victory, he is, when overcome, condemned to fill the dishonourable yet appropriate office of buffoon and juggler at the court of Verona.*

Such possession of supernatural wisdom is still imputed, by the natives of the Orkney and Zetland islands, to the people called *Drows*, being a corruption of Duergar or *dwarfs*, and who may, in most other respects be identified with the Caledonian fairies. Lucas Jacobson Debes, who dates his description of Feroe from his Pathmos, in Thors-haven, 12th March, 1670, dedicates a long chapter to the spectres who disturbed his congregation, and sometimes carried off his hearers. The actors in these disturbances he states to be the *Skow*, or *Biergen-Trold*, *i. e.* the spirits of the woods and mountains, sometimes called subterranean people, and adds, they appeared in deep caverns and among horrid rocks; as also, that they haunted the places where murders, or other deeds of mortal sin had been acted. They appear to have been the genuine northern dwarfs, or Trows, another pronunciation of Trollds, and are considered by the reverend author as something very little better than actual fiends.

But it is not only, or even chiefly, to the Gothic race that we must trace the opinions concerning the elves of the middle ages; these, as already hinted, were deeply blended with the attributes which the Celtic tribes had, from the remotest ages, ascribed to their deities of rocks, valleys, and forests. We have already observed, what indeed makes a great feature of their national character, that the power of the imagination is extremely active among the Celts, and leads to an enthusiasm concerning national music and dancing, national poetry and song, the departments in which fancy most readily indulges herself. The Irish, the Welsh, the Gael or Scottish Highlander, all tribes of Celtic descent, assigned to the Men of Peace, Good Neighbours, or by whatever other names they called these sylvan pigmies, more social habits, and a course of existence far more gay, than the sullen and heavy toils of the more saturnine Duergar. Their elves did not avoid the society of men, though they behaved to those who associated with them with caprice, which rendered it dangerous to displease them; and although their gifts were sometimes valuable, they were usually wantonly given, and unexpectedly resumed.

The employment, the benefits, the amusements of the Fairy court, resembled the aerial people themselves. Their government was always represented as monarchical. A King, more frequently a Queen, of Fairies was acknowledged; and sometimes both held their court together. Their pageants and court entertainments comprehended all that the imagination could conceive of what was, by

* See an abstract, by the late learned Henry Weber, of a Lay on this subject of King Laurin, compiled by Henry of Osterdingen. *Northern Antiquities*, Edinburgh, 1814.

that age, accounted gallant and splendid. At their processions, they paraded more beautiful steeds than those of mere earthly parentage—the hawks and hounds which they employed in their chase were of the first race. At their daily banquets, the board was set forth with a splendour which the proudest kings of the earth dared not aspire to; and the hall of their dancers echoed to the most exquisite music. But when viewed by the eye of a seer the illusion vanished. The young knights and beautiful ladies showed themselves as wrinkled carles and odious hags—their wealth turned into slate-stones—their splendid plate into pieces of clay fantastically twisted—and their victuals, unsavoured by salt (prohibited to them, we are told, because an emblem of eternity), became tasteless and insipid—the stately halls were turned into miserable damp caverns—all the delights of the Elfin Elysium vanished at once. In a word, their pleasures were showy, but totally unsubstantial—their activity unceasing, but fruitless and unavailing—and their condemnation appears to have consisted in the necessity of maintaining the appearance of constant industry or enjoyment, though their toil was fruitless, and their pleasures shadowy and unsubstantial. Hence poets have designed them as "*the crew that never rest.*" Besides the unceasing and useless bustle in which these spirits seemed to live, they had propensities unfavourable and distressing to mortals.

One injury of a very serious nature was supposed to be constantly practised by the fairies against "the human mortals," that of carrying off their children, and breeding them as beings of their race. Unchristened infants were chiefly exposed to this calamity; but adults were also liable to be abstracted from earthly commerce, notwithstanding it was their natural sphere. With respect to the first, it may be easily conceived that the want of the sacred ceremony of introduction into the Christian church rendered them the more obnoxious to the power of those creatures, who, if not to be in all respects considered as fiends, had nevertheless, considering their constant round of idle occupation, little right to rank themselves among good spirits, and were accounted by most divines as belonging to a very different class. An adult, on the other hand, must have been engaged in some action which exposed him to the power of the spirits, and so, as the legal phrase went, "taken in the manner." Sleeping on a fairy mount, within which the Fairy court happened to be held for the time, was a very ready mode of obtaining a passport for Elfland. It was well for the individual if the irate elves were contented, on such occasions, with transporting him through the air to a city at some forty miles' distance, and leaving, perhaps his hat or bonnet on some steeple between, to mark the direct line of his course. Others, when engaged in some unlawful action, or in

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the act of giving way to some headlong and sinful passion, exposed themselves also to become inmates of Fairy land.

The same belief on these points obtained in Ireland. Glanville, in his Eighteenth Relation, tells us of the butler of a gentleman, a neighbour of the Earl of Orrery, who was sent to purchase cards. In crossing the fields, he saw a table surrounded by people apparently feasting and making merry. They rose to salute him, and invited him to join in their revel; but a friendly voice from the party whispered in his ear, "Do nothing which this company invite you to." Accordingly, when he refused to join in feasting, the table vanished, and the company began to dance, and play on musical instruments; but the butler would not take part in these recreations. They then left off dancing, and betook themselves to work; but neither in this would the mortal join them. He was then left alone for the present; but in spite of the exertions of my Lord Orrery, in spite of two bishops who were his guests at the time, in spite of the celebrated Mr Greatrix, it was all they could do to prevent the butler from being carried off bodily from amongst them by the fairies, who considered him as their lawful prey. They raised him in the air above the heads of the mortals, who could only run beneath, to break his fall when they pleased to let him go. The spectre which formerly advised the poor man, continued to haunt him, and at length discovered himself to be the ghost of an acquaintance who had been dead for seven years. "You know," added he, "I lived a loose life, and ever since have I been hurried up and down in a restless condition, with the company you saw, and shall be till the day of judgment." He added, that if the butler had acknowledged God in all his ways, he had not suffered so much by their means; he reminded him that he had not prayed to God in the morning before he met with this company in the field, and, moreover, that he was then going on an unlawful business.

It is pretended that Lord Orrery confirmed the whole of this story, even to having seen the butler raised into the air by the invisible beings who strove to carry him off. Only he did not bear witness to the passage which seems to call the purchase of cards an unlawful errand.*

Individuals whose lives had been engaged in intrigues of politics or stratagems of war, were sometimes surreptitiously carried off to fairy land; as Alison Pearson, the sorceress who cured Archbishop Adamson, averred that she had recognised in the Fairy court the celebrated Secretary Lethington and the old Knight of Buccleuch, the one of whom had been the most busy politician, the other one of

* *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, by Joseph Glanville. Edinburgh, 1700, p. 131.

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the most unwearied partisans of Queen Mary, during the reign of that unfortunate queen. Upon the whole, persons carried off by sudden death were usually suspected of having fallen into the hands of the fairies, and unless redeemed from their power, which it was not always safe to attempt, were doomed to conclude their lives with them. We must not omit to state, that those who had an intimate communication with these spirits, while they were yet inhabitants of middle earth, were most apt to be seized upon and carried off to Elfland before their death.

The reason assigned for this kidnapping of the human race, so peculiar to the elfin people, is said to be that they were under a necessity of paying to the infernal regions a yearly tribute out of their population, which they were willing to defray by delivering up to the prince of these regions the children of the human race, rather than their own. From this it must be inferred, that they have offspring among themselves, as it is said by some authorities, and particularly by Mr Kirke, the minister of Aberfoyle. He indeed adds, that after a certain length of life, these spirits are subject to the universal lot of mortality,—a position, however, which has been controverted, and is scarcely reconcilable to that which holds them amenable to pay a tax to hell, which infers existence as eternal as the fire which is not quenched. The opinions on the subject of the fairy people here expressed, are such as are entertained in the Highlands, and some remote quarters of the Lowlands, of Scotland. We know, from the lively and entertaining legends published by Mr Crofton Croker—which, though in most cases, told with the wit of the editor and the humour of his country, contain points of curious antiquarian information—that the opinions of the Irish are conformable to the account we have given of the general creed of the Celtic nations respecting elves. If the Irish elves are anywise distinguished from those of Britain, it seems to be by their disposition to divide into factions, and fight among themselves—a pugnacity characteristic of the Green Isle. The Welsh fairies, according to John Lewis, barrister-at-law, agree in the same general attributes with those of Ireland and Britain. We must not omit the creed of the Manxmen, since we find, from the ingenious researches of Mr Waldron, that the Isle of Man, beyond other places in Britain, was a peculiar depository of the fairy traditions, which, on the Island being conquered by the Norse, became, in all probability, chequered with those of Scandinavia, from a source peculiar and more direct than that by which they reached Scotland or Ireland.

Such as it was, the popular system of the Celts easily received the northern admixture of Drows and Duergar, which gave the belief, perhaps, a darker colouring than originally belonged to the British fairy land. It was from the same source also, in all probability, that

additional legends were obtained, of a gigantic and malignant female, the Hecate of this mythology, who rode on the storm, and marshalled the rambling host of wanderers under her grim banner. This hag (in all respects the reverse of the Mab or Titania of the Celtic creed) was called Nicneven in that later system which blended the faith of the Celts and of the Goths on this subject. The great Scottish poet Dunbar has made a spirited description of this Hecate riding at the head of witches and good neighbours (fairies, namely), sorceresses and elves, indifferently, upon the ghostly eve of All-Hallow Mass.* In Italy we hear of the hags arraying themselves under the orders of Diana (in her triple character of Hecate, doubtless), and Herodias, who were the joint leaders of their choir. But we return to the more simple fairy belief, as entertained by the Celts before they were conquered by the Saxons.

Of these early times we can know little; but it is singular to remark what light the traditions of Scotland throw upon the poetry of the Britons of Cumberland, then called Reged. Merlin Wyllt, or the wild, is mentioned by both; and that renowned wizard, the son of an elf, or fairy, with King Arthur, the dubious champion of Britain at that early period, were both said by tradition to have been abstracted by the fairies, and to have vanished, without having suffered death, just at the time when it was supposed, that the magic of the wizard, and the celebrated sword of the monarch, which had done so much to preserve British independence, could no longer avert the impending ruin. It may be conjectured that there was a desire on the part of Arthur, or his surviving champions, to conceal his having received a mortal wound in the fatal battle of Camlan; and to that we owe the wild and beautiful incident so finely versified by Bishop Percy, in which, in token of his renouncing in future the use of arms, the monarch sends his attendant, sole survivor of the field, to throw his sword, Excalibar, into the lake hard by. Twice eluding the request, the esquire at last complied, and threw the far-famed weapon into the lonely mere. A hand and arm arose from the water and caught Excalibar by the hilt, flourished it thrice, and then sank into the lake.† The astonished messenger returned to his master to tell him the marvels he had seen, but he only saw a boat at a distance push from the land, and heard shrieks of females in agony:—

> "And whether the king was there or not
> He never knew, ne never colde,
> For never since that doleful day
> Was British Arthur seen on molde."

The circumstances attending the disappearance of Merlin would probably be found as imaginative as those of Arthur's removal, but they cannot be recovered; and what is singular enough, circum-

* See *Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy.*
† See PERCY's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.*

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stances which originally belonged to the history of this famous bard, said to be the son of the Demon himself, have been transferred to a later poet, and surely one of scarce inferior name, Thomas of Erceldoune. The legend was supposed to be only preserved among the inhabitants of his native valleys, but a copy as old as the reign of Henry VII has been recovered. The story is interesting and beautifully told, and, as one of the oldest fairy legends, may well be quoted in this place.

Thomas of Erceldoune, in Lauderdale, called the Rhymer, on account of his producing a poetical romance on the subject of Tristrem and Yseult, which is curious as the earliest specimen of English verse known to exist, flourished in the reign of Alexander III of Scotland. Like other men of talent of the period, Thomas was suspected of magic. He was said also to have the gift of prophecy, which was accounted for in the following peculiar manner, referring entirely to the Elfin superstition. As True Thomas (we give him the epithet by anticipation) lay on Huntly bank, a place on the descent of the Eildon hills, which raise their triple crest above the celebrated monastery of Melrose, he saw a lady so extremely beautiful that he imagined it must be the Virgin Mary herself. Her appointments, however, were those rather of an Amazon or goddess of the woods. Her steed was of the highest beauty and spirit, and at his mane hung thirty silver bells and nine, which made music to the wind as she paced along: Her saddle was of *royal bone* (ivory), laid over with *orfeverie*, *i. e.* goldsmith's work: Her stirrups, her dress, all corresponded with her extreme beauty and the magnificence of her array. The fair huntress had her bow in hand, and her arrows at her belt. She led three greyhounds in a leash, and three raches, or hounds of scent, followed her closely. She rejected and disclaimed the homage which Thomas desired to pay to her; so that, passing from one extremity to the other, Thomas became as bold as he had at first been humble. The lady warns him that he must become her slave, if he should prosecute his suit towards her in the manner he proposes. Before their interview terminates, the appearance of the beautiful lady is changed into that of the most hideous hag in existence; one side is blighted and wasted, as if by palsy; one eye drops from her head; her colour, as clear as the virgin silver, is now of a dun leaden hue. A witch from the spital or almshouse would have been a goddess in comparison to the late beautiful huntress. Hideous as she was, Thomas's irregular desires had placed him under the control of this hag, and when she bade him take leave of sun, and of the leaf that grew on tree, he felt himself under the necessity of obeying her. A cavern received them, in which, following his frightful guide, he for three days travelled in darkness, sometimes hearing the booming of a distant ocean, sometimes

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walking through rivers of blood, which crossed their subterranean path. At length they emerged into daylight, in a most beautiful orchard. Thomas, almost fainting for want of food, stretches out his hand towards the goodly fruit which hangs around him, but is forbidden by his conductress, who informs him these are the fatal apples which were the cause of the fall of man. He perceives also that his guide had no sooner entered this mysterious ground, and breathed its magic air, than she was revived in beauty, equipage, and splendour, as fair or fairer than he had first seen her on the mountain. She then commands him to lay his head upon her knee, and proceeds to explain to him the character of the country. "Yonder right-hand path," she says, "conveys the spirits of the blest to paradise; yon downward and well-worn way leads sinful souls to the place of everlasting punishment; the third road, by yonder dark brake, conducts to the milder place of pain, from which prayer and mass may release offenders. But see you yet a fourth road, sweeping along the plain to yonder splendid castle? yonder is the road to Elfland, to which we are now bound. The lord of the castle is king of the country, and I am his queen. But, Thomas, I would rather be drawn with wild horses, than he should know what hath passed between you and me. Therefore, when we enter yonder castle, observe strict silence, and answer no question that is asked at you, and I will account for your silence by saying I took your speech when I brought you from middle earth."

Having thus instructed her lover, they journeyed on to the castle, and entering by the kitchen, found themselves in the midst of such a festive scene as might become the mansion of a great feudal lord or prince. Thirty carcasses of deer were lying on the massive kitchen board, under the hands of numerous cooks, who toiled to cut them up and dress them, while the gigantic greyhounds which had taken the spoil lay lapping the blood, and enjoying the sight of the slain game. They came next to the royal hall, where the king received his loving consort without censure or suspicion. Knights and ladies, dancing by threes (reels, perhaps), occupied the floor of the hall; and Thomas, the fatigues of his journey from the Eildon hills forgotten, went forward and joined in the revelry. After a period, however, which seemed to him a very short one, the queen spoke with him apart, and bade him prepare to return to his own country, "Now," said the queen, "how long think you that you have been here?"—"Certes, fair lady," answered Thomas, "not above these seven days."—"You are deceived," answered the queen; "you have been seven *years* in this castle, and it is full time you were gone. Know, Thomas, that the fiend of hell will come to this castle to-morrow to demand his tribute, and so handsome a man as you will attract his eye. For all the world would I not suffer you to be

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betrayed to such a fate; therefore up, and let us be going." These terrible news, reconciled Thomas to his departure from Elfin land, and the queen was not long in placing him upon Huntly bank, where the birds were singing. She took a tender leave of him, and to ensure his reputation, bestowed on him the tongue which *could not lie*. Thomas in vain objected to this inconvenient and involuntary adhesion to veracity, which would make him, as he thought, unfit for church or for market, for king's court or for lady's bower. But all his remonstrances were disregarded by the lady, and Thomas the Rhymer, whenever the discourse turned on the future, gained the credit of a prophet whether he would or not; for he could say nothing but what was sure to come to pass. It is plain, that had Thomas been a legislator instead of a poet, we have here the story of Numa and Egeria.

Thomas remained several years in his own tower near Erceldoune, and enjoyed the fame of his predictions, several of which are current among the country people to this day. At length, as the prophet was entertaining the Earl of March in his dwelling, a cry of astonishment arose in the village, on the appearance of a hart and hind,* which left the forest, and, contrary to their shy nature, came quietly onward, traversing the village towards the dwelling of Thomas. The prophet instantly rose from the board; and, acknowledging the prodigy as the summons of his fate, he accompanied the hart and hind into the forest, and though occasionally seen by individuals to whom he has chosen to show himself, has never again mixed familiarly with mankind.

Thomas of Erceldoune, during his retirement, has been supposed, from time to time, to be levying forces to take the field in some crisis of his country's fate. The story has often been told, of a daring horse-jockey having sold a black horse to a man of venerable and antique appearance, who appointed the remarkable hillock upon Eildon hills, called the Lucken-hare, as the place where, at twelve o'clock at night, he should receive the price. He came, his money was paid in ancient coin, and he was invited by his customer to view his residence. The trader in horses followed his guide in the deepest astonishment through several long ranges of stalls, in each of which a horse stood motionless, while an armed warrior lay equally still at the charger's feet. "All these men," said the wizard in a whisper, "will awaken at the battle of Sheriffmoor." At the extremity of this extraordinary depôt hung a sword and a horn, which the prophet pointed out to the horse-dealer as containing the means of dissolving the spell. The man in confusion took the horn, and attempted to wind it. The horses instantly started in their stalls,

* This last circumstance seems imitated from a passage in the *Life of Merlin*, by JEFFREY OF MONMOUTH. See ELLIS's *Ancient Romances*, vol. i, p. 73.

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stamped, and shook their bridles; the men arose and clashed their armour; and the mortal, terrified at the tumult he had excited, dropped the horn from his hand. A voice like that of a giant, louder even than the tumult around, pronounced these words:—

> "Woe to the coward that ever he was born,
> That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn!"

A whirlwind expelled the horse-dealer from the cavern, the entrance to which he could never again find. A moral might be perhaps extracted from the legend,—namely, that it is best to be armed against danger before bidding it defiance. But it is a circumstance worth notice, that although this edition of the tale is limited to the year 1715, by the very mention of the Sheriffmoor, yet a similar story appears to have been current during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which is given by Reginald Scot. The narrative is edifying, as peculiarly illustrative of the mode of marring a curious tale in telling it, which was one of the virtues professed by Caius when he hired himself to King Lear. Reginald Scot, incredulous on the subject of witchcraft, seems to have given some weight to the belief of those who thought that the spirits of famous men do, after death, take up some particular habitations near cities, towns and countries, and act as tutelary and guardian spirits to the places which they loved while in the flesh.

"But more particularly to illustrate this conjecture," says he, "I could name a person who hath lately appeared thrice since his decease, at least some ghostly being or other that calls itself by the name of such a person, who was dead above a hundred years ago, and was, in his life-time, accounted as a prophet or predicter, by the assistance of sublunary spirits; and now, at his appearance, did also give strange predictions respecting famine and plenty, war and bloodshed, and the end of the world. By the information of the person that had communication with him, the last of his appearances was in the following manner:—"I had been," said he, "to sell a horse at the next market-town, but not attaining my price, as I returned home, by the way I met this man, who began to be familiar with me, asking what news, and how affairs moved through the country. I answered as I thought fit; withall, I told him of my horse, whom he began to cheapen, and proceeded with me so far, that the price was agreed upon. So he turned back with me, and told me that if I would go along with him, I should receive my money. On our way we went, I upon my horse, and he on another milk-white beast. After much travel, I asked him where he dwelt, and what his name was. He told me that his dwelling was a mile off, at a place called *Farran*, of which place I had never heard, though I knew all the country round about.* He also told me that he himself was that person of the family of Learmonths,† so much spoken of as a prophet. At which I began to be somewhat fearful, perceiving we were on a road which I never had been on before, which increased my fear and amazement more. Well! on we went till he brought me under ground, I knew not how, into the presence of a beautiful woman, who paid the money without a word speaking. He conducted me out again through a large and long entry, where I saw above six hundred men in armour laid prostrate on the ground as if asleep. At last I found myself in the open field, by the help of

* In this the author is in the same ignorance as his namesake Reginald, though having at least as many opportunities of information.

† In popular tradition, the name of Thomas the Rhymer was always averred to be Learmonth, though he neither uses it himself, nor is described by his son other than Le Rymour. The Learmonths of Dairsie, in Fife, claimed descent from this prophet.

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the moonlight, in the very place where I first met him, and made a shift to get home by three in the morning. But the money I had received was just double of what I esteemed it when the woman paid me, of which, at this instant, I have several pieces to show, consisting of ninepennies, thirteen-pence-halfpennies," etc.*

It is a great pity that this horse-dealer having specimens of the fairy coin, of a quality more permanent than usual, had not favoured us with an account of an impress so valuable to medalists. It is not the less edifying, as we are deprived of the more picturesque parts of the story, to learn that Thomas's payment was as faithful as his prophecies. The beautiful lady who bore the purse must have been undoubtedly the Fairy Queen, whose affection, though, like that of his own heroine Yseult, we cannot term it altogether laudable, seems yet to have borne a faithful and firm character.

I have dwelt at some length on the story of Thomas the Rhymer, as the oldest tradition of the kind which has reached us in detail, and as pretending to show the fate of the first Scottish poet, whose existence, and its date, are established both by history and records; and who, if we consider him as writing in the Anglo-Norman language, was certainly one among the earliest of its versifiers. But the legend is still more curious, from its being the first, and most distinguished instance, of a man alleged to have obtained supernatural knowledge by means of the fairies.

Whence or how this singular community derived their more common popular name, we may say has not as yet been very clearly established. It is the opinion of the learned, that the Persian word Peri, expressing an unearthly being, of a species very similar, will afford the best derivation, if we suppose it to have reached Europe through the medium of the Arabians, in whose alphabet the letter P does not exist, so that they pronounce the word Feri instead of Peri. Still there is something uncertain in this etymology. We hesitate to ascribe, either to the Persians or the Arabians, the distinguishing name of an ideal commonwealth, the notion of which they certainly did not contribute to us. Some are, therefore, tempted to suppose, that the elves may have obtained their most frequent name from their being, *par excellence*, a *fair* or *comely* people, a quality which they affected on all occasions; while the superstition of the Scottish was likely enough to give them a name which might propitiate the vanity for which they deemed the race remarkable; just as, in other instances, they called the fays "men of peace," "good neighbours," and by other titles of the like import. It must be owned, at the same time, that the words *fay* and *fairy* may have been mere adoptions of the French *fée* and *féerie*, though these terms, on the other side of the Channel, have reference to a class of spirits corresponding, not

* *Discourse of Devils and Spirits appended to the Discovery of Witchcraft, by* REGINALD SCOT, Esq, book ii, chap. 3, sect. 19.

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to our fairies, but with the far different Fata of the Italians. But this is a question which we willingly leave for the decision of better etymologists than ourselves.

LETTER V.

Those who dealt in fortune-telling, mystical cures by charms, and the like, often claimed an intercourse with Fairy Land—Hudhart or Hudikin—Pitcairn's Scottish Criminal Trials—Story of Bessy Dunlop and her adviser—Her Practice of Medicine—and of Discovery of Theft—Account of her Familiar, Thome Reid—Trial of Alison Pearson—Account of her Familiar, William Sympson—Trial of the Lady Fowlis, and of Hector Munro, her Step-son—Extraordinary Species of Charm used by the latter—Confession of John Stewart, a Juggler, of his Intercourse with the Fairies—Trial and Confession of Isobel Gowdie—Use of Elf-arrow Heads—Parish of Aberfoyle—Mr Kirke, the Minister of Aberfoyle's Work on Fairy Superstitions—He is himself taken to Fairyland—Dr Grahame's Interesting Work, and his Information on Fairy Superstitions—Story of a Female in East Lothian carried off by the Fairies—Another instance from Peasant.

To return to Thomas the Rhymer, with an account of whose legend I concluded last letter, it would seem, that the example which it afforded of obtaining the gift of prescience, and other supernatural powers, by means of the fairy people, became the common apology of those who attempted to cure diseases, to tell fortunes, to revenge injuries, or to engage in traffic with the invisible world, for the purpose of satisfying their own wishes, curiosity, or revenge, or those of others. Those who practised the petty arts of deception in such mystic cases, being naturally desirous to screen their own impostures, were willing to be supposed to derive from the fairies, or from mortals transported to fairyland, the power necessary to effect the displays of art which they pretended to exhibit. A confession of direct communication and league with Satan, though the accused were too frequently compelled by torture to admit and avow such horrors, might, the poor wretches hoped, be avoided by the avowal of a less disgusting intercourse with sublunary spirits, a race which might be described by negatives, being neither angels, devils, nor the souls of deceased men; nor would it, they might flatter themselves be considered as any criminal alliance, that they held communion with a race not properly hostile to man, and willing, on certain conditions, to be useful and friendly to him. Such an intercourse was certainly far short of the witch's renouncing her salvation, delivering herself personally to the devil, and at once ensuring condemnation in this world, together with the like doom in the next.

Accordingly the credulous, who, in search of health, knowledge, greatness, or moved by any of the numberless causes for which men seek to look into futurity, were anxious to obtain superhuman assis-

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tance, as well as the numbers who had it in view to dupe such willing clients, became, both cheated and cheaters, alike anxious to establish the possibility of a harmless process of research into futurity, for laudable, or at least innocent objects, as healing diseases, and the like; in short, of the existence of white magic, as it was called, in opposition to that black art exclusively and directly derived from intercourse with Satan. Some endeavoured to predict a man's fortune in marriage or his success in life by the aspect of the stars; others pretended to possess spells, by which they could reduce and compel an elementary spirit to enter within a stone, a looking-glass, or some other local place of abode, and confine her there by the power of an especial charm, conjuring her to abide and answer the questions of her master. Of these we shall afterwards say something; but the species of evasion now under our investigation is that of the fanatics or impostors, who pretended to draw information from the equivocal spirits called fairies; and the number of instances before us is so great as induces us to believe, that the pretence of communicating with Elfland, and not with the actual demon, was the manner in which the persons accused of witchcraft most frequently endeavoured to excuse themselves, or at least to alleviate the charges brought against them of practising sorcery. But the Scottish law did not acquit those who accomplished even praiseworthy actions, such as remarkable cures, by mysterious remedies; and the proprietor of a patent medicine, who should in those days have attested his having wrought such miracles as we see sometimes advertised, might perhaps have forfeited his life before he established the reputation of his drop, elixir, or pill.

Sometimes the soothsayers, who pretended to act on this information from sublunary spirits, soared to higher matters than the practice of physic, and interfered in the fate of nations. When James the First was murdered at Perth, in 1437, a Highland woman prophesied the course and purpose of the conspiracy, and had she been listened to, it might have been disconcerted. Being asked her source of knowledge, she answered, *Hudhart* had told her; which might either be the same with Hudikin, a Dutch spirit somewhat similar to Friar Rush, or Robin Goodfellow,* or with the Red-capped demon so powerful in the case of Lord Soulis, and other wizards, to whom the Scots assigned rather more serious influence.

The most special account which I have found of the intercourse between fairyland and a female professing to have some influence in that court, combined with a strong desire to be useful to the dis-

* "Hudkin is a very familiar devil, who will do nobody hurt, except he receive injury; but he cannot abide that, nor yet be mocked. He talketh with men friendly, sometimes, visibly, sometimes invisibly. There go as many tales upon this Hudkin in some parts of Germany, as there did in England on Robin Goodfellow."—*Discourse concerning Devils*, annexed to *The Discovery of Witchcraft*, by Reginald Scot, book I, chap. xxi.

tressed of both sexes, occurs in the early part of a work to which I have been exceedingly obliged in the present and other publications.* The details of the evidence, which consists chiefly of the unfortunate woman's own confession, are more full than usual, and comprehend some curious particulars. To spare technical repetitions, I must endeavour to select the principal facts in evidence in detail, so far as they bear upon the present subject.

On the 8th November, 1576, Elisabeth or Bessie Dunlop, spouse to Andro Jak, in Lyne, in the Barony of Dalry, Ayrshire, was accused of sorcery and witchcraft, and abuse of the people. Her answers to the interrogatories of the judges or prosecutors ran thus. It being required of her, by what art she could tell of lost goods, or prophesy the event of illness? she replied, that of herself she had no knowledge or science of such matters, but that when questions were asked at her concerning such matters, she was in the habit of applying to one Thome Reid, who died at the battle of Pinkie (10th September, 1547) as he himself affirmed, and who resolved her any questions which she asked at him. This person she described as a respectable elderly-looking man, grey-bearded, and wearing a grey coat, with Lomhard sleeves, of the auld fashion. A pair of grey breeches, and white stockings gartered above the knee, a black bonnet on his head, close behind and plain before, with silken laces drawn through the lips thereof, and a white wand in his hand, completed the description of what we may suppose a respectable-looking man of the province and period. Being demanded concerning her first interview with this mysterious Thome Reid, she gave rather an affecting account of the disasters with which she was then afflicted, and a sense of which perhaps aided to conjure up the imaginary counsellor. She was walking between her own house and the yard of Monkcastle, driving her cows to the common pasture, and making heavy moan with herself, weeping bitterly for her cow that was dead, her husband and child that were sick of the land-ill (some contagious sickness of the time), while she herself was in a very infirm state, having lately born a child. On this occasion, she met Thome Reid for the first time, who saluted her courteously, which she returned. "Sancta Maria, Bessie!" said the apparition; "why must thou make such dole and weeping for any earthly thing?"—"Have I not reason for great sorrow," said she, "since our property is going to destruction, my husband is on the point of death, my baby will not live, and I am myself at a weak point? Have I not cause to have a sore heart?"—"Bessie," answered the spirit, "thou hast displeased God in asking something that thou should not,

* The curious collection of Trials, from the Criminal Records of Scotland, now in the course of publication, by Robert Pitcairn, Esq. affords so singular a picture of the manners and habits of our ancestors, while yet a semibarbarous people, that it is equally worth the attention of the historian, the antiquary, the philosopher, and the poet.

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and I counsel you to amend your fault. I tell thee, thy child shall die ere thou get home; thy two sheep shall also die, but thy husband shall recover, and be as well and feir as ever he was." The good woman was something comforted to hear that her husband was to be spared in such her general calamity, but was rather alarmed to see her ghostly counsellor pass from her, and disappear through a hole in the garden wall, seemingly too narrow to admit of any living person passing through it. Another time he met her at the Thorn of Dawmstarnik, and showed his ultimate purpose, by offering her plenty of every thing if she would but deny Christendom, and the faith she took at the font-stone. She answered, that rather than do that she would be torn at horses' heels, but that she would be conformable to his advice in less matters. He parted with her in some displeasure. Shortly afterwards he appeared in her own house, about noon, which was at the time occupied by her husband and three tailors. But neither Andrew Jak nor the three tailors were sensible of the presence of the phantom warrior who was slain at Pinkie; so that, without attracting their observation, he led out the goodwife to the end of the house near the kiln. Here he showed her a company of eight women and four men. The women were busked in their plaids, and very seemly. The strangers saluted her, and said, "Welcome, Bessie; wilt thou go with us?" But Bessie was silent, as Thome Reid had previously recommended. After this she saw their lips move, but did not understand what they said; and in a short time they removed from thence with a hideous ugly howling sound, like that of a hurricane. Thome Reid then acquainted her that these were the good wights (fairies) dwelling in the court of Elfland, who came to invite her to go thither with them. Bessie answered, that before she went that road, it would require some consideration. Thome answered, "Seest thou not me both meat-worth, clothes-worth, and well enough in person?" and engaged she should be easier than ever she was. But she replied, she dwelt with her husband and children, and would not leave them; to which Thome Reid replied, in very ill-humour, that if such were her sentiments, she would get little good of him.

Although they thus disagreed on the principal object of Thome Reid's visits, Bessie Dunlop affirmed he continued to come to her frequently, and assist her with his counsel; and that if any one consulted her about the aliment of human beings or of cattle, or the recovery of things lost and stolen, she was, by the advice of Thome Reid, always able to answer the querists. She was also taught by her (literally ghostly) adviser, how to watch the operation of the ointments he gave her, and to presage from them the recovery or death of the patient. She said Thome gave her herbs with his own hand, with which she cured John Jack's bairn and Wilson's of the

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Townhead. She also was helpful to a waiting-woman of the young Lady Stanlie, daughter of the Lady Johnstone, whose disease, according to the opinion of the infallible Thome Reid, was "a cauld blood that came about her heart," and frequently caused her to swoon away. For this Thome mixed a remedy as generous as the Balm of Gilead itself. It was composed of the most potent ale concocted with spices and a little white sugar, to be drunk every morning before taking food. For these prescriptions Bessie Dunlop's fee was a peck of meal and some cheese. The young woman recovered. But the poor old Lady Kilbowie could get no help for her leg, which had been crooked for years, for Thome Reid said the marrow of the limb was perished and the blood benumbed, so that she would never recover, and if she sought farther assistance, it would be the worse for her. These opinions indicate common sense and prudence at least, whether we consider them as originating with the *umquhile* Thome Reid, or with the culprit whom he patronised. The judgments given in the case of stolen goods were also well chosen; for though they seldom led to recovering the property, they generally alleged such satisfactory reasons for its not being found, as effectually to cover the credit of the prophetess. Thus Hugh Scott's cloak could not be returned, because the thieves had gained time to make it into a kirtle. James Jamieson and James Baird would, by her advice, have recovered their plough-irons which had been stolen, had it not been the will of fate that William Dougal, sheriff's officer, one of the parties searching for them, should accept a bribe of three pounds not to find them. In short, although she lost a lace which Thome Reid gave her out of his own hand, which, tied round women in childbirth, had the power of helping their delivery, Bessy Dunlop's profession of a wise woman seems to have flourished indifferently well till it drew the evil eye of the law upon her.

More minutely pressed upon the subject of her familiar, she said she had never known him while among the living, but was aware that the person so calling himself was one who had, in his lifetime, actually been known in middle earth as Thome Reid, officer to the Laird of Blair, and who died at Pinkie. Of this she was made certain, because he sent her on errands to his son, who had succeeded in his office, and to others his relatives, whom he named, and commanded them to amend certain trespasses which he had done while alive, furnishing her with sure tokens by which they should know that it was he who had sent her. One of these errands was somewhat remarkable. She was to remind a neighbour of some particular which she was to recall to his memory by the token, that Thome Reid and he had set out together to go to the battle which took place on the Black Saturday; that the person to whom the message was sent, was inclined rather to move in a different direction, but that Thome Reid

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heartened him to pursue his journey, and brought him to the Kirk of Dalry, where he bought a parcel of figs, and made a present of them to his companion, tying them in his handkerchief; after which they kept company till they came to the field upon the fatal Black Saturday, as the battle of Pinkie was long called.

Of Thome's other habits, she said that he always behaved with the strictest propriety, only that he pressed her to go to Elfland with him, and took hold of her apron as if to pull her along. Again, she said she had seen him in public places, both in the churchyard at Dalry, and on the street of Edinburgh, where he walked about among other people, and handled goods that were exposed to sale, without attracting any notice. She herself did not then speak to him for it was his command that, upon such occasions, she should never address him, unless he spoke first to her. In his theological opinions, Mr Reid appeared to lean to the Church of Rome, which, indeed, was most indulgent to the fairy folk. He said that the *new law*, i. e. the Reformation, was not good, and that the old faith should return again, but not exactly as it had been before. Being questioned why this visionary sage attached himself to her more than to others, the accused person replied, that when she was confined in childbirth of one of her boys, a stout woman came into her hut, and sate down on a bench by her bed, like a mere earthly gossip; that she demanded a drink, and was accommodated accordingly; and thereafter told the invalid that the child should die, but that her husband, who was then ailing, should recover. This visit seems to have been previous to her meeting Thome Reid near Monkcastle garden, for that worthy explained to her that her stout visitant was Queen of Fairies, and that he had since attended her by the express command of that lady, his queen and mistress. This reminds us of the extreme doting attachment which the Queen of the Fairies is represented to have taken for Dapper in the Alchemist. Thome Reid attended her, it would seem, on being summoned thrice, and appeared to her very often within four years. He often requested her to go with him on his return to Fairyland, and when she refused, he shook his head, and said she would repent it.

If the delicacy of the reader's imagination be a little hurt at imagining the elegant Titania in the disguise of a *stout* woman, a heavy burden for a clumsy bench, drinking what Christopher Sly would have called very sufficient small-beer with a peasant's wife, the following description of the fairy host may come more near the idea he has formed of that invisible company. Bessie Dunlop declared, that as she went to tether her nag by the side of Restalrig Loch (Lochend, near the eastern port of Edinburgh), she heard a tremendous sound of a body of riders rushing past her, with such a noise as if heaven and earth would come together. That the sound

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swept past her, and seemed to rush into the lake with a hideous rumbling noise. All this while she saw nothing; but Thome Reid showed her that the noise was occasioned by the wights, who were performing one of their cavalcades upon earth.

The intervention of Thome Reid, as a partner in her trade of petty sorcery, did not avail poor Bessie Dunlop, although his affection to her was apparently entirely Platonic,—the greatest familiarity on which he ventured was taking hold of her gown as he pressed her to go with him to Elfland. Neither did it avail her, that the petty sorcery which she practised was directed to venial or even beneficial purposes. The sad words on the margin of the record, "Convict and burnt," sufficiently express the tragic conclusion of a curious tale.

Alison Pearson, in Byrehill, was, 28th May, 1588, tried for invocation of the spirits of the devil, specially in the vision of one Mr William Sympson, her cousin, and her mother's brother's son, who, she affirmed, was a great scholar and doctor of medicine, dealing with charms, and abusing the ignorant people. Against this poor woman, her own confession, as in the case of Bessie Dunlop, was the principal evidence.

As Bessie Dunlop had Thome Reid, Alison Pearson had also a familiar in the court of Elfland. This was her relative William Sympson aforesaid, born in Stirling, whose father was king's smith in that town. William had been taken away, she said, by a man of Egypt (a Gipsy), who carried him to Egypt along with him. That he remained there twelve years, and that his father died in the mean time, for opening a priest's book, and looking upon it. She declared that she had renewed her acquaintance with her kinsman, so soon as he returned. She further confessed, that one day, as she passed through Grange Muir, she lay down, in a fit of sickness, and that a green man came to her, and said, if she would be faithful, he might do her good. In reply, she charged him, in the name of God, and by the law he lived upon, if he came for her soul's good, to tell his errand. On this the green man departed. But he afterwards appeared to her, with many men and women with him; and, against her will, she was obliged to pass with them farther than she could tell, with piping, mirth, and good cheer; also that she accompanied them into Lothian, where she saw puncheons of wine, with tasses, or drinking cups. She declared, that when she told of these things, she was sorely tormented, and received a blow that took away the power of her left side, and left on it an ugly mark, which had no feeling. She also confessed that she had seen, before sunrise, the Good Neighbours make their salves with pans and fires. Sometimes, she said, they came in such fearful forms as frightened her very much. At other times they spoke her fair, and promised her that she should never want, if faithful; but if she told of them and their doings, they threatened to martyr

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her. She also boasted of her favour with the Queen of Elfland, and the good friends she had at that court, notwithstanding that she was sometimes in disgrace there, and had not seen the queen for seven years. She said, William Sympson is with the fairies, and that he lets her know when they are coming; and that he taught her what remedies to use, and how to apply them. She declared that when a whirlwind blew, the fairies were commonly there, and that her cousin Sympson confessed that every year the tithe of them were taken away to hell.

The celebrated Patrick Adamson, an excellent divine, and accomplished scholar, created by James VI, Archbishop of St Andrews, swallowed the prescriptions of this poor hypochondriac, with good faith and will, eating a stewed fowl, and drinking out at two draughts a quart of claret, medicated with the drugs she recommended. According to the belief of the time, this Alison Pearson transferred the bishop's indisposition from himself to a white palfrey, which died in consequence. There is a very severe libel on him for this and other things unbecoming his order, with which he was charged, and from which we learn that Lethington and Buccleuch were seen by Dame Pearson in the Fairyland.* This poor woman's kinsman, Sympson, did not give better shelter to her than Thome Reid had done to her predecessor. The margin of the court-book again bears the melancholy and brief record, "Convicta et combusta."

The two poor women last mentioned are the more to be pitied, as, whether enthusiasts or impostors, they practised their supposed art exclusively for the advantage of mankind. The following extraordinary detail involves persons of far higher quality, and who sought to familiars for more baneful purposes.

Katherine Munro, Lady Fowlis, by birth Katherine Ross of Balnagowan, of high rank, both by her own family and that of her husband, who was the fifteenth Baron of Fowlis, and chief of the warlike clan of Munro, had a stepmother's quarrel with Robert Munro, eldest son of her husband, which she gratified by forming a scheme for compassing his death by unlawful arts. Her proposed advantage in this was, that the widow of Robert, when he was thus removed, should marry with her brother George Ross of Balnagowan; and for this purpose, her sister-in-law, the present Lady Balnagowan, was also to be removed. Lady Fowlis, if the indictment had a syllable of truth, carried on her practices with the least possible disguise. She assembled persons of the lowest order, stamped with an infamous celebrity as witches; and besides making pictures or models in clay by which they hoped to bewitch Robert Munro and Lady Balnagowan, they brewed, upon one occasion, poison so strong, that a page tasting of it

* See *Scottish poems*, edited by JOHN G. DALZELL, p. 321.

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immediately took sickness. Another earthern jar (Scottice *pig*), of the same deleterious liquor, was prepared by the Lady Fowlis, and sent with her own nurse, for the purpose of administering it to Robert Munro. The messenger having stumbled in the dark, broke the jar, and a rank grass grew on the spot where it fell, which sheep and cattle abhorred to touch; but the nurse, having less sense than the brute beasts, and tasting of the liquor which had been spilled, presently died. What is more to our present purpose, Lady Fowlis made use of the artillery of Elfland, in order to destroy her stepson and sister-in-law. Laskie Loncart, one of the assistant hags, produced two of what the common people call elf-arrow-heads, being, in fact, the points of flint used for arming the ends of arrow-shafts in the most ancient times, but accounted by the superstitious the weapons by which the fairies were wont to destroy both man and beast. The pictures of the intended victims were then set up at the north end of the apartment, and Christian Ross Malcolmson, an assistant hag, shot two shafts at the image of Lady Balnagowan, and three against the picture of Robert Munro, by which shots they were broken, and Lady Fowlis commanded new figures to be modelled. Many similar acts of witchcraft, and of preparing poisons, were alleged against Lady Fowlis.

Her son-in-law, Hector Munro, one of his stepmother's prosecutors, was, for reasons of his own, active in a similar conspiracy against the life of his own brother. The rites that he practised were of an uncouth, barbarous, and unusual nature. Hector being taken ill, consulted on his case some of the witches or soothsayers, to whom this family appears to have been partial. The answer was unanimous, that he must die unless the principal man of his blood should suffer death in his stead. It was agreed that the vicarious substitute for Hector must mean George Munro, brother to him by the half blood (the son of the Katherine, Lady Fowlis, before commemorated). Hector sent at least seven messengers for this young man, refusing to receive any of his other friends till he saw the substitute whom he destined to take his place in the grave. When George at length arrived, Hector, by advice of a notorious witch, called Marion MacIngarach, and of his own foster-mother, Christian Neil Dalyell, received him with peculiar coldness and restraint. He did not speak for the space of an hour, till his brother broke silence, and asked "How he did?" Hector replied, "That he was the better George had come to visit him," and relapsed into silence, which seemed singular when compared with the anxiety he had displayed to see his brother; but it was, it seems, a necessary part of the spell. After midnight, the sorceress Marion MacIngarach, the chief priestess, or Nicneven, of the company, went forth with her accomplices, carrying spades with them. They then proceeded to dig a grave, not far from the sea-side, upon a piece of land which formed the boundary betwixt two

proprietors. The grave was made as nearly as possible to the size of their patient Hector Munro, the earth dug out of the grave being laid aside for the time. After ascertaining that the operation of the charm on George Munro, the destined victim, should be suspended for a time, to avoid suspicion, the conspirators proceeded to work their spell in a singular, impressive, and, I believe, unique manner. The time being January 1588, the patient, Hector Munro, was borne forth in a pair of blankets, accompanied with all who were intrusted with the secret, who were warned to be strictly silent till the chief sorceress should have received her information from the angel whom they served. Hector Munro was carried to his grave, and laid therein, the earth being filled in on him, and the grave secured with stakes, as at a real funeral. Marion MacIngarach, the Hecate of the night, then sat down by the grave, while Christian Neil Dalyell, the foster-mother, ran the breadth of about nine ridges distant, leading a boy in her hand, and coming again to the grave where Hector Munro was interred alive, demanded of the witch which victim she would chuse, who replied, that she chose Hector to live, and George to die in his stead. This form of incantation was thrice repeated ere Mr Hector was removed from his chilling bed in a January grave, and carried home, all remaining mute as before. The consequence of a process, which seems ill adapted to produce the former effect, was, that Hector Munro recovered, and, after the intervention of twelve months, George Munro, his brother, died. Hector took the principal witch into high favour, made her keeper of his sheep, and evaded, it is said, to present her to trial, when charged at Aberdeen to produce her. Though one or two inferior persons suffered death on account of the sorceries practised in the house of Fowlis, the Lady Katherine and her stepson Hector had both the unusual good fortune to be found not guilty. Mr Pitcairn remarks, that the juries being composed of subordinate persons, not suitable to the rank or family of the person tried, has all the appearance of having been packed on purpose for acquittal. It might also, in some interval of good sense, creep into the heads of Hector Munro's assize, that the enchantment being performed in January 1588, and the deceased being only taken ill of his fatal disease in April 1590, the distance between the events might seem too great to admit the former being regarded as the cause of the latter.*

Another instance of the skill of a sorcerer being traced to the instructions of the elves, is found in the confession of John Stewart, called a vagabond, but professing skill in palmestrie and jugglerie, and accused of having assisted Margaret Barclay or Dein to sink or cast away a vessel belonging to her own good-brother. It being de-

* PITCAIRN'S *Trials*, vol. i, pp. 191, 201.

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manded of him by what means he professed himself to have knowledge of things to come, the said John confessed, that the space of twenty-six years ago, he being travelling on All-Hallow-Even night, between the towns of Monygoif (so spelled) and Clary in Galway, he met with the King of the Fairies and his company, and that the King of the Fairies gave him a stroke with a white rod over the forehead, which took from him the power of speech, and the use of one eye, which he wanted for the space of three years. He declared, that the use of speech and eyesight was restored to him by the King of Fairies and his company, on a Hallowe'en night, at the town of Dublin in Ireland, and that since that time he had joined these people every Saturday at seven o'clock, and remained with them all the night; also, that they met every Hallowtide, sometimes on Lanark Hill (Tintock, perhaps), sometimes on Kilmaurs Hill, and that he was then taught by them. He pointed out the spot of his forehead on which, he said, the King of the Fairies struck him with a white rod, whereupon, the prisoner being blindfolded, they pricked the spot with a large pin, whereof he expressed no sense or feeling. He made the usual declaration, that he had seen many persons at the Court of Fairy, whose names he rehearsed particularly, and declared that all such persons as are taken away by sudden death go with the King of Elfland. With this man's evidence we have at present no more to do, though we may revert to the execrable proceedings which then took place against this miserable juggler, and the poor women who were accused of the same crime. At present it is quoted as another instance of a fortune-teller referring to Elfland as the source of his knowledge.

At Auldearne, a parish and burgh of barony, in the county of Nairne, the epidemic terror of witches seems to have gone very far. The confession of a woman called Isobel Gowdie, of date April 1662, implicates, as usual, the Court of Fairy, and blends the operations of witchcraft with the facilities afforded by the fairies. These need be the less insisted upon in this place, as the arch-fiend, and not the elves, had the immediate agency in the abominations which she narrates. Yet she had been, she said, in the Dounie Hills, and got meat there from the Queen of Fairies more than she could eat. She added that the queen is bravely clothed in white linen, and in white and brown cloth,—that the King of Fairy is a brave man; and there were elf-bulls roaring and *skoilling* at the entrance of their palace, which frightened her much. On another occasion this frank penitent confesses her presence at a rendez-vous of witches, Lammas 1659, where, after they had rambled through the country in different shapes, of cats, hares, and the like, eating, drinking, and wasting the goods of their neighbours, into whose houses they could penetrate, they at length came to the Dounie hills, where the mountain

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opened to receive them, and they entered a fair big room, as bright as day. At the entrance ramped and roared the large fairy bulls, which always alarmed Isobel Gowdie. These animals are probably the water bulls, famous both in Scottish and Irish tradition, which are not supposed to be themselves altogether *canny*, or safe to have concern with. In their caverns the fairies manufactured those elf-arrow-heads, with which the witches and they wrought so much evil. The elves and the arch-fiend laboured jointly at this task, the former forming and sharpening the dart from the rough flint, and the latter perfecting and finishing, or, as it is called, *dighting* it. Then came the sport of the meeting. The witches bestrode either corn straws, bean stalks, or rushes, and calling, "Horse and Hattock, in the Devil's name!" which is the elfin signal for mounting, they flew wherever they listed. If the little whirlwind which accompanies their transportation passed any mortal who neglected to bless himself, all such fell under the witches' power, and they acquired the right of shooting at him. The penitent prisoner gives the names of many whom she and her sisters had so slain, the death for which she was most sorry being that of William Brown, in the Milntown of Mains. A shaft was also aimed at the Reverend Harrie Forbes, a minister who was present at the examination of Isobel, the confessing party. The arrow fell short, and the witch would have taken aim again, but her master forbade her, saying, the reverend gentleman's life was not subject to their power. To this strange and very particular confession we shall have occasion to recur, when witchcraft is the more immediate subject. What is above narrated marks the manner in which the belief in that crime was blended with the Fairy superstition.

To proceed to modern instances of persons supposed to have fallen under the power of the fairy race, we must not forget the Rev. Robert Kirke, minister of the Gospel, the first translator of the Psalms into Gaelic verse. He was, in the end of the seventeenth century, successively minister of the Highland parishes of Balquidder and Aberfoyle, lying in the most romantic district of Perthshire, and within the Highland line. These beautiful and wild regions, comprehending so many lakes, rocks, sequestered valleys, and dim copsewoods, are not even yet quite abandoned by the fairies, who have resolutely maintained secure footing in a region so well suited for their residence. Indeed, so much was this the case formerly, that Mr Kirke while in his latter charge of Aberfoyle, found materials for collecting and compiling his Essay on the "Subterranean and for the most part Invisible People, heretofore going under the name of Elves, Fawnes, and Fairies, or the like." * In this discourse, the author, "with

* The title continues,—"Among the Low Country Scots, as they are described by those who have the second sight, and now, to occasion farther inquiry, collected and compared

undoubting mind," describes the fairy race as a sort of astral spirits, of a kind betwixt humanity and angels—says, that they have children, nurses, marriages, deaths, and burials, like mortals in appearance; that, in some respect, they represent mortal men, and that individual apparitions, or Double-men, are found among them, corresponding with mortals existing on earth. Mr Kirke accuses them of stealing the milk from the cows, and of carrying away what is more material, the women in pregnancy, and new-born children from their nurses. The remedy is easy in both cases. The milk cannot be stolen, if the mouth of the calf, before he is permitted to suck, be rubbed with a certain balsam, very easily come by; and the woman in travail is safe, if a piece of cold iron is put into the bed. Mr Kirke accounts for this, by informing us, that the great northern mines of iron, lying adjacent to the place of eternal punishment, have a savour odious to these "fascinating creatures." They have, says the reverend author, what one would not expect, many light toyish books (novels and plays, doubtless), others on Rosycrucian subjects and of an abstruse mystical character; but they have no Bibles, or works of devotion. The essayist fails not to mention the elf-arrow-heads, which have something of the subtlety of thunderbolts, and can mortally wound the vital parts, without breaking the skin. These wounds, he says, he has himself observed in beasts, and felt the fatal lacerations which he could not see.

It was by no means to be supposed that the elves, so jealous and irritable a race as to be incensed against those who spoke of them under their proper names, should be less than mortally offended at the temerity of the reverend author, who had pried so deeply into their mysteries, for the purpose of giving them to the public. Although, therefore, the learned divine's monument, with his name duly inscribed, is to be seen at the east end of the churchyard at Aberfoyle, yet those acquainted with his real history do not believe that he enjoys the natural repose of the tomb. His successor, the Rev. Dr Grahame, has informed us of the general belief, that as Mr Kirke was walking one evening in his night-gown upon a *Dun-shi*, or fairy mount, in the vicinity of the manse or parsonage, behold! he sunk down in what seemed to be a fit of apoplexy, which the unenlightened took for death, while the more understanding knew it to be a swoon produced by the supernatural influence of the people whose precincts he had violated. After the ceremony of a seeming funeral, the form of the Rev. Robert Kirke appeared to a relation, and commanded him to go to Grahame of Duchray, ancestor of the present General Graham Stirling. "Say to Duchray, who is my cousin, as well as

by a circumspect inquirer residing among the Scottish-Irish (*i. e.* the Gael, or Highlanders) in Scotland." It was printed with the author's name in 1691, and reprinted, Edinburgh, 1815, for Longman and Co.

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your own, that I am not dead, but a captive in Fairy Land; and only one chance remains for my liberation. When the posthumous child, of which my wife has been delivered since my disappearance, shall be brought to baptism, I will appear in the room, when, if Duchray shall throw over my head the knife or dirk which he holds in his hand, I may be restored to society; but if this opportunity is neglected, I am lost for ever." Duchray was apprised of what was to be done. The ceremony took place, and the apparition of Mr Kirke was visibly seen while they were seated at table; but Grahame of Duchray, in his astonishment, failed to perform the ceremony enjoined, and it is to be feared that Mr Kirke still "drees his weird in Fairy Land," the Elfin state declaring to him, as the Ocean to poor Falconer, who perished at sea, after having written his popular poem of the Shipwreck,—

"Thou hast proclaim'd our power—be thou our prey!"

Upon this subject the reader may consult a very entertaining little volume, called "Sketches of Perthshire," * by the Rev. Dr Grahame of Aberfoyle. The terrible visitation of fairy vengeance which has lighted upon Mr Kirke has not intimidated his successor, an excellent man, and good antiquary, from affording us some curious information on fairy superstition. He tells us that these capricious elves are chiefly dangerous on a Friday, when, as the day of the Crucifixion, evil spirits have most power, and mentions their displeasure at any one who assumes their accustomed livery of green, a colour fatal to several families in Scotland, to the whole race of the gallant Grahames in particular; insomuch, that we have heard that in battle a Grahame is generally shot through the green check of his plaid; moreover, that a veteran sportsman of the name, having come by a bad fall, he thought it sufficient to account for it, that he had a piece of green whip-cord to complete the lash of his hunting-whip. I remember, also, that my late amiable friend, James Grahame, author of "The Sabbath," would not break through this ancient prejudice of his clan, but had his library table covered with blue or black cloth, rather than use the fated colour commonly employed on such occasions.

To return from the Perthshire fairies, I may quote a story of a nature somewhat similar to that of Mas Robert Kirke. The life of the excellent person who told it was, for the benefit of her friends and the poor, protracted to an unusual duration; so I conceive that this adventure, which took place in her childhood, might happen before the middle of last century. She was residing with some rela-

* Edinburgh, 1812.

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tions, near the small sea-port town of North Berwick, when the place and its vicinity were alarmed by the following story:—

An industrious man, a weaver in the little town, was married to a beautiful woman, who, after bearing three children, was so unfortunate as to die during the birth of a fourth child. The infant was saved, but the mother had expired in convulsions; and as she was much disfigured after death, it became an opinion among her gossips, that, from some neglect of those who ought to have watched the sick woman, she must have been carried off by the elves, and this ghastly corpse substituted in the place of the body. The widower paid little attention to these rumours, and, after bitterly lamenting his wife for a year of mourning, began to think on the prudence of forming a new marriage, which to a poor artisan with so young a family, and without the assistance of a housewife, was almost a matter of necessity. He readily found a neighbour with whose good looks he was satisfied, whilst her character for temper seemed to warrant her good usage of his children. He proposed himself and was accepted, and carried the names of the parties to the clergyman (called, I believe, Mr Matthew Reid) for the due proclamation of bans. As the man had really loved his late partner, it is likely that this proposed decisive alteration of his condition brought back many reflections concerning the period of their union, and with these recalled the extraordinary rumours which were afloat at the time of her decease, so that the whole forced upon him the following lively dream. As he lay in his bed, awake as he thought, he beheld, at the ghostly hour of midnight, the figure of a female dressed in white, who entered his hut, stood by the side of his bed, and appeared to him the very likeness of his late wife. He conjured her to speak, and with astonishment heard her say, like the minister of Aberfoyle, that she was not dead, but the unwilling captive of the Good Neighbours. Like Mr Kirke, too, she told him, that if all the love which he once had for her was not entirely gone, an opportunity still remained of recovering her, or *winning her back*, as it was usually termed, from the comfortless realms of Elfland. She charged him, on a certain day of the ensuing week, that he should convene the most respectable housekeepers in the town, with the clergyman at their head, and should disinter the coffin in which she was supposed to have been buried. "The clergyman is to recite certain prayers, upon which," said the apparition, "I will start from the coffin, and fly with great speed round the church, and you must have the fleetest runner of the parish (naming a man famed for swiftness) to pursue me, and such a one, the smith, renowned for his strength, to hold me fast after I am overtaken; and in that case I shall, by the prayers of the church, and the efforts of my loving husband and neighbours, again recover my station in human

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society." In the morning, the poor widower was distressed with the recollection of his dream, but, ashamed and puzzled, took no measures in consequence. A second night, as is not very surprising, the visitation was again repeated. On the third night she appeared with a sorrowful and displeased countenance, upbraided him with want of love and affection, and conjured him, for the last time, to attend to her instructions, which if he now neglected, she would never have power to visit earth or communicate with him again. In order to convince him there was no delusion, he "saw in his dream" that she took up the nursling at whose birth she had died, and gave it suck, she spilled also a drop or two of her milk on the poor man's bed-clothes, as if to assure him of the reality of the vision.

The next morning the terrified widower carried a statement of his perplexity to Mr Matthew Reid, the clergyman. This reverend person, besides being an excellent divine in other respects, was at the same time a man of sagacity, who understood the human passions. He did not attempt to combat the reality of the vision which had thrown his parishioner into this tribulation, but he contended it could be only an illusion of the devil. He explained to the widower, that no created being could have the right or power to imprison or detain the soul of a Christian—conjured him not to believe that his wife was otherwise disposed of than according to God's pleasure—assured him that Protestant doctrine utterly denies the existence of any middle state in the world to come—and explained to him that he, as a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, neither could nor dared authorize opening graves, or using the intervention of prayer to sanction rites of a suspicious character. The poor man, confounded and perplexed by various feelings, asked his pastor what he should do. "I will give you my best advice," said the clergyman. "Get your new bride's consent to be married to-morrow, or to-day, if you can; I will take it on me to dispense with the rest of the bans, or proclaim them three times in one day. You will have a new wife, and if you think of the former, it will be only as of one from whom death has separated you, and for whom you may have thoughts of affection and sorrow, but as a saint in Heaven, and not as a prisoner in Elfland." The advice was taken, and the perplexed widower had no more visitations from his former spouse.

An instance, perhaps the latest which has been made public, of communication with the Restless People—(a more proper epithet than that of *Daoine Shi*, or Men of Peace, as they are called in Gaelic)—came under Pennant's notice, so late as during that observant traveller's tour in 1769. Being perhaps the latest news from the invisible commonwealth, we give the tourist's own words.

"A poor visionary who had been working in his cabbage garden (in Breadalbane), imagined that he was raised suddenly up into the

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air, and conveyed over a wall into an adjacent cornfield; that he found himself surrounded by a crowd of men and women, many of whom he knew to have been dead for some years, and who appeared to him skimming over the tops of the unbending corn, and mingling together like bees going to hive; that they spoke an unknown language, and with a hollow sound; that they very roughly pushed him to and fro, but on his uttering the name of God, all vanished but a female sprite, who, seizing him by the shoulder, obliged him to promise an assignation, at that very hour that day seven-night; that he then found his hair was all tied in double knots (well known by the name of elf-locks), and that he had almost lost his speech; that he kept his word with the spectre, whom he soon saw floating through the air towards him; that he spoke to her, but she told him she was at that time in too much haste to attend to him, but bid him go away and no harm should befall him and so the affair rested when I left the country. But it is incredible the mischief these *ægri somnia* did in the neighbourhood. The friends and neighbours of the deceased, whom the old dreamer had named, were in the utmost anxiety at finding them in such bad company in the other world; the almost extinct belief of the old idle tales began to gain ground, and the good minister will have many a weary discourse and exhortation before he can eradicate the absurd ideas this idle story has revived."*

It is scarcely necessary to add, that this comparatively recent tale is just the counterpart of the story of Bessie Dunlop, Alison Pearson, and of the Irish Butler, who was so nearly carried off, all of whom found in Elfland some friend formerly of middle earth, who attached themselves to the child of humanity, and who endeavoured to protect a fellow-mortal against their less philanthropic companions.

These instances may tend to show how the fairy superstition, which, in its general sense of worshipping the *Dii Campestres*, was much the older of the two, came to bear upon, and have connexion with, that horrid belief in witchcraft, which cost so many innocent persons, and crazy impostors, their lives, for the supposed commission of impossible crimes. In the next chapter, I propose to trace how the general disbelief in the fairy creed began to take place, and gradually brought into discredit the supposed feats of witchcraft, which afforded pretext for such cruel practical consequences.

* PENNANT'S *Tour in Scotland*, vol. i, p. 119.

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LETTER VI.

Immediate Effect of Christianity on Articles of Popular Superstition—Chaucer's Account of the Roman Catholic Priests banishing the Fairies—Bishop Corbett imputes the same Effect to the Reformation—his Verses on that Subject—his Iter Septentrionale—Robin Goodfellow, and other Superstitions mentioned by Reginald Scot—Character of the English Fairies—The Tradition had become obsolete in that Author's Time—That of Witches remained in vigour—but impugned by various Authors after the Reformation, as Wierus, Naudæus, Scot, and others—Demonology defended by Bodinus, Remigius, etc.—Their mutual Abuse of each other—Imperfection of Physical Science at this Period, and the predominance of Mysticism in that Department.

ALTHOUGH the influence of the Christian religion was not introduced to the nations of Europe with such radiance as to dispel at once those clouds of superstition which continued to obscure the understanding of hasty and ill-instructed converts, there can be no doubt that its immediate operation went to modify the erroneous and extravagant articles of credulity, which lingered behind the old Pagan faith, and which gave way before it, in proportion as its light became more pure and refined from the devices of men.

The poet Chaucer, indeed, pays the Church of Rome, with its monks and preaching friars, the compliment of having, at an early period, expelled from the land all spirits of an inferior and less holy character. The verses are curious as well as picturesque, and may go some length to establish the existence of doubts concerning the general belief in fairies among the well instructed in the time of Edward III.

The fairies of whom the bard of Woodstock talks, are, it will be observed, the ancient Celtic breed and he seems to refer for the authorities of his tale to Bretagne, or Armorica, a genuine Celtic colony.

"In old time of the King Artour,
Of which that Bretons speken great honour,
All was this land fulfilled of faerie;
The Elf queen, with her joly company,
Danced full oft in many a grene mead.
This was the old opinion, as I rede—
I speake of many hundred years ago,
But now can no man see no elves mo.
For now the great charity and prayers
Of limitours,* and other holy freres,
That searchen every land and every stream,
As thick as motes in the sunne-beam,
Blessing halls, chambers, kitchenes, and boures,
Cities and burghes, castles high and towers,
Thropes and barnes, sheep-pens and dairies,
This maketh that there ben no fairies.
For there as wont to walken was an elf,
There walketh now the limitour himself,

* Friars limited to beg within a certain district.

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In under nichtes and in morwenings,
And saith his mattins and his holy things,
As he goeth in his limitation.
Women may now go safely up and doun;
In every bush, and under every tree,
There is no other incubus than he,
And he ne will don them no dishonour." *

When we see the opinion which Chaucer has expressed of the regular clergy of his time, in some of his other tales, we are tempted to suspect some mixture of irony in the compliment, which ascribes the exile of the fairies, with which the land was "fulfilled," in King Arthur's time, to the warmth and zeal of the devotion of the limitary friars. Individual instances of scepticism there might exist among scholars, but a more modern poet, with a vein of humour not unworthy of Geoffrey himself, has with greater probability delayed the final banishment of the fairies from England, that is, from popular faith, till the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and has represented their expulsion as a consequence of the change of religion. Two or three verses of this lively satire may be very well worth the reader's notice, who must, at the same time, be informed, that the author, Dr Corbett, was nothing less than the Bishop of Oxford and Norwich, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The poem is named, "A proper new Ballad, entitled the Fairies' Farewell, to be sung or whistled to the tune of the Meadow Brow, by the learned; by the unlearned, to the tune of Fortune."

"Farewell, rewards and fairies,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they;
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

"Lament, lament, old abbies,
The fairies' lost command;
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your land;
And all your children sprung from hence
Are now grown Puritans,
Who live as changelings ever since
For love of your domains.

"At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep and sloth
Those pretty ladies had.
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Cis to milking rose,
Then merrily, merrily went their tabor,
And merrily went their toes.

"Witness, those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed, in Queen Mary's days,
On many a grassy plain;

* *Wife of Bath's Tale.*

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But since of late Elizabeth,
And later, James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath bin.

"By which we note, the fairies
Were of the old profession,
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas;
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease."

The remaining part of the poem is dedicated to the praise and glory of old William Chourne of Staffordshire, who remained a true and stanch evidence in behalf of the departed elves, and kept, much it would seem to the amusement of the witty bishop, an inexhaustible record of their pranks and feats, whence the concluding verse.

"To William all give audience,
And pray ye for his noddle,
For all the fairies' evidence
Were lost if that were addle." *

This William Chourne appears to have attended Dr Corbett's party on the *iter septentrionale*, "two of which were, and two desired to be, doctors;" but whether William was guide, friend, or domestic, seems uncertain. The travellers lose themselves in the mazes of Chorley Forest, on their way to Bosworth, and their route becomes so confused, that they return on their steps, and labour

"As in a conjuror's circle—William found
A mean for our deliverance,—'Turn your cloaks,'
Quoth he, 'for Puck is busy in these oaks;
If ever you at Bosworth would be found,
Then turn your cloaks, for this is fairy ground.'
But ere this witchcraft was perform'd, we meet
A very man who had no cloven feet.
Though William, still of little faith, has doubt,
'T is Robin, or some sprite that walks about.
'Strike him,' quoth he, 'and it will turn to air—
Cross yourselves thrice and strike it.'—'Strike that dare,'
Thought I, 'for sure this massy forester,
In strokes will prove the better conjuror.'
But 't was a gentle keeper, one that knew
Humanity and manners, where they grew,
And rode along so far, till he could say,
'See, yonder Bosworth stands, and this your way.'" †

In this passage, the Bishop plainly shows the fairies maintained their influence in William's imagination, since the courteous keeper was mistaken by their associate champion, for Puck, or Robin Goodfellow. The spells resorted to, to get rid of his supposed delusions, are alternatively that of turning the cloak—(recommended, in visions of the second-sight, or similar illusions, as a means of obtaining a certainty concerning the being which is before imperfectly seen)‡—

* CORBETT'S *Poems*, edited by Octavius Gilchrist, p. 213.
† CORBETT'S *Poems*, p. 191.
‡ A common instance is, that of a person haunted with a resemblance, whose face he

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and that of exorcising the spirit with a cudgel; which last, Corbett prudently thinks, ought not to be resorted to unless under an absolute conviction that the exorcist is the stronger party. Chaucer, therefore, could not be serious in averring that the fairy superstitions were obsolete in his day, since they were found current three centuries afterwards.

It is not the less certain, that, as knowledge and religion became more widely and brightly displayed over any country, the superstitious fancies of the people sunk gradually in esteem and influence; and in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the unceasing labour of many and popular preachers, who declaimed against the "splendid miracles" of the Church of Rome, produced also its natural effect upon the other stock of superstitions. "Certainly," said Reginald Scot, talking of times before his own, "some one knave in a white sheet hath cozened and abused many thousands, specially when Robin Goodfellow kept such a coil in the country. In our childhood, our mothers' maids have so terrified us with an ugly devil, having horns on his head, fire in his mouth, and a tail at his breech; eyes like a basin, fangs like a dog, claws like a bear, a skin like a negro, and a voice roaring like a lion, whereby we start and are afraid when we hear one cry, Boh! and they have so frayd us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, Pans, faunes, sylvans, Kitt-with-the-candlestick, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, giants, imps, calcars, conjurers, nymphs, changelings, incubus, Robin Goodfellow, the spoorn, the man-in-the-oak, the hellwain, the fire-drake, the puckle, Tom Thomb, Hobgoblin, Tom Tumbler, Boneless, and such other bugbears, that we are afraid of our own shadows, insomuch, that some never fear the devil but on a dark night; and then a polled sheep is a perilous beast, and many times is taken for our father's soul, specially in a churchyard, where a right hardy man heretofore durst not to have passed by night but his hair would stand upright. Well, thanks be to God, this wretched and cowardly infidelity, since the preaching of the Gospel, is in part forgotten, and doubtless the rest of these illusions will, in a short time, by God's grace, be detected, and vanish away."*

It would require a better demonologist than I am, to explain the various obsolete superstitions which Reginald Scot has introduced as articles of the old English faith into the preceding passage. I might indeed say, the Phuca is a Celtic superstition, from which the word Pook, or Puckle, was doubtless derived; and I might conjecture, that the man-in-the-oak was the same with the Erl-Kônig of the Germans; and that the hellwain were a kind of wandering spirits, the descendants of a champion named Hellequin, who are introduced into

cannot see. If he turn his cloak or plaid, he will obtain the full sight which he desires, and may probably find it to be his own fetch, or wraith, or double-ganger.

* Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, book vii, chap. 15.

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the romance of Richard sans Peur. But most antiquaries will be at fault concerning the spoorn, Kitt-with-the-candlestick, Boneless, and some others. The catalogue, however, serves to show what progress the English have made, in two centuries, in forgetting the very names of objects which had been the sources of terror to their ancestors of the Elizabethan age.

Before leaving the subject of fairy superstition in England, we may remark, that it was of a more playful and gentle, less wild and necromantic character, than that received among the sister people. The amusements of the southern fairies were light and sportive; their resentments were satisfied with pinching or scratching the objects of their displeasure; their peculiar sense of cleanliness rewarded the housewives with the silver token in the shoe; their nicety was extreme concerning any coarseness or negligence which could offend their delicacy; and I cannot discern, except perhaps from the insinuations of some scrupulous divines, that they were vassals to, or in close alliance with, the infernals, as there is too much reason to believe was the case with their North British sisterhood.* The common nursery story cannot be forgotten, how, shortly after the death of what is called a nice tidy housewife, the Elfin band were shocked to see that a person of different character, with whom the widower had filled his deserted arms, instead of the nicely arranged little loaf of the whitest bread, and a basin of sweet cream, duly placed for their refreshment by the deceased, had substituted a brown loaf and a cobb of herrings. Incensed at such a coarse regale, the elves dragged the peccant housewife out of bed, and pulled her down the wooden stairs by the heels, repeating, at the same time, in scorn of her churlish hospitality,

> "Brown bread and herring cobb!
> Thy fat sides shall have many a bob!"

But beyond such playful malice, they had no desire to extend their resentment.

The constant attendant upon the English fairy court was the celebrated Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, who to the elves, acted in some measure as the jester, or clown of the company (a character then to be found in the establishment of every person of quality),—or, to use a more modern comparison, resembled the Pierrot of the pantomime. His jests were of the most simple, and at the same time the broadest comic character—to mislead a clown on his path homeward, to disguise himself like a stool, in order to induce an old gossip to commit the egregious mistake of sitting down on the floor,

* Dr Jackson, in his Treatise on Unbelief, opines for the severer opinion. "Thus are the Fayries, from difference of events ascribed to them, divided into good and bad, when as it is but one and the same malignant fiend, that meddles in both; seeking sometimes to be feared, otherwiles to be loued as God, for the bodily harmes or good turnes supposed to be in his power."—JACKSON *on Unbelief*, p. 178, edit. 1625.

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when she expected to repose on a chair, were his special enjoyments. If he condescended to do some work for the sleeping family, in which he had some resemblance to the Scottish household spirit called a Brownie, the selfish Puck was far from practising this labour on the disinterested principle of the northern goblin, who, if raiment or food was left in his way, and for his use, departed from the family in displeasure. Robin Goodfellow, on the contrary, must have both his food and his rest, as Milton informs us, amid his other notices of country superstitions, in the poem of L'Allegro. And it is to be noticed, that he represents these tales of the fairies, told round the cottage hearth, as of a cheerful rather than a serious cast; which illustrates what I have said concerning the milder character of the southern superstitions, as compared with those of the same class in Scotland—the stories of which are for the most part of a frightful, and not seldom of a disgusting, quality.

Poor Robin, however, between whom and King Oberon Shakspeare contrives to keep a degree of distinct subordination, which for a moment deceives us by its appearance of reality, notwithstanding his turn for wit and humour, had been obscured by oblivion even in the days of Queen Bess. We have already seen, in a passage quoted from Reginald Scot, that the belief was fallen into abeyance; that which follows, from the same author, affirms more positively that Robin's date was over:—

"Know you this by the way, that heretofore Robin Goodfellow and Hobgoblin were as terrible, and also as credible, to the people, as hags and witches be now; and, in time to come, a witch will be as much derided and condemned, and as clearly perceived, as the illusion and knavery of Robin Goodfellow, upon whom there have gone as many and as credible tales as witchcraft, saving that it hath not pleased the translators of the Bible to call spirits by the name of Robin Goodfellow, as they have diviners, soothsayers, poisoners, and cozeners, by the name of witches."* In the same tone Reginald Scot addresses the reader in the preface:—"To make a solemn suit to you that are partial readers to set aside partiality, to take in good part my writings, and with indifferent eyes to look upon my book, were labour lost and time ill employed; for I should no more prevail herein, than if a hundred years since I should have entreated your predecessors to believe that Robin Goodfellow, that great and ancient bull-beggar, had been but a cozening merchant, and no devil indeed. But Robin Goodfellow ceaseth now to be much feared, and Popery is sufficiently discovered, nevertheless witches' charms and conjurers' cozenage are yet effectual." This passage seems clearly to prove, that the belief in Robin Goodfellow and his fairy compa-

* Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, book vii, chap. ii.

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nions was now out of date, while that as to witchcraft, as was afterwards but too well shown, kept its ground against argument and controversy, and survived "to shed more blood."

We are then to take leave of this fascinating article of the popular creed, having in it so much of interest to the imagination, that we almost envy the credulity of those who, in the gentle moonlight of a summer night in England, amid the tangled glades of a deep forest, or the turfy swell of her romantic commons, could fancy they saw the fairies tracing their sportive ring. But it is in vain to regret illusions which, however engaging, must of necessity yield their place before the increase of knowledge, like shadows at the advance of morn. These superstitions have already served their best and most useful purpose, having been embalmed in the poetry of Milton and of Shakspeare, as well as writers only inferior to these great names. Of Spenser we must say nothing, because in his Faery Queen, the title is the only circumstance which connects his splendid allegory with popular superstition, and, as he uses it, means nothing more than a Utopia, or nameless country.

With the fairy popular creed fell, doubtless, many subordinate articles of credulity in England; but the belief in witches kept its ground. It was rooted in the minds of the common people, as well by the easy solution it afforded of much which they found otherwise hard to explain, as in reverence to the Holy Scriptures, in which the word *witch* being used in several places, conveyed to those who did not trouble themselves about the nicety of the translation from the Eastern tongues, the inference that the same species of witches were meant as those against whom modern legislation had, in most European nations, directed the punishment of death. These two circumstances furnished the numerous believers in witchcraft with arguments in divinity and law which they conceived irrefragable. They might say to the theologist, Will you not believe in witches? the Scriptures aver their existence;—to the jurisconsult, Will you dispute the existence of a crime, against which our own statute-book, and the code of almost all civilized countries, have attested, by laws upon which hundreds and thousands have been convicted, many, or even most of whom have, by their judicial confessions, acknowledged their guilt and the justice of their punishment? It is a strange scepticism, they might add, which rejects the evidence of Scripture, of human legislature, and of the accused persons themselves.

Notwithstanding these specious reasons, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were periods when the revival of learning, the invention of printing, the fearless investigations of the reformers into subjects thought formerly too sacred for consideration of any save the clergy, had introduced a system of doubt, inquiry, disregard of authority, when unsupported by argument, and unhesitating exercise

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of the private judgment, on subjects which had occupied the bulls of popes, and decrees of councils. In short, the spirit of the age was little disposed to spare error, however venerable, or countenance imposture, however sanctioned by length of time and universal acquiescence. Learned writers arose in different countries to challenge the very existence of this imaginary crime, to rescue the reputation of the great men whose knowledge, superior to that of their age, had caused them to be suspected of magic, and to put a stop to the horrid superstition whose victims were the aged, ignorant, and defenceless, and which could only be compared to that which sent victims of old through the fire to Moloch.

The courageous interposition of those philosophers who opposed science and experience to the prejudices of superstition and ignorance, and in doing so, incurred much misrepresentation, and perhaps no little ill-will, in the cause of truth and humanity, claim for them some distinction in a work on Demonology. The pursuers of exact science to its coy retreats, were sure to be the first to discover, that the most remarkable phenomena in nature are regulated by certain fixed laws, and cannot rationally be referred to supernatural agency, the sufficing cause to which superstition attributes all that is beyond her own narrow power of explanation. Each advance in natural knowledge teaches us that it is the pleasure of the Creator to govern the world by the laws which he has imposed, and which are not in our times interrupted or suspended.

The learned Wier, or Wierus, was a man of great research in physical science, and studied under the celebrated Cornelius Agrippa, against whom the charge of sorcery was repeatedly alleged by Paulus Jovius, and other authors, while he suffered on the other hand from the persecution of the inquisitors of the church, whose accusation against this celebrated man was, that he denied the existence of spirits, a charge very inconsistent with that of sorcery, which consists in corresponding with them. Wierus, after taking his degrees as a doctor of medicine, became physician to the Duke of Cleves, at whose court he practised for thirty years, with the highest reputation. This learned man, disregarding the scandal which, by so doing, he was likely to bring upon himself, was one of the first who attacked the vulgar belief, and boldly assailed, both by serious arguments and by ridicule, the vulgar credulity on the subject of wizards and witches.

Gabriel Naudé, or Naudæus, as he termed himself, was a perfect scholar and man of letters, busied during his whole life with assembling books together, and enjoying the office of librarian to several persons of high rank, amongst others, to Queen Christina of Sweden. He was, besides, a beneficed clergyman, leading a most unblemished life, and so temperate, as never to taste any liquor stronger than water; yet did he not escape the scandal which is

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usually flung by their prejudiced contemporaries upon those disputants whom it is found more easy to defame than to answer. He wrote an interesting work, entitled, "Apologie pour les Grands Hommes accusés de Magie;" and as he exhibited a good deal of vivacity of talent, and an earnestness in pleading his cause, which did not always spare some of the superstitions of Rome herself, he was charged by his contemporaries as guilty of heresy and scepticism, when justice could only accuse him of an incautious eagerness to make good his argument.

Among persons who, upon this subject, purged their eyes with rue and euphrasie, besides the Rev. Dr Harsnet, and many others (who wrote rather on special cases of Demonology than on the general question), Reginald Scot ought to be distinguished. Webster assures us, that he was a "person of competent learning, pious, and of a good family."—He seems to have been a zealous Protestant, and much of his book, as well as that of Harsnet, is designed to throw upon the Papists in particular those tricks, in which, by confederacy and imposture, the popular ideas concerning witchcraft, possession, and other supernatural fancies, were maintained and kept in exercise, but he also writes on the general question with some force and talent, considering that his subject is incapable of being reduced into a regular form, and is of a nature particularly seductive to an excursive talent. He appears to have studied legerdemain for the purpose of showing how much, that is apparently unaccountable, can nevertheless be performed without the intervention of supernatural assistance, even when it is impossible to persuade the vulgar that the devil has not been consulted on the occasion. Scot also had intercourse with some of the celebrated fortune-tellers, or Philomaths, of the time; one of whom he brings forward to declare the vanity of the science which he himself had once professed.

To defend the popular belief of witchcraft, there arose a number of advocates, of whom Bodin, and some others, neither wanted knowledge nor powers of reasoning. They pressed the incredulous party with the charge that they denied the existence of a crime against which the law had denounced a capital punishment. As that law was understood to emanate from James himself, who was reigning monarch during the hottest part of the controversy, the English authors who defended the opposite side were obliged to intrench themselves under an evasion, to avoid maintaining an argument unpalatable to a degree to those in power, and which might perchance have proved unsafe to those who used it. With a certain degree of sophistry, they answered, that they did not doubt the possibility of witches, but only demurred to what is their nature, and how they came to be such—according to the scholastic jargon, that

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the question in respect to witches, was not *de existentia*, but only *de modo existendi*.

By resorting to so subtle an argument, those who impugned the popular belief were obliged, with some inconsistency, to grant that witchcraft had existed, and might exist, only insisting that it was a species of witchcraft consisting of they knew not what, but certainly of something different from that which legislators, judges, and juries, had hitherto considered the statute as designed to repress.

In the mean time (the rather that the debate was on a subject particularly difficult of comprehension), the debating parties grew warm, and began to call names. Bodin, a lively Frenchman of an irritable habit, explained the zeal of Wierus to protect the tribe of sorcerers from punishment, by stating, that he himself was a conjuror, and the scholar of Cornelius Agrippa, and might therefore well desire to save the lives of those accused of the same league with Satan. Hence they threw on their antagonists the offensive names of witch-patrons and witch-advocates, as if it were impossible for any to hold the opinion of Naudæus, Wierus, Scot, etc., without patronising the devil and the witches against their brethren of mortality. Assailed by such heavy charges, the philosophers themselves lost patience, and retorted abuse in their turn, calling Bodin, Delrio, and others who used their arguments, witch advocates, and the like, as the affirming and defending the existence of the crime seemed to increase the number of witches, and assuredly augmented the list of executions. But, for a certain time, the preponderance of the argument lay on the side of the Demonologists, and we may briefly observe the causes which gave their opinions, for a period, greater influence than their opponents', on the public mind.

It is first to be observed, that Wierus, for what reason cannot well be conjectured, except to show the extent of his cabalistical knowledge, had introduced into his work against witchcraft the whole Stenographia of Trithemius, which he had copied from the original in the library of Cornelius Agrippa; and which, suspicious from the place where he found it, and from the long catalogue of fiends which it contained, with the charms for raising and for binding them to the service of mortals, was considered by Bodin as containing proof that Wierus himself was a sorcerer; not one of the wisest, certainly, since he thus unnecessarily placed at the disposal of any who might buy the book, the whole secrets which formed his stock in trade.

Secondly, we may notice, that, from the state of physical science at the period when Van Helmont, Paracelsus, and others, began to penetrate into its recesses, it was an unknown, obscure, and ill-defined region, and did not permit those who laboured in it to give that

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precise and accurate account of their discoveries, which the progress of reasoning experimentally, and from analysis, has enabled the late discoverers to do with success. Natural magic, a phrase used to express those phenomena which could be produced by a knowledge of the properties of matter, had so much in it that was apparently uncombined and uncertain, that the art of chemistry was accounted mystical; and an opinion prevailed, that the results now known to be the consequence of laws of matter, could not be traced through their various combinations, even by those who knew the effects themselves. Physical science, in a word, was cumbered by a number of fanciful and incorrect opinions, chiefly of a mystical character. If, for instance, it was observed that a flag and a fern never grew near each other, the circumstance was imputed to some antipathy between these vegetables; nor was it for some time resolved by the natural rule, that the flag has its nourishment in marshy ground, whereas the fern loves a deep dryish soil. The attributes of the divining-rod were fully credited; the discovery of the philosopher's stone was daily hoped for; and electricity, magnetism, and other remarkable and misconceived phenomena, were appealed to as proof of the reasonableness of their expectations. Until such phenomena were traced to their sources, imaginary, and often mystical causes were assigned to them, for the same reason that, in the wilds of a partially discovered country, according to the satirist,

> "Geographers on pathless downs
> Place elephants for want of towns."

This substitution of mystical fancies for experimental reasoning, gave, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, a doubtful and twilight appearance to the various branches of physical philosophy. The learned and sensible Dr Webster,[1] for instance, writing in detection of supposed witchcraft, assumes, as a string of undeniable facts, opinions which our more experienced age would reject as frivolous fancies; "for example, the effects of healing by the weapon-salve, the sympathetic powder, the curing of various diseases by apprehensions, amulets, or by transplantation." All of which undoubted wonders he accuses the age of desiring to throw on the devil's back —an unnecessary load, certainly, since such things do not exist, and it is therefore in vain to seek to account for them. It followed, that while the opposers of the ordinary theory might have struck the deepest blows at the witch-hypothesis by an appeal to common sense, they were themselves hampered by articles of philosophical belief, which, they must have been sensible, contained nearly as deep draughts upon human credulity as were made by the Demonologists, against whose doctrine they protested. This error had a doubly bad effect, both as degrading the immediate department in which it oc-

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curred, and as affording a protection for falsehood in other branches of science. The champions who, in their own province, were obliged, by the imperfect knowledge of the times, to admit much that was mystical and inexplicable—those who opined, with Bacon, that warts could be cured by sympathy—who thought, with Napier, that hidden treasures could be discovered by the mathematics—who salved the weapon instead of the wound, and detected murders as well as springs of water by the divining-rod, could not consistently use, to confute the believers in witches, an argument turning on the impossible or the incredible.

Such were the obstacles, arising from the vanity of philosophers and the imperfection of their science, which suspended the strength of their appeal to reason and common sense against the condemning of wretches to a cruel death, on account of crimes which the nature of things rendered in modern times totally impossible. We cannot doubt that they suffered considerably in the contest, which was carried on with much anger and malevolence; but the good seed which they had sown remained uncorrupted in the soil, to bear fruit so soon as the circumstances should be altered which at first impeded its growth. In the next Letter I shall take a view of the causes which helped to remove these impediments—in addition, it must always be remembered, to the general increase of knowledge and improvement of experimental philosophy.

LETTER VII.

Penal Laws unpopular when rigidly exercised—Prosecution of Witches placed in the hands of Special Commissioners, *ad inquirendum*—Prosecution for Witchcraft not frequent in the elder Period of the Roman Empire—nor in the Middle Ages—Some Cases took place, however—The Maid of Orléans—The Duchess of Gloucester—Richard the Third's Charge against the Relations of the Queen Dowager—But Prosecutions against Sorcerers became more common in the end of the Fourteenth Century—Usually united with the Charge of Heresy—Monstrelet's Account of the Persecution against the Waldenses, under pretext of Witchcraft—Florimond's testimony concerning the Increase of Witches in his own time—Bull of Pope Innocent VIII—Various Prosecutions in Foreign Countries under this severe Law—Prosecutions in Labourt by the Inquisitor De Lancre and his Colleague—Lycanthropy—Witches in Spain—in Sweden—and particularly those apprehended at Mohra.

Penal laws, like those of the middle ages denounced against witchcraft, may be at first hailed with unanimous acquiescence and approbation, but are uniformly found to disgust and offend at least the more sensible part of the public, when the punishments become frequent, and are relentlessly inflicted. Those against treason are no exception. Each reflecting government will do well to shorten

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that melancholy reign of terror, which perhaps must necessarily follow on the discovery of a plot, or the defeat of an insurrection. They ought not, either in humanity or policy, to wait till the voice of the nation calls to them, as Mecænas to Augustus,[1] "*Surge tandem carnifex!*"

It is accordingly remarkable, in different countries, how often, at some particular period of their history, there occurred an epidemic terror of witches, which, as fear is always cruel and credulous, glutted the public with seas of innocent blood—and how uniformly men loathed the gore after having swallowed it, and by a reaction natural to the human mind, desired in prudence to take away or restrict those laws, which had been the source of carnage, in order that their posterity might neither have the will nor the means to enter into similar excesses.

A short review of foreign countries before we come to notice the British Islands and their colonies, will prove the truth of this statement. In Catholic countries on the continent, the various kingdoms adopted readily that part of the civil law already mentioned, which denounces sorcerers and witches as rebels to God, and authors of sedition in the empire. But being considered as obnoxious equally to the canon and civil law, Commissions of Inquisition were especially empowered to weed out of the land the witches and those who had intercourse with familiar spirits, or in any other respect fell under the ban of the church, as well as the heretics who promulgated or adhered to false doctrine. Special warrants were thus granted from time to time in behalf of such inquisitors, authorising them to visit those provinces of Germany, France, or Italy, where any report concerning witches or sorcery had alarmed the public mind; and those commissioners, proud of the trust reposed in them, thought it becoming to use the utmost exertions on their part, that the subtlety of the examinations and the severity of the tortures they inflicted might wring the truth out of all suspected persons, until they rendered the province in which they exercised their jurisdiction, a desert from which the inhabitants fled. It would be impossible to give credit to the extent of this delusion, had not some of the inquisitors themselves been reporters of their own judicial exploits: the same hand which subscribed the sentence has recorded the execution.

In the earlier period of the Church of Rome witchcraft is frequently alluded to, and a capital punishment assigned to those who were supposed to have accomplished by sorcery the death of others, or to have attempted, by false prophecies or otherwise, under pretext of consulting with the spiritual world, to make innovation in the State. But no general denunciation against witchcraft itself, as a league with the Enemy of Man, or desertion of the Deity, and a crime *sui generis*, appears to have been so acted upon, until the later period of

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the sixteenth century, when the Papal system had attained its highest pitch of power and of corruption. The influence of the churchmen was, in early times, secure, and they rather endeavoured, by the fabrication of false miracles, to prolong the blind veneration of the people, than to vex others and weary themselves by secret investigations into dubious and mystical trespasses, in which, probably, the higher and better instructed members of the clerical order put as little faith at that time as they do now. Did there remain a mineral fountain, respected for the cures which it had wrought, a huge oak-tree, or venerated mount, which beauty of situation had recommended to traditional respect, the fathers of the Roman Church were in policy reluctant to abandon such impressive spots, or to represent them as exclusively the rendez-vous of witches or of evil spirits. On the contrary, by assigning the virtues of the spring, or the beauty of the tree, to the guardianship of some saint, they acquired, as it were, for the defence of their own doctrine, a frontier fortress which they wrested from the enemy, and which it was at least needless to dismantle, if it could be conveniently garrisoned and defended. Thus the Church secured possession of many beautiful pieces of scenery, as Mr Whitfield is said to have grudged to the devil the monopoly of all the fine tunes.

It is true, that this policy was not uniformly observed. The story of the celebrated Jeanne d'Arc, called the Maid of Orléans, preserves the memory of such a custom, which was in that case turned to the prejudice of the poor woman who observed it.

It is well known that this unfortunate female fell into the hands of the English, after having, by her courage and enthusiasm, manifested on many important occasions, revived the drooping courage of the French, and inspired them with the hope of once more freeing their country. The English vulgar regarded her as a sorceress—the French as an inspired heroine; while the wise on both sides considered her as neither the one nor the other, but a tool used by the celebrated Dunois, to play the part which he assigned her. The Duke of Bedford, when the ill-starred Jeanne fell into his hands, took away her life, in order to stigmatize her memory with sorcery, and to destroy the reputation she had acquired among the French. The mean recurrence to such a charge against such a person had no more success than it deserved, although Jeanne was condemned both by the Parliament of Bordeaux and the University of Paris. Her indictment accused her of having frequented an ancient oak-tree, and a fountain arising under it, called the Fated, or Fairy Oak of Bourlemont. Here she was stated to have repaired during the hours of divine service, dancing, skipping, and making gestures, around the tree and fountain, and hanging on the branches chaplets and garlands of flowers, gathered for the purpose; reviving, doubtless, the

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obsolete idolatry which in ancient times, had been rendered on the same spot to the *Genius Loci*. The charmed sword and blessed banner which she had represented as signs of her celestial mission were, in this hostile charge against her, described as enchanted implements, designed by the fiends and fairies whom she worshipped to accomplish her temporary success. The death of the innocent, high-minded, and perhaps amiable enthusiast, was not, we are sorry to say, a sacrifice to a superstitious fear of witchcraft, but a cruel instance of wicked policy, mingled with national jealousy and hatred.

To the same cause, about the same period, we may impute the trial of the Duchess of Gloucester, wife of the good Duke Humphrey, accused of consulting witches concerning the mode of compassing the death of her husband's nephew, Henry VI. The Duchess was condemned to do penance, and thereafter banished to the Isle of Man, while several of her accomplices died in prison or were executed. But in this instance also, the alleged witchcraft was only the ostensible cause of a procedure which had its real source in the deep hatred between the Duke of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort, his half-brother. The same pretext was used by Richard III, when he brought the charge of sorcery against the Queen Dowager, Jane Shore, and the queen's kinsmen; and yet again was, by that unscrupulous prince, directed against Morton, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and other adherents of the Earl of Richmond. The accusation, in both cases, was only chosen as a charge easily made and difficult to be eluded or repelled.

But, in the mean while, as the accusation of witchcraft thus afforded to tyranny or policy the ready means of assailing persons whom it might not have been possible to convict of any other crime, the aspersion itself was gradually considered with increase of terror, as spreading wider and becoming more contagious. So early as the year 1398, the University of Paris, in laying down rules for the judicial prosecuting of witches, express their regret that the crime was growing more frequent than in any former age. The more severe inquiries and frequent punishments, by which the judges endeavoured to check the progress of this impious practice, seem to have increased the disease; as indeed, it has been always remarked, that those morbid affections of mind which depend on the imagination are sure to become more common in proportion as public attention is fastened on stories connected with their display.

In the same century, schisms, arising from different causes, greatly alarmed the Church of Rome. The universal spirit of inquiry which was now afloat, taking a different direction in different countries, had, in almost all of them, stirred up a sceptical dissatisfaction with the dogmas of the church,—such views being rendered more credible to the poorer classes through the corruption of manners among

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the clergy, too many of whom wealth and ease had caused to neglect that course of morality which best recommends religious doctrine. In almost every nation in Europe, there lurked, in the crowded cities, or the wild solitude of the country, sects who agreed chiefly in their animosity to the supremacy of Rome, and their desire to cast off her domination. The Waldenses and Albigenses were parties existing in great numbers through the south of France. The Romanists became extremely desirous to combine the doctrine of the heretics with witchcraft, which, according to their account, abounded especially where the Protestants were most numerous; and their bitterness increasing, they scrupled not to throw the charge of sorcery, as a matter of course, upon those who dissented from the Catholic standard of faith. The Jesuit Delrio alleges several reasons for the affinity which he considers as existing between the Protestant and the sorcerer; he accuses the former of embracing the opinion of Wierus, and other defenders of the devil (as he calls all who oppose his own opinions concerning witchcraft),—thus fortifying the kingdom of Satan against that of the church.*

A remarkable passage in Monstrelet puts in a clear view the point aimed at by the Catholics in thus confusing and blending the doctrines of heresy and the practice of witchcraft, and how a meeting of inoffensive Protestants could be cunningly identified with a Sabbath of hags and fiends.

"In this year (1459), in the town of Arras, and county of Artois, arose, through a terrible and melancholy chance, an opinion called, I know not why, the Religion of *Vaudoisie*. This sect consisted, it is said, of certain persons, both men and women, who, under cloud of night, by the power of the devil, repaired to some solitary spot, amid woods and deserts, where the devil appeared before them in a human form, save that his visage is never perfectly visible to them,—read to the assembly a book of his ordinances, informing them how he would be obeyed,—distributed a very little money, and a plentiful meal, which was concluded by a scene of general profligacy,—after which, each one of the party was conveyed home to her or his own habitation.

"On accusations of access to such acts of madness," continues Monstrelet, "several creditable persons of the town of Arras were seized and imprisoned, along with some foolish women and persons of little consequence. These were so horribly tortured, that some of them admitted the truth of the whole accusations, and said, besides, that they had seen and recognised in their nocturnal assembly, many persons of rank, prelates, seigneurs, and governors of bailliages and cities, being such names as the examinators had suggested to the persons examined, while they constrained them by torture to impeach the persons to whom they belonged. Several of those who had been thus informed against were arrested, thrown into prison, and tortured for so long a time, that they also were obliged to confess what was charged against them. After this, those of mean condition were executed and inhumanly burnt, while the richer and more powerful of the accused ransomed themselves by sums of money, to avoid the punishment and the shame attending it. Many even of those also confessed, being persuaded to take that course by the interrogators, who promised them indemnity for life and fortune. Some there were, of a truth, who suffered, with marvellous patience and constancy, the torments inflicted on them, and would confess nothing imputed to their charge; but they, too, had to give large sums to the judges, who exacted that such of them as, notwith-

* Delrio, *de Magia*. See the Preface.

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standing their misbandling, were still able to move, should banish themselves from that part of the country." Monstrelet winds up this shocking narrative by informing us, "that it ought not to be concealed, that the whole accusation was a stratagem of wicked men for their own covetous purposes, and in order, by these false accusations and forced confessions, to destroy the life, fame, and fortune, of wealthy persons."

Delrio himself confesses that Franciscus Balduinus gives an account of the pretended punishment, but real persecution, of these Waldenses, in similar terms with Monstrelet, whose suspicions are distinctly spoken out, and adds, that the Parliament of Paris, having heard the affair by appeal, had declared the sentence illegal, and the judges iniquitous, by an arrêt, dated 20th May, 1491. The Jesuit Delrio quotes the passage, but adheres with lingering reluctance, to the truth of the accusation.—"The Waldenses (of whom the Albigenses are a species) were," he says, "never free from the most wretched excess of fascination;" and finally, though he allows the conduct of the judges to have been most odious, he cannot prevail on himself to acquit the parties charged, by such interested accusers, with horrors, which should hardly have been found proved even upon the most distinct evidence. He appeals on this occasion to Florimond's work on Antichrist. The introduction of that work deserves to be quoted, as strongly illustrative of the condition to which the country was reduced, and calculated to make an impression, the very reverse probably of that which the writer would have desired.

"All those who have afforded us some signs of the approach of Antichrist, agree that the increase of sorcery and witchcraft is to distinguish the melancholy period of his advent; and was ever age so afflicted with them as ours? The seats destined for criminals before our judicatories are blackened with persons accused of this guilt. There are not judges enough to try them. Our dungeons are gorged with them. No day passes that we do not render our tribunals bloody by the dooms which we pronounce, or in which we do not return to our homes discountenanced and terrified at the horrible contents of the confessions which it has been our duty to hear. And the devil is accounted so good a master, that we cannot commit so great a number of his slaves to the flames, but what there shall arise from their ashes a number sufficient to supply their place."*

This last statement, by which it appears that the most active and unsparing inquisition was taking place, corresponds with the historical notices of repeated persecutions upon this dreadful charge of sorcery. A bull of Pope Innocent the VIII rang the tocsin against this formidable crime, and set forth in the most dismal colours the guilt, while it stimulated the inquisitors to the unsparing discharge of their duty, in searching out and punishing the guilty. "It is come to our ears," says the bull, "that numbers of both sexes do not avoid to have intercourse with the infernal fiends, and that by their sorceries they afflict both man and beast; that they blight the marriage-bed, destroy the births of women, and the increase of cattle; they blast the corn on

* Florimond *Concerning the Antichrist*, cap. 7, n. 5, quoted by Delrio, de Magia p. 890.

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the ground, the grapes of the vineyard, the fruits of the trees, the grass, and herbs of the field." For which reasons, the inquisitors were armed with the Apostolic power, and called upon to "convict, imprison, and punish," and so forth.

Dreadful were the consequences of this bull all over the continent, especially in Italy, Germany, and France.* About 1485, Cumanus burnt as witches forty-one poor women in one year, in the county of Burlia. In the ensuing years, he continued the prosecution with such unremitting zeal, that many fled from the country.

Alciatus states, that an inquisitor, about the same period, burnt an hundred sorcerers in Piedmont, and persevered in his inquiries till human patience was exhausted, and the people arose and drove him out of the country, after which the jurisdiction was deferred to the archbishop. That prelate consulted Alciatus himself, who had just then obtained his doctor's degree in civil law, to which he was afterwards an honour. A number of unfortunate wretches were brought for judgment, fitter, according to the civilian's opinion, for a course of hellebore, than for the stake. Some were accused of having dishonoured the crucifix, and denied their salvation; others of having absconded to keep the Devil's Sabbath, in spite of bolts and bars; others of having merely joined in the choral dances around the witches' tree of rendez-vous. Several of their husbands and relatives swore that they were in bed and asleep during these pretended excursions. Alciatus recommended gentle and temperate measures; and the minds of the country became at length composed.†

In 1488, the country four leagues around Constance was laid waste by lightning and tempest, and two women being, by fair means or foul, made to confess themselves guilty as the cause of the devastation, suffered death.

About 1515, five hundred persons were executed at Geneva, under the character of "Protestant witches;" from which we may suppose many suffered for heresy. Forty-eight witches were burnt at Ravensburgh within four years, as Hutchison reports, on the authority of Mengho, the author of the "Malleus Maleficarum." In Lorraine, the learned inquisitor, Remigius, boasts that he put to death nine hundred people in fifteen years. As many were banished from that country; so that whole towns were on the point of becoming desolate. In 1524, a thousand persons were put to death in one year at Como, in Italy, and about one hundred every year after for several years.‡

In the beginning of the next century, the persecution of witches broke out in France with a fury which was hardly conceivable, and multitudes were burnt amid that gay and lively people. Some notion of the extreme prejudice of their judges may be drawn from the words

* Dr Hutchison quotes H. Institor, 105, 161.
† Alciat. Parerg. *Juris*, lib. viii, chap. 22.
‡ Bart. de Spina, *de Strigibus*.

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of one of the inquisitors themselves, Pierre de Lancre, royal councillor in the Parliament of Bordeaux, with whom the President Espaignel was joined in a commission to inquire into certain acts of sorcery, reported to have been committed in Labourt and its neighbourhood, at the foot of the Pyrenees, about the month of May, 1619. A few extracts from the preface will best evince the state of mind in which he proceeded to the discharge of his commission.

His story assumes the form of the narrative of a direct war between Satan on the one side, and the Royal Commissioners on the other, "because," says Councillor de Lancre, with self-complaisance, "nothing is so calculated to strike terror into the fiend and his dominions, as a commission with such plenary powers."

At first, Satan endeavoured to supply his vassals who were brought before the judges with strength to support the examinations, so that if, by intermission of the torture, the wretches should fall into a doze, they declared, when they were recalled from it to the question, that the profound stupor "had something of Paradise in it,—being gilded," said the judge, "with the immediate presence of the devil;" though, in all probability, it rather derived its charms from the natural comparison between the insensibility of exhaustion, and the previous agony of acute torture. The judges took care that the Fiend seldom obtained any advantage in the matter, by refusing their victims, in most cases, any interval of rest or sleep. Satan then proceeded, in the way of direct defiance, to stop the mouth of the accused openly, and by mere force, with something like a visible obstruction in their throat. Notwithstanding this, to put the devil to shame, some of the accused found means, in spite of him, to confess and be hanged, or rather burnt. The fiend lost much credit by his failure on this occasion. Before the formidable commissioners arrived, he had held his *cour plénière* before the gates of Bordeaux, and in the square of the palace of Galienne, whereas he was now insulted publicly by his own vassals, and in the midst of his festival of the Sabbath, the children and relations of the witches, who had suffered, not sticking to say to him, "Out upon you! your promise was, that our mothers who were prisoners should not die; and look how you have kept your word with us! They have been burnt, and are a heap of ashes." To appease this mutiny, Satan had two evasions. He produced illusory fires, and encouraged the mutinous to walk through them, assuring them that the judicial pile was as frigid and inoffensive as those which he exhibited to them. Again, taking his refuge in lies, of which he is well known to be the father, he stoutly affirmed that their parents, who seemed to have suffered, were safe in a foreign country, and that if their children would call on them they would receive an answer. They made the invocation accordingly, and Satan answered each of them in a tone which resembled the voice of the lamented

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parent, almost as successfully as Monsieur Alexandre could have done.

Proceeding to a yet more close attack, the Commissioners, on the eve of one of the Fiend's Sabbaths, placed the gibbet on which they executed their victims just on the spot where Satan's gilded chair was usually stationed. The devil was much offended at such an affront, and yet had so little power in the matter, that he could only express his resentment by threats, that he would hang Messieurs D'Amon and D'Urtubbe, gentlemen who had solicited and promoted the issuing of the commission, and would also burn the commissioners themselves in their own fire. We regret to say that Satan was unable to execute either of these laudable resolutions. Ashamed of his excuses, he abandoned for three or four sittings his attendance on the Sabbaths, sending as his representative an imp of subordinate account, and in whom no one reposed confidence. When he took courage again to face his parliament, the Archfiend covered his defection by assuring them, that he had been engaged in a lawsuit with the Deity, which he had gained with costs, and that sixscore of infant children were to be delivered up to him in name of damages, and the witches were directed to procure such victims accordingly. After this grand fiction, he confined himself to the petty vengeance of impeding the access of confessors to the condemned, which was the more easy, as few of them could speak the Basque language. I have no time to detail the ingenious method by which the learned Councillor de Lancre explains why the district of Labourt should be particularly exposed to the pest of sorcery. The chief reason seems to be, that it is a mountainous, a sterile, and a border country, where the men are all fishers, and the women smoke tobacco, and wear short petticoats.

To a person who, in this presumptuous, trifling, and conceited spirit, has composed a quarto volume, full of the greatest absurdities and grossest obscenities ever impressed on paper, it was the pleasure of the most Christian Monarch to consign the most absolute power which could be exercised on these poor people; and he might with as much prudence have turned a ravenous wolf upon an undefended flock, of whom the animal was the natural enemy, as they were his natural prey. The priest, as well as the ignorant peasant, fell under the suspicion of this fell commission; and De Lancre writes with much complacency, that the accused were brought to trial to the number of forty in one day,—with what chance of escape, when the judges were blinded with prejudice, and could only hear the evidence and the defence through the medium of an interpreter, the understanding of the reader may easily anticipate.

Among other gross transgressions of the most ordinary rules, it may be remarked, that the accused, in what their judges called confessions, contradicted each other at every turn respecting the descrip-

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tion of the Domdaniel in which they pretended to have been assembled, and the fiend who presided there. All spoke to a sort of gilded throne; but some saw a hideous wild he-goat seated there—some a man disfigured and twisted, as suffering torture—some, with better taste, beheld a huge indistinct form, resembling one of those mutilated trunks of trees found in ancient forests. But De Lancre was no "Daniel come to judgment," and the discrepancy of evidence, which saved the life and fame of Susannah, made no impression in favour of the sorcerers of Labourt.

Instances occur in De Lancre's book of the trial and condemnation of persons accused of the crime of *lycanthropy*, a superstition which was chiefly current in France, but was known in other countries, and is the subject of great debate between Wier, Naudé, Scot, on the one hand, and their demonological adversaries on the other. The idea, said the one party, was, that a human being had the power, by sorcery, of transforming himself into the shape of a wolf, and in that capacity, being seized with a species of fury, he rushed out, and made havoc among the flocks, slaying and wasting, like the animal whom he represented, far more than he could devour. The more incredulous reasoners would not allow of a real transformation, whether with or without the enchanted hide of a wolf, which in some cases was supposed to aid the metamorphosis, and contended that lycanthropy only subsisted as a woful species of disease, a melancholy state of mind, broken with occasional fits of insanity, in which the patient imagined that he committed the ravages of which he was accused. Such a person, a mere youth, was tried at Besançon, who gave himself out for a servant, or yeoman pricker, of the Lord of the Forest, so he called his superior, who was judged to be the devil. He was, by his master's power, transformed into the likeness, and performed the usual functions, of a wolf, and was attended in his course by one larger, which he supposed the Lord of the Forest himself. These wolves, he said, ravaged the flocks, and throttled the dogs which stood in their defence. If either had not seen the other, he howled, after the manner of the animal, to call his comrade to his share of the prey; if he did not come upon this signal, he proceeded to bury it the best way he could.

Such was the general persecution under Messrs Espaignel and De Lancre. Many similar scenes occurred in France, till the edict of Louis XIV discharging all future prosecutions for witchcraft, after which the crime itself was heard of no more.*

While the spirit of superstition was working such horrors in France, it was not, we may believe, more idle in other countries of Europe. In Spain, particularly, long the residence of the Moors, a people put-

* The reader may sup full on such wild horrors in the *Causes Célèbres*.

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ting deep faith in all the day-dreams of witchcraft, good and evil genii, spells, and talismans, the ardent and devotional temper of the old Christians dictated a severe research after sorcerers, as well as heretics, and relapsed Jews or Mahometans. In former times, during the subsistence of the Moorish kingdoms in Spain, a school was supposed to be kept open in Toboso, for the study, it is said, of magic, but more likely of chemistry, algebra, and other sciences, which, altogether mistaken by the ignorant and vulgar, and imperfectly understood even by those who studied them, were supposed to be allied to necromancy, or at least to natural magic. It was, of course, the business of the Inquisition to purify whatever such pursuits had left of suspicious Catholicism, and their labours cost as much blood on accusations of witchcraft and magic, as for heresy and relapse.

Even the colder nations of Europe were subject to the same epidemic terror for witchcraft, and a specimen of it was exhibited in the sober and rational country of Sweden about the middle of last century, an account of which, being translated into English by a respectable clergyman, Doctor Horneck, excited general surprise how a whole people could be imposed upon to the degree of shedding much blood, and committing great cruelty and injustice, on account of the idle falsehoods propagated by a crew of lying children, who, in this case, were both actors and witnesses.

The melancholy truth, that "the human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," is by nothing proved so strongly as by the imperfect sense displayed by children of the sanctity of moral truth. Both the gentlemen and the mass of the people, as they advance in years, learn to despise and avoid falsehood; the former out of pride, and from a remaining feeling derived from the days of chivalry, that the character of a liar is a deadly stain on their honour; the other, from some general reflection upon the necessity of preserving a character for integrity in the course of life, and a sense of the truth of the common adage, "that honesty is the best policy." But these are acquired habits of thinking. The child has no natural love of truth, as is experienced by all who have the least acquaintance with early youth. If they are charged with a fault, while they can hardly speak, the first words they stammer forth are a falsehood to excuse it. Nor is this all: The temptation of attracting attention, the pleasure of enjoying importance, the desire to escape from an unpleasing task, or accomplish a holiday, will at any time overcome the sentiment of truth, so weak is it within them. Hence thieves and housebreakers, from a surprisingly early period, find means of rendering children useful in their mystery; nor are such acolytes found to evade justice with less dexterity than the more advanced rogues. Where a number of them are concerned in the same mischief, there is something resembling virtue in the fidelity with which the common

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secret is preserved. Children, under the usual age of their being admitted to give evidence, were necessarily often examined in witch trials; and it is terrible to see how often the little impostors, from spite, or in mere gaiety of spirit, have, by their art and perseverance, made shipwreck of men's lives. But it would be hard to discover a case, which, supported exclusively by the evidence of children (the confessions under torture excepted) and obviously existing only in the young witnesses' own imagination, has been attended with such serious consequences, or given cause to so extensive and fatal a delusion, as that which occurred in Sweden.

The scene was the Swedish village of Mohra, in the province of Elfland, which district had probably its name from some remnant of ancient superstition. The delusion had come to a great height ere it reached the ears of government, when, as was the general procedure, royal commissioners were sent down, men well fitted for the duty intrusted to them; that is, with ears open to receive the incredibilities with which they were to be crammed, and hearts hardened against every degree of compassion to the accused. The complaints of the common people, backed by some persons of better condition, were, that a number of persons, renowned as witches, had drawn several hundred children of all classes under the devil's authority. They demanded, therefore, the punishment of these agents of hell, reminding the judges, that the province had been clear of witches since the burning of some on a former occasion. The accused were numerous, so many as threescore and ten witches and sorcerers being seized in the village of Mohra; three-and-twenty confessed their crimes, and were sent to Faluna, where most of them were executed. Fifteen of the children were also led to death. Six-and-thirty of those who were young were forced to run the gauntlet, as it is called, and were, besides, lashed weekly at the church-doors for a whole year. Twenty of the youngest were condemned to the same discipline for three days only.

The process seems to have consisted in confronting the children with the witches, and hearing the extraordinary story which the former insisted upon maintaining. The children, to the number of three hundred were found more or less perfect in a tale as full of impossible absurdities as ever was told around a nursery fire. Their confession ran thus:

They were taught by the witches to go to a cross way, and with certain ceremonies to invoke the devil by the name of Antecessor, begging him to carry them off to Blockula, meaning, perhaps the Brockenberg, in the Hartz forest, a mountain infamous for being the common scene of witches' meetings, and to which Goëthe represents the spirit Mephistopheles as conducting his pupil Faustus. The devil courteously appeared at the call of the children, in various forms, but

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chiefly as a mad Merry-Andrew, with a grey coat, red and blue stockings, a red beard, a high-crowned hat, with linen of various colours wrapt round it, and garters of peculiar length. He set each child on some beast of his providing, and anointed them with a certain unguent composed of the scrapings of altars, and the filings of church-clocks. There is here a discrepancy of evidence which, in another court, would have cast the whole. Most of the children considered their journey to be corporeal and actual. Some supposed, however, that their strength, or spirit only, travelled with the fiend, and that their body remained behind. Very few adopted this last hypothesis, though the parents unanimously bore witness, that the bodies of the children remained in bed, and could not be awakened out of a deep sleep, though they shook them for the purpose of awakening them. So strong was, nevertheless, the belief of nurses and mothers in their actual transportation, that a sensible clergyman, mentioned in the preface, who had resolved he would watch his son the whole night, and see what hag, or fiend, would take him from his arms, had the utmost difficulty, notwithstanding, in convincing his mother that the child had not been transported to Blockula, during the very night he held him in his embrace.

The learned translator candidly allows, "out of so great a multitude as were accused, condemned, and executed, there might be some who suffered unjustly, and owed their death more to the malice of their enemies than to their skill in the black art, I will readily admit. Nor will I deny," he continues, "but that when the news of these transactions and accounts, how the children bewitched fell into fits and strange unusual postures, spread abroad in the kingdom, some fearful and credulous people, if they saw their children any way disordered, might think they were bewitched, or ready to be carried away by imps."* The learned gentleman here stops short in a train of reasoning, which, followed out, would have deprived the world of the benefit of his translation. For if it was possible that some of these unfortunate persons fell a sacrifice to the malice of their neighbours, or the prejudices of witnesses, as he seems ready to grant, is it not more reasonable to believe, that the whole of the accused were convicted on similar grounds, than to allow, as truth, the slightest part of the gross and vulgar impossibilities upon which alone their execution can be justified?

The Blockula, which was the object of their journey, was a house having a fine gate painted with divers colours, with a paddock, in which they turned the beasts to graze which had brought them to such scenes of revelry. If human beings had been employed, they were left slumbering against the wall of the house. The plan of the

* Translator's Preface to HORNECK's *Account of what happened in the Kingdom of Sweden.* See Appendix to Glanville's work.

devil's palace consisted of one large banqueting apartment, and several withdrawing-rooms Their food was homely enough, being broth made of coleworts and bacon, with bread and butter, and milk and cheese. The same acts of wickedness and profligacy were committed at Blockula which were usually supposed to take place upon the devil's Sabbath elsewhere; but there was this particular, that the witches had sons and daughters by the fiends, who were married together, and produced an offspring of toads and serpents.

These confessions being delivered before the accused witches, they at first stoutly denied them; at last some of them burst into tears, and acquiesced in the horrors imputed to them. They said, the practice of carrying off children had been enlarged very lately (which shows the whole rumours to have arisen recently); and the despairing wretches confirmed what the children said, with many other extravagant circumstances, as the mode of elongating a goat's back by means of a spit, on which we care not to be particular. It is worth mentioning, that the devil, desirous of enjoying his own reputation among his subjects, pretended at one time to be dead, and was much lamented at Blockula—but he soon revived again.

Some attempts these witches had made to harm individuals on middle earth, but with little success. One old sorceress, indeed, attempted to strike a nail, given her by the devil for that purpose, into the head of the minister of Elfland; but as the skull was of unusual solidity, the reverend gentleman only felt a headach from her efforts. They could not be persuaded to exhibit any of their tricks before the commissioners, excusing themselves by alleging that their witchcraft had left them, and that the devil had amused them with the vision of a burning pit, having a hand thrust out of it.

The total number who lost their lives on this singular occasion, was fourscore and four persons, including fifteen children; and at this expense of blood was extinguished a flame that arose as suddenly, burned as fiercely, and decayed as rapidly, as any portent of the kind within the annals of superstition. The commissioners returned to court with the high approbation of all concerned—prayers were ordered through the churches weekly, that Heaven would be pleased to restrain the powers of the devil, and deliver the poor creatures who hitherto had groaned under it, as well as the innocent children, who were carried off by hundreds at once.

If we could ever learn the true explanation of this story, we should probably find that the cry was led by some clever mischievous boy, who wished to apologize to his parents for lying an hour longer in the morning, by alleging he had been at Blockula on the preceding night; and that the desire of being as much distinguished as their comrade, had stimulated the bolder and more acute of his companions to the like

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falsehoods; whilst those of weaker minds assented, either from fear of punishment, or the force of dreaming over at night the horrors which were dinned into their ears all day. Those who were ingenuous, as it was termed, in their confessions, received praise and encouragement; and those who denied or were silent, and, as it was considered, impenitent, were sure to bear the harder share of the punishment which was addressed to all. It is worth while also to observe, that the smarter children began to improve their general picture of Blockula. "Some of the children talked much of a white angel, which used to forbid them what the devil bid them do, and told them that these doings should not last long.—And, they added, this better being would place himself sometimes at the door betwixt the witches and the children, and when they came to Blockula he pulled the children back, but the witches went in."

This additional evidence speaks for itself, and shows the whole tale to be the fiction of the children's imagination, which some of them wished to improve upon. The reader may consult "An Account of what happened in the Kingdom of Sweden in the years 1669 and 1670, and afterwards translated out of High Dutch into English, by Dr Antony Horneck," attached to Glanville's "Sadducismus Triumphatus." The translator refers to the evidence of Baron Sparr, ambassador from the court of Sweden to the court of England, in 1672; and that of Baron Lyonberg, envoy extraordinary of the same power, both of whom attest the confession and execution of the witches. The King of Sweden himself answered the express inquiries of the Duke of Holstein with marked reserve. "His judges and commissioners," he said, "had caused divers men, women, and children, to be burnt and executed, on such pregnant evidence as was brought before them. But whether the actions confessed, and proved against them, were real, or only the effects of a strong imagination, he was not as yet able to determine;"—a sufficient reason, perhaps, why punishment should have been at least deferred by the interposition of the royal authority.

We must now turn our eyes to Britain, in which our knowledge as to such events is necessarily more extensive, and where it is in a high degree more interesting to our present purpose.

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LETTER VIII.

The effects of the Witch Superstition are to be traced in the Laws of a Kingdom—Usually punished in England as a Crime connected with Politics—Attempt at Murder for Witchcraft not in itself Capital—Trials of Persons of Rank for Witchcraft, connected with State Crimes—Statutes of Henry VIII—How Witchcraft was regarded by the three Leading Sects of Religion in the Sixteenth Century; first, by the Catholics; second, by the Calvinists; third, by the Church of England and Lutherans—Impostures unwarily countenanced by individual Catholic Priests, and also by some Puritanic Clergymen—Statute of 1562, and some Cases upon it—Case of Dugdale—Case of the Witches of Warbois, and execution of the Family of Samuel—That of Jane Wenham, in which some Church of England Clergymen insisted on the Prosecution—Hutchison's Rebuke to them—James the First's Opinion of Witchcraft—His celebrated Statute, 1 Jac. I—Canon passed by the Convocation against Possession—Case of Mr Fairfax's Children—Lancashire Witches in 1613—Another Discovery in 1634—Webster's Account of the manner in which the Imposture was managed—Superiority of the Calvinists is followed by a severe Prosecution of Witches—Executions in Suffolk, etc. to a dreadful extent—Hopkins, the pretended Witchfinder, the cause of these Cruelties—His Brutal Practices—His Letter—Execution of Mr Lowis—Hopkins punished—Restoration of Charles—Trial of Coxe—of Dunny and Callender before Lord Hales—Royal Society and Progress of Knowledge—Somersetshire Witches—Opinions of the Populace—A Woman swum for Witchcraft at Oakly—Murder at Tring—Act against Witchcraft abolished, and the belief in the Crime becomes forgotten—Witch Trials in New England—Dame Glover's Trial—Affliction of the Parvises, and frightful increase of the Prosecution—Suddenly put a stop to—The Penitence of those concerned in them.

Our account of Demonology in England must naturally, as in every other country, depend chiefly on the instances which history contains of the laws and prosecutions against witchcraft. Other superstitions arose and decayed, were dreaded or despised, without greater embarrassment, in the provinces in which they have a temporary currency, than that cowards and children go out more seldom at night while the reports of ghosts and fairies are peculiarly current. But when the alarm of witchcraft arises, Superstition dips her hand in the blood of the persons accused, and records in the annals of jurisprudence their trials, and the causes alleged in vindication of their execution. Respecting other fantastic allegations, the proof is necessarily transient and doubtful, depending upon the inaccurate testimony of vague report and of doting tradition. But in cases of witchcraft, we have before us the recorded evidence upon which judge and jury acted, and can form an opinion with some degree of certainty of the grounds, real or fanciful, on which they acquitted or condemned. It is, therefore, in tracing this part of Demonology, with its accompanying circumstances, that we have the best chance of obtaining an accurate view of our subject.

The existence of witchcraft was, no doubt, received and credited in England, as in the countries on the continent, and originally pu-

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nfshed accordingly. But after the fourteenth century, the practices which fell under such a description were thought unworthy of any peculiar animadversion, unless they were connected with something which would have been of itself a capital crime, by whatever means it had been either essayed or accomplished. Thus, the supposed paction between a witch and a demon was perhaps deemed in itself to have terrors enough to prevent its becoming an ordinary crime, and was not, therefore, visited with any statutory penalty. But to attempt or execute bodily harm to others, through means of evil spirits, or, in a word, by the black art, was actionable at common law, as much as if the party accused had done the same harm with an arrow or pistol-shot. The destruction or abstraction of goods by the like instruments, supposing the charge proved, would in like manner be punishable. *A fortiori*, the consulting soothsayers, familiar spirits, or the like, and the obtaining and circulating pretended prophecies, to the unsettlement of the state and the endangering of the king's title, is yet a higher degree of guilt. And it may be remarked, that the inquiry into the date of the king's life bears a close affinity with the desiring or compassing the death of the sovereign, which is the essence of high-treason. Upon such charges, repeated trials took place in the courts of the English, and condemnations were pronounced, with sufficient justice, no doubt, where the connexion between the resort to sorcerers and the design to perpetrate a felony could be clearly proved. We would not, indeed, be disposed to go the length of so high an authority as Selden, who pronounces (in his *Table-talk*), that if a man heartily believed that he could take the life of another by waving his hat three times and crying Buzz! and should, under this fixed opinion, wave his hat and cry Buzz! accordingly, he ought to be executed as a murderer. But a false prophecy of the King's death is not to be dealt with exactly on the usual principle; because, however idle in itself, the promulgation of such a prediction has, in times such as we are speaking of, a strong tendency to work its completion.

Many persons, and some of great celebrity, suffered for the charge of trafficking with witches, to the prejudice of those in authority. We have already mentioned the instance of the Duchess of Gloucester, in Henry the Sixth's reign, and that of the Queen Dowager's kinsmen, in the Protectorate of Richard, afterwards the Third. In 1521, the Duke of Buckingham was beheaded, owing much to his having listened to the predictions of one Friar Hopkins. In the same reign, the Maid of Kent, who had been esteemed a prophetess, was put to death as a cheat. She suffered with seven persons who had managed her fits for the support of the Catholic religion, and confessed her fraud upon the scaffold. About seven years after this, Lord Hungerford was beheaded for consulting certain soothsayers concerning the length of

Henry the Eighth's life. But these cases rather relate to the purpose for which the sorcery was employed, than to the fact of using it.

Two remarkable statutes were passed in the year 1541; one against false prophecies, the other against the act of conjuration, witchcraft, and sorcery, and, at the same time, against breaking and destroying crosses. The former enactment was certainly made to ease the suspicious and wayward fears of the tetchy King Henry. The prohibition against witchcraft might be also dictated by the king's jealous doubts of hazard to the succession. The enactment against breaking crosses was obviously designed to check the ravages of the Reformers, who, in England as well as elsewhere, desired to sweep away Propery with the besom of destruction. This latter statute was abrogated in the first year of Edward VI; perhaps as placing an undue restraint on the zeal of good Protestants against idolatry.

At length, in 1562, a formal statute against sorcery, as penal in itself, was actually passed; but as the penalty was limited to the pillory for the first transgression, the legislature probably regarded those who might be brought to trial as impostors rather than wizards. There are instances of individuals tried and convicted as impostors and cheats, and who acknowledged themselves such before the court and people: But in their articles of visitation, the prelates directed inquiry to be made after those who should use enchantments, witchcraft, sorcery, or any like craft, *invented by the devil*.

But it is here proper to make a pause, for the purpose of inquiring in what manner the religious disputes which occupied all Europe about this time influenced the proceedings of the rival sects in relation to Demonology.

The Papal Church had long reigned by the proud and absolute humour which she had assumed, of maintaining every doctrine which her rulers had adopted in dark ages; but this pertinacity at length made her citadel too large to be defended at every point, by a garrison whom prudence would have required to abandon positions which had been taken in times of darkness, and were unsuited to the warfare of a more enlightened age. The sacred motto of the Vatican was, "Vestigia nulla retrorsum;" and this rendered it impossible to comply with the more wise and moderate of her own party, who would otherwise have desired to make liberal concessions to the Protestants, and thus prevent, in its commencement, a formidable schism in the Christian world.

To the system of Rome the Calvinists offered the most determined opposition, affecting, upon every occasion, and on all points, to observe an order of church-government, as well as of worship, expressly in the teeth of its enactments;—in a word, to be a good Protestant, they held it almost essential to be, in all things, diametrically opposite to the Catholic form and faith. As the foundation of

this sect was laid in republican states; as its clerical discipline was settled on a democratic basis; and as the countries which adopted that form of government were chiefly poor, the preachers, having lost the rank and opulence enjoyed by the Roman Church, were gradually thrown on the support of the people. Insensibly they became occupied with the ideas and tenets natural to the common people, which, if they have usually the merit of being honestly conceived and boldly expressed, are not the less often adopted with credulity and precipitation, and carried into effect with unhesitating harshness and severity.

Betwixt these extremes the Churchmen of England endeavoured to steer a middle course retaining a portion of the ritual and forms of Rome, as in themselves admirable, and at any rate too greatly venerated by the people, to be changed merely for opposition's sake. Their comparatively undilapidated revenue, the connexion of their system with the state, with views of ambition as ample as the station of a churchman ought to command, rendered them independent of the necessity of courting their flocks by any means save regular discharge of their duty; and the excellent provisions made for their education afforded them learning to confute ignorance, and enlighten prejudice.

Such being the general character of the three Churches, their belief in, and persecution of, such crimes as witchcraft and sorcery, were necessarily modelled upon the peculiar tenets which each system professed, and gave rise to various results in the countries where they were severally received.

The Church of Rome, as we have seen, was unwilling, in her period of undisputed power to call in the secular arm to punish men for witchcraft, a crime which fell especially under ecclesiastical cognizance, and could, according to her belief, be subdued by the spiritual arm alone. The learned men at the head of the establishment might safely despise the attempt at those hidden arts as impossible; or, even if they were of a more credulous disposition, they might be unwilling to make laws by which their own inquiries in the mathematics, algebra, chemistry, and other pursuits vulgarly supposed to approach the confines of magic art, might be inconveniently restricted. The more selfish part of the priesthood might think that a general belief in the existence of witches should be permitted to remain as a source both of power and of revenue—that if there were no possessions, there could be no exorcism-fees—and, in short, that a wholesome faith in all the absurdities of the vulgar creed, as to supernatural influences, was necessary to maintain the influence of Diana of Ephesus. They suffered spells to be manufactured, since every friar had the power of reversing them—they permitted poison to be distilled, because every convent had the antidote, which

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was disposed of to all who chose to demand it. It was not till the universal progress of heresy, in the end of the fifteenth century, that the bull of Pope Innocent VIII, already quoted, called to convict, imprison, and condemn the sorcerers, chiefly because it was the object to transfer the odium of these crimes to the Waldenses, and excite and direct the public hatred against the new sect, by confounding their doctrines with the influences of the Devil and his Fiends. The bull of Pope Innocent was afterwards, in the year 1523, enforced by Adrian VI, with a new one, in which excommunication was directed against *sorcerers and heretics*.

While Rome thus positively declared herself against witches and sorcerers, the Calvinists, in whose numbers must be included the greater part of the English Puritans, who, though they had not finally severed from the communion of the Anglican Church, yet disapproved of her ritual and ceremonies, as retaining too much of the Papal stamp, ranked themselves, in accordance with their usual policy, in diametrical opposition to the doctrine of the Mother Church. They assumed in the opposite sense whatever Rome pretended to as a proof of her omnipotent authority. The exorcisms, forms, and rites, by which good Catholics believed that incarnate fiends could be expelled, and evil spirits of every kind rebuked—these, like the holy water, the robes of the priest, and the sign of the cross, the Calvinists considered either with scorn and contempt, as the tools of deliberate quackery and imposture, or with horror and loathing, as the fit emblems and instruments of an idolatrous system.

Such of them as did not absolutely deny the supernatural powers of which the Romanists made boast, regarded the success of the exorcising priest, to whatever extent they admitted it, as at best a casting out of devils by the power of Beelzebub, the King of the Devils. They saw also, and resented bitterly, the attempt to confound any dissent from the doctrines of Rome with the proneness to an encouragement of rites of sorcery. On the whole, the Calvinists, generally speaking, were, of all the contending sects, the most suspicious of sorcery, the most undoubting believers in its existence, and the most eager to follow it up with what they conceived to be the due punishment of the most fearful of crimes.

The leading divines of the Church of England were, without doubt, fundamentally as much opposed to the doctrines of Rome, as those who altogether disclaimed opinions and ceremonies, merely because she had entertained them. But their position in society tended strongly to keep them from adopting, on such subjects as we are now discussing, either the eager credulity of the vulgar mind, or the fanatic ferocity of their Calvinistic rivals. We have no purpose to discuss the matter in detail—enough has probably been said to show generally why the Romanist should have cried out a miracle, re-

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specting an incident which the Anglican would have contemptuously termed an imposture; while the Calvinist, inspired with a darker zeal, and above all, with the unceasing desire of open controversy with the Catholics, would have styled the same event an operation of the Devil.

It followed, that while the divines of the Church of England possessed the upper hand in the kingdom, witchcraft, though trials and even condemnations for that offence occasionally occurred, did not create that epidemic terror which the very suspicion of the offence carried with it elsewhere; so that Reginald Scot and others alleged, it was the vain pretences and empty forms of the Church of Rome, by the faith reposed in them, which had led to the belief of witchcraft or sorcery in general. Nor did prosecutions on account of such charges frequently involve a capital punishment, while learned judges were jealous of the imperfection of the evidence to support the charge, and entertained a strong and growing suspicion that legitimate grounds for such trials seldom actually existed. On the other hand, it usually happened that wherever the Calvinist interest became predominant in Britain, a general persecution of sorcerers and witches seemed to take place of consequence. Fearing and hating sorcery more than other Protestants, connecting its ceremonies and usages with those of the detested Catholic Church, the Calvinists were more eager than other sects in searching after the traces of this crime, and, of course, unusually successful, as they might suppose, in making discoveries of guilt, and pursuing it to the expiation of the fagot. In a word, a principle already referred to by Dr Francis Hutchison, will be found to rule the tide and the reflux of such cases in the different churches. The numbers of witches, and their supposed dealings with Satan will increase or decrease according as such doings are accounted probable or impossible. Under the former supposition, charges and convictions will be found augmented in a terrific degree. When the accusations are disbelieved, and dismissed as not worthy of attention, the crime becomes unfrequent, ceases to occupy the public mind, and affords little trouble to the judges.

The passing of Elizabeth's statute against witchcraft, in 1562, does not seem to have been intended to increase the number of trials, or cases of conviction at least; and the fact is, it did neither the one nor the other. Two children were tried in 1574 for counterfeiting possession, and stood in the pillory for impostors. Mildred Norrington, called the Maid of Westwell, furnished another instance of possession; but she also confessed her imposture, and publicly showed her fits and tricks of mimicry. The strong influence already possessed by the Puritans may probably be sufficient to account for the darker issue of certain cases, in which both juries and judges, in Elizabeth's time, must be admitted to have shown fearful severity.

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These cases of possession were in some respects sore snares to the priests of the Church of Rome, who, while they were too sagacious not to be aware that the pretended fits, contortions, strange sounds, and other extravagances, produced as evidence of the Demon's influence on the possessed person, were nothing else than marks of imposture by some idle vagabond, were nevertheless often tempted to admit them as real, and take the credit of curing them. The period was one when the Catholic Church had much occasion to rally around her all the respect that remained to her in a schismatic and heretical kingdom; and when her fathers and doctors announced the existence of such a dreadful disease, and of the power of the church's prayers, relics and ceremonies to cure it, it was difficult for a priest, supposing him more tender of the interest of his order than that of truth, to avoid such a tempting opportunity as a supposed case of possession offered, for displaying the high privilege in which his profession made him a partaker, or to abstain from conniving at the imposture, in order to obtain for his church the credit of expelling the demon. It was hardly to be wondered at, if the ecclesiastic was sometimes induced to aid the fraud of which such motives forbade him to be the detector. At this he might hesitate the less, as he was not obliged to adopt the suspected and degrading course of holding an immediate communication *in limine* with the impostor, since a hint or two, dropped in the supposed sufferer's presence, might give him the necessary information what was the most exact mode of performing his part, and if the patient was possessed by a devil of any acuteness or dexterity, he wanted no further instruction how to play it. Such combinations were sometimes detected, and brought more discredit on the Church of Rome than was counterbalanced by any which might be more cunningly managed. On this subject, the reader may turn to Dr Harsnett's celebrated book on Popish Impostures wherein he gives the history of several notorious cases of detected fraud, in which Roman ecclesiastics had not hesitated to mingle themselves. That of Grace Sowerbutts, instructed by a Catholic priest to impeach her grandmother of witchcraft, was a very gross fraud.

Such cases were not, however, limited to the ecclesiastics of Rome. We have already stated, that, as extremes usually approach each other, the Dissenters, in their violent opposition to the Papists, adopted some of their ideas respecting demoniacs; and we have now to add, that they also claimed, by the vehemence of prayer, and the authority of their own sacred commission, that power of expelling devils which the Church of Rome pretended to exercise by rites, ceremonies, and relics. The memorable case of Richard Dugdale, called the Surrey Impostor, was one of the most remarkable which the Dissenters brought forward. This youth was supposed to have sold his soul to the devil, on condition of being made the best dancer in Lanca-

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shire, and during his possession played a number of fantastic tricks, not much different from those exhibited by expert posture-masters of the present day. This person threw himself into the hands of the Dissenters, who, in their eagerness, caught at an opportunity to relieve an afflicted person, whose case the regular clergy appeared to have neglected. They fixed a committee of their number, who weekly attended the supposed sufferer, and exercised themselves in appointed days of humiliation and fasting, during the course of a whole year. All respect for the demon seems to have abandoned the reverend gentlemen, after they had relieved guard in this manner for some little time, and they got so regardless of Satan as to taunt him with the mode in which he executed his promise to teach his vassal dancing. The following specimen of raillery is worth commemoration:—"What, Satan! is this the dancing that Richard gave himself to thee for? etc. Canst thou dance no better? etc. Ransack the old records of all past times and places in thy memory: canst thou not there find out some better way of trampling? Pump thine invention dry: cannot the universal seed-plot of subtile wiles and stratagems spring up one new method of cutting capers? Is this the top of skill and pride, to shuffle feet and brandish knees thus, and to trip like a doe, and skip like a squirrel? And wherein differ thy leapings from the hoppings of a frog, or the bouncings of a goat, or friskings of a dog, or gesticulations of a monkey? And cannot a palsy shake such a loose leg as that? Dost thou not twirl like a calf that hath the turn, and twitch up thy houghs just like a springhault tit?" * One might almost conceive the demon replying to this raillery in the words of Dr Johnson, "This merriment of parsons is extremely offensive."

The Dissenters were probably too honest, however simple, to achieve a complete cure on Dugdale by an amicable understanding; so, after their year of vigil, they relinquished their task by degrees. Dugdale, weary of his illness, which now attracted little notice, attended a regular physician, and was cured of that part of his disease which was not affected, in a regular way, *par ordonnance du médecin*. But the reverend gentlemen who had taken his case in hand still assumed the credit of curing him, and if any thing could have induced them to sing *Te Deum*, it would have been this occasion. They said that the effect of their public prayers had been for a time suspended, until seconded by the continued earnestness of their private devotions!!

The ministers of the Church of England, though, from education, intercourse with the world, and other advantages, they were less prone to prejudice than those of other sects, are yet far from being entirely free of the charge of encouraging in particular instances the

* Hutchison *on Witchcraft*, p. 162.

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witch superstition. Even while Dr Hutchison pleads that the Church of England has the least to answer for in that matter, he is under the necessity of acknowledging that some regular country clergymen so far shared the rooted prejudices of congregations, and of the government which established laws against it, as to be active in the persecution of the suspected, and even in countenancing the superstitious signs by which in that period the vulgar thought it possible to ascertain the existence of the afflictions by witchcraft, and obtain the knowledge of the perpetrator. A singular case is mentioned of three women, called the Witches of Warbois. Indeed, their story is a matter of solemn enough record; for Sir Samuel Cromwell, having received the sum of forty pounds as lord of the manor, out of the estate of the poor persons who suffered, turned it into a rent-charge of forty shillings yearly, for the endowment of an annual lecture on the subject of witchcraft, to be preached by a doctor or bachelor of divinity of Queen's College, Cambridge. The accused, one Samuel and his wife, were old and very poor persons, and their daughter a young woman. The daughter of a Mr Throgmorton, seeing the poor old woman in a black knitted cap, at a time when she was not very well, took a whim that she had bewitched her, and was ever after exclaiming against her. The other children of this fanciful family caught up the same cry, and the eldest of them at last got up a vastly pretty drama in which she herself furnished all the scenes, and played all the parts.

Such imaginary scenes, or *make-believe* stories, are the common amusement of lively children; and most readers may remember having had some Utopia of their own. But the nursery drama of Miss Throgmorton had a horrible conclusion. This young lady and her sisters were supposed to be haunted by nine spirits, dispatched by the wicked Mother Samuel for that purpose. The sapient parents heard one part of the dialogue, when the children in their fits returned answers, as was supposed, to the spirits who afflicted them; and when the patients from time to time recovered, they furnished the counterpart by telling what the spirits had said to them. The names of the spirits were Pluck, Hardname, Catch, Blue, and three Smacks, who were cousins. Mrs Joan Throgmorton, the eldest (who, like other young women of her age, about fifteen, had some disease on her nerves, and whose fancy ran apparently on love and gallantry), supposed that one of the Smacks was her lover, did battle for her with the less friendly spirits, and promised to protect her against Mother Samuel herself; and the following curious extract will show on what a footing of familiarity the damsel stood with her spiritual gallant:—"'From whence come you, Mr Smack?' says the afflicted young lady; 'and what news do you bring?' Smack, nothing abashed, informed her he came from fighting with Pluck: the weapons, great

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cowl-staves; the scene, a ruinous bakehouse in Dame Samuel's yard. 'And who got the mastery, I pray you?' said the damsel. Smack answered, he had broken Pluck's head. 'I would,' said the damsel, he had broken your neck also.'—'Is that the thanks I am to have for my labour?' said the disappointed Smack. 'Look you for thanks at my hand?' said the distressed maiden; 'I would you were all hanged up against each other, with your dame for company, for you are all naught.'" On this repulse, exit Smack, and enter Pluck, Blue and Catch, the first with his head broken, the other limping, and the third with his arm in a sling, all trophies of Smack's victory. They disappeared, after having threatened vengeance upon the conquering Smack. However, he soon afterwards appeared with his laurels. He told her of his various conflicts. "'I wonder,' said Mrs Joan, or Jane, 'that you are able to beat them: you are little, and they very big.'—'He cared not for that,' he replied; 'he would beat the best two of them, and his cousins Smacks would beat the other two.'" This most pitiful mirth, for such it certainly is, was mixed with tragedy enough. Miss Throgmorton and her sisters railed against Dame Samuel; and when Mr Throgmorton brought her to his house by force, the little fiends longed to draw blood of her, scratch her, and torture her, as the witch-creed of that period recommended; yet the poor woman incurred deeper suspicion when she expressed a wish to leave a house where she was so coarsely treated, and lay under such odious suspicions.

It was in vain that this unhappy creature endeavoured to avert their resentment, by submitting to all the ill usage they chose to put upon her; in vain that she underwent, unresistingly, the worst usage at the hand of Lady Cromwell, her landlady, who, abusing her with the worst epithets, tore her cap from her head, clipped out some of her hair, and gave it to Mrs Throgmorton, to burn it for a counter charm. Nay, Mother Samuel's complaisance in the latter case only led to a new charge. It happened that the Lady Cromwell, on her return home, dreamed of her day's work, and especially of the old dame and her cat; and as her Ladyship died in a *year and quarter* from that very day, it was sagaciously concluded that she must have fallen a victim to the witcheries of the terrible Dame Samuel. Mr Throgmorton also compelled the old woman and her daughter to use expressions which put their lives in the power of these malignant children, who had carried on the farce so long that they could not well escape from their own web of deceit but by the death of these helpless creatures: For example, the prisoner, Dame Samuel, was induced to say to the supposed spirit, "As I am a witch, and a causer of Lady Cromwell's death, I charge thee to come out of the maiden." The girl lay still; and this was accounted a proof that the poor woman, who only, subdued and crushed by terror and tyranny, did

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as she was bidden, was a witch. One is ashamed of an English judge and jury, when it must be repeated, that the evidence of these enthusiastic and giddy-pated girls was deemed sufficient to the condemnation of three innocent persons. Goody Samuel, indeed, was at length worried into a confession of her guilt, by the various vexations which were practised on her. But her husband and daughter continued to maintain their innocence. The last showed a high spirit, and proud value for her character. She was advised by some, who pitied her youth, to gain at least a respite by pleading pregnancy; to which she answered disdainfully, "No, I will not be both held witch and strumpet!" The mother, to show her sanity of mind, and the real value of her confession, caught at the advice recommended to her daughter. As her years put such a plea out of the question, there was a laugh among the unfeeling audience, in which the poor old victim joined loudly and heartily. Some there were who thought it no joking matter, and were inclined to think they had a Joanna Southcote before them, and that the devil must be the father. These unfortunate Samuels were condemned at Huntingdon, before Mr Justice Fenner, 4th April, 1593. It was a singular case to be commemorated by an annual lecture, as provided by Sir Samuel Cromwell; for the purposes of Justice were never so perverted, nor her sword turned to a more flagrant murder.

We may here mention, though mainly for the sake of contrast, the much-disputed case of Jane Wenham, the witch of Walkerne, as she was termed; which was of a much later date. Some of the country clergy were carried away by the landflood of superstition in this instance also, and not only encouraged the charge, but gave their countenance to some of the ridiculous and indecent tricks resorted to as proofs of witchcraft by the lowest vulgar. But the good sense of the judge, seconded by that of other reflecting and sensible persons, saved the country from the ultimate disgrace attendant on too many of these unhallowed trials. The usual sort of evidence was brought against this poor woman, by pretences of bewitched persons vomiting fire; a trick very easy to those who chose to exhibit such a piece of jugglery amongst such as rather desire to be taken in by it, than to detect the imposture. The witchfinder practised upon her the most vulgar and ridiculous tricks, or charms; and out of a perverted examination, they drew what they called a confession, though of a forced and mutilated character. Under such proof the jury brought her in Guilty, and she was necessarily condemned to die. More fortunate, however, than many persons placed in the like circumstances, Jane Wenham was tried before a sensible and philosophic judge, who could not understand that the life of an English woman, however mean, should be taken away by a set of barbarous tricks and experiments, the efficacy of which depended on popular

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credulity. He reprieved the witch before he left the assize-town. The rest of the history is equally a contrast to some we have told, and others we shall have to recount. A humane and high-spirited gentleman, Colonel Plummer of Gilston, putting at defiance popular calumny, placed the poor old woman in a small house near his own, and under his immediate protection. Here she lived and died, in honest and fair reputation, edifying her visitors by her accuracy and attention in repeating her devotions; and, removed from her brutal and malignant neighbours, never afterwards gave the slightest cause of suspicion or offence till her dying day. As this was one of the last cases of conviction in England, Dr Hutchison has been led to dilate upon it with some strength of eloquence as well as argument.

He thus expostulates with some of the better class that were eager for the prosecution:—"1. What single fact of sorcery did this Jane Wenham do? What charm did she use, or what act of witchcraft could you prove upon her? Laws are against evil actions, that can be proved to be of the person's doing—What single fact that was against the statute could you fix upon her? I ask, 2. Did she so much as speak an imprudent word, or do an immoral action, that you could put into the narrative of her case? When she was denied a few turnips, she laid them down very submissively—when she was called witch, and bitch, she only took the proper means for the vindication of her good name—when she saw this storm coming upon her, she lock'd herself in her own house, and tried to keep herself out of your cruel hands—When her door was broken open, and you gave way to that barbarous usage that she met with, she protested her innocence, fell upon her knees, and begg'd she might not go to gaol and, in her innocent simplicity, would have let you swim her; and at her trial, she declar'd herself a clear woman. This was her behaviour; and what could any of us have done better, excepting in that case where she comply'd with you too much, and offered to let you swim her?

"3. When you used the meanest of paganish and popish superstitions—when you scratch'd, and mangled, and ran pins into her flesh, and used that ridiculous tryal of the bottle, etc.—whom did you consult—and from whom did you expect your answers? who was your father—and into whose hands did you put yourselves? and if the true sense of the statute had been turn'd upon you, which way would you have defended yourselves? 4. Durst you have used her in this manner if she had been rich; and doth not her poverty increase rather than lessen your guilt in what you did?

"And therefore, instead of closing your book with a *liberavimus animas nostras*, and reflecting upon the court, I ask you, 5. Whether you have not more reason to give God thanks that you met with a wise judge, and a sensible gentleman, who kept you from shedding

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innocent blood, and reviving the meanest and cruelest of all superstitions amongst us?" *

But although individuals of the English church might, on some occasions, be justly accused of falling into lamentable errors on a subject where error was so general, it was not a usual point of their professional character; and it must be admitted, that the most severe of the laws against witchcraft originated with a Scottish King of England, and that the only extensive persecution following that statute, occurred during the time of the Civil Wars, when the Calvinists obtained, for a short period, a predominating influence in the councils of Parliament.

James succeeded to Elizabeth amidst the highest expectations on the part of his new people, who, besides their general satisfaction at coming once more under the rule of a king, were also proud of his supposed abilities and real knowledge of books and languages, and were naturally, though imprudently, disposed to gratify him by deferring to his judgment in matters wherein his studies were supposed to have rendered him a special proficient. Unfortunately, besides the more harmless freak of becoming a Prentice in the art of Poetry, by which words and numbers were the only sufferers, the monarch had composed a deep work upon Demonology, embracing, in their fullest extent, the most absurd and gross of the popular errors on this subject. He considered his crown and life as habitually aimed at by the sworn slaves of Satan. Several had been executed for an attempt to poison him by magical arts; and the turbulent Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, whose repeated attempts on his person had long been James's terror, had begun his course of rebellion by a consultation with the weird sisters and soothsayers. Thus the king, who had proved with his pen the supposed sorcerers to be the direct enemies of the Deity, and who conceived he knew them from experience to be his own, who, moreover, had, upon much lighter occasions (as in the case of Vorstius), showed no hesitation at throwing his royal authority into the scale to aid his arguments, very naturally used his influence when it was at the highest, to extend and enforce the laws against a crime which he both hated and feared.

The English statute against witchcraft, passed in the very first year of that reign, is therefore of a most special nature, describing witchcraft by all the various modes and ceremonies in which, according to King James's fancy, that crime could be perpetrated; each of which was declared felony, without benefit of clergy.

This gave much wider scope to prosecution on the statute than had existed under the milder acts of Elizabeth. Men might now be punished for the practice of witchcraft, as itself a crime, without ne-

* HUTCHISON'S *Essay on Witchcraft*, p. 166.

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cessary reference to the ulterior objects of the perpetrator. It is remarkable, that in the same year, when the legislature rather adopted the passions and fears of the king, than expressed their own, by this fatal enactment, the Convocation of the Church evinced a very different spirit; for, seeing the ridicule brought on their sacred profession by forward and presumptuous men, in the attempt to relieve demoniacs from a disease which was commonly occasioned by natural causes, if not the mere creature of imposture, they passed a canon, establishing that no minister, or ministers, should in future attempt to expel any devil or devils, without the license of his bishop; thereby virtually putting a stop to a fertile source of knavery among the people, and disgraceful folly among the inferior churchmen.

The new statute of James does not, however, appear to have led at first to many prosecutions. One of the most remarkable was (*proh pudor!*) instigated by a gentleman, a scholar of classical taste, and a beautiful poet, being no other than Edward Fairfax of Fayston, in Knaresborough Forest, the translator of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." In allusion to his credulity on such subjects, Collins has introduced the following elegant lines:

> "How have I sate while piped the pensive wind,
> To hear thy harp, by British Fairfax strung;
> Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
> Believed the magic wonders which he sung!"

Like Mr Throgmorton in the Warbois case, Mr Fairfax accused six of his neighbours of tormenting his children by fits of an extraordinary kind, by imps, and by appearing before the afflicted in their own shape during the crisis of these operations. The admitting this last circumstance to be a legitimate mode of proof, gave a most cruel advantage against the accused, for it could not, according to the ideas of the demonologists, be confuted even by the most distinct *alibi*. To a defence of that sort, it was replied, that the afflicted person did not see the actual witch, whose corporeal presence must indeed have been obvious to every one in the room as well as to the afflicted, but that the evidence of the sufferers related to the appearance of their *spectre*, or apparition; and this was accounted a sure sign of guilt in those whose forms were so manifested during the fits of the afflicted, and who were complained of and cried out upon by the victim. The obvious tendency of this doctrine, as to visionary or spectral evidence, as it was called, was to place the life and fame of the accused in the power of any hypochondriac patient or malignant impostor, who might either seem to see, or aver she saw, the *spectrum* of the accused old man or old woman, as if enjoying and urging on the afflictions which she complained of; and, strange to tell, the fatal sentence was to rest not upon the truth of the witnesses, eyes, but that of their imagination. It happened fortunately for Fair-

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fax's memory, that the objects of his prosecution were persons of good character, and that the judge was a man of sense, and made so wise and skilful a charge to the jury, that they brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.

The celebrated case of "the Lancashire witches" (whose name was, and will be, long remembered, partly from Shadwell's play, but more from the ingenious and well-merited compliment to the beauty of the females of that province, which it was held to contain), followed soon after. Whether the first notice of this sorcery sprung from the idle head of a mischievous boy, is uncertain; but there is no doubt that it was speedily caught up and fostered for the purpose of gain. The original story ran thus:

These Lancaster trials were at two periods, the one in 1613, before Sir James Altham and Sir Edward Bromley, Barons of Exchequer, when nineteen witches were tried at once at Lancaster, and another of the name of Preston, at York. The report against these people is drawn up by Thomas Potts. An obliging correspondent sent me a sight of a copy of this curious and rare book. The chief personage in the drama is Elizabeth Southam, a witch redoubted under the name of Dembdike, an account of whom may be seen in Mr Roby's Antiquities of Lancaster, as well as a description of Maulkins' Tower, the witches' place of meeting. It appears that this remote country was full of Popish recusants, travelling priests, and so forth; and some of their spells are given, in which the holy names and things alluded to form a strange contrast with the purpose to which they were applied, as to secure a good brewing of ale or the like. The public imputed to the accused parties a long train of murders, conspiracies, charms, mischances, hellish and damnable practices, "apparent," says the editor, "on their own examinations and confessions," and, to speak the truth, visible nowhere else. Mother Dembdike had the good luck to die before conviction. Among other tales, we have one of two *female* devils, called Fancy and Tib. It is remarkable that some of the unfortunate women endeavoured to transfer the guilt from themselves to others with whom they had old quarrels, which confessions were held good evidence against those who made them, and against the alleged accomplice also. Several of the unhappy women were found Not Guilty, to the great displeasure of the ignorant people of the county. Such was the first edition of the Lancashire witches. In that which follows, the accusation can be more clearly traced to the most villanous conspiracy.

About 1634, a boy called Edmund Robinson, whose father, a very poor man, dwelt in Pendle Forest, the scene of the alleged witching, declared, that while gathering *bullees* (wild plums, perhaps) in one of the glades of the forest, he saw two greyhounds, which he imagined to belong to gentlemen in that neighbourhood. The boy reported

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that, seeing nobody following them, he proposed to have a course; but though a hare was started, the dogs refused to run. On this, young Robinson was about to punish them with a switch, when one Dame Dickenson, a neighbour's wife, started up instead of the one greyhound; a little boy instead of the other. The witness averred, that Mother Dickenson offered him money to conceal what he had seen, which he refused, saying, "Nay, thou art a witch." Apparently, she was determined he should have full evidence of the truth of what he said, for, like the Magician Queen in the Arabian Tales, she pulled out of her pocket a bridle, and shook it over the head of the boy who had so lately represented the other greyhound. He was directly changed into a horse; Mother Dickenson mounted, and took Robinson before her. They then rode to a large house, or barn, called Hourstoun, into which Edmund Robinson entered with others. He there saw six or seven persons pulling at halters, from which, as they pulled them, meat ready dressed came flying in quantities, together with lumps of butter, porringers of milk, and whatever else might, in the boy's fancy, complete a rustic feast. He declared, that while engaged in the charm, they made such ugly faces, and looked so fiendish, that he was frightened. There was more to the same purpose—as the boy's having seen one of these hags sitting half way up his father's chimney, and some such goodly matter. But it ended in near a score of persons being committed to prison; and the consequence was, that young Robinson was carried from church to church in the neighbourhood, that he might recognise the faces of any persons he had seen at the rendez-vous of witches. Old Robinson, who had been an evidence against the former witches in 1613, went along with his son, and knew, doubtless, how to make his journey profitable; and his son probably took care to recognise none who might make a handsome consideration. "This boy," says Webster, "was brought into the church at Kildwick, a parish church, where I, being then curate there, was preaching at the time, to look about him, which made some little disturbance for the time." After prayers, Mr Webster sought and found the boy, and two very unlikely persons, who, says he, "did conduct him and manage the business; I did desire some discourse with the boy in private, but that they utterly denied. In the presence of a great many people, I took the boy near me, and said, 'Good boy, tell me truly and in earnest, didst thou hear and see such strange things of the motions of the witches, as many do report that thou didst relate, or did not some person teach thee to say such things of thyself?' But the two men did pluck the boy from me, and said he had been examined by two able justices of peace, and they never asked him such a question. To whom I replied, 'The persons accused had the more wrong.'" The boy afterwards acknowledged, in his more advanced

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years, that he was instructed and suborned to swear these things against the accused persons, by his father and others, and was heard often to confess, that on the day which he pretended to see the said witches at the house, or barn, he was gathering plums in a neighbour's orchard.*

There was now approaching a time, when the law against witchcraft, sufficiently bloody in itself, was to be pushed to more violent extremities than the quiet scepticism of the Church of England clergy gave way to. The great Civil War had been preceded and anticipated by the fierce disputes of the ecclesiastical parties. The rash and ill-judged attempt to enforce upon the Scottish a compliance with the government and ceremonies of the High Church divines, and the severe prosecutions in the Star Chamber and Prerogative Courts, had given the Presbyterian system for a season a great degree of popularity in England; and as the king's party declined during the Civil War, and the state of church-government was altered, the influence of the Calvinistical divines increased. With much strict morality and pure practice of religion, it is to be regretted these were still marked by unhesitating belief in the existence of sorcery, and a keen desire to extend and enforce the legal penalties against it. Wier has considered the clergy of every sect as being too eager in this species of persecution: "Ad gravem hanc impietatem, connivent theologi plerique omnes." But it is not to be denied that the Presbyterian ecclesiastics, who, in Scotland, were often appointed by the Privy Council commissioners for the trial of witchcraft, evinced a very extraordinary degree of credulity in such cases, and that the temporary superiority of the same sect in England was marked by enormous cruelties of this kind. To this general error we must impute the misfortune, that good men, such as Calamy and Baxter, should have countenanced or defended such proceedings as those of the impudent and cruel wretch called Matthew Hopkins, who, in those unsettled times, when men did what seemed good in their own eyes, assumed the title of Witchfinder General, and travelling through the counties of Essex, Sussex, Norfolk, and Huntingdon, pretended to discover witches, superintending their examination by the most unheard-of tortures, and compelling forlorn and miserable wretches to admit and confess matters equally absurd and impossible; the issue of which was the forfeiture of their lives. Before examining these cases more minutely, I will quote Baxter's own words; for no one can have less desire to wrong a devout and conscientious man, such as that divine most unquestionably was, though borne aside on this occasion by prejudice and credulity.

"The hanging of a great number of witches in 1645 and 1646 is

* Webster *on Witchcraft*, edition 1677, p. 278.

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famously known. Mr Calamy went along with the judges on the circuit, to hear their confessions, and see there was no fraud or wrong done them. I spoke with many understanding, pious, learned, and credible persons, that lived in the counties, and some that went to them in the prisons, and heard their sad confessions. Among the rest, an old *reading parson*, named Lewis, not far from Framlingham, was one that was hanged, who confessed that he had two imps, and that one of them was always putting him upon doing mischief; and he being near the sea, as he saw a ship under sail, it moved him to send it to sink the ship; and he consented, and saw the ship sink before them." Mr Baxter passes on to another story of a mother, who gave her child an imp like a mole, and told her to keep it in a can near the fire, and she would never want; and more such stuff as nursery maids tell froward children to keep them quiet.

It is remarkable that, in this passage, Baxter names the Witchfinder General rather slightly, as "one Hopkins," and without doing him the justice due to one who had discovered more than one hundred witches, and brought them to confessions which that good man received as indubitable. Perhaps the learned divine was one of those who believed that the Witchfinder General had cheated the devil out of a certain memorandum-book, in which Satan, for the benefit of his memory certainly, had entered all the witches' names in England, and that Hopkins availed himself of this record.*

It may be noticed, that times of misrule and violence seem to create individuals fitted to take advantage from them, and having a character suited to the seasons which raise them into notice and action; just as a blight on any tree or vegetable, calls to life a peculiar insect to feed upon and enjoy the decay which it has produced. A monster like Hopkins could only have existed during the confusion of civil dissension. He was perhaps, a native of Manningtree, in Essex; at any rate, he resided there in the year 1644, when an epidemic outcry of witchcraft arose in that town. Upon this occasion he had made himself busy, and affecting more zeal and knowledge than other men, learned his trade of a witchfinder, as he pretends, from experiment. He was afterwards permitted to perform it as a legal profession, and moved from one place to another, with an assistant named Sterne, and a female. In his defence against an accusation of fleecing the country, he declares his regular charge was twenty shillings a-town, including charges of living, and journeying thither and back again with his assistants. He also affirms, that he went nowhere unless

* This reproach is noticed in a very rare tract, which was bought at Mr Lort's sale by the celebrated collector Mr Bindley, and is now in the author's possession. Its full title is, "*The Discovery of Witches, in Answer to Several Queries lately delivered to the judge of Assize for the County of Norfolk; and now published by Matthew Hopkins, Witchfinder, for the Benefit of the whole Kingdom.* Printed for R. Royston, at the Angel, in Inn Lane. 1647."

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called and invited. His principal mode of discovery was to strip the accused persons naked, and thrust pins into various parts of their body, to discover the witch's mark, which was supposed to be inflicted by the devil, as a sign of his sovereignty, and at which she was also said to suckle her imps. He also practiced and stoutly defended the trial by swimming, when the suspected person was wrapt in a sheet, having the great toes and thumbs tied together, and so dragged through a pond or river. If she sank, it was received in favour of the accused; but if the body floated (which must have occurred ten times for once, if it was placed with care on the surface of the water) the accused was condemned, on the principle of King James, who, in treating of this mode of trial, lays down, that as witches have renounced their baptism, so it is just that the element through which the holy rite is enforced, should reject them; which is a figure of speech, and no argument. It was Hopkins's custom to keep the poor wretches waking, in order to prevent them from having encouragement from the devil, and, doubtless, to put infirm, terrified, owerwatched persons in the next state to absolute madness; and for the same purpose, they were dragged about by their keepers, till extreme weariness, and the pain of blistered feet, might form additional inducements to confession. Hopkins confesses these last practices of keeping the accused persons waking, and forcing them to walk, for the same purpose, had been originally used by him. But as his tract is a professed answer to charges of cruelty and oppression, he affirms that both practices were then disused, and that they had not of late been resorted to.

The boast of the English nation is a manly independence and common sense, which will not long permit the license of tyranny or oppression on the meanest and most obscure sufferers. Many clergymen and gentlemen made head against the practices of this cruel oppressor of the defenceless; and it required courage to do so, when such an unscrupulous villain had so much interest.

Mr Gaul, a clergyman of Houghton in Huntingdonshire, had the courage to appear in print on the weaker side; and Hopkins, in consequence, assumed the assurance to write to some functionaries of the place the following letter, which is an admirable medley of impudence, bullying, and cowardice:—

"My service to your worship presented.—I have this day received a letter to come to a town called Great Houghton, to search for evil disposed persons called witches (though I hear your minister is far against us, through ignorance). I intend to come, God willing, the sooner to hear his singular judgment in the behalf of such parties. I have known a minister in Suffolk, as much against this discovery in a pulpit, and forced to recant it by the Committee,* in the same place. I much marvel such evil men should have any (much more any of the clergy, who should daily speak terror to convince such offenders) stand up to take their parts against such as are complainants for the king, and sufferers themselves, with their families and estates. I intend to give your town a visit suddenly. I will come to Kimbolton

* Of Parliament.

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this week, and it will be ten to one but I will come to your town first; but I would certainly know before, whether your town affords many sticklers for such cattle, or is willing to give and allow us good welcome and entertainment, as others where I have been, else I shall waive your shire (not as yet beginning in any part of it myself), and betake me to such places where I do and may punish (not only) without control, but with thanks and recompense. So I humbly take my leave, and rest your servant to be commanded, "MATTHEW HOPKINS."

The sensible and courageous Mr Gaul describes the tortures employed by this fellow as equal to any practised in the Inquisition. "Having taken the suspected witch, she is placed in the middle of a room, upon a stool, or table, cross-legged, or in some other uneasy posture, to which, if she submits not, she is then bound with cords; there she is watched, and kept without meat or sleep for four-and-twenty hours, for they say, they shall within that time see her imp come and suck. A little hole is likewise made in the door for the imps to come in at; and lest they should come in some less discernible shape, they that watch are taught to be ever and anon sweeping the room, and if they see any spiders or flies to kill them, and if they cannot kill them, they may be sure they are their imps."

If torture of this kind was applied to the Reverend Mr Lewis, whose death is too slightly announced by Mr Baxter, we can conceive him, or any man, to have indeed become so weary of his life as to acknowledge that, by means of his imps, he sunk a vessel, without any purpose of gratification to be procured to himself by such iniquity. But, in another cause, a judge would have demanded some proof of the *corpus delicti*, some evidence of a vessel being lost at the period, whence coming and whither bound; in short, something to establish that the whole story was not the idle imagination of a man who might have been entirely deranged, and certainly was so at the time he made the admission. John Lewis was presented to the vicarage of Brandiston, near Framlingham, in Suffolk, 6th May, 1596, where he lived about fifty years, till executed as a wizard, on such evidence as we have seen. Notwithstanding the story of his alleged confession, he defended himself courageously at his trial, and was probably condemned rather as a royalist and malignant, than for any other cause. He showed at the execution considerable energy, and to secure that the funeral service of the church should be said over his body, he read it aloud for himself while on the road to the gibbet.

We have seen that, in 1647, Hopkins's tone became lowered, and he began to disavow some of the cruelties he had formerly practised. About the same time, a miserable old woman had fallen into the cruel hands of this miscreant near Hoxne, a village in Suffolk, and had confessed all the usual enormities, after being without food or rest a sufficient time. Her imp, she said, was called Nan. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose widow survived to authenticate the

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story, was so indignant, that he went to the house, took the woman out of such inhuman hands, dismissed the witchfinders, and after due food and rest the poor old woman could recollect nothing of the confession, but that she gave a favourite pullet the name of Nan. For this Dr Hutchison may be referred to, who quotes a letter from the relict of the humane gentleman.

In the year 1645, a commission of Parliament was sent down, comprehending two clergymen in esteem with the leading party, one of whom, Mr Fairclough of Kellar, preached before the rest on the subject of witchcraft; and after this appearance of inquiry, the inquisitions and executions went on as before. But the popular indignation was so strongly excited against Hopkins, that some gentlemen seized on him, and put him to his own favourite experiment of swimming, on which, as he happened to float, he stood convicted of witchcraft, and so the country was rid of him. Whether he was drowned outright or not, does not exactly appear; but he has had the honour to be commemorated by the author of Hudibras:—

"Hath not this present parliament,
A leiger to the devil sent,
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has he not within a year
Hang'd threescore of them in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And some for sitting above ground
Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches.
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese or turkey chicks;
Or pigs that suddenly deceased
Of griefs unnatural, as he guess'd,
Who proved himself at length a witch,
And made a rod for his own breech."*

The understanding reader will easily conceive, that this alteration of the current in favour of those who disapproved of witch-prosecutions must have received encouragement from some quarter of weight and influence; yet it may sound strangely enough, that this spirit of lenity should have been the result of the peculiar principles of those sectarians of all denominations, classed in general as Independents, who, though they had originally courted the Presbyterians as the more numerous and prevailing party, had at length shaken themselves loose of that connexion, and finally combated with and overcome them. The Independents were distinguished by the wildest license in their religious tenets, mixed with much that was nonsensical and mystical. They disowned even the title of a regular clergy, and allowed the preaching of any one who could draw together a congregation that would support him, or who was willing, without recompense, to minister to the spiritual necessities of his

* *Hudibras*, part ii, canto 3.

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hearers. Although such laxity of discipline afforded scope to the wildest enthusiasm, and room for all possible varieties of doctrine, it had, on the other hand, this inestimable recommendation, that it contributed to a degree of general toleration which was at that time unknown to any other Christian establishment. The very genius of a religion which admitted of the subdivision of sects *ad infinitum*, excluded a legal prosecution of any one of these for heresy or apostacy. If there had even existed a sect of Manichæans, who made it their practice to adore the Evil Principle, it may be doubted whether the other sectaries would have accounted them absolute outcasts from the pale of the church; and, fortunately the same sentiment induced them to regard with horror the prosecutions against witchcraft. Thus the Independents, when under Cromwell they attained a supremacy over the Presbyterians, who to a certain point had been their allies, were disposed to counteract the violence of such proceedings under pretence of witchcraft, as had been driven forward by the wretched Hopkins, in Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk, for three of four years previous to 1647.

The return of Charles II to his crown and kingdom served in some measure to restrain the general and wholesale manner in which the laws against witchcraft had been administered during the warmth of the Civil War. The statute of the 1st of King James, nevertheless, yet subsisted; nor is it in the least likely, considering the character of the prince, that he, to save the lives of a few old men or women, would have run the risk of incurring the odium of encouraging or sparing a crime still held in horror by a great part of his subjects. The statute, however, was generally administered by wise and skilful judges, and the accused had such a chance of escape as the rigour of the absurd law permitted.

Nonsense, it is too obvious, remained in some cases predominant. In the year 1663, an old dame named Julian Coxe was convicted chiefly on the evidence of a huntsman, who declared on his oath that he laid his greyhounds on a hare, and, coming up to the spot where he saw them mouth her, there he found, on the other side of a bush, Julian Coxe lying panting and breathless, in such a manner as to convince him that she had been the creature which afforded him the course. The unhappy woman was executed on this evidence.

Two years afterwards (1664), it is with regret we must quote the venerable and devout Sir Matthew Hales as presiding at a trial, in consequence of which Amy Dunny and Rose Callender were hanged at Saint Edmondsbury. But no man, unless very peculiarly circumstanced, can extricate himself from the prejudices of his nation and age. The evidence against the accused was laid, 1st, on the effect of spells used by ignorant persons to counteract the supposed witchcraft; the use of which was, under the statute of James I, as crimi-

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nal as the act of sorcery which such counter-charms were meant to neutralise. 2dly, The two old women, refused even the privilege of purchasing some herrings, having expressed themselves with angry impatience, a child of the herring-merchant fell ill in consequence. 3dly, A cart was driven against the miserable cottage of Amy Dunny. She scolded, of course; and shortly after the cart—(what a good driver will scarce comprehend)—stuck fast in a gate, where its wheels touched neither of the posts, and yet was moved easily forward on one of the posts (by which it was *not* impeded) being cut down. 4thly, One of the afflicted girls being closely muffled, went suddenly into a fit upon being touched by one of the supposed witches. But, upon another trial, it was found that the person so blindfolded fell into the same rage at the touch of an unsuspected person. What perhaps sealed the fate of the accused was the evidence of the celebrated Sir Thomas Browne, "that the fits were natural, but heightened by the power of the devil co-operating with the malice of witches;"—a strange opinion, certainly, from the author of a treatise on Vulgar Errors! *

But the torch of science was now fairly lighted, and gleamed in more than one kingdom of the world, shooting its rays on every side, and catching at all means which were calculated to increase the illumination. The Royal Society, which had taken its rise at Oxford, from a private association, who met in Dr Wilkins's chambers about the year 1652, was, the year after the Restoration, incorporated by royal charter, and began to publish their transactions, and give a new and more rational character to the pursuits of philosophy.

In France, where the mere will of the government could accomplish greater changes, the consequence of an enlarged spirit of scientific discovery was, that a decisive stop was put to the witch-prosecutions, which had heretofore been as common in that kingdom as in England. About the year 1672, there was a general arrest of very many shepherds, and others, in Normandy, and the Parliament of Rouen prepared to proceed in the investigation with the usual severity. But an order, or *arrêt*, from the king (Louis XIV), with advice of his council, commanding all these unfortunate persons to be set at liberty and protected, had the most salutary effects all over the kingdom. The French Academy of Sciences was also founded; and, in imitation, a society of learned Germans established a similar institution at Leipsic. Prejudices, however old, were overawed and controlled—much was accounted for on natural principles that had hitherto been imputed to spiritual agency—every thing seemed to promise, that farther access to the secrets of nature might be opened to those who should prosecute their studies experimentally and by

* See the account of Sir T. Browne, in No XIV of the Family Library (*Lives of British Physicians*), p. 60.

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analysis—and the mass of ancient opinions which overwhelmed the dark subject of which we treat, began to be derided and rejected by men of sense and education.

In many cases the prey was now snatched from the spoiler. A pragmatical justice of peace in Somersetshire, commenced a course of inquiry after offenders against the statute of James I, and had he been allowed to proceed, Mr Hunt might have gained a name as renowned for witchfinding as that of Mr Hopkins; but his researches were stopped from higher authority—the lives of the poor people arrested (twelve in number) were saved, and the country remained at quiet, though the supposed witches were suffered to live. The examinations attest some curious particulars, which may be found in "Sadducismus Triumphatus:" For, among the usual string of froward, fanciful, or, as they were called, afflicted children, brought forward to club their startings, starings, and screamings, there appeared also certain remarkable confessions of the accused, from which we learn that the Somerset Satan enlisted his witches, like a wily recruiting sergeant, with one shilling in hand, and twelve in promises; that when the party of weird-sisters passed to the witch-meeting, they used the magic words, "Thout, tout, throughout and about;" and that when they departed, they exclaimed, "Rentum, Tormentum!" We are further informed, that his Infernal Highness, on his departure, leaves a smell, and that (in nursery-maid's phrase) not a pretty one, behind him. Concerning this fact we have a curious exposition by Mr Glanville: "This," according to that respectable authority, "seems to imply the reality of the business, those ascititious particles which he held together in his sensible shape being loosened at his vanishing, and so offending the nostrils by their floating and diffusing themselves in the open air."* How much are we bound to regret, that Mr Justice Hunt's discovery "of this hellish kind of witches," in itself so clear and plain, and containing such valuable information, should have been smothered by meeting with opposition and discouragement from some then in authority!

Lord-Keeper Guilford was also a stifler of the proceedings against witches. Indeed, we may generally remark, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, that where the judges were men of education and courage, sharing in the information of the times, they were careful to check the precipitate ignorance and prejudice of the juries, by giving them a more precise idea of the indifferent value of confessions by the accused themselves, and of testimony derived from the pretended visions of those supposed to be bewitched. Where, on the contrary, judges shared with the vulgar in their ideas of such fascination, or were contented to leave the evidence with the jury, fearful to

* Glanville's *Collection of Relations.*

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withstand the general cry too common on such occasions, a verdict of Guilty often followed.

We are informed by Roger North, that a case of this kind happened at the assizes in Exeter, where his brother, the Lord Chief-Justice, did not interfere with the crown trials, and the other judge left for execution a poor old woman, condemned, as usual, on her own confession, and on the testimony of a neighbour, who deponed that he saw a cat jump into the accused person's cottage window at twilight, one evening, and that he verily believed the said cat to be the devil; on which precious testimony the poor wretch was accordingly hanged. On another occasion, about the same time, the passions of the great and little vulgar were so much excited by the acquittal of an aged village dame whom the judge had taken some pains to rescue, that Sir John Long, a man of rank and fortune, came to the judge in the greatest perplexity, requesting that the hag might not be permitted to return to her miserable cottage on his estates, since all his tenants had, in that case, threatened to leave him. In compassion to a gentleman who apprehended ruin from a cause so whimsical, the dangerous old woman was appointed to be kept by the town where she was acquitted, at the rate of half-a-crown a-week paid by the parish to which she belonged. But, behold! in the period betwixt the two assizes, Sir John Long and his farmers had mustered courage enough to petition that this witch should be sent back to them in all her terrors, because they could support her among them at a shilling a-week cheaper than they were obliged to pay to the town for her maintenance. In a subsequent trial before Lord Chief-Justice North himself, that judge detected one of those practices which, it is to be feared, were too common at the time, when witnesses found their advantage in feigning themselves bewitched. A woman, supposed to be the victim of the male sorcerer at the bar, vomited pins in quantities, and those straight, differing from the crooked pins usually produced at such times, and less easily concealed in the mouth. The judge, however, discovered, by cross-examining a candid witness, that in counterfeiting her fits of convulsion, the woman sunk her head on her breast, so as to take up with her lips the pins which she had placed ready in her stomacher. The man was acquitted, of course. A frightful old hag who was present, distinguished herself so much by her benedictions on the judge, that he asked the cause of the peculiar interest which she took in the acquittal. "Twenty years ago," said the poor woman "they would have hanged me for a witch, but could not; and now, but for your lordship, they would have murdered my innocent son."

Such scenes happened frequently on the assizes, while country

* Roger North's *Life of Lord-Keeper Guilford.*

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gentlemen, like the excellent Sir Roger de Coverley, retained a private share in the terror with which their tenants, servants, and retainers, regarded some old Moll White, who put the hounds at fault, and ravaged the fields with hail and hurricanes. Sir John Reresby, after an account of a poor woman tried for a witch at York, in 1686, and acquitted, as he thought, very properly, proceeds to tell us, that, notwithstanding, the sentinel upon the jail where she was confined, avowed, "that he saw a scroll of paper creep from under the prison-door, and then change itself first into a monkey, and then into a turkey, which the under keeper confirmed. "This," says Sir John, "I have heard from the mouth of both, and now leave it to be believed, or disbelieved, as the reader may be inclined."* We may see that Reresby, a statesman and a soldier, had not as yet "plucked the old woman out of his heart." Even Addison himself ventured no farther in his incredulity respecting this crime, than to contend, that although witchcraft might, and did exist, there was no such thing as a modern instance competently proved.

As late as 1682, three unhappy women, named Susan Edwards, Mary Trembles, and Temperance Lloyd, were hanged at Exeter for witchcraft, and, as usual, on their own confession. This is believed to be the last execution of the kind in England, under form of judicial sentence. But the ancient superstition, so interesting to vulgar credulity, like sediment clearing itself from water, sunk down in a deeper shade upon the ignorant and lowest classes of society, in proportion as the higher regions were purified from its influence. The populace, including the ignorant of every class, were more enraged against witches, when their passions were once excited, in proportion to the lenity exercised towards the objects of their indignation, by those who administered the laws. Several cases occurred in which the mob, impressed with a conviction of the guilt of some destitute old creatures, took the law into their own hands, and, proceeding upon such evidence as Hopkins would have had recourse to, at once, in their own apprehension, ascertained their criminality, and administered the deserved punishment.

The following instance of such illegal and inhuman proceedings occurred at Oakly, near Bedford, on 12th July, 1707. There was one woman, upwards of 60 years of age, who, being under an imputation of witchcraft, was desirous to escape from so foul a suspicion, and to conciliate the good-will of her neighbours, by allowing them to duck her. The parish-officers so far consented to their humane experiment as to promise the poor woman a guinea if she should clear herself by sinking. The unfortunate object was tied up in a wet sheet, her thumbs and great toes were bound together, her cap

* *Memoirs of Sir John Reresby*, p. 237.

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torn off, and all her apparel searched for pins; for there is an idea that a single pin spoils the operation of the charm. She was then dragged through the river Ouse by a rope tied round her middle. Unhappily for the poor woman, her body floated, though her head remained under water. The experiment was made three times with the same effect. The cry to hang or drown the witch then became general; and as she lay half dead on the bank, they loaded the wretch with reproaches, and hardly forbore blows. A single humane bystander took her part, and exposed himself to rough usage for doing so. Luckily one of the mob themselves at length suggested the additional experiment of weighing the witch against the Church Bible. The friend of humanity caught at this means of escape, supporting the proposal by the staggering argument, that the Scripture, being the work of God himself, must outweigh necessarily all the operations or vassals of the devil. The reasoning was received as conclusive, the more readily as it promised a new species of amusement. The woman was then weighed against a Church Bible of twelve pounds jockey weight, and as she was considerably preponderant, was dismissed with honour. But many of the mob counted her acquittal irregular, and would have had the poor dame drowned or hanged on the result of her ducking, as the more authentic species of trial.

At length a similar piece of inhumanity, which had a very different conclusion, led to the final abolition of the statute of James I, as affording countenance for such brutal proceedings. An aged pauper, named Osborne, and his wife, who resided near Tring, in Staffordshire, fell under the suspicion of the mob on account of supposed witchcraft. The overseers of the poor, understanding that the rabble entertained a purpose of swimming these infirm creatures, which indeed they had expressed in a sort of proclamation, endeavoured to oppose their purpose by securing the unhappy couple in the vestry-room, which they barricaded. They were unable, however, to protect them in the manner they intended. The mob forced the door, seized the accused, and with ineffable brutality continued dragging the wretches through a pool of water till the woman lost her life. A brute in human form, who had superintended the murder, went among the spectators, and requested money for the sport he had shown them! The life of the other victim was with great difficulty saved. Three men were tried for their share in this inhuman action. Only one of them, named Colley, was condemned and hanged. When he came to execution, the rabble, instead of crowding round the gallows as usual, stood at a distance, and abused those who were putting to death, they said, an honest fellow for ridding the parish of an accursed witch. This abominable murder was committed 30th July, 1751.

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The repetition of such horrors, the proneness of the people to so cruel and heart-searing a superstition, was traced by the legislature to its source, namely, the yet unabolished statute of James I. Accordingly, by the 9th George II, cap. 5, that odious law, so long the object of horror to all ancient and poverty-stricken females in the kingdom, was abrogated, and all criminal procedure on the subject of sorcery or witchcraft discharged in future throughout Great Britain; reserving for such as should pretend to the skill of fortune-tellers, discoverers of stolen goods, or the like, the punishment of the correction-house, as due to rogues and vagabonds. Since that period, witchcraft has been little heard of in England, and although the belief in its existence has, in remote places, survived the law that recognised the evidence of the crime, and assigned its punishment —yet such faith is gradually becoming forgotten since the rabble have been deprived of all pretext to awaken it by their own riotous proceedings. Some rare instances have occurred of attempts similar to that for which Colley suffered; and I observe one is preserved in that curious Register of knowledge, Mr Hone's Popular Amusements, from which it appears, that as late as the end of last century this brutality was practised, though happily without loss of life.

The Irish statute against witchcraft still exists, as it would seem. Nothing occurred in that kingdom which recommended its being formally annulled; but it is considered as obsolete, and should so wild a thing be attempted in the present day, no procedure, it is certain, would now be permitted to lie upon it.

If any thing were wanted to confirm the general proposition, that the epidemic terror of witchcraft increases and becomes general in proportion to the increase of prosecutions against witches, it would be sufficient to quote certain extraordinary occurrences in New England. Only a brief account can be here given of the dreadful hallucination under which the colonists of that province were for a time deluded and oppressed by a strange contagious terror, and how suddenly and singularly it was cured, even by its own excess; but it is too strong evidence of the imaginary character of this hideous disorder, to be altogether suppressed.

New England, as is well known, was peopled mainly by emigrants who had been disgusted with the government of Charles I in church and state, previous to the great Civil War. Many of the more wealthy settlers were Presbyterians and Calvinists; others, fewer in number, and less influential from their fortune, were Quakers, Anabaptists, or members of the other sects who were included under the general name of Independents. The Calvinists brought with them the same zeal for religion and strict morality which every where distinguished them. Unfortunately they were not wise according to their zeal, but entertained a proneness to believe in

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supernatural and direct personal intercourse between the devil and his vassals, an error to which, as we have endeavoured to show, their brethren in Europe had, from the beginning, been peculiarly subject. In a country imperfectly cultivated, and where the partially improved spots were embosomed in inaccessible forests, inhabited by numerous tribes of savages, it was natural that a disposition to superstition should rather gain than lose ground, and that to other dangers and horrors with which they were surrounded, the colonists should have added fears of the devil, not merely as the Evil Principle tempting human nature to sin, and thus endangering our salvation, but as combined with sorcerers and witches to inflict death and torture upon children and others.

The first case which I observe, was that of four children of a person called John Goodwin, a mason. The eldest, a girl, had quarrelled with the laundress of the family about some linen which was amissing. The mother of the laundress, an ignorant, testy, and choleric old Irishwoman, scolded the accuser; and shortly after, the elder Goodwin, her sister, and two brothers, were seized with such strange diseases, that all their neighbours concluded they were bewitched. They conducted themselves as those supposed to suffer under maladies created by such influence were accustomed to do. They stiffened their necks so hard at one time that the joints could not be moved; at another time their necks were so flexible and supple, that it seemed the bone was dissolved. They had violent convulsions, in which their jaws snapped with the force of a spring-trap set for vermin. Their limbs were curiously contorted, and to those who had a taste for the marvellous, seemed entirely dislocated and displaced. Amid these distortions, they cried out against the poor old woman, whose name was Glover, alleging that she was in presence with them, adding to their torments. The miserable Irishwoman, who hardly could speak the English language, repeated her Pater Noster and Ave Maria like a good Catholic; but there were some words which she had forgotten. She was therefore supposed to be unable to pronounce the whole consistenly and correctly—and condemned and executed accordingly.

But the children of Goodwin found the trade they were engaged in to be too profitable to be laid aside, and the eldest, in particular, continued all the external signs of witchcraft and possession. Some of these were excellently calculated to flatter the self-opinion and prejudices of the Calvinist ministers, by whom she was attended, and accordingly bear in their very front the character of studied and voluntary imposture. The young woman, acting, as was supposed, under the influence of the devil, read a Quaker treatise with ease and apparent satisfaction;—but a book written against the poor inoffensive Friends, the devil would not allow his victim to touch. She could

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look on a Church of England Prayer-book, and read the portions of Scripture which it contains, without difficulty or impediment;—but the spirit which possessed her threw her into fits if she attempted to read the same Scriptures from the Bible, as if the awe which it is supposed the fiends entertain for holy writ, depended, not on the meaning of the words, but the arrangement of the page, and the type in which they were printed. This singular species of flattery was designed to captivate the clergyman through his professional opinions;—others were more strictly personal. The afflicted damsel seems to have been somewhat of the humour of the Inamorata of Messrs. Smack, Pluck, Catch, and Company, and had, like her, merry as well as melancholy fits. She often imagined that her attendant spirits brought her a handsome pony to ride off with them to their rendezvous. On such occasions she made a spring upwards, as if to mount her horse, and then, still seated on her chair, mimicked with dexterity and agility the motions of the animal, pacing, trotting, and galloping, like a child on the nurse's knee; but when she cantered in this manner up stairs, she affected inability to enter the clergyman's study, and when she was pulled into it by force, used to become quite well, and stand up as a rational being. "Reasons were given for this," says the simple minister, "that seem more kind than true." Shortly after this, she appears to have treated the poor divine with a species of sweetness and attention, which gave him greater embarrassment than her former violence. She used to break in upon him at his studies to importune him to come down stairs, and thus advantaged doubtless the kingdom of Satan by the interruption of his pursuits. At length the Goodwins were, or appeared to be, cured. But the example had been given and caught, and the blood of poor Dame Glover, which had been the introduction to this tale of a hobby-horse, was to be the forerunner of new atrocities, and fearfully more general follies.

This scene opened by the illness of two girls, a daughter and niece of Mr Parvis, the minister of Salem, who fell under an affliction similar to that of the Goodwins. Their mouths were stopped, their throats choked, their limbs racked, thorns were stuck into their flesh, and pins were ejected from their stomachs. An Indian and his wife, servants of the family, endeavouring, by some spell of their own, to discover by whom the fatal charm had been imposed on their master's children, drew themselves under suspicion, and were hanged. The judges and juries persevered, encouraged by the discovery of these poor Indians' guilt, and hoping they might thus expel from the colony the authors of such practices. They acted, says Mather, the historian, under a conscientious wish to do justly; but the cases of witchcraft and possession increased as if they were transmitted by contagion, and the same sort of spectral evidence being received

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which had occasioned the condemnation of the Indian woman, Titu, became generally fatal. The afflicted persons failed not to see the spectres, as they were termed, of the persons by whom they were tormented. Against this species of evidence no *alibi* could be offered, because it was admitted, as we have said elsewhere, that the real persons of the accused were not there present; and every thing rested upon the assumption that the afflicted persons were telling the truth, since their evidence could not be redargued. These spectres were generally represented as offering their victim a book, on signing which they would be freed from their torments. Sometimes the devil appeared in person, and added his own eloquence to move the afflicted persons to consent.

At first, as seems natural enough, the poor and miserable alone were involved; but presently, when such evidence was admitted as incontrovertible, the afflicted began to see the spectral appearances of persons of higher condition, and of irreproachable lives, some of whom were arrested, some made their escape, while several were executed. The more that suffered, the greater became the number of afflicted persons, and the wider and the more numerous were the denunciations against supposed witches. The accused were of all ages. A child of five years old was indicted by some of the afflicted, who imagined they saw this juvenile wizard active in tormenting them, and appealed to the mark of little teeth on their bodies, where they stated it had bitten them. A poor dog was also hanged, as having been alleged to be busy in this infernal persecution. These gross insults on common reason occasioned a revulsion in public feeling, but not till many lives had been sacrificed. By this means nineteen men and women were executed, besides a stout-hearted man, named Cory, who refused to plead, and was accordingly pressed to death, according to the old law. On this horrible occasion a circumstance took place disgusting to humanity, which must yet be told, to show how superstition can steel the heart of a man against the misery of his fellow-creature. The dying man, in the mortal agony, thrust out his tongue, which the Sheriff crammed with his cane back again into his mouth. Eight persons were condemned, besides those who had actually suffered; and no less than two hundred were in prison and under examination.

Men began then to ask, whether the devil might not artfully deceive the afflicted into the accusation of good and innocent persons, by presenting witches and fiends in the resemblance of blameless persons, as engaged in the tormenting of their diseased countryfolk. This argument was by no means inconsistent with the belief in witchcraft, and was the more readily listened to on that account. Besides, men found that no rank or condition could save them from the danger of this horrible accusation, if they continued to en-

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courage the witnesses in such an unlimited course as had hitherto been granted to them. Influenced by these reflections, the settlers awoke as from a dream, and the voice of the public, which had so lately demanded vengeance on all who were suspected of sorcery, began now, on the other hand, to lament the effusion of blood, under the strong suspicion that part of it at least had been innocently and unjustly sacrificed. In Mather's own language, which we use as that of a man deeply convinced of the reality of the crime, "experience showed that the more were apprehended, the more were still afflicted by Satan, and the number of confessions increasing, did but increase the number of the accused, and execution of some made way to the apprehension of others. For still the afflicted complained of being tormented by new objects, as the former were removed, so that some of those that were concerned grew amazed at the number and condition of those that were accused, and feared that Satan, by his wiles, had enwrapped innocent persons under the imputation of that crime; and at last, as was evidently seen, there must be a stop put, or the generation of the kingdom of God would fall under condemnation."*

The prosecutions were, therefore, suddenly stopped, the prisoners dismissed, the condemned pardoned, and even those who had confessed, the number of whom was very extraordinary, were pardoned amongst others; and the author we have just quoted thus records the result:—"When this prosecution ceased, the Lord so chained up Satan, that the afflicted grew presently well. The accused were generally quiet, and for five years there was no such molestation among us."

To this it must be added, that the congregation of Salem compelled Mr Parvis, in whose family the disturbance had begun, and who, they alleged, was the person by whom it was most fiercely driven on in the commencement, to leave his settlement amongst them. Such of the accused as had confessed the acts of witchcraft imputed to them, generally denied and retracted their confessions, asserting them to have been made under fear of torture, influence of persuasion, or other circumstances exclusive of their free will. Several of the judges and jurors concerned in the sentence of those who were executed, published their penitence for their rashness in convicting these unfortunate persons; and one of the judges, a man of the most importance in the colony, observed, during the rest of his life, the anniversary of the first execution as a day of solemn fast and humiliation for his own share in the transaction. Even the barbarous In-

* MATHER's *Magnalia*, book vi, chap. lxxxii. The zealous author, however, regrets the general gaol-delivery on the score of sorcery, and thinks, had the times been calm, the case might have required a farther investigation, and that, on the whole, the matter was ended too abruptly. But, the temper of the times considered, he admits candidly, that it is better to act moderately in matters capital, and to let the guilty escape, than run the risk of destroying the innocent.

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dians were struck with wonder at the infatuation of the English colonists on this occasion, and drew disadvantageous comparisons between them and the French, among whom, as they remarked, "the Great Spirit sends no witches."

The system of witchcraft, as believed in Scotland, must next claim our attention, as it is different in some respects from that of England, and subsisted to a later period, and was prosecuted with much more severity.

LETTER IX.

Scottish Trials—Earl of Mar—Lady Glammis—William Barton—Witches of Auldearne—Their Rites and Charms—Their Transformation into Hares—Satan's Severity towards them—Their Crimes—Sir George Mackenzie's Opinion of Witchcraft—Instances of Confessions made by the Accused in despair, and to avoid future annoyance and persecution—Examination by Pricking—The Mode of Judicial Procedure against Witches, and Nature of the Evidence admissible, opened a door to Accusers, and left the Accused no chance of escape—The Superstition of the Scottish Clergy in King James VI's time, led them, like their Sovereign, to encourage Witch-Prosecutions—Case of Bessie Graham—Supposed Conspiracy to Shipwreck James in his Voyage to Denmark—Meetings of the Witches, and Rites performed to accomplish their purpose—Trial of Margaret Barclay in 1618—Case of Major Weir—Sir John Clerk among the first who declined acting as Commissioner on the Trial of a Witch—Paisley and Pittenweem Witches—A Prosecution in Caithness prevented by the Interference of the King's Advocate in 1718—The Last Sentence of Death for Witchcraft pronounced in Scotland in 1722—Remains of the Witch Superstition—Case of supposed Witchcraft, related from the Author's own knowledge, which took place so late as 1800.

For many years the Scottish nation had been remarkable for a credulous belief in witchcraft, and repeated examples were supplied by the annals of sanguinary executions on this sad accusation. Our acquaintance with the slender foundation on which Boetius and Buchanan reared the early part of their histories, may greatly incline us to doubt whether a king named Duffus ever reigned in Scotland, and still more, whether he died by the agency of a gang of witches, who inflicted torments upon an image made in his name, for the sake of compassing his death. In the tale of Macbeth, which is another early instance of Demonology in Scottish history, the weird-sisters, who were the original prophetesses, appeared to the usurper in a dream, and are described as *volæ*, or sybils, rather than as witches, though Shakspeare has stamped the latter character indelibly upon them.

One of the earliest real cases of importance founded upon witchcraft, was, like those of the Duchess of Gloucester, and others in the sister country, mingled with an accusation of a political nature, which, rather than the sorcery, brought the culprits to their fate. The Earl of Mar, brother of James III of Scotland, fell under the

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king's suspicion, for consulting with witches and sorcerers how to shorten the king's days. On such a charge, very inexplicitly stated, the unhappy Mar was bled to death in his own lodgings, without either trial or conviction; immediately after which catastrophe, twelve women of obscure rank, and three or four wizards, or warlocks as they were termed, were burnt at Edinburgh, to give a colour to the Earl's guilt.

In the year 1537, a noble matron fell a victim to a similar charge. This was Janet Douglas, Lady Glammis, who, with her son, her second husband, and several others, stood accused of attempting James's life by poison, with a view to the restoration of the Douglas family, of which Lady Glammis's brother, the Earl of Angus, was the head. She died much pitied by the people, who seem to have thought the articles against her forged for the purpose of taking her life; her kindred, and very name, being so obnoxious to the King.

Previous to this lady's execution, there would appear to have been but few prosecuted to death on the score of witchcraft, although the want of the Justiciary records of that period leaves us in uncertainty. But in the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries, when such charges grew general over Europe, cases of the kind occurred very often in Scotland, and, as we have already noticed, were sometimes of a peculiar character. There is, indeed, a certain monotony in most tales of the kind. The vassals are usually induced to sell themselves at a small price to the Author of Ill, who having commonly to do with women, drives a very hard bargain. On the contrary, when he was pleased to enact the female on a similar occasion, he brought his gallant, one William Barton, a fortune of no less than fifteen pounds; which, even supposing it to have been the Scottish denomination of coin, was a very liberal endowment, compared with his niggardly conduct towards the fair sex on such an occasion. Neither did he pass false coin on this occasion, but, on the contrary, generously gave Barton a merk, to keep the fifteen pounds whole. In observing on Satan's conduct in this matter, Master George Sinclair observes, that it is fortunate the Enemy is but seldom permitted to bribe so high (as 15*l*. Scots), for were this the case, he might find few men or women capable of resisting his munificence. I look upon this as one of the most severe reflections on our forefathers' poverty which is extant.

In many of the Scottish witches' trials, as to the description of Satan's Domdaniel, and the Sabbath which he there celebrates, the northern superstition agrees with that of England. But some of the confessions depart from the monotony of repetition, and add some more fanciful circumstances than occur in the general case. Isobel Gowdie's confession, already mentioned, is extremely minute, and some part of it at least may be quoted, as there are other passages

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not very edifying. The witches of Auldearne, according to this penitent, were so numerous, that they were told off into squads, or *covines*, as they were termed, to each of which were appointed two officers. One of these was called the Maiden of the Covine, and was usually, like Tam o'Shanter's Nannie, a girl of personal attractions, whom Satan placed beside himself, and treated with a particular attention; which greatly provoked the spite of the old hags, who felt themselves insulted by the preference.* When assembled, they dug up graves, and possessed themselves of the carcasses (of unchristened infants in particular), whose joints and members they used in their magic unguents and salves. When they desired to secure for their own use the crop of some neighbour, they made a pretence of ploughing it with a yoke of paddocks. These foul creatures drew the plough which was held by the devil himself. The plough, harness and soams were of quicken grass, the sock and coulter were made out of a riglen's horn, and the covine attended on the operation, praying the devil to transfer to them the fruit of the ground so traversed, and leave the proprietors nothing but thistles and briers. The witches' sports, with their elfin archery, I have already noticed (page 362). They entered the house of the Earl of Murray himself, and such other mansions as were not fenced against them by vigil and prayer, and feasted on the provisions they found there.

As these witches were the countrywomen of the weird sisters in Macbeth, the reader may be desirous to hear some of their spells, and of the poetry by which they were accompanied and enforced. They used to hash the flesh of an unchristened child, mixed with that of dogs and sheep, and place it in the house of those whom they devoted to destruction in body or goods, saying or singing,—

> "We put this intill this hame,
> In our lord the Devil's name;
> The first hands that handle thee,
> Burn'd and scalded may they be!
> We will destroy houses and bald,
> With the sheep and nolt into the fauld;
> And little sall come to the fore,
> Of all the rest of the little store!"

Metamorphoses were, according to Isobel, very common among them, and the forms of crows, cats, hares, and other animals, were on such occasions assumed. In the hare shape Isobel herself had a bad adventure. She had been sent by the devil to Auldearne, in that favourite disguise, with some message to her neighbours, but had the misfortune to meet Peter Papley of Killhill's servants going to

* This word Covine seems to signify a subdivision, or squad. The tree near the front of an ancient castle was called the *Covine tree*, probably because the Lord received his company there.

> "He is Lord of the hunting horn,
> And King of the Covine tree;
> He's well loo'd in the western waters,
> But best of his ain mainie."

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labour, having his hounds with them. The hounds sprung on the disguised witch, "And I," says Isobel, "run a very long time, but being hard pressed, was forced to take to my own house, the door being open, and there took refuge behind a chest." But the hounds came in, and took the other side of the chest, so that Isobel only escaped by getting into another house, and gaining time to say the disenchanting rhyme:—

"Hare, hare, God send thee care!
I am in a hare's likeness now;
But I shall be woman even now—
Hare, hare, God send thee care!"

Such accidents, she said, were not uncommon, and the witches were sometimes bitten by the dogs, of which the marks remained after their restoration to human shape. But none had been killed on such occasions.

The ceremonial of the Sabbath meetings was very strict. The foul fiend was very rigid in exacting the most ceremonious attention from his votaries, and the title of Lord when addressed by them. Sometimes, however, the weird sisters, when whispering amongst themselves, irreverently spoke of their sovereign by the name of Black John; upon such occasions, the fiend rushed on them like a schoolmaster who surprises his pupil in delict, and beat and buffeted them without mercy or discretion, saying, "I ken weel aneugh what you are saying of me." Then might be seen the various tempers of those whom he commanded. Alexander Elder in Earlseat often fell under his lord's displeasure for neglect of duty, and, being weak and simple, could never defend himself save with tears, cries, and entreaties for mercy; but some of the women, according to Isobel Gowdie's confession, had more of the spirit which animated the old dame of Kellyburn Braes. Margaret Wilson in Auldearne would "defend herself finely," and make her hands save her head, after the old Scottish manner. Bessie Wilson could also speak very crustily with her tongue, and "belled the cat" with the devil stoutly. The others chiefly took refuge in crying "pity! mercy!" and such like, while Satan kept beating them with wool-cards, and other sharp scourges without attending to their intreaties or complaints. There were attendant devils and imps, who served the witches. They were usually distinguished by their liveries, which were sad-dun, grass-green, sea-green, and yellow. The witches were taught to call these imps by names, some of which might belong to humanity, while others had a diabolical sound. These were Robert the Jakis, Saunders the Red Reaver, Thomas the Feary, Swein, an old Scandinavian Duerg probably; the Roaring Lion, Thief of Hell, Wait-upon-Herself, Mac Keeler, Robert the Rule, Hendrie Craig, and Rorie. These names, odd and uncouth enough, are better imagined at least than those

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which Hopkins contrived for the imps which he discovered—such as Pyewacket, Peck-in-the-Crown, Sack-and-Sugar, News, Vinegar-Tom, and Grizell Greedigut, the broad vulgarity of which epithets shows what a flat imagination he brought to support his impudent fictions.

The Devil, who commanded the fair sisterhood, being fond of mimicking the forms of the Christian Church, used to rebaptize the witches with their blood, and in his own great name. The proud-stomached Margaret Wilson, who scorned to take a blow unrepaid, even from Satan himself, was called Pickle-nearest-the-Wind; her compeer, Bessie Wilson, was Throw-the-Corn-yard; Elspet Nishe's was Bessie Bald; Bessie Hay's nickname was, Able-and-Stout, and Jane Mairten, the Maiden of the Covine, was called Ower-the-Dike-with-it.

Isobel took upon herself, and imputed to her sisters, as already mentioned, the death of sundry persons shot with elf-arrows, because they had omitted to bless themselves as the aerial flight of the hags swept past them.* She had herself the temerity to shoot at the Laird of Park as he was riding through a ford, but missed him, through the influence of the running stream perhaps, for which she thanks God in her confession; and adds that, at the time, she received a great cuff from Bessie Hay for her awkwardness. They devoted the male children of this gentleman (of the well-known family of Gordon of Park, I presume), to wasting illness, by the following lines, placing at the same time in the fire figures composed of clay mixed with paste, to represent the object:—

"We put this water amongst this meal,
For long dwining† and ill heal;
We put it in into the fire,
To burn them up stook and stour.‡
That they be burned with our will,
Like any stikkle§ in a kiln."

Such was the singular confession of Isobel Gowdie, made voluntarily, it would seem, and without compulsion of any kind, judicially authenticated by the subscription of the notary, clergymen, and gentlemen present; adhered to after their separate *diets*, as they are called, of examination, and containing no variety or contradiction in its details. Whatever might be her state of mind in other respects, she seems to have been perfectly conscious of the perilous consequence of her disclosures to her own person. "I do not deserve," says she, "to be seated here at ease and unharmed, but rather to be stretched on an iron rack: nor can my crimes be atoned for, were I to be drawn asunder by wild horses."

It only remains to suppose, that this wretched creature was under

* See p. 362.
‡ We should read perhaps, "limb and lire."
† Piming.
§ Stubble.

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the dominion of some peculiar species of lunacy, to which a full perusal of her confession might perhaps guide a medical person of judgment and experience. Her case is interesting, as throwing upon the rites and ceremonies of the Scottish witches a light which we seek in vain elsewhere.

Other unfortunate persons were betrayed to their own reproof by other means than the derangement of mind, which seems to have operated on Isobel Gowdie. Some, as we have seen, endeavoured to escape from the charge of witchcraft, by admitting an intercourse with the fairy people; an excuse which was never admitted as relevant. Others were subjected to cruel tortures, by which our ancestors thought the guilty might be brought to confession, but which far more frequently compelled the innocent to bear evidence against themselves. On this subject the celebrated Sir George Mackenzie, "that noble wit of Scotland," as he is termed by Dryden, has some most judicious reflections, which we shall endeavour to abstract, as the result of the experience of one, who, in his capacity of Lord Advocate, had often occasion to conduct witch-trials, and who, not doubting the existence of the crime, was of opinion that, on account of its very horror, it required the clearest and most strict probation.

He first insists on the great improbability of the Fiend, without riches to bestow, and avowedly subjected to a higher power, being able to enlist such numbers of recruits, and the little advantage which he himself would gain by doing so. But, 2dly, says Mackenzie, "the persons ordinarily accused of this crime are poor ignorant men, or else women, who understand not the nature of what they are accused of; and many mistake their own fears and apprehensions for witchcraft, of which I shall give two instances. One, of a poor weaver, who, after he had confessed witchcraft, being asked how he saw the devil, made answer, 'Like flies dancing about the candle.' Another, of a woman, who asked seriously, when she was accused, if a woman might be a witch and not know it? And it is dangerous that persons of all others the most simple, should be tried for a crime of all others the most mysterious. 3dly, These poor creatures, when they are defamed, become so confounded with fear, and the close prison in which they are kept, and so starved for want of meat and drink, either of which wants is enough to disarm the strongest reason, that hardly wiser and more serious people than they would escape distraction; and when men are confounded with fear and apprehension, they will imagine things the most ridiculous and absurd,"—of which instances are given. 4thly, "Most of these poor creatures are tortured by their keepers, who, being persuaded they do God good service, think it their duty to vex and torment poor prisoners delivered up to them, as rebels to heaven and enemies to men; and I know," (continues Sir George), "*ex certissima scientia*, that most of all that ever were

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taken were tormented in this manner, and this usage was the ground of all their confession; and albeit the poor miscreants cannot prove this usage, the actors being the only witnesses, yet the judge should be jealous of it, as that which did at first elicit the confession, and for fear of which they dare not retract it." 5thly, This learned author gives us an instance how these unfortunate creatures might be reduced to confession by the very infamy which the accusation cast upon them, and which was sure to follow, condemning them for life to a state of necessity, misery, and suspicion, such as any person of reputation would willingly exchange for a short death, however painful.

"I went when I was a Justice-deput to examine some women who had confessed judicially, and one of them, who was a silly creature, told me under secresie, that she had not confest because she was guilty, but being a poor creature who wrought for her meat, and being defamed for a witch, she knew she would starve, for no person thereafter would either give her meat or lodging, and that all men would beat her and hound dogs at her, and that therefore she desired to be out of the world; whereupon she wept most bitterly, and upon her knees called God to witness to what she said. Another told me, that she was afraid the devil would challenge a right to her, after she was said to be his servant, and would haunt her, as the minister said, when he was desiring her to confess, and therefore she desired to die. And really ministers are oft times indiscreet in their zeal to have poor creatures to confess in this; and I recommend to judges, that the wisest ministers should be sent to them, and those who are sent should be cautious in this particular."*

As a corollary to this affecting story, I may quote the case of a woman in Lauder jail, who lay there with other females on a charge of witchcraft. Her companions in prison were adjudged to die, and she too had, by a confession as full as theirs, given herself up as guilty. She, therefore, sent for the minister of the town, and entreated to be put to death with the others who had been appointed to suffer upon the next Monday. The clergyman, however, as well as others, had adopted a strong persuasion that this confession was made up in the pride of her heart, for the destruction of her own life, and had no foundation in truth. We give the result in the minister's words:—

"Therefore much pains was taken on her, by ministers and others, on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday morning, that she might resile from that confession, which was suspected to be but a temptation of the devil, to destroy both her soul and body; yea, it was charged home upon her by the ministers, that there was just ground of jealousy that her confession was not sincere, and she was charged before the Lord to declare the truth, and not to take her blood upon her own head. Yet she stiffly adhered to what she had said, and cried always to be put away with the rest. Whereupon, on Monday morning, being called before the judges, and confessing before them what she had said, she was found guilty, and condemned to die with the rest that same day. Being carried forth to the place of execution, she remained silent during the first, second, and third prayer, and then perceiving that there remained no more, but to rise and go to the stake, she lifted up her body, and with a loud voice cried out, 'Now all you that see me this day, know that I am now to die as a witch by my own confession, and I free all men, especially the ministers and magistrates, of the guilt of my blood. I take it wholly upon myself—my

* MACKENZIE'S *Criminal Laws*, p. 45.

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blood be upon my own head; and as I must make answer to the God of heaven presently, I declare I am as free of witchcraft as any child; but being delated by a malicious woman, and put in prison under the name of a witch, disowned by my husband and friends, and seeing no ground of hope of my coming out of prison, or ever coming in credit again, through the temptation of the devil I made up that confession, on purpose to destroy my own life, being weary of it, and chusing rather to die than live;'—and so died. Which lamentable story, as it did then astonish all the spectators, none of which could restrain themselves from tears; so it may be to all a demonstration of Satan's subtlety, whose design is still to destroy all, partly by tempting many to presumption, and some others to despair. These things to be of truth, are attested by an eye and ear-witness who is yet alive, a faithful minister of the gospel."*

It is strange the inference does not seem to have been deduced, that as one woman, out of very despair, renounced her own life, the same might have been the case in many other instances, wherein the confessions of the accused constituted the principal, if not sole, evidence of the guilt.

One celebrated mode of detecting witches, and torturing them at the same time, to draw forth confession, was, by running pins into their body, on pretence of discovering the devil's stigma, or mark, which was said to be inflicted by him upon all his vassals, and to be insensible to pain. This species of search, the practice of the infamous Hopkins, was in Scotland reduced to a trade; and the young witch-finder was allowed to torture the accused party, as if in exercise of a lawful calling, although Sir George Mackenzie stigmatises it as a horrid imposture. I observe in the Collections of Mr Pitcairn, that, at the trial of Janet Peaston of Dalkeith, the magistrates and ministers of that market town caused John Kincaid of Tranent, the common pricker, to exercise his craft upon her, "who found two marks of what he called the devil's making, and which appeared indeed to be so, for she could not feel the pin when it was put into either of the said marks, nor did they (the marks) bleed when they were taken out again; and when she was asked where she thought the pins were put in, she pointed to a part of her body distant from the real place. They were pins of three inches in length."

Besides the fact, that the persons of old people especially sometimes contain spots void of sensibility, there is also room to believe that the professed prickers used a pin, the point, or lower part of which was, on being pressed down, sheathed in the upper, which was hollow for the purpose, and that which appeared to enter the body did not pierce it at all. But, were it worth while to dwell on a subject so ridiculous, we might recollect, that in so terrible an agony of shame as is likely to convulse a human being under such a trial, and such personal insults, the blood is apt to return to the heart, and a slight wound, as with a pin, may be inflicted, without being followed by blood. In the latter end of the seventeenth century, this childish,

* SINCLAIR'S *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, p. 43.

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indecent, and brutal practice, began to be called by its right name. Fountainhall has recorded, that in 1678 the Privy Council received the complaint of a poor woman, who had been abused by a country magistrate, and one of those impostors called prickers. They expressed high displeasure against the presumption of the parties complained against, and treated the pricker as a common cheat.*

From this and other instances, it appears that the predominance of the superstition of witchcraft, and the proneness to persecute those accused of such practices in Scotland, were increased by the too great readiness of subordinate judges to interfere in matters which were, in fact, beyond their jurisdiction. The Supreme Court of Justiciary was that in which the cause properly and exclusively ought to have been tried. But, in practice, each inferior judge in the country, the pettiest bailie in the most trifling burgh, the smallest and most ignorant baron of a rude territory, took it on him to arrest, imprison, and examine, in which examinations, as we have already seen, the accused suffered the grossest injustice. The copies of these examinations, made up of extorted confessions, or the evidence of inhabile witnesses, were all that were transmitted to the Privy Council, who were to direct the future mode of procedure. Thus no creature was secure against the malice or folly of some defamatory accusation, if there was a timid or superstitious judge, though of the meanest denomination, to be found within the district.

But, secondly, it was the course of the Privy Council to appoint commissions of the gentlemen of the country, and particularly of the clergymen, though not likely from their education to be freed from general prejudice, and peculiarly liable to be affected by the clamour of the neighbourhood against the delinquent. Now, as it is well known that such a commission could not be granted in a case of murder in the county where the crime was charged, there seems no good reason why the trial of witches, so liable to excite the passions, should not have been uniformly tried by a court whose rank and condition secured them from the suspicion of partiality. But our ancestors arranged it otherwise, and it was the consequence that such commissioners very seldom, by acquitting the persons brought before them, lost an opportunity of destroying a witch.

Neither must it be forgotten, that the proof led in support of the prosecution, was of a kind very unusual in jurisprudence. The lawyers admitted as evidence what they called *damnum minatum, et malum secutum*—some mischief, that is to say, following close upon a threat, or wish of revenge, uttered by the supposed witch, which, though it might be attributed to the most natural course of events,

* FOUNTAINHALL's *Decisions*, vol. i, p. 15.

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was supposed necessarily to be in consequence of the menaces of the accused.

Sometimes this vague species of evidence was still more loosely adduced, and allegations of danger threatened, and mischief ensuing, were admitted, though the menaces had not come from the accused party herself. On 10th June, 1661, as John Stewart, one of a party of stout burghers of Dalkeith, appointed to guard an old woman, called Christian Wilson, from that town to Niddrie, was cleaning his gun, he was slyly questioned by Janet Cocke, another confessing witch, who probably saw his courage was not entirely constant. "What would you think, if the devil raise a whirlwind, and take her from you on the road to-morrow?" Sure enough, on their journey to Niddrie, the party actually were assailed by a sudden gust of wind (not a very uncommon event in that climate), which scarce permitted the valiant guard to keep their feet, while the miserable prisoner was blown into a pool of water, and with difficulty raised again. There is some ground to hope that this extraordinary evidence was not admitted upon the trial.

There is a story told of an old wizard, whose real name was Alexander Hunter, though he was more generally known by the nickname of Hatteraick, which it had pleased the devil to confer upon him. This man had for some time adopted the credit of being a conjuror, and curing the diseases of man and beast, by spells and charms. One summer's day, on a green hill-side, the devil appeared to him in shape of a grave "Mediciner," addressing him thus, roundly,—"Sandie, you have too long followed my trade without acknowledging me for a master. You must now enlist with me, and become my servant, and I will teach you your trade better." Hatteraick consented to the proposal, and we shall let the Rev. Mr George Sinclair tell the rest of the tale.

"After this, he grew very famous through the country for his charming and curing of diseases in men and beasts, and turned a vagrant fellow like a jockie,* gaining meal, and flesh, and money by his charms, such was the ignorance of many at that time. Whatever house he came to, none durst refuse Hatteraick an alms, rather for his ill than his good. One day he came to the yait (gate) of Samuelston, when some friends after dinner were going to horse. A young gentleman, brother to the lady, seeing him, switcht him about the ears, saying,—'You warlock carle, what have you to do here?' Whereupon the fellow goes away grumbling, and was overheard to say, 'You shall dear buy this, ere it be long.' This was *damnum minatum*. The young gentleman conveyed his friends a far way off, and came home that way again, where he supped. After supper, taking his horse and crossing Tyne water to go home, he rides through a shady piece of a haugh, commonly called Allers, and the evening being somewhat dark, he met with some persons there that begat a dreadful consternation in him, which for the most part, he would never reveal. This was *malum secutum*. When he came home, the servants observed terror and fear in his countenance. The next day he became distracted, and was bound for several days. His sister, the Lady Samuelston, hearing of it, was heard

* Or Scottish wandering beggar.

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say, 'Surely that knave Hatteraick is the cause of his trouble; call for him in al haste.' When he had come to her, 'Sandie,' says she, 'what is this you have done to my brother William?'—'I told him,' says he, 'I should make him repent of his striking me at the yait, lately.' She, giving the rogue fair words, and promising him his pockfull of meal, with beef and cheese, persuaded the fellow to cure him again. He undertook the business; 'but I must first,' says he, 'have one of his sarks' (shirts), which was soon gotten. What pranks he plaid with it cannot be known; but within a short while the gentleman recovered his health. When Hatteraick came to receive his wages, he told the lady, 'Your brother William shall quickly go off the country, but shall never return. She, knowing the fellow's prophecies to hold true, caused the brother to make a disposition to her of all his patrimony to the defrauding of his younger brother, George. After that this warlock had abused the country for a long time, he was at last apprehended at Dunbar, and brought into Edinburgh, and burnt upon the Castlehill."*

Now, if Hatteraick was really put to death on such evidence, it is worth while to consider what was its real amount. A hot-tempered swaggering young gentleman horsewhips a beggar of ill fame for loitering about the gate of his sister's house. The beggar grumbles, as any man would. The young man, riding in the night, and probably in liquor, through a dark shady place, is frightened by he would not, and probably could not, tell what, and has a fever-fit. His sister employs the wizard to take off the spell according to his profession, and here is *damnum, minatum, et malum secutum*, and all legal cause for burning a man to ashes! The vagrant Hatteraick probably knew something of the wild young man which might soon oblige him to leave the country; and the selfish Lady Samuelston, learning the probability of his departure, committed a fraud which ought to have rendered her evidence inadmissible.

Besides these particular disadvantages, to which the parties accused of this crime in Scotland were necessarily exposed, both in relation to the judicature by which they were tried, and the evidence upon which they were convicted, their situation was rendered intolerable by the detestation in which they were held by all ranks. The gentry hated them, because the diseases and death of their relations and children were often imputed to them; the grossly superstitious vulgar abhorred them with still more perfect dread and loathing. And amongst those natural feelings, others of a less pardonable description found means to shelter themselves. In one case, we are informed by Mackenzie, a poor girl was to die for witchcraft, of whom the real crime was, that she had attracted too great a share, in the lady's opinion, of the attention of the laird.

Having thus given some reasons why the prosecutions for witchcraft in Scotland were so numerous and fatal, we return to the general history of the trials recorded from the reign of James V to the Union of the kingdoms. Through the reign of Queen Mary these trials for sorcery became numerous, and the crime was subjected to heavier punishment by the 73d act of her 9th Parliament. But when James

* SINCLAIR'S *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, p. 98.

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VI approached to years of discretion, the extreme anxiety which he displayed to penetrate more deeply into mysteries which others had regarded as a very millstone of obscurity, drew still larger attention to the subject. The sovereign had exhausted his talents of investigation on the subject of witchcraft, and credit was given to all who acted in defence of the opinions of the reigning prince. This natural tendency to comply with the opinions of the sovereign, was much augmented by the disposition of the Kirk to the same sentiments. We have already said that these venerable persons entertained, with good faith, the general erroneous belief respecting witchcraft,—regarding it indeed as a crime which affected their own order more nearly than others in the state, since, especially called to the service of heaven, they were peculiarly bound to oppose the incursions of Satan. The works which remain behind them show, among better things, an unhesitating belief in what were called by them "special providences;" and this was equalled, at least, by their credulity as to the actual interference of evil spirits in the affairs of this world. They applied these principles of belief to the meanest causes. A horse falling lame was a snare of the devil, to keep the good clergyman from preaching; the arrival of a skilful farrier was accounted a special providence, to defeat the purpose of Satan. This was, doubtless, in a general sense, true, since nothing can happen without the foreknowledge and will of Heaven; but we are authorized to believe that the period of supernatural interference has long passed away, and that the great Creator is content to execute his purposes by the operation of those laws which influence the general course of nature. Our ancient Scottish divines thought otherwise. Surrounded, as they conceived themselves, by the snares and temptations of hell, and relying on the aid of Heaven, they entered into war with the kingdom of Satan, as the crusaders of old invaded the land of Palestine, with the same confidence in the justice of their cause, and similar indifference concerning the feelings of those whom they accounted the enemies of God and man. We have already seen that even the conviction that a woman was innocent of the crime of witchcraft, did not induce a worthy clergyman to use any effort to withdraw her from the stake; and in the same collection,* there occur some observable passages of God's providence to a godly minister, in giving him "full clearness" concerning Bessie Grahame, suspected of witchcraft. The whole detail is a curious illustration of the spirit of credulity which well-disposed men brought with them to such investigations, and how easily the gravest doubts were removed, rather than a witch should be left undetected.

* *Satan's Invisible World*, by Mr George Sinclair. The author was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and afterwards minister of Eastwood, in Renfrewshire.

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Bessie Grahame had been committed, it would seem, under suspicions of no great weight, since the minister, after various conferences, found her defence so successful, that he actually pitied her hard usage, and wished for her delivery from prison, especially as he doubted whether a civil court would send her to an assize, or whether an assize would be disposed to convict her. While the minister was in this doubt, a fellow named Begg was employed as a skilful pricker; by whose authority it is not said, he thrust a great brass pin up to the head in a wart on the woman's back, which he affirmed to be the devil's mark. A commission was granted for trial; but still the chief gentlemen in the county refused to act, and the clergyman's own doubts were far from being removed. This put the worthy man upon a solemn prayer to God, "that if he would find out a way for giving the minister full clearness of her guilt, he would acknowledge it as a singular favour and mercy." This, according to his idea, was accomplished in the following manner, which he regarded as an answer to his prayer. One evening the clergyman, with Alexander Simpson, the kirk-officer, and his own servant, had visited Bessie in her cell, to urge her to confession, but in vain. As they stood on the stair-head behind the door, they heard the prisoner, whom they had left alone in her place of confinement, discoursing with another person, who used a low and ghostly tone, which the minister instantly recognised as the Foul Fiend's voice. But for this discovery, we should have been of opinion that Bessie Grahame talked to herself, as melancholy and despairing wretches are in the habit of doing. But as Alexander Simpson pretended to understand the sense of what was said within the cell, and the minister himself was pretty sure he heard two voices at the same time, he regarded the overhearing this conversation as the answer of the Deity to his petition—and thenceforth was troubled with no doubts either as to the reasonableness and propriety of his prayer, or the guilt of Bessie Grahame, though she died obstinate, and would not confess; nay, made a most decent and Christian end, acquitting her judges and jury of her blood, in respect of the strong delusion under which they laboured.

Although the ministers, whose opinions were but too strongly, on this head, in correspondence with the prevailing superstitions of the people, nourished, in the early system of church government, a considerable desire to secure their own immunities and privileges as a national church, which failed not at last to be brought into contact with the king's prerogative; yet, in the earlier part of his reign, James, when freed from the influence of such a favourite as the profligate Stuart, Earl of Arran, was, in his personal qualities, rather acceptable to the clergy of his kingdom and period. At his departing from Scotland, on his romantic expedition to bring home a consort from Denmark, he very politically recommended to the clergy to

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contribute all that lay in their power to assist the civil magistrates, and preserve the public peace of the kingdom. The king, after his return, acknowledged, with many thanks, the care which the clergy had bestowed in this particular. Nor were they slack in assuming the merit to themselves, for they often reminded him, in their future discords, that his kingdom had never been so quiet as during his voyage to Denmark, when the clergy were, in a great measure, intrusted with the charge of the public government.

During the halcyon period of union between kirk and king, their hearty agreement on the subject of witchcraft failed not to heat the fires against the persons suspected of such iniquity. The clergy considered that the Roman Catholics, their principal enemies, were equally devoted to the devil, the mass, and the witches, which, in their opinion, were mutually associated together, and natural allies in the great cause of mischief. On the other hand, the pedantic sovereign, having exercised his learning and ingenuity in the Demonologia, considered the execution of every witch who was burnt, as a necessary conclusion of his own royal syllogisms. The juries were also afraid of the consequences of acquittal to themselves, being liable to suffer under an assize of error, should they be thought to have been unjustly merciful; and as the witches tried were personally as insignificant as the charge itself was odious, there was no restraint whatever upon those in whose hands their fate lay, and there seldom wanted some such confession as we have often mentioned, or such evidence as that collected by the minister who overheard the dialogue between the witch and her master, to salve their consciences, and reconcile them to bring in a verdict of Guilty.

The execution of witches became, for these reasons, very common in Scotland, where the king seemed in some measure to have made himself a party in the cause, and the clergy esteemed themselves such from the very nature of their profession. But the general spite of Satan and his adherents was supposed to be especially directed against James, on account of his match with Anne of Denmark—the union of a Protestant princess with a Protestant prince, the King of Scotland, and heir of England, being, it could not be doubted, an event which struck the whole kingdom of darkness with alarm. James was self-gratified by the unusual spirit which he had displayed on his voyage in quest of his bride, and well disposed to fancy that he had performed it in positive opposition, not only to the indirect policy of Elizabeth, but to the malevolent purpose of hell itself. His fleet had been tempest tost, and he very naturally believed that the Prince of the power of the air had been personally active on the occasion.

The principal person implicated in these heretical and treasonable undertakings, was one Agnes Simpson, or Samson, called the Wise

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Wife of Keith, and described by Archbishop Spottiswood, not as one of the base or ignorant class of ordinary witches, but a grave matron, composed and deliberate in her answers, which were all to some purpose. This grave dame, from the terms of her indictment, seems to have been a kind of white witch, affecting to cure diseases by words and charms, a dangerous profession considering the times in which she lived. Neither did she always keep the right and sheltered side of the law in such delicate operations. One article of her indictment proves this, and at the same time establishes, that the Wise Woman of Keith knew how to turn her profession to account; for, being consulted in the illness of Isobel Hamilton, she gave her opinion, that nothing could amend her unless the devil was raised; and the sick woman's husband startling at the proposal, and being indifferent perhaps about the issue, would not bestow the necessary expenses, whereupon the Wise Wife refused to raise the devil, and the patient died. This woman was principally engaged in an extensive conspiracy to destroy the fleet of the queen by raising a tempest; and to take the king's life by anointing his linen with poisonous materials, and by constructing figures of clay, to be wasted and tormented after the usual fashion of necromancy.

Amongst her associates was an unhappy lady of much higher degree. This was Dame Euphane MacCalzean, the widow of a Senator of the College of Justice, and a person infinitely above the rank of the obscure witches with whom she was joined in her crime. Mr Pitcairn supposes, that this connexion may have arisen from her devotion to the Catholic faith, and her friendship for the Earl of Bothwell.

The third person in this singular league of sorcerers, was Doctor John Fian, otherwise Cunninghame, who was schoolmaster at Tranent, and enjoyed much hazardous reputation as a warlock. This man was made the hero of the whole tale of necromancy, in an account of it published at London, and entitled, "News from Scotland," which has been lately reprinted by the Roxburghe Club. It is remarkable that the Scottish witchcrafts were not thought sufficiently horrible by the editor of this tract, without adding to them the story of a philtre being applied to a cow's hair instead of that of the young woman for whom it was designed, and telling how the animal came lowing after the sorcerer to his school-room door, like a second Pasiphaë, the original of which charm occurs in the story of Apuleius.*

Besides these persons, there was one Barbara Napier, alias Douglas, a person of some rank; Geillis Duncan, a very active witch, and about thirty other poor creatures of the lowest condition,—among the rest, and doorkeeper to the conclave, a silly old Plough-

* *Lucii Apuleii Metamorphoses*, lib. iii.

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man, called as his nickname Graymeal, who was cuffed by the devil for saying simply, "God bless the king!"

When the monarch of Scotland sprung this strong covey of his favourite game, they afforded the Privy Council and him sport for the greatest part of the remaining winter. He attended on the examinations himself, and, by one means or other, they were indifferently well dressed to his palate.

Agnes Sampson, the grave matron before mentioned, after being an hour tortured by the twisting of a cord around her head, according to the custom of the Buccaneers, confessed that she had consulted with one Richard Grahame concerning the probable length of the king's life, and the means of shortening it. But Satan, to whom they at length resorted for advice, told them in French respecting King James, *Il est un homme de Dieu*. The poor woman also acknowledged that she had held a meeting with those of her sisterhood, who had charmed a cat by certain spells, having four joints of men knit to its feet, which they threw into the sea to excite a tempest. Another frolic they had, when, like the weird sisters in Macbeth, they embarked in sieves with much mirth and jollity, the Fiend rolling himself before them upon the waves, dimly seen, and resembling a huge haystack in size and appearance. They went on board of a foreign ship richly laded with wines, where, invisible to the crew, they feasted till the sport grew tiresome, and then Satan sunk the vessel and all on board.

Fian, or Cunninghame, was also visited by the sharpest tortures, ordinary and extraordinary. The nails were torn from his fingers with smiths' pincers; pins were driven into the places which the nails usually defended; his knees were crushed in *the boots*, his finger bones were splintered in the pilniewinks. At length his constancy, hitherto sustained, as the bystanders supposed, by the help of the devil, was fairly overcome, and he gave an account of a great witch-meeting at North Berwick, where they paced round the church *withershinns*, that is, in reverse of the motion of the sun. Fian then blew into the lock of the church-door, whereupon the bolts gave way, the unhallowed crew entered, and their master the devil appeared to his servants in the shape of a black man occupying the pulpit. He was saluted with an "Hail, Master!" but the company were dissatisfied with his not having brought a picture of the king repeatedly promised, which was to place his majesty at the mercy of this infernal crew. The devil was particularly upbraided on this subject by divers respectable-looking females,—no question, Euphane MacCalzean, Barbara Napier, Agnes Sampson, and some other amateur witch above those of the ordinary profession. The devil, on this memorable occasion, forgot himself, and called Fian by his own name, instead of the demoniacal *sobriquet* of Rob the Rowar, which

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had been assigned to him as Master of the Rows, or Rolls. This was considered as bad taste, and the rule is still observed at every rendez-vous of forgers, smugglers, or the like, where it is accounted very indifferent manners to name an individual by his own name, in case of affording ground of evidence which may upon a day of trial be brought against him. Satan, something disconcerted, concluded the evening with a divertisement and a dance after his own manner. The former consisted in disinterring a new-buried corpse, and dividing it in fragments among the company, and the ball was maintained by wellnigh two hundred persons, who danced a ring dance, singing this chant—

"Cummer, gang ye before; Cummer, gang ye.
Gif ye will not gang before, Cummers, let me."

After this choral exhibition, the music seems to have been rather imperfect, the number of dancers considered. Geillis Duncan was the only instrumental performer, and she played on a Jew's harp, called in Scotland a *trump*. Dr Fian, muffled, led the ring, and was highly honoured, generally acting as clerk or recorder, as above mentioned.

King James was deeply interested in those mysterious meetings, and took great delight to be present at the examinations of the accused. He sent for Geillis Duncan, and caused her to play before him the same tune to which Satan and his companions led the brawl in North Berwick churchyard.* His ears were gratified in another way, for at this meeting it was said the witches demanded of the devil why he did bear such enmity against the king? who returned the flattering answer, that the king was the greatest enemy whom he had in the world.

Almost all these poor wretches were executed, nor did Euphane MacCalzean's station in life save her from the common doom, which was strangling to death, and burning to ashes thereafter. The majority of the jury which tried Barbara Napier, having acquitted her of attendance at the North Berwick meeting, were themselves threatened with a trial for wilful error upon an assize, and could only escape from severe censure and punishment by pleading Guilty, and submitting themselves to the king's pleasure. This rigorous and iniquitous conduct shows a sufficient reason why there should be so few acquittals from a charge of witchcraft, where the juries were so much at the mercy of the crown.

It would be disgusting to follow the numerous cases in which the same uniform credulity, the same extorted confessions, the same

* The music of this witch tune is unhappily lost. But that of another, believed to have been popular on such occasions, is preserved.

"The silly bit chicken, gar cast her a pickle,
And she will grow mickle,
And she will do good."

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prejudiced and exaggerated evidence, concluded in the same tragedy at the stake and the pile. The alterations and trenching which lately took place for the purpose of improving the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, displayed the ashes of the numbers who had perished in this manner, of whom a large proportion must have been executed between 1590, when the great discovery was made concerning Euphane MacCalzean, and the Wise Wife of Keith, and their accomplices, and the union of the crowns.

Nor did King James's removal to England soften this horrible persecution. In Sir Thomas Hamilton's Minutes of Proceedings in the Privy Council, there occurs a singular entry, evincing plainly that the Earl of Mar, and others of James's Council, were becoming fully sensible of the desperate iniquity and inhumanity of these proceedings. I have modernised the spelling, that this appalling record may be legible to all my readers.

"1608, December 1. The Earl of Mar declared to the Council, that some women were taken in Broughton as witches, and being put to an assize, and convicted, albeit they persevered constant in their denial to the end, yet they were burned quick (*alive*), after such a cruel manner, that some of them died in despair, renouncing and blaspheming (God); and others, half burned, brak out of the fire,* and were cast quick in it again, till they were burned to the death."

This singular document shows, that even in the reign of James, so soon as his own august person was removed from Edinburgh, his dutiful Privy Council began to think that they had supped full with horrors, and were satiated with the excess of cruelty, which dashed half-consumed wretches back into the flames from which they were striving to escape.

But the picture, however much it may have been disgusting and terrifying to the Council at the time, and though the intention of the entry upon the records was obviously for the purpose of preventing such horrid cruelties in future, had no lasting effect on the course of justice, as the severities against witches were most unhappily still considered necessary. Through the whole of the sixteenth, and the greater part of the seventeenth century, little abatement in the persecution of this metaphysical crime of witchcraft can be traced in the kingdom. Even while the Independents held the reins of government, Cromwell himself, and his major-generals and substitutes, were obliged to please the common people of Scotland by abandoning the victims accused of witchcraft to the power of the law, though the journals of the time express the horror and disgust with which the English sectarians beheld a practice so inconsistent with their own humane principle of universal toleration.

Instead of plunging into a history of these events, which, gene-

* I am obliged to the kindness of Mr Pitcairn for this singular extract.—The southern reader must be informed, that the jurisdiction or regality of Broughton embraced Holyrood, Canongate, Leith, and other suburban parts of Edinburgh, and bore the same relation to that city as the borough of Southwark to London.

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rally speaking, are in detail as monotonous as they are melancholy, it may amuse the reader to confine the narrative to a single trial, having in the course of it some peculiar and romantic events. It is the tale of a sailor's wife, more tragic in its event than that of the chestnut-muncher in Macbeth. *

Margaret Barclay, wife of Archibald Dein, burgess of Irvine, had been slandered by her sister-in-law, Janet Lyal, the spouse of John Dein, brother of Archibald, and by John Dein himself, as guilty of some act of theft. Upon this provocation Margaret Barclay raised an action of slander before the church court, which prosecution, after some procedure, the kirk session discharged, by directing a reconciliation between the parties. Nevertheless, although the two women shook hands before the court, yet the said Margaret Barclay declared that she gave her hand only in obedience to the kirk session, but that she still retained her hatred and ill-will against John Dein, and his wife, Janet Lyal. About this time the bark of John Dein was about to sail for France, and Andrew Train, or Tran, provost of the burgh of Irvine, who was an owner of the vessel, went with him to superintend the commercial part of the voyage. Two other merchants of some consequence went in the same vessel, with a sufficient number of mariners. Margaret Barclay, the revengeful person already mentioned, was heard to imprecate curses upon the provost's argosy, praying to God that sea nor salt water might never bear the ship, and that *partans* (crabs) might eat the crew at the bottom of the sea.

When, under these auspices, the ship was absent on her voyage, a vagabond fellow, named John Stewart, pretending to have knowledge of jugglery, and to possess the power of a spaeman, came to the residence of Tran, the provost, and dropped explicit hints that the ship was lost, and that the good woman of the house was a widow. The sad truth was afterwards learned on more certain information. Two of the seamen, after a space of doubt and anxiety, arrived with the melancholy tidings that the bark, of which John Dein was skipper, and provost Tran part owner, had been wrecked on the coast of England, near Padstow, when all on board had been lost, except the two sailors who brought the notice. Suspicion of sorcery, in those days easily awakened, was fixed on Margaret Barclay, who had imprecated curses on the ship, and on John Stewart, the juggler, who had seemed to know of the evil fate of the voyage before he could have become acquainted with it by natural means.

Stewart, who was first apprehended, acknowledged that Margaret Barclay, the other suspected person, had applied to him to teach her some magic arts, "in order that she might get gear, kye's milk, love

* A copy of the record of the trial, which took place in Ayrshire, was sent to me by a friend, who withheld his name, so that I can only thank him in this general acknowledgment.

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of man, her heart's desire on such persons as had done her wrong, and, finally, that she might obtain the fruit of sea and land." Stewart declared that he denied to Margaret that he possessed the said arts himself, or had the power of communicating them. So far was well; but, true or false, he added a string of circumstances, whether voluntarily declared or extracted by torture, which tended to fix the cause of the loss of the bark on Margaret Barclay. He had come, he said, to this woman's house in Irvine, shortly after the ship set sail from harbour. He went to Margaret's house by night, and found her engaged, with other two women, in making clay figures: one of the figures was made handsome, with fair hair, supposed to represent Provost Tran. They then proceeded to mould a figure of a ship in clay, and during this labour the devil appeared to the company in the shape of a handsome black lap-dog, such as ladies use to keep. * He added, that the whole party left the house together, and went into an empty waste-house nearer the sea-port, which house he pointed out to the city magistrates. From this house they went to the sea-side, followed by the black lap-dog aforesaid, and cast in the figures of clay representing the ship and the men; after which the sea raged, roared, and became red like the juice of madder in a dyer's cauldron.

This confession having been extorted from the unfortunate juggler, the female acquaintances of Margaret Barclay were next convened, that he might point out her associates in forming the charm; when he pitched upon a woman called Isobel Insh, or Taylor, who resolutely denied ever having seen him before. She was imprisoned, however, in the belfry of the church. An addition to the evidence against the poor old woman Insh was then procured from her own daughter, Margaret Tailzeour, *a child of eight years old*, who lived as servant with Margaret Barclay, the person principally accused. This child, who was keeper of a baby belonging to Margaret Barclay, either from terror, or the innate love of falsehood, which we have observed as proper to childhood, declared that she was present when the fatal models of clay were formed, and that in plunging them in the sea, Margaret Barclay her mistress, and her mother Isobel Insh, were assisted by another woman, and a girl of fourteen years old, who dwelt at the town-head. Legally considered, the evidence of this child was contradictory, and inconsistent with the confession of the juggler, for it assigned other particulars, and *dramatis personæ* in many respects different. But all was accounted sufficiently regular, especially since the girl failed not to swear to the presence of the black dog, to whose appearance she also added the additional terrors of that of a black man. The dog also, according to her account, emitted flashes from its jaws and nostrils, to illuminate the witches

* This may remind the reader of CAZOTTE's *Diable Amoureux*.

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during the performance of the spell. The child maintained this story even to her mother's face, only alleging that Isobel Insh remained behind in the waste-house, and was not present when the images were put into the sea. For her own countenance and presence on the occasion, and to ensure her secrecy, her mistress promised her a pair of new shoes.

John Stewart, being re-examined, and confronted with the child, was easily compelled to allow that the "little smatchet" was there, and to give that marvellous account of his correspondence with Elfland which we have noticed elsewhere.

The conspiracy thus far, as they conceived, disclosed, the magistrates and ministers wrought hard with Isobel Insh, to prevail upon her to tell the truth; and she at length acknowledged her presence at the time when the models of the ship and mariners were destroyed, but endeavoured so to modify her declaration as to deny all personal accession to the guilt. This poor creature almost admitted the supernatural powers imputed to her, promising Bailie Dunlop (also a mariner), by whom she was imprisoned, that if he would dismiss her, he should never make a bad voyage, but have success in all his dealings by sea and land. She was finally brought to promise, that she would fully confess the whole that she knew of the affair on the morrow.

But finding herself in so hard a strait, the unfortunate woman made use of the darkness to attempt an escape. With this view she got out by a back window of the belfry, although, says the report, there were "iron bolts, locks, and fetters on her," and attained the roof of the church, where, losing her footing, she sustained a severe fall, and was greatly bruised. Being apprehended, Bailie Dunlop again urged her to confess; but the poor woman was determined to appeal to a more merciful tribunal, and maintained her innocence to the last minute of her life, denying all that she had formerly admitted, and dying five days after her fall from the roof of the church. The inhabitants of Irvine attributed her death to poison.

The scene began to thicken, for a commission was granted for the trial of the two remaining persons accused, namely, Stewart the juggler, and Margaret Barclay. The day of trial being arrived the following singular events took place, which we give as stated in the record:—

"My Lord and Earl of Eglintoune (who dwells within the space of one mile to the said burgh) having come to the said burgh at the earnest request of the said Justices, for giving to them of his lordship's countenance, concurrence, and assistance, in trying of the foresaid devilish practises, conform to the tenor of the foresaid commission, the said John Stewart, for his bet terpreserving to the day of the assize, was put in a sure lockfast booth, where no manner of person might have access to him till the down sitting of the Justice Court, and for avoiding of putting violent hands on himself, he was very strictly guarded, and fettered by the arms, as use is. And upon

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that same day of the assize, about half an hour before the downsitting of the Justice Court, Mr David Dickson, minister at Irvine, and Mr George Dunbar, minister of Air, having gone to him, to exhort him to call on his God for mercy for his bygone wicked and evil life, and that God would of his infinite mercy loose him out of the bonds of the devil, whom he had served these many years bygone, he acquiesced in their prayer and godly exhortation, and uttered these words: 'I am so straitly guarded, that it lies not in my power to get my hand to take off my bonnet, nor to get bread to my mouth.' And immediately after the departing of the two ministers from him, the juggler being sent for at the desire of my Lord of Eglintoune, to be confronted with a woman of the burgh of Air, called Janet Bous, who was apprehended by the magistrates of the burgh of Air for witchcraft, and sent to the burgh of Irvine purposely for that affair, he was found by the burgh officers who went about him, strangled and hanged by the cruik of the door, with a *tait* of hemp, or string made of hemp, supposed to have been his garter, or string of his bonnet, not above the length of two span long, his knees not being from the ground half a span, and was brought out of the house, his life not being totally expelled. But, notwithstanding of whatsoever means used in the contrary for remeid of his life, he revived not, but so ended his life miserably, by the help of the devil his master.

"And because there was then only in life the said Margaret Barclay, and that the persons summoned to pass upon her assize, and upon the assize of the juggler, who, by the help of the devil his master, had put violent hands on himself, were all present within the said burgh; therefore, and for eschewing of the like in the person of the said Margaret, our sovereign lord's justices in that part, particularly above-named, constituted by commission, after solemn deliberation and advice of the said noble lord, whose concurrence and advice was chiefly required and taken in this matter, concluded with all possible diligence, before the downsitting of the Justice Court, to put the said Margaret in torture; in respect the devil, by God's permission, had made her associates, who were the lights of the cause, to be their own *burrioes* (slayers). They used the torture underwritten as being most safe and gentle (as the said noble lord assured the said justices), by putting of her two bare legs in a pair of stocks, and thereafter by onlaying of certain iron gauds (bars) severally one by one, and then eiking and augmenting the weight by laying on more gauds, and in easing of her by offtaking of the iron gauds one or more, as occasion offered; which iron gauds were but little short gauds, and broke not the skin of her legs, etc.

"After using of the which kind of *gentle torture*, the said Margaret began, according to the increase of the pain, to cry, and crave for God's cause to take off her shins the foresaid irons, and she should declare truly the whole matter. Which being removed, she began at her former denial: And being of new assayed in torture as of befoir, she then uttered these words—'Take off, take off, and before God I shall show you the whole form!'

"And the said irons being of new, upon her faithfull promise, removed, she then desired my Lord of Eglintoune, the said four justices, and the said Mr David Dickson, minister of the burgh, Mr George Dunbar, minister of Ayr, and Mr Mitchell Wallace, minister of Kilmarnock, and Mr John Cunninghame, minister of Dalry, and Hugh Kennedy, provost of Ayr, to come by themselves, and to remove all others, and she should declare truly, as she should answer to God, the whole matter. Whose desire in that being fulfilled, she made her confession in this manner, but (*i. e.* without) any kind of demand, freely, without interrogation; God's name by earnest prayer being called upon for opening of her lips, and easing of her heart, that she, by rendering of the truth, might glorify and magnify his holy name, and disappoint the enemy of her salvation."—*Trial of Margaret Barclay, etc.* 1618.

Margaret Barclay, who was a young and lively person, had hitherto conducted herself like a passionate and high-tempered woman innocently accused, and the only appearance of conviction obtained against her was, that she carried about her rowan-tree and coloured thread, to make, as she said, her cow give milk, when it began to fail. But the *gentle-torture*—a strange junction of words—recommended as an anodyne by the good Lord Eglinton—the

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placing, namely, her legs in the stocks, and loading her bare shins with bars of iron, overcame her resolution; when at her screams and declarations that she was willing to tell all, the weights were removed. She then told a story of destroying the ship of John Dein, affirming, that it was with the purpose of killing only her brother-in-law, and Provost Tran, and saving the rest of the crew. She at the same time involved in the guilt Isobel Crawford. This poor woman was also apprehended, and, in great terror, confessed the imputed crime, retorting the principal blame on Margaret Barclay herself. The trial was then appointed to proceed, when Alexander Dein, the husband of Margaret Barclay, appeared in court with a lawyer to act in his wife's behalf. Apparently, the sight of her husband awakened some hope and desire of life, for when the prisoner was asked by the lawyer whether she wished to be defended? she answered, "As you please. But all I have confest was in agony of torture; and, before God, all I have spoken is false and untrue." To which she pathetically added—"Ye have been too long in coming."

The jury, unmoved by these affecting circumstances, proceeded upon the principle that the confession of the accused could not be considered as made under the influence of torture, since the bars were not actually upon her limbs at the time it was delivered, although they were placed at her elbow ready to be again laid on her bare shins, if she was less explicit in her declaration than her auditors wished. On this nice distinction, they in one voice found Margaret Barclay guilty. It is singular that she should have again returned to her confession after sentence, and died affirming it;—the explanation of which, however, might be, either that she had really in her ignorance and folly tampered with some idle spells, or that an apparent penitence for her offence, however imaginary, was the only mode in which she could obtain any share of public sympathy at her death, or a portion of the prayers of the clergy and congregation, which, in her circumstances, she might be willing to purchase, even by confession of what all believed respecting her. It is remarkable, that she earnestly entreated the magistrates that no harm should be done to Isobel Crawford, the woman whom she had herself accused. This unfortunate young creature was strangled at the stake, and her body burnt to ashes, having died with many expressions of religion and penitence.

It was one fatal consequence of these cruel persecutions, that one pile was usually lighted at the embers of another. Accordingly in the present case, three victims having already perished by this accusation, the magistrates incensed at the nature of the crime, so perilous as it seemed to men of a maritime life, and at the loss of several friends of their own, one of whom had been their principal magis-

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trate, did not forbear to insist against Isobel Crawford, inculpated by Margaret Barclay's confession. A new commission was granted for her trial, and after the assistant minister of Irvine, Mr David Dickson, had made earnest prayers to God for opening her obdurate and closed heart, she was subject to the torture of iron bars laid upon her bare shins, her feet being in the stocks, as in the case of Margaret Barclay.

She endured this torture with incredible firmness, since she did "admirably, without any kind of din or exclamation, suffer above thirty stone of iron to be laid on her legs, never shrinking thereat in any sort, but remaining, as it were, steady." But in shifting the situation of the iron bars, and removing them to another part of her shins, her constancy gave way; she broke out into horrible cries (though not more than three bars were then actually on her person) of—"Tak aff—tak aff!" On being relieved from the torture, she made the usual confession of all that she was charged with, and of a connexion with the devil which had subsisted for several years. Sentence was given against her accordingly. After this had been denounced, she openly denied all her former confessions, and died without any sign of repentance, offering repeated interruption to the minister in his prayer, and absolutely refusing to pardon the executioner.

This tragedy happened in the year 1613, and recorded as it is very particularly, and at considerable length, forms the most detailed specimen I have met with, of a Scottish trial for witchcraft,—illustrating, in particular, how poor wretches, abandoned, as they conceived, by God and the world, deprived of all human sympathy, and exposed to personal tortures of an acute description, became disposed to throw away the lives that were rendered bitter to them, by a voluntary confession of guilt, rather than struggle hopelessly against so many evils. Four persons here lost their lives, merely because the throwing some clay models into the sea, a fact told differently by the witnesses who spoke of it, corresponded with the season, for no day was fixed, in which a particular vessel was lost. It is scarce possible that, after reading such a story, a man of sense can listen for an instant to the evidence founded on confessions thus obtained, which has been almost the sole reason by which a few individuals, even in modern times, have endeavoured to justify a belief in the existence of witchcraft.

The result of the judicial examination of a criminal, when extorted by such means, is the most suspicious of all evidence, and even when voluntarily given, is scarce admissible, without the corroboration of other testimony.

We might here take leave of our Scottish history of witchcraft, by barely mentioning that many hundreds, nay perhaps thousands, lost

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their lives during two centuries, on such charges and such evidence as proved the death of those persons in the trial of the Irvine witches. One case, however, is so much distinguished by fame among the numerous instances which occurred in Scottish history, that we are under the necessity of bestowing a few words upon those celebrated persons, Major Weir and his sister.

The case of this notorious wizard was remarkable chiefly from his being a man of some condition (the son of a gentleman, and his mother a lady of family in Clydesdale), which was seldom the case with those that fell under similar accusations. It was also remarkable in his case that he had been a Covenanter, and peculiarly attached to that cause. In the years of the Commonwealth, this man was trusted and employed by those who were then at the head of affairs, and was, in 1649, commander of the City-guard of Edinburgh, which procured him his title of Major. In this capacity he was understood, as was indeed implied in the duties of that officer at the period, to be very strict in executing severity upon such Royalists as fell under his military charge. It appears that the Major, with a maiden sister who had kept his house, was subject to fits of melancholic lunacy, an infirmity easily reconcilable with the formal pretences which he made to a high show of religious zeal. He was peculiar in his gift of prayer, and as was the custom of the period, was often called to exercise this talent by the bedside of sick persons, until it came to be observed, that, by some association, which it is more easy to conceive than to explain, he could not pray with the same warmth and fluency of expression, unless when he had in his hand a stick of peculiar shape and appearance, which he generally walked with. It was noticed in short, that when this stick was taken from him, his wit and talent appeared to forsake him. This Major Weir was seized by the magistrates on a strange whisper that became current respecting vile practices, which he seems to have admitted without either shame or contrition. The disgusting profligacies which he confessed were of such a character, that it may be charitably hoped most of them were the fruits of a depraved imagination, though he appears to have been in many respects a wicked and criminal hypocrite. When he had completed his confession, he avowed solemny that he had not confessed the hundredth part of the crimes which he had committed. From this time he would answer no interrogatory, nor would he have recourse to prayer, arguing, that as he had no hope whatever of escaping Satan, there was no need of incensing him by vain efforts at repentance. His witchcraft seems to have been taken for granted on his own confession; as his indictment was chiefly founded on the same document, in which he alleged he had never seen the devil, but any feeling he had of him was in the dark. He received sentence of death, which he suffered 12th April,

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1670, at the Gallow-hill, between Leith and Edinburgh. He died as stupidly sullen and impenitent, as to justify the opinion that he was oppressed with a kind of melancholy frenzy, the consequence perhaps of remorse, but such as urged him not to repent, but to despair. It seems probable that he was burnt alive. His sister, with whom he was supposed to have had an incestuous connexion, was condemned also to death, leaving a stronger and more explicit testimony of their mutual sins, than could be extracted from the Major. She gave, as usual, some account of her connexion with the queen of the fairies, and acknowledged the assistance she received from that sovereign in spinning an unusual quantity of yarn. Of her brother, she said, that one day a friend called upon them at noonday with a fiery chariot, and invited them to visit a friend at Dalkeith, and that while there her brother received information of the event of the battle of Worcester. No one saw the style of their equipage except themselves. On the scaffold, this woman, determining, as she said, to die "with the greatest shame possible," was with difficulty prevented from throwing off her clothes before the people, and with scarce less trouble was she flung from the ladder by the executioner. Her last words were in the tone of the sect to which her brother had so long affected to belong: "Many," she said, "weep and lament for a poor old wretch like me; but, alas! few are weeping for a broken Covenant."

The Scottish prelatists, upon whom the Covenanters used to throw many aspersions respecting their receiving proof against shot from the devil, and other infernal practices, rejoiced to have an opportunity, in their turn, to retort on their adversaries the charge of sorcery. Dr Hickes, the author of "Thesaurus Septentrionalis," published on the subject of Major Weir, and the case of Mitchel, who fired at the Archbishop of St Andrews, his book called "Ravaillac Redivivus," written with the unjust purpose of attaching to the religious sect to which the wizard and assassin belonged, the charge of having fostered and encouraged the crimes they committed or attempted.

It is certain that no story of witchcraft or necromancy, so many of which occurred near and in Edinburgh, made such a lasting impression on the public mind, as that of Major Weir. The remains of the house in which he and his sister lived are still shown at the head of the Westbow; it has a gloomy aspect, well suited for a necromancer. It was at different times a brazier's shop, and a magazine for flax, and in my younger days was employed for the latter use; but no family would inhabit the haunted walls as a residence; and bold was the urchin from the High-School who dared approach the gloomy ruin, at the risk of seeing the Major's enchanted staff parading through the old apartments, or hearing the hum of the necromantic wheel, which procured for his sister such a character as a spinner. At the time I am writing this last fortress of superstitious renown is

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in the course of being destroyed, in order to the modern improvements now carrying on in a quarter long thought unimprovable.

As knowledge and learning began to increase, the gentlemen and clergy of Scotland became ashamed of the credulity of their ancestors, and witch trials, although not discontinued, more seldom disgrace our records of, Criminal, Jurisprudence.

Sir John Clerk, a scholar and an antiquary, the grandfather of the late celebrated John Clerk of Eldin, had the honour to be amongst the first to decline acting as commissioner on the trial of a witch, to which he was appointed so early as 1678,* alleging drily, that he did not feel himself warlock (that is, conjuror) sufficient to be a judge upon such an inquisition. Allan Ramsay, his friend, and who must be supposed to speak the sense of his many respectable patrons, had delivered his opinion on the subject in the "Gentle Shepherd," where Mause's imaginary witchcraft constitutes the machinery of the poem.

Yet these dawnings of sense and humanity were obscured by the clouds of the ancient superstition on more than one distinguished occasion. In 1676, Sir George Maxwell of Pollock, apparently a man of melancholic and valetudinary habits, believed himself bewitched to death by six witches, one man and five women, who were leagued for the purpose of tormenting a clay image in his likeness. The chief evidence on the subject was a vagabond girl, pretending to be deaf and dumb. But as her imposture was afterwards discovered, and herself punished, it is reasonably to be concluded that she had herself formed the picture or image of Sir George, and had hid it, where it was afterwards found, in consequence of her own information. In the mean time, five of the accused were executed, and the sixth only escaped on account of extreme youth.

A still more remarkable case occurred at Paisley, in 1697, where a young girl, about eleven years of age, daughter of John Shaw, of Bargarran, was the principal evidence. This unlucky damsel, beginning her practices out of a quarrel with a maid-servant, continued to imitate a case of possession so accurately, that no less than twenty persons were condemned upon her evidence, of whom five were executed, besides one John Reed, who hanged himself in prison, or, as was charitably said, was strangled by the devil in person, lest he should make disclosures to the detriment of the service. But even those who believed in witchcraft were now beginning to open their eyes to the dangers in the present mode of prosecution. "I own," says the Rev. Mr Bell, in his MS. Treatise on Witchcraft, "there has been much harm done to worthy and innocent persons in the

* See FOUNTAINHALL's *Decisions*, vol. i, page 15.

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common way of finding out witches, and in the means made use of for promoting the discovery of such wretches, and bringing them to justice; so that oftentimes old age, poverty, features, and ill fame, with such like grounds, not worthy to be represented to a magistrate, have yet moved many to suspect and defame their neighbours, to the unspeakable prejudice of Christian charity; a late instance whereof we had in the west, in the business of the sorceries exercised upon the Laird of Bargarran's daughter, anno 1697, a time when persons of more goodness and esteem than most of their calumniators were defamed for witches, and which was occasioned mostly by the forwardness and absurd credulity of diverse otherwise worthy *ministers* of the gospel, and some topping professors in and about the city of Glasgow." *

Those who doubted of the sense of the law, or reasonableness of the practice, in such cases, began to take courage, and state their objections boldly. In the year 1704, a frightful instance of popular bigotry occurred at Pittenweem. A strolling vagabond, who affected fits, laid an accusation of witchcraft against two women, who were accordingly seized on, and imprisoned with the usual severities. One of the unhappy creatures, Janet Cornfoot by name, escaped from prison, but was unhappily caught, and brought back to Pittenweem, where she fell into the hands of a ferocious mob, consisting of rude seamen and fishers. The magistrates made no attempts for her rescue, and the crowd exercised their brutal pleasure on the poor old woman, pelted her with stones, swung her suspended on a rope betwixt a ship and the shore, and finally ended her miserable existence by throwing a door over her as she lay exhausted on the beach, and heaping stones upon it till she was pressed to death. As even the existing laws against witchcraft were transgressed by this brutal riot, a warm attack was made upon the magistrates and ministers of the town, by those who were shocked at a tragedy of such a horrible cast. There were answers published, in which the parties assailed were zealously defended. The superior authorities were expected to take up the affair, but it so happened, during the general distraction of the country concerning the Union, that the murder went without the investigation which a crime so horrid demanded. Still, however, it was something gained that the cruelty was exposed to the public. The voice of general opinion was now appealed to, and, in the long run, the sentiments which it advocates are commonly those of good sense and humanity.

The officers of the higher branches of the law dared now assert their official authority, and reserve for their own decision cases of

* Law's *Memorialls*, edited by C. K. Sharpe, Esq., Prefatory Notice, p. 93.

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supposed witchcraft which the fear of public clamour had induced them formerly to leave in the hands of inferior judges, operated upon by all the prejudices of the country and the populace.

In 1718, the celebrated lawyer, Robert Dundas of Arniston, then King's Advocate, wrote a severe letter of censure to the Sheriff-depute of Caithness, in the first place, as having neglected to communicate officially certain precognitions which he had led respecting some recent practices of witchcraft in his county. The Advocate reminded this local judge, that the duty of inferior magistrates, in such cases, was to advise with the King's Counsel, first, whether they should be made subject of a trial or not; and, if so, before what court, and in what manner, it should take place. He also called the magistrate's attention to a report, that he, the Sheriff-depute, intended to judge in the case himself; "a thing of too great difficulty to be tried without very deliberate advice, and beyond the jurisdiction of an inferior court." The Sheriff-depute sends with his apology, the *precognition** of the affair, which is one of the most nonsensical in this nonsensical department of the law. A certain carpenter, named William Montgomery, was so infested with cats, which, as his servant-maid reported, "spoke among themselves," that he fell in a rage upon a party of these animals which had assembled in his house at irregular hours, and betwixt his Highland arms of knife, dirk, and broadsword, and his professional weapon of an axe, he made such a dispersion that they were quiet for the night. In consequence of his blows, two witches were said to have died. The case of a third, named Nin-Gilbert, was still more remarkable. Her leg being broken, the injured limb withered, pined, and finally fell off; on which the hag was inclosed in prison, where she also died: and the question which remained was, whether any process should be directed against persons whom, in her compelled confession, she had, as usual, informed against. The Lord Advocate, as may be supposed, quashed all further procedure.

In 1720, an unlucky boy, the third son of James, Lord Torphichen, took it into his head, under instructions, it is said, from a knavish governor, to play the possessed and bewitched person, laying the cause of his distress on certain old witches in Calder, near to which village his father had his mansion. The women were imprisoned, and one or two of them died; but the crown counsel would not proceed to trial. The noble family also began to see through the cheat. The boy was sent to sea, and though he is said at one time to have been disposed to try his fits while on board, when the discipline of the navy proved too severe for his cunning, in process of time

* The *procognition* is the record of the preliminary evidence on which the public officers charged in Scotland, with duties intrusted to a grand jury in England, incur the responsibility of sending an accused person to trial.

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he became a good sailor, assisted gallantly in defence of the vessel against the pirates of Angria, and finally was drowned in a storm.

In the year 1722, a Sheriff-depute of Sutherland, Captain David Ross of Littledean, took it upon him, in flagrant violation of the then established rules of jurisdiction, to pronounce the last sentence of death for witchcraft which was ever passed in Scotland. The victim was an insane old woman belonging to the parish of Loth, who had so little idea of her situation as to rejoice at the sight of the fire which was destined to consume her. She had a daughter lame both of hands and feet, a circumstance attributed to the witch's having been used to transform her into a pony, and get her shod by the devil. It does not appear that any punishment was inflicted for this cruel abuse of the law on the person of a creature so helpless; but the son of the lame daughter, he himself distinguished by the same misfortune, was living so lately as to receive the charity of the present Marchioness of Stafford, Countess of Sutherland in her own right, to whom the poor of her extensive country are as well known, as those of the higher order.

Since this deplorable action there has been no judicial interference in Scotland on account of witchcraft, unless to prevent explosions of popular enmity against people suspected of such a crime, of which some instances could be produced. The remains of the superstition sometimes occur; there can be no doubt that the vulgar are still addicted to the custom of scoring above the breath* (as it is termed), and other counter-spells, evincing that the belief in witchcraft is only asleep, and might in remote corners be again awakened to deeds of blood. An instance or two may be quoted, chiefly as facts known to the author himself.

In a remote part of the Highlands, an ignorant and malignant woman seems really to have meditated the destruction of her neighbour's property, by placing in a cow-house, or byre, as we call it, a pot of baked clay, containing locks of hair, parings of nails, and other trumpery. This precious spell was discovered, the design conjectured, and the witch would have been torn to pieces had not a high-spirited and excellent lady in the neighbourhood gathered some of her people (though these were not very fond of the service), and by main force taken the unfortunate creature out of the hands of the populace. The formidable spell is now in my possession.

About two years since, as they were taking down the walls of a building formerly used as a feeding-house for cattle, in the town of Dalkeith, there was found below the threshold-stone the withered heart of some animal stuck full of many scores of pins;—a counter-charm, according to tradition, against the operations of witchcraft

* Drawing blood, that is, by two cuts in the form of a cross on the witch's forehead, confided in all throughout Scotland as the most powerful counter-charm.

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on the cattle which are kept within. Among the almost innumerable droves of bullocks which come down every year from the Highlands for the south, there is scarce one but has a curious knot upon his tail, which is also a precaution, lest an evil eye or an evil spell may do the animal harm.

The last Scottish story with which I will trouble you, happened in or shortly after the year 1800, and the whole circumstances are well known to me. The dearth of the years in the end of the eighteenth and beginning of this century was inconvenient to all, but distressing to the poor. A solitary old woman, in a wild and lonely district, subsisted chiefly by rearing chickens, an operation requiring so much care and attention, that the gentry, and even the farmers' wives, often find it better to buy poultry at a certain age, than to undertake the trouble of bringing them up. As the old woman, in the present instance, fought her way through life better than her neighbours, envy stigmatized her as having some unlawful mode of increasing the gains of her little trade, and apparently she did not take much alarm at the accusation. But she felt, like others, the dearth of the years alluded to, and chiefly because the farmers were unwilling to sell grain in the very moderate quantities which she was able to purchase, and without which her little stock of poultry must have been inevitably starved. In distress on this account, the dame went to a neighbouring farmer, a very good-natured, sensible, honest man, and requested him, as a favour, to sell her a peck of oats at any price. "Good neighbour," he said, "I am sorry to be obliged to refuse you, but my corn is measured out for Dalkeith market; my carts are loaded to set out, and to open these sacks again, and for so small a quantity, would cast my accounts loose, and create much trouble and disadvantage; I dare say you will get all you want at such a place, or such a place." On receiving this answer, the old woman's temper gave way. She scolded the wealthy farmer, and wished evil to his property, which was just setting off for the market. They parted, after some angry language on both sides; and sure enough as the carts crossed the ford of the river beneath the farm-house off came the wheel from one of them, and five or six sacks of corn were damaged by the water. The good farmer hardly knew what to think of this; there were the two circumstances deemed of old essential and sufficient to the crime of witchcraft—*Damnum minatum, et malum secutum.*—Scarce knowing what to believe, he hastened to consult the Sheriff of the county, as a friend rather than as a magistrate, upon a case so extraordinary. The official person showed him that the laws against witchcraft were abrogated, and had little difficulty to bring him to regard the matter in its true light of an accident.

It is strange but true, that the accused herself was not to be reconciled to the sheriff's doctrine so easily. He reminded her, that if

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she used her tongue withso much license she must expose herself to suspicions, and that should coincidences happen to irritate her neighbours, she might suffer harm at a time when there was no one to protect her. He therefore requested her to be more cautious in her language for her own sake, professing, at the same time, his belief that her words and intentions were perfectly harmless, and that he had no apprehension of being hurt by her, let her wish her worst to him. She was rather more angry than pleased at the well-meaning sheriff's scepticism. "I would he laith to wish ony ill either to you or yours, sir," she said; "for I kenna how it is, but something aye comes after my words when I am ill-guided, and speak ower fast." In short, she was obstinate in claiming an influence over the destiny of others by words and wishes, which might have in other times conveyed her to the stake; for which her expressions, their consequences, and her disposition to insist upon their efficacy, would certainly of old have made her a fit victim. At present, the story is scarcely worth mentioning, but as it contains materials resembling those out of which many tragic incidents have arisen.

So low, in short, is now the belief in witchcraft, that, perhaps, it is only received by those half-crazy individuals who feel a species of consequence derived from accidental coincidences, which, were they received by the community in general, would go near, as on former occasions, to cost the lives of those who make their boast of them. At least one hypochondriac patient is known to the author, who believes himself the victim of a gang of witches, and ascribes his illness to their charms, so that he wants nothing but an indulgent judge to awake again the old ideas of sorcery.

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LETTER X.

Other Mystic Arts independent of Witchcraft—Astrology—Its Influence during the 16th and 17th Centuries—Base Ignorance of those who practised it—Lilly's History of his Life and Times—Astrologer's Society—Dr Lamb—Dr Forman—Establishment of the Royal Society—Partridge—Connexion of Astrologers with Elementary Spirits—Dr Dun—Irish Superstition of the Banshie—Similar Superstition in the Highlands—Brownie—Ghosts—Belief of Ancient Philosophers on that Subject—Inquiry into the respect due to such Tales in Modern Times—Evidence of a Ghost against a Murderer—Ghost of Sir George Villiers—Story of Earl St Vincent—of a British General Officer—of an Apparition in France—of the Second Lord Lyttelton—of Bill Jones—of Jarvis Matcham—Trial of two Highlanders for the Murder of Sergeant Davis, discovered by a Ghost—Disturbances at Woodstock, anno 1649—Imposture called the Stockwell Ghost—Similar Case in Scotland—Ghost appearing to an Exciseman—Story of a Disturbed House discovered by the firmness of the Proprietor—Apparition at Plymouth—A Club of Philosophers—Ghost Adventure of a Farmer—Trick upon a veteran Soldier—Ghost Stories recommended by the Skill of the Authors who compose them—Mrs Veal's Ghost—Dunton's Apparition Evidence—Effect of appropriate Scenery to encourage a tendency to Superstition—differs at distant Periods of Life—Night at Glammis Castle about 1791—Visit to Dunvegan in 1814.

WHILE the vulgar endeavoured to obtain a glance into the darkness of futurity by consulting the witch or fortune-teller, the great were supposed to have a royal path of their own, commanding a view from a loftier quarter of the same *terra incognita*. This was represented as accessible by several routes. Physiognomy, Chiromancy, and other fantastic arts of prediction, afforded each its mystical assistance and guidance. But the road most flattering to human vanity, while it was at the same time most seductive to human credulity, was that of Astrology, the queen of mystic sciences, who flattered those who confided in her that the planets and stars in their spheres figure forth and influence the fate of the creatures of mortality, and that a sage acquainted with her lore could predict, with some approach to certainty, the events of any man's career, his chance of success in life or in marriage, his advance in favour of the great, or answer any other horary questions, as they were termed, which he might be anxious to propound, provided always he could supply the exact moment of his birth. This, in the sixteenth, and greater part of the seventeenth centuries, was all that was necessary to enable the astrologer to erect a scheme of the position of the heavenly bodies, which should disclose the life of the interrogator, or Native, as he was called, with all its changes, past, present, and to come.

Imagination was dazzled by a prospect so splendid; and we find that, in the sixteenth century, the cultivation of this fantastic science was the serious object of men whose understandings and acquirements admit of no question. Bacon himself allowed the truth which

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might be found in a well-regulated astrology, making thus a distinction betwixt the art as commonly practised, and the manner in which it might, as he conceived, be made a proper use of. But a grave or sober use of this science, if even Bacon could have taught such moderation, would not have suited the temper of those who, inflamed by hopes of temporal aggrandizement, pretended to understand and explain to others the language of the stars. Almost all the other paths of mystic knowledge led to poverty; even the alchemist, though talking loud and high of the endless treasures his art was to produce, lived from day to day, and from year to year, upon hopes as unsubstantial as the smoke of his furnace. But the pursuits of the astrologer were such as called for instant remuneration. He became rich by the eager hopes and fond credulity of those who consulted him, and that artist lived by duping others, instead of starving, like others, by duping himself. The wisest men have been cheated by the idea that some supernatural influence upheld and guided them; and from the time of Wallenstein to that of Bonaparte, ambition and success have placed confidence in the species of fatalism inspired by a belief of the influence of their own star. Such being the case, the science was little pursued by those who, faithful in their remarks and reports, must soon have discovered its delusive vanity through the splendour of its professions; and the place of such calm and disinterested pursuers of truth was occupied by a set of men sometimes ingenious, always forward and assuming, whose knowledge was imposition, whose responses were, like the oracles of yore, grounded on the desire of deceit, and who, if sometimes they were elevated into rank and fortune, were more frequently found classed with rogues and vagabonds. This was the more apt to be the case that a sufficient stock of impudence, and some knowledge by rote of the terms of art, were all the store of information necessary for establishing a conjurer. The natural consequence of the degraded character of the professors, was the degradation of the art itself. Lilly, who wrote the History of his Own Life and Times, notices in that curious volume the most distinguished persons of his day, who made pretensions to astrology, and almost without exception describes them as profligate, worthless, sharking cheats, abandoned to vice, and imposing, by the grossest frauds, upon the silly fools who consulted them. From what we learn of his own history, Lilly himself, a low-born ignorant man, with some gloomy shades of fanaticism in his temperament, was sufficiently fitted to dupe others, and perhaps cheated himself, merely by perusing, at an advanced period of life, some of the astrological tracts devised by men of less cunning, though perhaps more pretence to science, than he himself might boast. Yet the public still continued to swallow these gross impositions, though coming from such unworthy authority. The astrologers embraced

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different sides of the Civil War, and the king on one side, with the Parliamentary leaders on the other, were both equally curious to know, and eager to believe, what Lilly, Wharton, or Gadbury, had discovered from the heavens, touching the fortune of the strife. Lilly was a prudent person, contriving with some address to shift the sails of his prophetic bark, so as to suit the current of the time, and the gale of fortune. No person could better discover from various omens the course of Charles's misfortunes, so soon as they had come to pass. In the time of the Commonwealth, he foresaw the perpetual destruction of the monarchy, and in 1660, this did not prevent his foreseeing the restoration of King Charles II. He maintained some credit even among the better classes, for Aubrey and Ashmole both called themselves his friends, being persons extremely credulous doubtless respecting the mystic arts. Once a-year, too, the astrologers had a public dinner or feast, where the knaves were patronized by the company of such fools as claimed the title of Philomaths; that is, lovers of the mathematics, by which name were still distinguished those who encouraged the pursuit of mystical prescience, the most opposite possible to exact science. Elias Ashmole, the "most honourable Esquire" to whom Lilly's Life is dedicated, seldom failed to attend; nay, several men of sense and knowledge honoured this rendez-vous. Congreve's picture of a man like Foresight, the dupe of astrology and its sister arts, was then common in society. But the astrologers of the 17th century did not confine themselves to the stars. There was no province of fraud which they did not practise; they were scandalous as panders, and as quacks sold potions for the most unworthy purposes. For such reasons the common people detested the astrologers of the great, as cordially as they did the more vulgar witches of their own sphere.

Dr Lamb, patronized by the Duke of Buckingham, who, like other overgrown favourites, was inclined to cherish astrology, was, in 1640, pulled to pieces in the city of London by the enraged populace, and his maid-servant, thirteen years afterwards, hanged as a witch at Salisbury. In the villanous transaction of the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, in King James's time, much mention was made of the art and skill of Dr Forman, another professor of the same sort with Lamb, who was consulted by the Countess of Essex on the best mode of conducting her guilty intrigue with the Earl of Somerset. He was dead before the affair broke out, which might otherwise have cost him the gibbet, as it did all others concerned, with the exception only of the principal parties, the atrocious authors of the crime. When the cause was tried, some little puppets were produced in court, which were viewed by one party with horror, as representing the most horrid spells. It was even said that the devil was about to

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pull down the court-house on their being discovered. Others of the audience only saw in them the baby figures on which dressmakers then, as now, were accustomed to expose new fashions.

The erection of the Royal Society, dedicated to far different purposes than the pursuits of astrology, had a natural operation in bringing the latter into discredit; and although the credulity of the ignorant and uniformed continued to support some pretenders to that science, the name of Philomath assumed by these persons and their clients began to sink under ridicule and contempt. When Sir Richard Steele set up the paper called the Guardian, he chose, under the title of Nestor Ironside, to assume the character of an astrologer, and issued predictions accordingly, one of which, announcing the death of a person called Partridge, once a shoemaker, but at the time the conductor of an Astrological Almanack, led to a controversy, which was supported with great humour by Swift and other wags. I believe you will find that this, with Swift's Elegy on the same person, is one of the last occasions in which astrology has afforded even a jest to the good people of England.

This dishonoured science has some right to be mentioned in a Treatise on Demonology, because the earlier astrologers, though denying the use of all necromancy, that is, unlawful or black magic, pretended always to a correspondence with the various spirits of the elements, on the principles of the Rosicrucian philosophy. They affirmed they could bind to their service and imprison in a ring, a mirror, or a stone, some fairy sylph, or salamander, and compel it to appear when called, and render answers to such questions as the viewer should propose. It is remarkable that the sage himself did not pretend to see the spirit; but the task of viewer, or reader, was intrusted to a third party, a boy or girl usually under the years of puberty. Dr Dee, an excellent mathematician, had a stone of this kind, and is said to have been imposed upon concerning the spirits attached to it, their actions and answers, by the report of one Kelly, who acted as his viewer. The unfortunate Dee was ruined by his associates both in fortune and reputation. His show-stone, or mirror, is still preserved, among other curiosities, in the British Museum. Some superstition of the same kind was introduced by the celebrated Count Cagliostro, during the course of the intrigue respecting the diamond necklace, in which the late Marie Antoinette was so unfortunately implicated.

Dismissing this general class of impostors, who are now seldom heard of, we come now briefly to mention some leading superstitions, once, perhaps, common to all the countries of Europe, but now restricted to those which continue to be inhabited by an undisturbed and native race. Of these, one of the most beautiful is the Irish fic-

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tion, which assigns to certain families of ancient descent and distinguished rank the privilege of a Banshie, as she is called, or household fairy, whose office it is to appear, seemingly mourning while she announces the approaching death of some one of the destined race. The subject has been so lately and beautifully illustrated by Mr Crofton Croker and others, that I may dispense with being very particular regarding it. If I am rightly informed, the distinction of a banshie is only allowed to families of the pure Milesian stock, and is never ascribed to any descendant of the proudest Norman or boldest Saxon who followed the banner of Earl Strongbow, much less to adventurers of later date who have obtained settlements in the Green Isle.

Several families of the Highlands of Scotland anciently laid claim to the distinction of an attendant spirit, who performed the office of the Irish banshie. Amongst them, however, the functions of this attendant genius, whose form and appearance differed in different cases, were not limited to announcing the dissolution of those whose days were numbered. The Highlanders contrived to exact from them other points of service, sometimes as warding off dangers of battle; at others, as guarding and protecting the infant heir through the dangers of childhood; and sometimes as condescending to interfere even in the sports of the chieftain, and point out the fittest move to be made at chess, or the best card to be played at any other game. Among those spirits who have deigned to vouch their existence by appearance of late years, is that of an ancestor of the family of MacLean of Lochbuy. Before the death of any of his race, the phantom-chief gallops along the sea-beach, near to the castle, announcing the event by cries and lamentations. The spectre is said to have rode his rounds and uttered his death-cries within these few years, in consequence of which, the family and clan, though much shocked, were in no way surprised, to hear, by next accounts, that their gallant chief was dead at Lisbon, where he served under Lord Wellington.

Of a meaner origin and occupation was the Scottish Brownie—already mentioned, as somewhat resembling Robin Goodfellow in the frolicsome days of Old England. This spirit was easily banished, or, as it was styled, hired away, by the offer of clothes or food; but many of the simple inhabitants could little see the prudence of parting with such a useful domestic drudge, who served faithfully, without fee and reward, food or raiment. Neither was it at all times safe to reject Brownie's assistance. Thus, we are informed by Brand, that a young man in the Orkneys "used to brew, and sometimes read upon his Bible; to whom an old woman in the house said, that Brownie was displeased with that book he read upon, which, if he continued to do, they would get no more service of Brownie; but he being better

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instructed from that book, which was Brownie's eyesore, and the object of his wrath, when he brewed, would not suffer any sacrifice to be given to Brownie; whereupon the first and second brewings were spoilt, and for no use, for though the wort wrought well, yet in a little time it left off working, and grew cold; but of the third proust, or brewing, he had ale very good, though he would not give any sacrifice to Brownie, with whom afterwards they were no more troubled." Another story of the same kind is told of a lady in Uist, who refused, on religious grounds, the usual sacrifice to this domestic spirit. The first and second brewings failed, but the third succeeded; and thus, when Brownie lost the perquisite to which he had been so long accustomed, he abandoned the inhospitable house, where his services had so long been faithfully rendered. The last place in the south of Scotland supposed to have been honoured or benefited, by the residence of a Brownie, was Bodsbeck, in Moffatdale, which has been the subject of an entertaining tale by Mr James Hogg, the self-instructed genius of Ettrick Forest.

These particular superstitions, however, are too limited, and too much obliterated from recollection, to call for special discussion. The general faith in fairies has already undergone our consideration; but something remains to be said upon another species of superstition, so general, that it may be called proper to mankind in every climate; so deeply rooted also in human belief, that it is found to survive in states of society during which all other fictions of the same order are entirely dismissed from influence. Mr Crabbe, with his usual felicity, has called the belief in ghosts "the last lingering fiction of the brain."

Nothing appears more simple at the first view of the subject, than that human memory should recall and bring back to the eye of the imagination, in perfect similitude, even the very form and features of a person with whom we have been long conversant, or which have been imprinted in our minds with indelible strength, by some striking circumstances touching our meeting in life. The son does not easily forget the aspect of an affectionate father; and, for reasons opposite, but equally powerful, the countenance of a murdered person is engraved upon the recollection of his slayer. A thousand additional circumstances, far too obvious to require recapitulation, render the supposed apparition of the dead the most ordinary spectral phenomenon which is ever believed to occur among the living. All that we have formerly said respecting supernatural appearances in general, applies with peculiar force to the belief of ghosts; for whether the cause of delusion exists in an excited imagination or a disordered organic system, it is in this way that it commonly exhibits itself. Hence Lucretius himself, the most absolute of sceptics, considers the existence of ghosts, and their frequent apparition, as facts so un-

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deniable, that he endeavours to account for them at the expense of assenting to a class of phenomena very irreconcilable to his general system. As he will not allow of the existence of the human soul, and at the same time cannot venture to question the phenomena supposed to haunt the repositories of the dead, he is obliged to adopt the belief that the body consists of several coats like those of an onion, and that the outmost and thinnest, being detached by death, continues to wander near the place of sepulture, in the exact resemblance of the person while alive.

We have said there are many ghost stories which we do not feel at liberty to challenge as impostures, because we are confident that those who relate them on their own authority actually believe what they assert, and may have good reason for doing so, though there is no real phantom after all. We are far, therefore, from averring that such tales are necessarily false. It is easy to suppose the visionary has been imposed upon by a lively dream, a waking reverie, the excitation of a powerful imagination, or the misrepresentation of a diseased organ of sight; and, in one or other of these causes, to say nothing of a system of deception which may in many instances be probable, we apprehend a solution will be found for all cases of what are called real ghost stories.

In truth, the evidence with respect to such apparitions is very seldom accurately or distinctly questioned. A supernatural tale is, in most cases, received as an agreeable mode of amusing society, and he would be rather accounted a sturdy moralist than an entertaining companion, who should employ himself in assailing its credibility. It would indeed be a solecism in manners, something like that of impeaching the genuine value of the antiquities exhibited by a good-natured collector, for the gratification of his guests. This difficulty will appear greater, should a company have the rare good fortune to meet the person who himself witnessed the wonders which he tells; a well-bred or prudent man will, under such circumstances, abstain from using the rules of cross-examination practised in a court of justice; and if in any case he presumes to do so, he is in danger of receiving answers, even from the most candid and honourable persons, which are rather fitted to support the credit of the story which they stand committed to maintain, than to the pure service of unadorned truth. The narrator is asked, for example, some unimportant question with respect to the apparition; he answers it on the hasty suggestion of his own imagination, tinged as it is with belief of the general fact, and by doing so, often gives a feature of minute evidence which was before wanting, and this with perfect unconsciousness on his own part. It is a rare occurrence, indeed, to find an opportunity of dealing with an actual ghost-seer; such in-

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stances, however, I have certainly myself met with, and that in the case of able, wise, candid, and resolute persons, of whose veracity I had every reason to be confident. But in such instances, shades of mental aberration have afterwards occurred, which sufficiently accounted for the supposed apparitions, and will incline me always to feel alarmed in behalf of the continued health of a friend, who should conceive himself to have witnessed such a visitation.

The nearest approximation which can be generally made to exact evidence in this case, is the word of some individual who has had the story, it may be, from the person to whom it has happened, but most likely from his family, or some friend of the family. Far more commonly, the narrator possesses no better means of knowledge than that of dwelling in the country where the thing happened, or being well acquainted with the outside of the mansion in the inside of which the ghost appeared.

In every point, the evidence of such a second-hand retailer of the mystic story must fall under the adjudged case in an English court. The judge stopped a witness who was about to give an account of the murder upon trial, as it was narrated to him by the ghost of the murdered person. "Hold, sir," said his lordship; "the ghost is an excellent witness, and his evidence the best possible; but he cannot be heard by proxy in this court. Summon him hither, and I'll hear him in person; but your communication is mere hearsay, which my office compels me to reject." Yet it is upon the credit of one man, who pledges it upon that of three or four persons who have told it successively to each other, that we are often expected to believe an incident inconsistent with the laws of nature, however agreeable to our love of the wonderful and the horrible.

In estimating the truth or falsehood of such stories, it is evident we can derive no proofs from that period of society when men affirmed boldy, and believed stoutly, all the wonders which could be coined or fancied. That such stories are believed and told by grave historians, only shows that the wisest men cannot rise in all things above the general ignorance of their age. Upon the evidence of such historians, we might as well believe the portents of ancient, or the miracles of modern, Rome. For example, we read in Clarendon, of the apparition of the ghost of Sir George Villiers to an ancient dependant. This is, no doubt, a story told by a grave author, at a time when such stories were believed by all the world; but does it follow that our reason must acquiesce in a statement so positively contradicted by the voice of Nature, through all her works? The miracle of raising a dead man was positively refused by our Saviour to the Jews, who demanded it as a proof of his mission; because they had already sufficient grounds of conviction, and, as they believed them not, it was irre-

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sistibly argued by the Divine Person whom they tempted, that neither would they believe if one arose from the dead. Shall we suppose that a miracle refused for the conversion of God's chosen people, was sent on a vain errand, to save the life of a profligate spendthrift? I lay aside, you observe, entirely, the not unreasonable supposition that Towers, or whatever was the ghost-seer's name, desirous to make an impression upon Buckingham, as an old servant of his house, might be tempted to give him his advice, of which we are not told the import, in the character of his father's spirit, and authenticate the tale by the mention of some token known to him as a former retainer of the family. The Duke was superstitious, and the ready dupe of astrologers and soothsayers. The manner in which he had provoked the fury of the people, must have warned every reflecting person of his approaching fate; and, the age considered, it was not unnatural that a faithful friend should take this mode of calling his attention to his perilous situation. Or, if we suppose that the incident was not a mere pretext to obtain access to the Duke's ear, the messenger may have been imposed upon by an idle dream—in a word numberless conjectures might be formed for accounting for the event in a natural way, the most extravagant of which is more probable, than that the laws of nature were broken through in order to give a vain and fruitless warning to an ambitious minion.

It is the same with all those that are called accredited ghost stories usually told at the fireside. They want evidence. It is true, that the general wish to believe, rather than power of believing, has given some such stories a certain currency in society. I may mention, as one of the class of tales I mean, that of the late Earl St Vincent, who watched, with a friend, it is said, a whole night, in order to detect the cause of certain nocturnal disturbances which took place in a certain mansion. The house was under lease to Mrs Ricketts, his sister. The result of his lordship's vigil is said to have been, that he heard the noises, without being able to detect the causes, and insisted on his sister giving up the house. This is told as a real story, with a thousand different circumstances. But who has heard or seen an authentic account from Earl St Vincent, or from his "companion of the watch," or from his lordship's sister? And as in any other case, such sure species of direct evidence would be necessary to prove the facts, it seems unreasonable to believe such a story on slighter terms. When the particulars are precisely fixed and known, it might be time to inquire whether Lord St Vincent, amid the other eminent qualities of a first-rate seaman, might not be in some degree tinged with their tendency to superstition; and still farther, whether, having ascertained the existence of disturbances not immediately or easily detected, his lordship might not advise his sister rather to remove, than to

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remain in a house so haunted, though he might believe that poachers or smugglers were the worst ghosts by whom it was disturbed.

The story of two highly respectable officers in the British army, who are supposed to have seen the spectre of the brother of one of them in a hut, or barrack, in America, is also one of those accredited ghost tales, which attain a sort of brevet rank as true, from the mention of respectable names as the parties who witnessed the vision. But we are left without a glimpse when, how, and in what terms, this story obtained its currency; as also by whom, and in what manner it was first circulated; and among the numbers by whom it has been quoted, although all agree in the general event, scarcely two, even of those who pretend to the best information, tell the story in the same way.

Another such story, in which the name of a lady of condition is made use of as having seen an apparition in a country-seat in France, is so far better borne out than those I have mentioned, that I have seen a narrative of the circumstances, attested by the party principally concerned. That the house was disturbed seems to be certain, but the circumstances (though very remarkable) did not, in my mind, by any means exclude the probability that the disturbance and appearances were occasioned by the dexterous management of some mischievously-disposed persons.

The remarkable circumstance of Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton, prophesying his own death within a few minutes, upon the information of an apparition, has been always quoted as a true story. But of late it has been said and published, that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to ascertain the execution of the prediction. It was no doubt singular that a man, who meditated his exit from the world, should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead, to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire.

To this list other stories of the same class might be added. But it is sufficient to show that such stories as these, having gained a certain degree of currency in the world, and bearing creditable names on their front, walk through society unchallenged, like bills through a bank, when they bear respectable indorsations, although, it may be, the signatures are forged after all. There is, indeed, an unwillingness very closely to examine such subjects, for the secret fund of superstition in every man's bosom, is gratified by believing them to be true, or at least induces him to abstain from challenging them as false. And no doubt it must happen that the transpiring of incidents, in which men have actually seen, or conceived that they saw, apparitions

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which were invisible to others, contributes to the increase of such stories—which do accordingly sometimes meet us in a shape of veracity difficult to question.

The following story was narrated to me by my friend Mr William Clerk, chief clerk to the Jury Court, Edinburgh, when he first learned it, now nearly thirty years ago, from a passenger in the mail-coach. With Mr Clerk's consent, I gave the story at that time to poor Mat Lewis, who published it with a ghost-ballad which he adjusted on the same theme. From the minuteness of the original detail, however, the narrative is better calculated for prose than verse; and more especially, as the friend to whom it was originally communicated, is one of the most accurate, intelligent, and acute persons whom I have known in the course of my life, I am willing to preserve the precise story in this place.

It was about the eventful year 1800, when the Emperor Paul laid his ill-judged embargo on British trade, that my friend Mr William Clerk, on a journey to London, found himself in company, in the mail-coach, with a seafaring man of middle age and respectable appearance, who announced himself as master of a vessel in the Baltic trade, and a sufferer by the embargo. In the course of the desultory conversation which takes place on such occasions, the seaman observed, in compliance with a common superstition, "I wish we may have good luck on our journey—there is a magpie."—"And why should that be unlucky?" said my friend.—"I cannot tell you that," replied the sailor; "but all the world agrees that one magpie bodes bad luck—two are not so bad, but three are the devil. I never saw three magpies but twice, and once I had near lost my vessel, and the second I fell from a horse, and was hurt." This conversation led Mr Clerk to observe, that he supposed he believed also in ghosts, since he credited such auguries. "And if I do," said the sailor, "I may have my own reasons for doing so;" and he spoke this in a deep and serious manner, implying that he felt deeply what he was saying. On being further urged, he confessed that, if he could believe his own eyes, there was one ghost at least which he had seen repeatedly. He then told his story as I now relate it.

Our mariner had, in his youth, gone mate of a slave vessel from Liverpool, of which town he seemed to be a native. The captain of the vessel was a man of a variable temper sometimes kind and courteous to his men, but subject to fits of humour, dislike, and passion, during which he was very violent, tyrannical, and cruel. He took a particular dislike at one sailor aboard, an elderly man, called Bill Jones, or some such name. He seldom spoke to this person without threats and abuse, which the old man, with the license which sailors take in merchant-vessels, was very apt to return. On one occasion, Bill Jones appeared slow in getting out on the yard to hand a sail.

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The captain, according to custom, abused the seaman as a lubberly rascal, who got fat by leaving his duty to other people. The man made a saucy answer, almost amounting to mutiny, on which, in a towering passion, the captain ran down to his cabin, and returned with a blunderbuss loaded with slugs, with which he took deliberate aim at the supposed mutineer, fired, and mortally wounded him. The man was handed down from the yard, and stretched on the deck, evidently dying. He fixed his eyes on the captain, and said, "Sir, you have done for me but *I will never leave you.*" The captain, in return, swore at him for a fat lubber, and said he would have him thrown into the slave-kettle, where they made food for the negroes, and see how much fat he had got. The man died; his body, was actually thrown into the slave-kettle, and the narrator observed, with a *naïveté* which confirmed the extent of his own belief in the truth of what he told, "There was not much fat about him after all."

The captain told the crew they must keep absolute silence on the subject of what had passed; and as the mate was not willing to give an explicit and absolute promise, he ordered him to be confined below. After a day or two, he came to the mate, and demanded if he had an intention to deliver him up for trial when the vessel got home. The mate, who was tired of close confinement in that sultry climate, spoke his commander fair, and obtained his liberty. When he mingled among the crew once more, he found them impressed with the idea, not unnatural in their situation, that the ghost of the dead man appeared among them when they had a spell of duty, especially if a sail was to be handed, on which occasion the spectre was sure to be out upon the yard before any of the crew. The narrator had seen this apparition himself repeatedly—he believed the captain saw it also, but he took no notice of it for some time, and the crew, terrified at the violent temper of the man, dared not call his attention to it. Thus, they held on their course homeward, with great fear and anxiety.

At length the captain invited the mate, who was now in a sort of favour, to go down to the cabin and take a glass of grog with him. In this interview, he assumed a very grave and anxious aspect. "I need not tell you, Jack," he said, "what sort of hand we have got on board with us—He told me he would never leave me, and he has kept his word—You only see him now and then, but he is always by my side, and never out of my sight. At this very moment I see him—I am determined to bear it no longer, and I have resolved to leave you."

The mate replied, that his leaving the vessel while out of the sight of any land was impossible. He advised, that if the captain apprehended any bad consequences from what had happened, he should run for the west of France or Ireland, and there go ashore, and leave

him, the mate, to carry the vessel into Liverpool. The captain only shook his head gloomily, and reiterated his determination to leave the ship. At this moment, the mate was called to the deck for some purpose or other, and the instant he got up the companion-ladder, he heard a splash in the water, and looking over the ship's side saw the captain had thrown himself into the sea from the quarter-gallery, and was running astern at the rate of six knots an hour. When just about to sink, he seemed to make a last exertion, sprung half out of the water, and clasped his hands towards the mate, calling, "By——, Bill is with me now!" and then sunk to be seen no more.

After hearing this singular story, Mr Clerk asked some questions about the captain, and whether his companion considered him as at all times rational. The sailor seemed struck with the question, and answered, after a moment's delay, that in general *he conversationed well enough*.

It would have been desirable to have been able to ascertain how far this extraordinary tale was founded on fact; but want of time, and other circumstances, prevented Mr Clerk from learning the names and dates, that might, to a certain degree, have verified the events. Granting the murder to have taken place, and the tale to have been truly told, there was nothing more likely to arise among the ship's company than the belief in the apparition; as the captain was a man of a passionate and irritable disposition, it was nowise improbable that he, the victim of remorse should participate in the horrible visions of those less concerned, especially as he was compelled to avoid communicating his sentiments with any one else; and the catastrophe would in such a case be but the natural consequence of that superstitious remorse, which has conducted so many criminals to suicide or the gallows. If the fellow-traveller of Mr Clerk be not allowed this degree of credit, he must at least be admitted to have displayed a singular talent for the composition of the horrible in fiction. The tale, properly detailed, might have made the fortune of a romancer.

I cannot forbear giving you, as congenial to this story, another instance of a guilt-formed phantom, which made considerable noise about twenty years ago or more. I am, I think, tolerably correct in the details, though I have lost the account of the trial. Jarvis Matcham—such, if I am not mistaken, was the name of my hero—was pay-sergeant in a regiment, where he was so highly esteemed as a steady and accurate man, that he was permitted opportunity to embezzle a considerable part of the money lodged in his hands for pay of soldiers, bounty of recruits, then a large sum, and other charges which fell within his duty. He was summoned to join his regiment from a town where he had been on the recruiting service, and this perhaps under some shade of suspicion. Matcham perceived discovery was at hand, and would have deserted, had it not been for the pre-

sence of a little drummer lad, who was the only one of his party appointed to attend him. In the desperation of his crime, he resolved to murder the poor boy, and avail himself of some balance of money to make his escape. He meditated this wickedness the more readily, that the drummer, he thought, had been put as a spy on him. He perpetrated his crime, and, changing his dress after the deed was done, made a long walk across the country to an inn on the Portsmouth road, where he halted, and went to bed, desiring to be called when the first Portsmouth coach came. The waiter summoned him accordingly but long after remembered, that when he shook the guest by the shoulder, his first words as he awoke were, "My God! I did not kill him."

Matcham went to the seaport by the coach, and instantly entered as an able-bodied landsman or marine, I know not which. His sobriety and attention to duty gained him the same good opinion of the officers in his new service which he had enjoyed in the army. He was afloat for several years, and behaved remarkably well in some actions. At length the vessel came into Plymouth, was paid off, and some of the crew, amongst whom was Jarvis Matcham, were dismissed as too old for service. He and another seaman resolved to walk to town, and took the route by Salisbury. It was when within two or three miles of this celebrated city, that they were overtaken by a tempest so sudden, and accompanied with such vivid lightning, and thunder so dreadfully loud, that the obdurate conscience of the old sinner began to be awakened. He expressed more terror than seemed natural for one who was familiar with the war of elements, and began to look and talk so wildly, that his companion became aware that something more than usual was the matter. At length Matcham complained to his companion that the stones rose from the road and flew after him. He desired the man to walk on the other side of the highway, to see if they would follow him when he was alone. The sailor complied, and Jarvis Matcham complained that the stones still flew after him, and did not pursue the other. "But what is worse," he added, coming up to his companion and whispering, with a tone of mystery and fear, "who is that little drummer boy, and what business has he to follow us so closely?"—"I can see no one," answered the seaman, infected by the superstition of his associate. "What! not see that little boy with the bloody pantaloons!" exclaimed the secret murderer, so much to the terror of his comrade, that he conjured him, if he had any thing on his mind, to make a clear conscience as far as confession could do it. The criminal fetched a deep groan, and declared that he was unable longer to endure the life which he had led for years. He then confessed the murder of the drummer, and added, that as a considerable reward had been offered, he wished his comrade to deliver him up to the

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magistrates of Salisbury, as he would desire a shipmate to profit by his fate, which he was now convinced was inevitable. Having overcome his friend's objections to this mode of proceeding, Jarvis Matcham was surrendered to justice accordingly, and made a full confession of his guilt. But before the trial the love of life returned. The prisoner denied his confession, and pleaded Not Guilty. By this time, however, full evidence had been procured from other quarters. Witnesses appeared from his former regiment to prove his identity with the murderer and deserter, and the waiter remembered the ominous words which he had spoken when he awoke him to join the Portsmouth coach. Jarvis Matcham was found guilty and executed. When his last chance of life was over, he returned to his confession, and with his dying breath averred, and truly, as he thought, the truth of the vision on Salisbury plain. Similar stories might be produced, showing plainly that, under the direction of Heaven, the influence of superstitious fear may be the appointed means of bringing the criminal to repentance for his own sake, and to punishment for the advantage of society.

Cases of this kind are numerous, and easily imagined, so I shall dwell on them no further; but rather advert to at least an equally abundant class of ghost stories, in which the apparition is pleased not to torment the actual murderer, but proceeds in a very circuitous manner, acquainting some stranger or ignorant old woman with the particulars of his fate, who, though perhaps unacquainted with all the parties, is directed by the phantom to lay the facts before a magistrate. In this respect, we must certainly allow that ghosts have, as we are informed by the facetious Captain Grose, forms and customs peculiar to themselves.

There would be no edification, and little amusement, in treating of clumsy deceptions of this kind, where the grossness of the imposture detects itself. But occasionally cases occur like the following, with respect to which it is more difficult, to use James Boswell's phrase, "to know what to think."

Upon the 10th of June, 1754, Duncan Terig, *alias* Clerk, and Alexander Bain MacDonald, two Highlanders, were tried before the court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, for the murder of Arthur Davis, sergeant in Guise's regiment, on the 28th September, 1749. The accident happened not long after the civil war, the embers of which were still reeking, so there existed too many reasons on account of which an English soldier, straggling far from assistance, might be privately cut off by the inhabitants of these wilds. It appears that Sergeant Davis was amissing for years, without any certainty as to his fate. At length, an account of the murder appeared from the evidence of one Alexander MacPherson (a Highlander, speaking no language but Gaelic, and sworn by an interpreter), who gave the following extra-

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ordinary account of his cause of knowledge:—He was, he said, in bed in his cottage, when an apparition came to his bedside, and commanded him to rise and follow him out of doors. Believing his visitor to be one Farquharson, a neighbour and friend, the witness did as he was bid; and when they were without the cottage, the appearance told the witness he was the ghost of Sergeant Davis, and requested him to go and bury his mortal remains, which lay concealed in a place he pointed out, in a moor-land tract called the hill of Christie. He desired him to take Farquharson with him as an assistant. Next day the witness went to the place specified, and there found the bones of a human body much decayed. The witness did not at that time bury the bones so found, in consequence of which negligence the sergeant's ghost again appeared to him, upbraiding him with his breach of promise. On this occasion the witness asked the ghost who were the murderers, and received for answer that he had been slain by the prisoners at the bar. The witness, after this second visitation, called the assistance of Farquharson, and buried the body.

Farquharson was brought in evidence, to prove that the preceding witness, MacPherson, had called him to the burial of the bones, and told him the same story which he repeated in court. Isabel MacHardie, a person who slept in one of the beds which run along the wall in an ordinary Highland hut, declared that upon the night when MacPherson said he saw the ghost, she saw a naked man enter the house, and go towards MacPherson's bed.

Yet though the supernatural incident was thus fortified, and although there were other strong presumptions against the prisoners, the story of the apparition threw an air of ridicule on the whole evidence for the prosecution. It was followed up by the counsel for the prisoners asking, in the cross-examination of MacPherson, "What language did the ghost speak in?" The witness, who was himself ignorant of English, replied, "As good Gaelic as I ever heard in Lochaber."—"Pretty well for the ghost of an English sergeant," answered the counsel. The inference was rather smart and plausible than sound, for, the apparition of the ghost being admitted, we know too little of the other world to judge whether all languages may not be alike familiar to those who belong to it. It imposed, however, on the jury, who found the accused parties Not Guilty, although their counsel and solicitor, and most of the court, were satisfied of their having committed the murder. In this case, the interference of the ghost seems to have rather impeded the vengeance which it was doubtless the murdered sergeant's desire to obtain. Yet there may be various modes of explaining this mysterious story, of which the following conjecture may pass for one.

The reader may suppose that MacPherson was privy to the fact of the murder, perhaps as an accomplice, or otherwise, and may also

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suppose, that from motives of remorse for the action, or of enmity to those who had committed it, he entertained a wish to bring them to justice. But through the whole Highlands there is no character more detestable than that of an informer, or one who takes what is called Tascal-money, or reward for the discovery of crimes. To have informed against Terig and MacDonald might have cost MacPherson his life; and it is far from being impossible, that he had recourse to the story of the ghost, knowing well that his superstitious countrymen would pardon his communicating the commission entrusted to him by a being from the other world, although he might probably have been murdered, if his delation of the crime had been supposed voluntary. This explanation, in exact conformity with the sentiments of the Highlanders on such subjects, would reduce the whole story to a stroke of address on the part of the witness.

It is therefore of the last consequence, in considering the truth of stories of ghosts and apparitions, to consider the possibility of wilful deception, whether on the part of those who are agents in the supposed disturbances, or the author of the legend. We shall separately notice an instance or two of either kind.

The most celebrated instance in which human agency was used to copy the disturbances imputed to supernatural beings, refers to the ancient palace of Woodstock, when the Commissioners of the Long Parliament came down to dispark what had been lately a royal residence. The Commissioners arrived at Woodstock 13th October, 1649, determined to wipe away the memory of all that connected itself with the recollection of monarchy in England. But, in the course of their progress, they were encountered by obstacles which apparently came from the next world. Their bedchambers were infested with visits of a thing resembling a dog, but which came and passed as mere earthly dogs cannot do. Logs of wood, the remains of a very large tree called the King's Oak, which they had splintered into billets for burning, were tossed through the house, and the chairs displaced and shuffled about. While they were in bed, the feet of their couches were lifted higher than their heads, and then dropped with violence. Trenchers "without a wish" flew at their heads, of free will. Thunder and lightning came next, which were set down to the same cause. Spectres made their appearance, as they thought, in different shapes; and one of the party saw the apparition of a hoof which kicked a candlestick and lighted candle into the middle of the room, and then politely scratched on the red snuff to extinguish it. Other and worse tricks were practised on the astonished Commissioners, who, considering that all the fiends of hell were let loose upon them, retreated from Woodstock, without completing an errand, which was, in their opinion, impeded by infernal powers, though

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the opposition was rather of a playful and malicious, than of a dangerous cast.

The whole matter was, after the Restoration, discovered to be the trick of one of their own party, who had attended the Commissioners as a clerk, under the name of Giles Sharp. This man, whose real name was Joseph Collins of Oxford, called *Funny Joe*, was a concealed loyalist, and well acquainted with the old mansion of Woodstock, where he had been brought up before the Civil War. Being a bold, active, spirited man, Joe availed himself of his local knowledge of trap-doors and private passages, so as to favour the tricks which he played off upon his masters by aid of his fellow-domestics. The Commissioners' personal reliance on him made his task the more easy, and it was all along remarked that trusty Giles Sharp saw the most extraordinary sights and visions among the whole party. The unearthly terrors experienced by the Commissioners are detailed with due gravity by Sinclair, and also, I think, by Dr Plott. But although the detection or explanation of the real history of the Woodstock demons has also been published, and I have myself seen it, I have at this time forgotten whether it exists in a separate collection, or where it is to be looked for.

Similar disturbances have been often experienced, while it was the custom to believe in and dread such frolics of the invisible world, and under circumstances which induce us to wonder, both at the extreme trouble taken by the agents in these impostures, and the slight motives from which they have been induced to do much wanton mischief. Still greater is our modern surprise at the apparently simple means by which terror has been excited to so general an extent, that even the wisest and most prudent have not escaped its contagious influence.

On the first point, I am afraid there can be no better reason assigned than the conscious pride of superiority, which induces the human being in all cases to enjoy and practise every means of employing an influence over his fellow-mortals; to which we may safely add, that general love of tormenting, as common to our race as to that noble mimic of humanity, the monkey. To this is owing the delight with which every school-boy anticipates the effects of throwing a stone into a glass-shop; and to this we must also ascribe the otherwise unaccountable pleasure which individuals have taken in practising the tricksy pranks of a goblin, and filling a household or neighbourhood with anxiety and dismay, with little gratification to themselves besides the consciousness of dexterity if they remain undiscovered, and with the risk of loss of character and punishment should the imposture be found out.

In the year 1772, a train of transactions commencing upon Twelfth

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Day threw the utmost consternation into the village of Stockwell, near London, and impressed upon some of its inhabitants the inevitable belief that they were produced by invisible agents. The plates, dishes, china and glass-ware, and small movables of every kind, contained in the house of Mrs Golding, an elderly lady, seemed suddenly to become animated, shifted their places, flew through the room, and were broken to pieces. The particulars of this commotion were as curious, as the loss and damage occasioned in this extraordinary manner were alarming and intolerable. Amidst this combustion, a young woman, Mrs Golding's maid, named Anne Robinson, was walking backwards and forwards, nor could she be prevailed on to sit down for a moment, excepting while the family were at prayers, during which time no disturbance happened. This Anne Robinson had been but a few days in the old lady's service, and it was remarkable that she endured with great composure the extraordinary display which others beheld with terror, and coolly advised her mistress not to be alarmed or uneasy, as these things could not be helped. This excited an idea that she had some reason for being so composed, not inconsistent with a degree of connexion with what was going forward. The afflicted Mrs Golding, as she might be well termed, considering such a commotion and demolition among her goods and chattels, invited neighbours to stay in her house; but they soon became unable to bear the sight of these supernatural proceedings, which went so far, that not above two cups and saucers remained out of a valuable set of china. She next abandoned her dwelling, and took refuge with a neighbour; but, finding his movables were seized with the same sort of St Vitus's dance, her landlord reluctantly refused to shelter any longer a woman who seemed to be persecuted by so strange a subject of vexation. Mrs Golding's suspicions against Anne Robinson now gaining ground, she dismissed her maid, and the hubbub among her movables ceased at once and for ever.

This circumstance of itself indicates that Anne Robinson was the cause of these extraordinary disturbances, as has been since more completely ascertained by a Mr Brayfield, who persuaded Anne, long after the events had happened, to make him her confident. There was a love story connected with the case, in which the only magic was the dexterity of Anne Robinson, and the simplicity of the spectators. She had fixed long horse-hairs to some of the crockery, and placed wires under others, by which she could throw them down without touching them. Other things she dexterously threw about, which the spectators, who did not watch her motions, imputed to invisible agency. At times, when the family were absent, she loosened the hold of the strings by which the hams, bacon, and similar articles were suspended, so that they fell on the slightest motion. She employed some simple chemical secrets; and, delighted

with the success of her pranks, pushed them farther than she at first intended. Such was the solution of the whole mystery which, known by the name of the Stockwell ghost, terrified many well-meaning persons, and had been nearly as famous as that of Cock-lane, which may be hinted at as another imposture of the same kind. So many and wonderful are the appearances described, that, when I first met with the original publication, I was strongly impressed with the belief that the narrative was, like some of Swift's advertisements, a jocular experiment upon the credulity of the public. But it was certainly published *bonâ fide**, and Mr Hone, on the authority of Mr Brayfield, has since fully explained the wonder.

Many such impositions have been detected, and many others have been successfully concealed; but to know what has been discovered in many instances, gives us the assurance of the ruling cause in all. I remember a scene of the kind attempted to be got up near Edinburgh, but detected at once by a sheriff's officer, a sort of persons whose habits of incredulity and suspicious observation render them very dangerous spectators on such occasions. The late excellent Mr Walker, minister of Dunottar, in the Mearns, gave me a curious account of an imposture of this kind, practised by a young country girl, who was surprisingly quick at throwing stones, turf, and other missiles, with such dexterity, that it was for a long time impossible to ascertain her agency in the disturbances of which she was the sole cause.

The belief of the spectators, that such scenes of disturbance arise from invisible beings, will appear less surprising, if we consider the common feats of jugglers, or professors of legerdemain, and recollect that it is only the frequent exhibition of such powers which reconciles us to them as matters of course, although they are wonders at which, in our fathers' time, men would have cried out either sorcery or miracles. The spectator also, who has been himself duped, makes no very respectable appearance when convicted of his error; and thence, if too candid to add to the evidence of supernatural agency, is yet unwilling to stand convicted, by cross-examination, of having been imposed on, and unconsciously becomes disposed rather to colour more highly than the truth, than acquiesce in an explanation resting on his having been too hasty a believer. Very often, too, the detection depends upon the combination of certain circumstances, which, apprehended, necessarily explain the whole story.

For example, I once heard a sensible and intelligent friend in company express himself convinced of the truth of a wonderful story told him by an intelligent and bold man, about an apparition. The scene lay in an ancient castle on the coast of Morven, or the Isle of Mull,

* See Hone's *Every-Day Book*, p. 62.

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where the ghost-seer chanced to be resident. He was given to understand by the family, when betaking himself to rest, that the chamber in which he slept was occasionally disquieted by supernatural appearances. Being at that time no believer in such stories, he attended little to this hint, until the witching hour of night, when he was awakened from a dead sleep by the pressure of a human hand on his body. He looked up at the figure of a tall Highlander in the antique and picturesque dress of his country, only that his brows were bound with a bloody bandage. Struck with sudden and extreme fear, he was willing to have sprung from bed, but the spectre stood before him in the bright moonlight, its one arm extended, so as to master him if he attempted to rise; the other hand held up in a warning and grave posture, as menacing the Lowlander if he should attempt to quit his recumbent posture. Thus he lay in mortal agony for more than an hour, after which it pleased the spectre of ancient days to leave him to more sound repose. So singular a story had on its side the usual number of votes from the company, till, upon cross-examination, it was explained that the principal person concerned was an exciseman; after which *éclaircissement*, the same explanation struck all present, viz., that the Highlanders of the mansion had chosen to detain the exciseman by the apparition of an ancient heroic ghost, in order to disguise from his vigilance the removal of certain modern enough spirits, which his duty might have called upon him to seize. Here a single circumstance explained the whole ghost story.

At other times it happens that the meanness and trifling nature of a cause not very obvious to observation, has occasioned it to be entirely overlooked, even on account of that very meanness, since no one is willing to acknowledge that he has been alarmed by a cause of little consequence, and which he would be ashamed of mentioning. An incident of this sort happened to a gentleman of birth and distinction, who is well known in the political world, and was detected by the precision of his observation. Shortly after he succeeded to his estate and title, there was a rumour among his servants concerning a strange noise heard in the family mansion at night, the cause of which they had found it impossible to trace. The gentleman resolved to watch himself, with a domestic who had grown old in the family, and who had begun to murmur strange things concerning the knocking having followed so close upon the death of his old master. They watched until the noise was heard, which they listened to with that strange uncertainty attending midnight sounds, which prevents the hearers from immediately tracing them to the spot where they arise, while the silence of the night generally occasions the imputing to them more than the due importance which they would receive, if mingled with the usual noises of daylight. At length the

gentleman and his servant traced the sounds which they had repeatedly heard, to a small store-room used as a place for keeping provisions of various kinds for the family, of which the old butler had the key. They entered this place, and remained there for some time, without hearing the noises which they had traced thither; at length the sound was heard, but much lower than it had formerly seemed to be, while acted upon at a distance by the imagination of the hearers. The cause was immediately discovered. A rat caught in an old-fashioned trap had occasioned this tumult, by its efforts to escape, in which it was able to raise the trap-door of its prison to a certain height, but was then obliged to drop it. The noise of the fall resounding through the house, had occasioned the disturbance which, but for the cool investigation of the proprietor, might easily have established an accredited ghost story. The circumstance was told me by the gentleman to whom it happened.

There are other occasions in which the ghost story is rendered credible by some remarkable combination of circumstances very unlikely to have happened, and which no one could have supposed, unless some particular fortune occasioned a discovery.

An apparition which took place at Plymouth is well known, but it has been differently related; and having some reason to think the following edition correct, it is an incident so much to my purpose, that you must pardon its insertion.

A club of persons connected with science and literature, was formed at the great sea-town we have named. During the summer months, the society met in a cave by the sea-shore; during those of autumn and winter, they convened within the premises of a tavern, but, for the sake of privacy, had their meetings in a summer-house situated in the garden, at a distance from the main building. Some of the members to whom the position of their own dwelling rendered this convenient, had a pass key to the garden-door, by which they could enter the garden and reach the summer-house without the publicity or trouble of passing through the open tavern. It was the rule of this club that its members presided alternately. On one occasion, in the winter, the president of the evening chanced to be very ill; indeed, was reported to be on his death-bed. The club met as usual, and from a sentiment of respect left vacant the chair which ought to have been occupied by him, if in his usual health; for the same reason, the conversation turned upon the absent gentleman's talents, and the loss expected to the society by his death. While they were upon this melancholy theme, the door suddenly opened, and the appearance of the president entered the room. He wore a white wrapper, a nightcap round his brow, the appearance of which was that of death itself. He stalked into the room with unusual gravity, took the vacant place of ceremony, lifted the empty glass which stood be-

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fore him, bowed around, and put it to his lips; then replaced it on the table, and stalked out of the room as silent as he had entered it. The company remained deeply appalled; at length, after many observations on the strangeness of what they had seen, they resolved to dispatch two of their number as ambassadors, to see how it fared with the president, who had thus strangely appeared among them. They went, and returned with the frightful intelligence, that the friend, after whom they had inquired, was that evening deceased.

The astonished party then resolved that they would remain absolutely silent respecting the wonderful sight which they had seen. Their habits were too philosophical to permit them to believe that they had actually seen the ghost of their deceased brother, and at the same time they were too wise men to wish to confirm the superstition of the vulgar by what might seem indubitable evidence of a ghost. The affair was therefore kept a strict secret, although, as usual, some dubious rumours of the tale found their way to the public. Several years afterwards, an old woman who had long filled the place of a sick-nurse, was taken very ill, and on her deathbed was attended by a medical member of the philosophical club. To him, with many expressions of regret, she ackowledged that she had long before attended Mr——, naming the president, whose appearance had surprised the club so strangely, and that she felt distress of conscience on account of the manner in which he died. She said, that as his malady was attended by light-headedness, she had been directed to keep a close watch upon him during his illness. Unhappily she slept, and during her sleep the patient had awaked, and left the apartment. When, on her own awaking, she found the bed empty and the patient gone, she forthwith hurried out of the house to seek him, and met him in the act of returning. She got him, she said, replaced in the bed, but it was only to die there. She added, to convince her hearer of the truth of what she said, that immediately after the poor gentleman expired, a deputation of two members from the club came to inquire after their president's health, and received for answer that he was already dead. This confession explained the whole matter. The delirious patient had very naturally taken the road to the club, from some recollections of his duty of the night. In approaching and retiring from the apartment, he had used one of the pass-keys already mentioned, which made his way shorter. On the other hand, the gentlemen sent to inquire after his health had reached his lodging by a more circuitous road; and thus there had been time for him to return to what proved his death-bed, long before they reached his chamber. The philosophical witnesses of this strange scene were now as anxious to spread the story as they had formerly been to conceal it, since it showed in what a remarkable

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manner men's eyes might turn traitors to them, and impress them with ideas far different from the truth.

Another occurrence of the same kind, although scarcely so striking in its circumstances, was yet one which, had it remained unexplained, might have passed as an indubitable instance of a supernatural apparition.

A Teviotdale farmer was riding from a fair, at which he had indulged himself with John Barleycorn, but not to that extent of defying goblins which it inspired into the gallant Tam O'Shanter. He was pondering with some anxiety upon the dangers of travelling alone on a solitary road, which passed the corner of a churchyard, now near at hand, when he saw before him, in the moonlight, a pale female form standing upon the very wall which surrounded the cemetery. The road was very narrow, with no opportunity of giving the apparent phantom what seamen call a wide birth. It was however, the only path which led to the rider's home, who therefore resolved, at all risks, to pass the apparition. He accordingly approached, as slowly as possible, the spot where the spectre stood, while the figure remained, now perfectly still and silent, now brandishing its arms, and gibbering to the moon. When the farmer came close to the spot, he dashed in the spurs, and set the horse off upon a gallop; but the spectre did not miss its opportunity. As he passed the corner where she was perched, she contrived to drop behind the horseman, and seize him round the waist; a manœuvre which greatly increased the speed of the horse, and the terror of the rider; for the hand of her who sat behind him, when pressed upon his, felt as cold as that of a corpse. At his own house at length he arrived, and bid the servants who came to attend him, "Tak off the ghaist!" They took off accordingly a female in white, and the poor farmer himself was conveyed to bed, where he lay struggling for weeks with a strong nervous fever. The female was found to be a maniac, who had been left a widow very suddenly by an affectionate husband, and the nature and cause of her malady induced her, when she could make her escape, to wander to the churchyard, where she sometimes wildly wept over his grave, and sometimes standing on the corner of the churchyard wall, looked out, and mistook every stranger on horseback for the husband she had lost. If this woman, which was very possible, had dropt from the horse unobserved by him whom she had made her involuntary companion, it would have been very hard to have convinced the honest farmer that he had not actually performed part of his journey with a ghost behind him.

There is also a large class of stories of this sort, where various secrets of Chemistry, of Acoustics, Ventriloquism, or other arts, have been either employed to dupe the spectators, or have tended to do so

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through mere accident and coincidence. Of these it is scarce necessary to quote instances; but the following may be told as a tale recounted by a foreign nobleman, known to me nearly thirty years ago, whose life, lost in the service of his sovereign, proved too short for his friends and his native land.

At a certain old castle on the confines of Hungary, the lord to whom it belonged had determined upon giving an entertainment worthy of his own rank, and of the magnificence of the antique mansion which he inhabited. The guests of course were numerous, and among them was a veteran officer of Hussars, remarkable for his bravery. When the arrangements for the night were made, this officer was informed that there would be difficulty in accommodating the company in the castle, large as it was, unless some one would take the risk of sleeping in a room supposed to be haunted; and that as he was known to be above such prejudices, the apartment was, in the first place, proposed for his occupation, as the person least likely to suffer a bad night's rest from such a cause. The Major thankfully accepted the preference, and having shared the festivity of the evening, retired after midnight, having denounced vengeance against any one who should presume by any trick to disturb his repose; a threat which his habits would, it was supposed, render him sufficiently ready to execute. Somewhat contrary to the custom in these cases, the Major went to bed, having left his candle burning, and laid his trusty pistols carefully loaded on the table by his bedside.

He had not slept an hour when he was awakened by a solemn strain of music—he looked out. Three ladies, fantastically dressed in green, were seen in the lower end of the apartment, who sung a solemn requiem. The Major listened for some time with delight; at length he tired—"Ladies," he said, "this is very well, but somewhat monotonous—will you be so kind as to change the tune?" The ladies continued singing; he expostulated, but the music was not interrupted. The Major began to grow angry: "Ladies," he said, "I must consider this as a trick for the purpose of terrifying me, and as I regard it as an impertinence, I shall take a rough mode of stopping it." With that he began to handle his pistols. The ladies sung on. He then got seriously angry—"I will but wait five minutes," he said, "and then fire without hesitation." The song was uninterrupted—the five minutes were expired—"I still give you law, ladies," he said, "while I count twenty." This produced as little effect as his former threats. He counted one, two, three, accordingly; but on approaching the end of the number, and repeating more than once his determination to fire, the last numbers, seventeen—eighteen—nineteen, were pronounced with considerable pauses between, and an assurance that the pistols were cocked. The ladies sung on.

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As he pronounced the word twenty he fired both pistols against the musical damsels;—but the ladies sung on! The Major was overcome by the unexpected inefficacy of his violence, and had an illness which lasted more than three weeks. The trick put upon him may be shortly described by the fact, that the female choristers were placed in an adjoining room, and that he only fired at their reflection thrown forward into that in which he slept by the effect of a concave mirror.

Other stories of the same kind are numerous and well known. The apparition of the Brocken mountain, after having occasioned great admiration and some fear, is now ascertained by philosophers to be a gigantic reflection, which makes the traveller's shadow, represented upon the misty clouds, appear a colossal figure of almost immeasurable size. By a similar deception, men have been induced, in Westmoreland and other mountainous countries, to imagine they saw troops of horse and armies marching and countermarching, which were in fact only the reflection of horses pasturing upon an opposite height, or of the forms of peaceful travellers.

A very curious case of this kind was communicated to me by the son of a lady principally concerned, and tends to show out of what mean materials a venerable apparition may be sometimes formed. In youth this lady resided with her father, a man of sense and resolution. Their house was situated in the principal street of a town of some size. The back part of the house ran at right angles to an Anabaptist chapel, divided from it by a small cabbage-garden. The young lady used sometimes to indulge the romantic love of solitude, by sitting in her own apartment in the evening till twilight, and even darkness, was approaching. One evening while she was thus placed, she was surprised to see a gleamy figure, as of some aerial being hovering, as it were, against the arched window in the end of the Anabaptist chapel. Its head was surrounded by that halo which painters give to the Catholic saints; and, while the young lady's attention was fixed on an object so extraordinary, the figure bent gracefully towards her more than once, as if intimating a sense of her presence, and then disappeared. The seer of this striking vision descended to her family, so much discomposed as to call her father's attention. He obtained an account of the cause of her disturbance, and expressed his intention to watch in the apartment next night. He sat, accordingly, in his daughter's chamber, where she also attended him. Twilight came, and nothing appeared; but as the gray light faded into darkness, the same female figure was seen hovering on the window; the same shadowy form; the same pale light around the head; the same inclinations, as the evening before. "What do you think of this?" said the daughter to the astonished father. —"Any thing, my dear," said the father, "rather than allow that

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we look upon what is supernatural."—A strict research established a natural cause for the appearance on the window. It was the custom of an old woman, to whom the garden beneath was rented, to go out at night to gather cabbages. The lantern she carried in her hand threw up the refracted reflection of her form on the chapel window. As she stooped to gather her cabbages, the reflection appeared to bend forward; and that was the whole matter.

Another species of deception affecting the credit of such supernatural communications, arises from the dexterity and skill of the authors who have made it their business to present such stories in the shape most likely to attract belief. Defoe—whose power in rendering credible that which was in itself very much the reverse was so peculiarly distinguished—has not failed to show his superiority in this species of composition. A bookseller of his acquaintance had, in the trade-phrase, rather overprinted an edition of Drelincourt on Death, and complained to Defoe of the loss which was likely to ensue. The experienced bookmaker, with the purpose of recommending the edition, advised his friend to prefix the celebrated narrative of Mrs Veal's ghost, which he wrote for the occasion, with such an air of truth, that although, in fact, it does not afford a single tittle of evidence properly so called, it nevertheless was swallowed so eagerly by the people, that Drelincourt's work on death, which the supposed spirit recommended to the perusal of her friend, Mrs Bargrave, instead of sleeping on the editor's shelf, moved off by thousands at once; the story, incredible in itself, and unsupported as it was by evidence or inquiry, was received as true, merely from the cunning of the narrator, and the addition of a number of adventitious circumstances, which no man alive could have conceived as having occurred to the mind of a person composing a fiction.

It did not require the talents of Defoe, though in that species of composition he must stand unrivalled, to fix the public attention on a ghost story. John Dunton, a man of scribbling celebrity at the time, succeeded to a great degree in imposing upon the public a tale which he calls the Apparition Evidence. The beginning of it at least, for it is of great length, has something in it a little new. At Mynehead, in Somersetshire, lived an ancient gentlewoman, named Mrs Leckie, whose only son and daughter resided in family with her. The son traded to Ireland, and was supposed to be worth eight or ten thousand pounds. They had a child about five or six years old. This family was generally respected in Mynehead; and especially Mrs Leckie, the old lady, was so pleasant in society, that her friends used to say to her, and to each other, that it was a thousand pities such an excellent, good-humoured gentlewoman must, from her age, be soon lost to her friends. To which Mrs Leckie often made the somewhat startling reply: "For as much as you now seem to like

me, I am afraid you will but little care to see or speak with me after my death, though I believe you may have that satisfaction." Die, however, she did, and after her funeral, was repeatedly seen in her personal likeness, at home and abroad, by night and by noon-day.

One story is told, of a doctor of physic walking into the fields, who in his return met with this spectre, whom he at first accosted civilly, and paid her the courtesy of handing her over a stile; observing, however, that she did not move her lips in speaking, or her eyes in looking round, he became suspicious of the condition of his companion, and showed some desire to be rid of her society. Offended at this, the hag at next stile planted herself upon it, and obstructed his passage. He got through at length with some difficulty, and not without a sound kick, and an admonition to pay more attention to the next aged gentlewoman whom he met. "But this," says John Dunton, "was a pretty and inconsiderable prank to what she played in her son's house, and elsewhere. She would at noon-day appear upon the key of Mynehead, and cry, 'A boat, a boat, ho! a boat, a boat, ho!' If any boatmen or seamen were in sight and did not come, they were sure to be cast away; and if they did come, 'twas all one, they were cast away. It was equally dangerous to please and displease her. Her son had several ships sailing between Ireland and England; no sooner did they make land, and come in sight of England, but this ghost would appear in the same garb and likeness as when she was alive, and, standing at the mainmast, would blow with a whistle, and though it were never so great a calm, yet immediately there would arise a most dreadful storm, that would break, wreck, and drown the ship and goods, only the seamen would escape with their lives—the devil had no permission from God to take them away. Yet at this rate, by her frequent apparitions and disturbances, she had made a poor merchant of her son, for his fair estate was all buried in the sea, and he that was once worth thousands, was reduced to a very poor and low condition in the world; for whether the ship were his own or hired, or he had but goods on board it to the value of twenty shillings, this troublesome ghost would come as before, whistle in a calm at the mainmast at noon-day, when they had descried land, and then ship and goods went all out of hand to wreck; insomuch that he could at last get no ships wherein to stow his goods, nor any mariner to sail in them; for, knowing what an uncomfortable, fatal, and losing voyage they should make of it, they did all decline his service. In her son's house she hath her constant haunts by day and night; but whether he did not, or would not own, if he did see her, he always professed he never saw her. Sometimes when in bed with his wife, she would cry out, 'Husband, look, there's your mother!' And when he would turn to the right side, then was she gone to the left; and when

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to the left side of the bed, then was she gone to the right: only one evening, their only child, a girl of about five or six years old, lying in a truckle-bed under them, cries out, 'O help me, father! help me, mother, for grandmother will choke me!' and before they could get to their child's assistance, she had murdered it; they finding the poor girl dead, her throat having been pinched by two fingers, which stopped her breath and strangled her. This was the sorest of all their afflictions; their estate is gone, and now their child is gone also; you may guess at their grief and great sorrow. One morning after the child's funeral, her husband being abroad, about eleven in the forenoon, Mrs Leckie the younger goes up into her chamber to dress her head, and, as she was looking into the glass, she spies her mother-in-law, the old beldam, looking over her shoulder. This cast her into a great horror; but recollecting her affrighted spirits, and recovering the exercise of her reason, faith, and hope, having cast up a short and silent prayer to God, she turns about, and bespeaks her: 'In the name of God, mother, why do you trouble me?'—'Peace!' says the spectrum; 'I will do thee no hurt.'—'What will you have of me?' says the daughter," etc.* Dunton, the narrator, and probably the contriver of the story, proceeds to inform us, at length, of a commission which the wife of Mr Leckie receives from the ghost to deliver to Atherton, Bishop of Waterford, a guilty and unfortunate man, who afterwards died by the hands of the executioner; but that part of the subject is too disagreeable and tedious to enter upon.

So deep was the impression made by the story on the inhabitants of Mynehead, that it is said the tradition of Mrs Leckie still remains in that port, and that mariners belonging to it often, amid tempestuous weather, conceive they hear the whistle-call of the implacable hag who was the source of so much mischief to her own family. However, already too desultory, and too long, it would become intolerably tedious were we to insist farther on the peculiar sort of genius by which stories of this kind may be embodied and prolonged.

I may, however, add, that the charm of the tale depends much upon the age of the person to whom it is addressed; and that the vivacity of fancy which engages us in youth to pass over much that is absurd, in order to enjoy some single trait of imagination, dies within us when we obtain the age of manhood, and the sadder and graver regions which lie beyond it. I am the more conscious of this, because I have been myself, at two periods of my life distant from each other, engaged in scenes favourable to that degree of superstitious awe which my countrymen expressively call being *eerie*.

On the first of these occasions, I was only nineteen or twenty years old, when I happened to pass a night in the magnificent old

* Apparition Evidence.

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baronial castle of Glammis, the hereditary seat of the Earls of Strathmore. The hoary pile contains much in its appearance, and in the traditions connected with it, impressive to the imagination. It was the scene of the murder of a Scottish king of great antiquity; not, indeed, the gracious Duncan, with whom the name naturally associates itself, but Malcolm the Second. It contains also a curious monument of the peril of feudal times, being a secret chamber, the entrance of which, by the law or custom of the family, must only be known to three persons at once, viz. the Earl of Strathmore, his heir apparent, and any third person whom they may take into their confidence. The extreme antiquity of the building is vouched by the immense thickness of the walls, and the wild and straggling arrangement of the accommodation within doors. As the late Earl of Strathmore seldom resided in that ancient mansion, it was, when I was there, but half furnished, and that with movables of great antiquity, which, with the pieces of chivalric armour hanging upon the walls, greatly contributed to the general effect of the whole. After a very hospitable reception from the late Peter Proctor, Esq., then seneschal of the castle, in Lord Strathmore's absence, I was conducted to my apartment in a distant corner of the building. I must own, that as I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself too far from the living, and somewhat too near the dead. We had passed through what is called "the King's room," a vaulted apartment, garnished with stags' antlers and similar trophies of the chase, and said by tradition to be the spot of Malcolm's murder; and I had an idea of the vicinity of the castle chapel.

In spite of the truth of history, the whole night scene in Macbeth's castle rushed at once upon my mind, and struck my imagination more forcibly that even when I have seen its terrors represented by the late John Kemble and his inimitable sister. In a word, I experienced sensations which, though not remarkable either for timidity or superstition, did not fail to affect me to the point of being disagreeable, while they were mingled at the same time with a strange and indescribable kind of pleasure, the recollection of which affords me gratification at this moment.

In the year 1814, accident placed me, then past middle life, in a situation somewhat similar to that which I have described.

I had been on a pleasure voyage with some friends around the north coast of Scotland, and in that course had arrived in the salt-water lake under the Castle of Dunvegan, whose turrets, situated upon a frowning rock, rise immediately above the waves of the loch. As most of the party, and I myself in particular, chanced to be well known to the Laird of Macleod, we were welcomed to the castle with Highland hospitality, and glad to find ourselves in polished society,

after a cruise of some duration. The most modern part of the castle was founded in the days of James VI; the more ancient is referred to a period "whose birth tradition notes not." Until the present Macleod connected by a drawbridge the site of the castle with the mainland of Skye, the access must have been extremely difficult. Indeed, so much greater was the regard paid to security than to convenience, that in former times the only access to the mansion arose through a vaulted cavern in a rock, up which a staircase ascended from the sea-shore, like the buildings we read of in the romances of Mrs Radcliffe.

Such a castle in the extremity of the Highlands was of course furnished with many a tale of tradition, and many a superstitious legend, to fill occasional intervals in the music and song, as proper to the halls of Dunvegan as when Johnson commemorated them. We reviewed the arms and ancient valuables of this distinguished family —saw the dirk and broadsword of Rorie Mhor, and his horn, which would drench three chiefs of these degenerate days. The solemn drinking-cup of the Kings of Man must not be forgotten, nor the fairy banner given to Macleod by the Queen of Fairies; that magic flag, which has been victorious in two pitched fields, and will still float in a third, the bloodiest and the last, when the Elfin Sovereign shall, after the fight is ended, recall her banner, and carry off the standard-bearer.

Amid such tales of ancient tradition, I had from Macleod and his lady the courteous offer of the haunted apartment of the castle, about which, as a stranger, I might be supposed interested. Accordingly, I took possession of it about the witching hour. Except perhaps some tapestry hangings, and the extreme thickness of the walls, which argued great antiquity, nothing could have been more comfortable than the interior of the apartment; but if you looked from the windows, the view was such as to correspond with the highest tone of superstition. An autumnal blast, sometimes clear, sometimes driving mist before it, swept along the troubled billows of the lake, which it occasionally concealed and by fits disclosed. The waves rushed in wild disorder on the shore, and covered with foam the steep piles of rock, which, rising from the sea in forms something resembling the human figure, have obtained the name of Macleod's Maidens, and in such a night seemed no bad representatives of the Norwegian goddesses called Chusers of the Slain, or Riders of the Storm. There was something of the dignity of danger in the scene; for on a platform beneath the windows lay an ancient battery of cannon, which had sometimes been used against privateers even of late years. The distant scene was a view of that part of the Quillan mountains which are called, from their form, Macleod's Dining-Tables. The voice of an angry cascade, termed the Nurse of Rorie Mhor, because that

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chief slept best in its vicinity, was heard from time to time mingling its notes with those of wind and wave. Such was the haunted room at Dunvegan, and, as such, it well deserved a less sleepy inhabitant. In the language of Dr Johnson, who has stamped his memory on this remote place, "I looked around me, and wondered that I was not more affected; but the mind is not at all times equally ready to be moved." In a word, it is necessary to confess, that of all I heard or saw, the most engaging spectacle was the comfortable bed, in which I hoped to make amends for some rough nights on ship-board, and where I slept accordingly without thinking of ghost or goblin, till I was called by my servant in the morning.

From this I am taught to infer, that tales of ghosts and demonology are out of date at forty years and upwards; that it is only in the morning of life that this feeling of superstition "comes o'er us like a summer cloud," affecting us with fear, which is solemn and awful rather than painful; and I am tempted to think, that if I were to write on the subject at all, it should have been during a period of life when I could have treated it with more interesting vivacity, and might have been at least amusing, if I could not be instructive. Even the present fashion of the world seems to be ill suited for studies of this fantastic nature; and the most ordinary mechanic has learning sufficient to laugh at the figments which in former times were believed by persons far advanced in the deepest knowledge of the age.

I cannot, however, in conscience carry my opinion of my countrymen's good sense so far as to exculpate them entirely from the charge of credulity. Those who are disposed to look for them may, without much trouble, see such manifest signs, both of superstition and the disposition to believe in its doctrines, as may render it no useless occupation to compare the follies of our fathers with our own. The sailors have a proverb, that every man in his lifetime must eat a peck of impurity; and it seems yet more clear that every generation of the human race must swallow a certain measure of nonsense. There remains hope, however, that the grosser faults of our ancestors are now out of date; and that whatever follies the present race may be guilty of, the sense of humanity is too universally spread to permit them to think of tormenting wretches till they confess what is impossible, and then burning them for their pains.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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